

ON NEW YORK FERRIES



HUDSON RIVER SCENE

IT IS more than a hundred years since the first ferry began plying upon the Hudson river between New York and Jersey City, and in that period how many tragedies have been enacted on the bosom of the turbulent water about Manhattan! Since that time many ferry lines have been established and from time to time each boat has been the scene of occurrences which in turn stirred the heart or excited the risibilities of the spectators—all combining to make up a romance of life to which the flat dweller in the big cities are complete strangers, but with which suburban residents are quite familiar.

"I have witnessed many strange occurrences during my forty years' experience on the ferry boats in Manhattan waters," said a retired captain to a reporter. "The life of a ferryman is not a prosaic one, you may be sure. If I could write a book incorporating half I've seen and heard—aye, even a third of the happenings, humorous, sad, tragical and otherwise—the best seller in the book stores wouldn't be in it. After all, it is the relation of the little things of life which come home to us forcibly, rather than the big things, which affect us most."

Meeting of Two Brothers.
The veteran ferryman recalled an incident on a ferry in the early '70s which interested him immensely. He saw two men seated opposite each other on the lower deck. One was well dressed, the other evidently a worker in some factory. Suddenly the well dressed man raised his eyes and found the worker staring at him. Both leaned forward and presently they arose and approached each other. "I had an idea they were going to mix matters," said the captain, "and I was standing by to take a hand to prevent bloodshed, when, to my surprise, they fell into each other's arms and embraced like a couple of old women. The mystery was soon explained, for they were brothers who had lost track of each other for more than thirty years. One had got rich in Montana, while the other kept pegging away at his trade and got poorer every day in proportion as his family increased. Those two brothers went away arm in arm, and I later heard that the family of the poorer brother was living on Easy street somewhere near Huguenot, S. I."

"Perhaps two-thirds of the people who go to Staten Island often observed, some years ago, a pretty woman dressed in black, who never was seen on the boat without a small bouquet of forget-me-nots, immortelles or roses. She would take her seat on the port side of the upper deck aft and just as the boat passed Governor's Island she would kiss the bouquet several times, then toss it into the water as far as she could throw it. She was a pretty little woman, with dark eyes that shone like brilliants, and which filled you with inexpressible sadness every time she looked at you. She wore a crepe bonnet with a fringe of white illusion, which gave to her Madonna like face a lofty expression of deep sorrow yet calm and patient resignation, such as I've never seen before nor since."

"What was her secret?"
"I heard one day that her husband had jumped off one of the Staten Island boats near the island, and his wife, whom he had left destitute, was prompted by her love to take this method of decorating his watery grave."

"One day she threw her bouquet into the water as usual, and as I watched she vaulted over the rail suddenly and sank like a plummet, never to rise again. We got a boat out, but all that we found was her little crepe bonnet, and I have it at home now among other sad souvenirs which I've been collecting for forty years."

Philosophy of Suicide.
The relation of this incident prompted the veteran ferryman to discuss the weaknesses that lead people to suicide. Why do disappointed men and women destroy themselves by leaping from moving craft into

the cold waters of the lower bay? Can there be seated upon the various islands passed by the ferry steamers Loreleis whose witching songs lure the despondent to doom?

"No," resumed the captain, "it is the romance hidden in every human soul which asserts itself in persons who are temperamentally weak and forces them to the performance of this last despairing act in circumstances which might be deemed theatrical, but which are, in fact, extremely natural. There is the clouded sky, dense darkness, myriads of white caps flying swiftly by, resembling a shroud whose color and form are ever changing; the steamer plowing its way through the foam crested waves, the silence of the black night, broken only by the rhythmic hum of the machinery and the dreary sobs escaping from the exhaust pipes."

"Pretty soon there is a hubbub, a scream or two, some shouts, and a smothered cry as a woman springs over the rail, to be swallowed up by the waves, leaving no trace behind. The romance of life, begun perhaps under happy auspices, has found its fulfillment in a plunge and the word 'Finis' is written when the body after having lain on a slab in the morgue for many days without being identified is deposited in Mother Earth. The tragedy of a life has come to a close and then comes—oblivion."

The captain was reminded of the incident of a young couple who one day several years ago went aboard a Staten Island ferry steamer in the greatest haste. At their heels came a clerical looking man, evidently a minister. Just as the boat pulled out of the slip a carriage was driven wildly into the ferry house and an elderly man, springing therefrom, ran to the end of the slip, shouting for the ferry to return.

"Of course we kept right on," laughed the captain. "I was wondering what had occasioned the chase when the clerical looking gentleman came to me and asked if I would be a witness to a marriage. I couldn't refuse, and he led me to the women's cabin, where stood as fine a looking couple as ever were spliced. A woman passenger consented to act as bridesmaid while I served as best man. "I later heard that the young bride was the daughter of a wealthy man who had refused his consent to her marriage with a clerk in his employ. But love laughs at locksmiths, they say, and in this instance the laugh was on the old man, who was shaking his fists at us in rage as he stood at the end of the ferry slip. I met the couple several times after that event and I'm happy to say that the old man had become reconciled to his son-in-law and that all turned out happily for all concerned, as the novelists say."

"I could tell you a score of similar occurrences, but you might weary of the telling of them in detail. You see and hear all sorts of queer things. One of the oddest animals in the world is the fresh air crank, who persists in walking about on the upper deck in all sorts of weather in the belief that the air is doing him good. One of these chaps used to take his air in this way, and the colder and fogger it was the better he was pleased. He would stand out bareheaded in the mist with his coat open, his head thrown upward as if he really enjoyed it all. Meanwhile others shivered under shelter and fancied they were watching a lunatic. One day this chap failed to show up and I learned he had died of pneumonia. Some how I hadn't the slightest sympathy for him."

FitzGerald's Vision.
Edward FitzGerald, who was among the least superstitious of men, once had a similar experience to that of Captain Marryat. The incident is recorded in "Tennyson and His Friends." FitzGerald "told a story of a vision, how he had one day clearly seen from outside his sister and her children having tea in his dining room. He then saw his sister quietly withdraw from the room, so as not to disturb the children. At that moment she died in Norfolk."

LUCK IN SPECULATION

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES ON RECORD.

Small Fortunes Have Been Made From the Purchase of Wrecks That at the Time Seemed to Have No Value.

Experts laughed when a well-known firm of Melbourne grain merchants paid £368 for the wreck of the Jean Bart, a French barque which, while on a voyage from Antwerp to Wallaroo, ran aground in Spencer gulf, South Australia. Her hold quickly filled, and it was soon impossible to float her. For two months she was in this condition, and the owners instructed the captain to sell the wreck by auction. A number of Austrian firms sent representatives to inspect the wreck, but none of them thought it worth while to buy. The merchants in question, however, made a bid and the wreck was sold to them for £368.

They engaged a diver to inspect the vessel. It was then discovered that the damage to the barque was slight, and that a hole about a foot in diameter, which had been torn in the bows, could easily be repaired. The work was begun at once, the water pumped out of the hold, and ultimately the vessel was towed to Melbourne, where it was found that the value of the ship and cargo was over £12,000.

This instance of lucky speculation in a wreck is by no means isolated. Some time ago a man bought a steamer which was wrecked off Yorkshire for £200. It was not a big ship, says the Standard, but she had a valuable cargo on board, and it was feared that the bottom had been ripped out of the ship and the cargo lost. In the cargo was a large number of pictures. Few firms cared to touch the business, and the underwriters let it go for the sum stated. But the ship was inspected and raised and then, to the surprise of everybody, the cargo was discovered to be little the worse for its immersion. The property sold for nearly £10,000.

Another lucky speculation was that of a man who bought a ship which was wrecked with a valuable cargo off the coast of Africa. She had been given up as hopeless, and he secured her for a mere song. Ultimately he succeeded in raising her and towing her to Gibraltar. The ship is still sailing under another name, and the owner has made a fortune out of the deal. It is pointed out that there are a number of wrecks round the shores of Britain which would prove very profitable to anyone with facilities for raising them. The vast amount of iron and wood in some of the holds would pay for the cost of salvage. From the Lizard one can see quite a number of wrecks on the coast line, and it has often been suggested that if these were salvaged systematically a profitable business could be built up in this way.—London Tit-Bits.

Making Capital.
The New Reporter going to the telephone and ostentatiously starting the machinery—Hello! Central! Let me have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You Giddy little thing! No. I said twenty-seven. Twenty-seven—Hello! Is that 2745 C? Is Mr. Safegates Devo in the office? Will you tell him that Mr. Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.

The other reporters listen in awestruck silence.
The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devo? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday. What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Dinner? You're extremely kind. At Sherry's? What? And a bottle? (Surgically interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday, at eight. But really I—
City Editor (in his every-day voice)—I have some work here, McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning.—Puck.

Very Simple.
The great detective climbed through the kitchen window, followed by his faithful assistant.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, surveying the surroundings, "I find that his wife is away!"
"How long has she been away?"
"Exactly 30 days."
"And how on earth do you know that?"
"By the unwashed dishes and cups and saucers. There are 90 of each in all, which shows that he used three a day for 30 days, and left them for her to wash when she comes home—same as we all do. Simplest thing in the world."

'Twas Up to Her.
Mr. and Mrs. Nagg were visiting friends in Brooklyn, and several times were importuned to visit, before they left, Greenwood cemetery, called the most beautiful burial grounds in the country.
But one thing or another hindered, and as their visit drew to a close, Mrs. Nagg said: "Henry, when are you going to take me to the cemetery?"
Mr. Nagg, who had not yet recovered from the effects of a scolding administered not long before, moodily replied:
"With pleasure, my dear, whenever you're ready."

FIVE ABOVE IS THE MINIMUM

Lowest Temperature at Which Ordinary Gasoline Vaporizes in Cold Storage.

Some up-to-date information on cold weather starting has been developed during the past summer, by experiments made in cold storage, under the auspices of the Studebaker engineers. These experiments were based on the ordinary commercial grade of gasoline and, while some allowance must necessarily be made for the dead air incident to refrigeration, the tests will, it is believed, come close to the actual condition which will prevail this winter.

It was ascertained that the lowest temperature at which gasoline would vaporize from a piece of waste, soaked in the fluid and dropped on the floor, was five degrees above zero. At this temperature the Studebaker "Six" used in the tests started readily on the first turn of the electric cranking system. Below this temperature, however, the gasoline in the carburetor refused to vaporize. Naturally, no explosion could be secured from the motor.

For the advantage of the motorist who occasionally finds himself in a temperature around zero several tests were made, the gasoline readily responding to any external application of warmth. The most effective as well as the most simple plan was to place a rag soaked in hot water over the intake. The car had been left over night in the cold storage apartment with the temperature at 12 below zero. In the morning the rag was applied and the motor started promptly on the first turn of the electric cranking apparatus.

This test also calls attention to the fact that, by improved carburetion supplemented by the electric starting system, engineers have fully kept pace with the steadily lowering grades of gasoline generally on sale. The motorist of former times, even with his advantage of high-test gasoline, found winter starting more or less trouble. On the other hand, the modern improvements have reduced cold weather starting to absolute simplicity, despite the vastly lower vaporizing point of the fuel.

Made Him Listen.
The late A. L. Williams of Topeka, general attorney for the Union Pacific, was once on a trip with a party of friends in a private car, and while in Denver one of the party, a man of convivial habits, came in the car late one night and found Mr. Williams playing solitaire. The convivial one was enough under the influence of liquor to be talkative, and proceeded to tell Mr. Williams a long story of his domestic unhappiness. The next morning, when sober, he mentioned the fact that he had talked too much the night before and requested that anything he might have said would not be repeated. Mr. Williams, in order to relieve the man's embarrassment, said: "That's all right; I never listened to you and have no idea what you said." That night the man returned in the same condition. Looking sternly at Mr. Williams, he said: "Now, darn you, you said you didn't listen to me last night, so I'm going to tell you the whole story over again, and you've got to listen."

UNUSUAL INCUBATOR.

During the hot spell of July 1 to 5, twelve chickens were hatched from a setting of fifteen eggs, by none other than Old Sol himself. A. B. Hall, a farmer of Emporia, Kan., had a hen



on the nest which seemed to be suffering from the heat, so she was removed. Here the sun took it upon himself to finish the job, which was accomplished five days later. Twelve chicks of Sol parentage are now lending some class to that poultry yard.

Great Faith in the Solar System.
At a dinner in Kansas City, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn told this story: "Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, once delivered the commencement oration at Lane Theological seminary. As he handed out the diplomas he said: 'Young gentlemen, you are about to go your several ways into the world. In whatever city or town you may locate, have no fear that the remainder of this earth will tip out of place. Not that you are lacking in theology, but I have an abiding faith in the stability of the planetary system.'"

What He Could Do.
A reverend gentleman was addressing a school class recently and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow. What shall I do with it?"
"Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-haired youngster.

It Sometimes Pays.
Louis J. Horowitz, New York's famous skyscraper builder, said at his apartment in Riverside drive, apropos of a poor man who, after taking tremendous risks, had improved his position a little:
"This fellow's case proves to us that it is sometimes better to try the fire than to stay always in the frying pan."

ZOOLOGICAL PARK at EDINBURGH



THE BEAR POOL.

THE inauguration of the Scottish zoological gardens or Zoological park, as it is termed, marks a new departure in the method of housing and looking after collections of the wild fauna of the globe in this country. Following the now accepted ideas; as seen on parts of the continent and in America, the aim of the Scottish society is to provide the animals with homes as nearly representing those of their natural habitat and environment as is possible with the inevitably changed climatic conditions and the necessity of keeping them within bounds. The laying out of a garden with this object in view is therefore of some considerable interest alike to the zoologist, the sportsman and the general public. For it is now recognized that a collection of the wild fauna inhabiting the globe arranged on these lines cannot fail to have a great educational effect on the general public, enabling them to realize the value of affording as large a mede of protection to wild animal life as is possible with the greatly developed economic progress of the present day.

To Protect Wild Fauna.
Such collections, fittingly displayed, should also serve as an aid to the societies which are now in existence among the more enlightened nations of the world, having for their object the formation of sanctuaries for the protection of the wild fauna of the countries concerned. The importance and value of this latter movement cannot be brought too strongly before the public if the rarer varieties of animal life are to be afforded protection against extinction in the interests of a deprived commerce, the purely selfish ends of the butcher sportsman or the ignorance and greed of collectors.

This question of the preservation of the fauna by means of sanctuaries is one which demands the most serious attention, and such an aim cannot but be favorably influenced by the enlightened maintenance of zoological gardens. The new Scottish one should therefore prove a great aid in educating opinion in the north. There is one other aspect of the question worthy of consideration. Animals living under restraint and in the artificial conditions unavoidable even in the best of zoos are likely to be benefited by a change of air, just as is the case with human beings. The existence of gardens in different parts of the country enables such a change to be given to the members of a collection by an interchange on loan, between zoos in different parts of the country, of which would be benefited by a change of air and surroundings. Such interchanges would also enable a zoo situated in an area experiencing a rigorous climate during a part of the year to exhibit for a few months animals which would be unable to exist permanently in the locality. From this point of view alone the inauguration of the Scottish garden, in its present situation should prove a valuable acquisition to the country.

Site is Ideal.
The Scottish zoo is situated on the Costorphine estate, about ten minutes' walk from the termination of the Murrayfield tram-line in Edinburgh. The site is ideal both as regards scenery, accessibility and the more utilitarian purposes for which the area is required. The view as seen from the terrace of Costorphine house, a large castellated building now the headquarters of the society, showing a part of the grounds with the beautiful Pentland range in the distance, will sufficiently illustrate the beauty of the surroundings to those who know the neighborhood. The estate has a southern aspect, sloping from the northern boundary. The existence of beautiful enclosed gardens, giant holly hedges and park-like lands with fine old trees, and last, but not least in importance, a substratum of natural rock, are each in their own way greatly facilitating the laying out of the new zoo.

The chief point of interest after entering the grounds is the bear pool. Here we find the home of the Polar bear, a deep, long pool blasted out of the solid rock, with a raised central mass of rock leading up to the bear's

cages. The backs of the cages are at the highest point and give on to the high mass of rock and the pool with its inhabitants. On the south of the pool is a vertical wall of rock, the crest protected by downwardly projecting iron spikes and by a fence, over which the spectator can view the bears in complete safety.

Higher up on the northern boundary of the estate there will be an attraction—second only to the bear pool, namely, the lion's den. This is going to be one of the features of the Scottish "zoo," and it is perhaps as interesting now, while in course of construction, as it will be when finished. Two sets of cages face one another, east and west, after the plan of other "zoos." You enter from the open south end, and on the north a stout wooden and iron screen links up the ends of the two lots of cages. Looking through the screen, the square mouth of a cavern cut in the natural rock beyond is seen. This leads, by way to the blasted-out rock tunnel and passage, to what will be the lion's den, now being excavated in the solid rock at the back of the western set of cages. A passage in the rock behind each set of cages leads round to the cavern entrance and down to the den. It will be possible, therefore, to allow any of the animals in the cages a considerable freedom for lengthy periods instead of keeping them eternally cooped up, a procedure which should result in greatly increased vigor and a handsome and healthy instead of a mangy appearance. When the construction of this home is complete, the lions will be shown in an environment that approximates to nature as closely as possible.

ADVANCE MADE IN GREENLAND

Country Growing and Progressing in Civilization Through Energy of Denmark.

The last census of Greenland shows that that Danish colony has a total population of 13,459, as against 11,898 in 1901. The increase during the last ten years is the largest on record for a similar period. The native population, which numbers 13,075, constitutes almost the entire number of inhabitants, and immigration is practically of no consequence. Europeans number only 384, as against 273 in 1901. The slight increase is due to importation of European labor to work some newly discovered copper mines. Of the 384 Europeans, 70 were born in Greenland, 288 in Denmark, 4 on the Faroe Islands, and 24 in other lands.

The largest settlement in Greenland is Sydproven, which has a population of 766, and the smallest is Skansen, in North Greenland, with 46 inhabitants.
Only 26 of the male population are over sixty years of age, while 44 of the female population have passed their sixtieth year. Out of every 1,000 of the male population there were found 650 unmarried, 319 married, and 31 widowers. Among the women the ratio per 1,000 was discovered to be 597 unmarried, 288 married, and 115 widows. The number of natives has doubled in the last 100 years. Denmark is slowly but surely giving the people of Greenland civilization. Polygamy does not now exist. In 1901 there were only three men who had more than one wife.

Hint to Bridegrooms.
The mercenary marriage is detestable, but the union which is entered into without proper provision for future family support is almost as bad. And included in this provision should be a complete understanding between the bride and her husband of the amount to be placed weekly or monthly at her disposal. No matter how generous the man be, he should not place his wife in the humiliating position of a pauper, who has to ask for every cent which she receives—and who often has to account for the way in which she spends it. Or if she has the money, as sometimes happens, she should be equally considerate of him.

Outside of the allowance for the house, she should have a sum set aside for her own personal use, for which she should be accountable to nobody.—Leslie's Weekly.