

## NOTES FROM GOTHAM

### THE MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPHAL DEWEY ARCH.

Grand in its Design, Matchless in its Execution—The Yellow Fever Scare—Splendid New Uptown House—Loss by the Recent Strike.

The beautiful temporary arch which is to be erected in Madison Square for the Dewey celebration probably will be rebuilt of marble or bronze. It is with such an end in view that the committee of the National Sculpture Society is working. In its reports to the Committee on Plans and Scope the Committee on Sculptors says:

"Your committee begs to submit a plan and sketch elevation of a proposed triumphal arch to be erected at the axis of Twenty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, a point at which when constructed such arch can be seen not

only on Fifth avenue north and south, but on Broadway from Union square to Herald square.

"That such triumphal arch shall be reinforced by a line of columns, extending on either side of the avenue from Twenty-third street north and beyond the arch to Twenty-fifth street, thus making a magnificent approach to and from this triumphal arch, where the principal artistic enrichment would naturally be focussed.

"This arch is to be enriched with sculpture symbolizing our power as a maritime nation. Therefore the arch has been designed on the lines of the well-known Arch of Titus, which with its two great piers on either side of the central opening, permits of important masses of sculptural enrichment.

"The main idea of such sculptural enrichment could be to have the four great piers one continuous series, personifying the four great subjects of: "Patriotism (or the call to arms), "War (the fight), "The return (the victors returning to their native land),

"Peace (the volunteers again taking up their peaceful occupations). "These subjects could be treated in an allegorical way, with realistic groups in the immediate foreground, which would call at once to the mind of the observer the ideas so symbolized.

"The keystone of the arch on either side should be surmounted by a great eagle, above whose wings would be seen the inscription which the city of New York would put upon this arch in recognition of our distinguished Admiral. The apex of the arch would be surmounted by a quadriga of seahorses, drawing a ship at whose prow, with uplifted wings, stands a triumphal figure suggestive of victory.

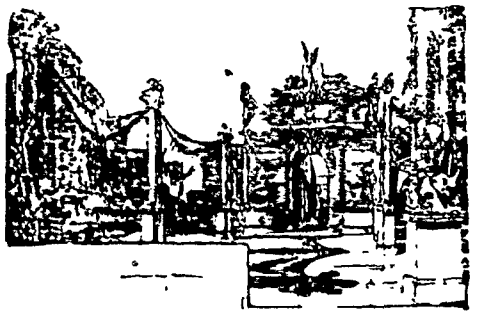
"Yellow Fever at Our Door." It is an undeniable fact that the outbreak of yellow fever at Hampton, Va., has caused serious apprehensions in this city. Hampton is almost at our doors, for as the Old Dominion Line of steamers has a boat arriving at this port every day in the year. The manner in which the disease was carried to the home, by an old soldier who had returned from Santiago, indicates how easy it may be for this terrible disease to be introduced unnoticed into the immense population of this great city.

Prompt Measures. Dr. Doty, the Health Officer of the port, has taken prompt action to prevent the germs of the disease being scattered through this port. He sent a letter to the officers of the steamship company directing them to exercise every care in accepting passengers from Old Point and Norfolk, including passengers, he said, should be compelled to furnish to the steamship agents at those places a certificate from a physician declaring that the sear was either immune or had not been exposed to the infection. The steamship officials promptly promised to carry out his instructions to the letter.

"There is absolutely no danger," Dr. Doty said, "of yellow fever coming here and the public need not be alarmed. New York is too far away from the fever belt to be in any danger. Of course an isolated case may appear, but it will amount to nothing. There is more danger of the disease coming by rail than there is by water. The Boards of Health of New York and New Jersey will doubtless take precautions against infection in that way. However, the danger does not lie North, but South. If the fever is carried into Mississippi, Louisiana and contiguous States the results may be serious."

Dr. Doty said he would not make any suggestion to the physicians in charge of the fever patients at Hampton relative to the use of serum treatment, which he tried, with success recently upon Mr. Lackey, a yellow fever patient who was held in Quarantine here. Dr. Doty said he was now at work compiling a history of the Lackey case for the Medical Record.

Magnificent Apartment Houses. The growth of the upper West Side



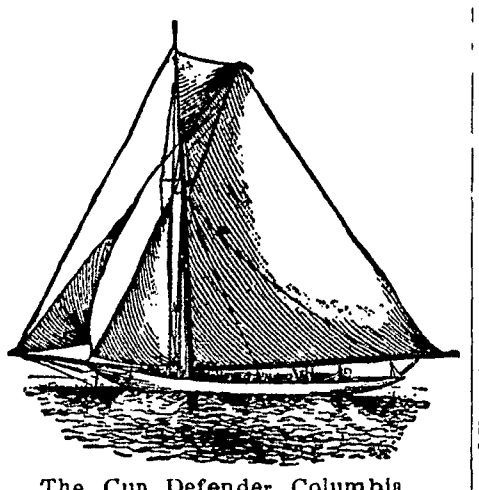
The Dewey Arch.

continues to surprise even the optimistic real estate men. Many very fine buildings are in the course of erection on the boulevard, between One Hundred and Eighth, and One Hundred and Twentieth streets. This locality, overlooking the Hudson river and in the lee of the beautiful Morningside Park, with the classic shade of Columbia University exhibiting an air of peaceful scholarship, is perhaps the most beautiful in this city of beautiful neighborhoods. It runs a close race with the east side of Central Park for desirability, and there are people who would rather be on the boulevard than Fifth avenue. However this may be, it is safe to say that nothing but handsome residences will be allowed to come into existence on the boulevard. These two new apartment houses of which I speak are estimated to cost together \$800,000. By the time they are finished they will probably take a million. They will be eight stories high and cover a plot 100 by 93 feet. Besides being ornamented in the severest rich manner that obtains in New York residential architecture at this time, they will have every artistic and hygienic improvement inside that has been discovered. Sanitation, ventilation and convenience have been carefully considered, and the occupants are expected to find a perfect home. When one comes to think about it, four or five hundred thousand dollars for an eight-story residence is a great deal of money. But there are plenty of people here who can and will pay rental to make it worth the while of the owner to erect palatial apartment houses, and the number of such edifices is increasing rapidly every year.

Breakfast in the Restaurant. Breakfast time in most of the restaurants of the Tenderloin is anywhere from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. There are some persons even in that neighborhood who like to take breakfast before 10 o'clock, and there is one enterprising restaurateur who is evidently after their patronage, for he has several signs conspicuously displayed on the front of his place of business. "Breakfast at 8 o'clock." This does the keen competition of the metropolis make for the convenience of everyone, even the man who wants breakfast at such an unreasonably early hour as 8 o'clock in the morning.

Loss by the Strike. It was found to be impossible even to give away the fruit and vegetables that couldn't be conveyed to market from the Pennsylvania Railroad pier on the North River, on account of the longshoremen's strike. It seemed as if the people of New York, who are usually on the lookout for anything to be given away, surfeited with watermelons, apples, tomatoes and things. So the stuff stayed on the pier until it was unfit for food, and the Board of Health officials seized it. They took away 191,000 pounds of watermelons, 32,700 pounds of potatoes and 36,170 pounds of apples and other fruits. All this was sent away on barges to Barren Island, outside Sandy Hook, where the big retdorts make short work of everything in the way of garbage, burning up many tons of it every week.

The Yacht Race. The re-assembling of the Mazet committee has failed to divert attention from the coming international yacht race. The Shamrock, which is on its way to New York, is acknowledged to be a very fast craft, and the contest is likely to be very close and exciting. There are many professional sailors who confess that the danger of our losing the cup is much greater than



The Cup Defender Columbia.

It ever was before. But the owners of the Columbia are not only hopeful, but confident, that she will show her heels to the Shamrock in every contest. The coming months are going to be full of exciting interest for New York people and between the yacht race, the Dewey welcome, the Mazet investigation and the city election, time will be fully occupied.

Useless Offices. Comptroller Coler made the startling statement the other day that the salary list of Greater New York is \$4,000,000 too high. He asserts that not only are salaries too high, but in many instances large salaries are paid to incompetents who perform no valuable service. This is a remarkable statement to come from the chief financial officer of this great city, but the worst of it is that it is unquestionably true. Salaries have been raised by the Legislature, and the local authorities until this startling condition of affairs stares the people in the face. It is a serious comment on the conditions which prevail in local city government.

The payment of a dividend of one-fifth of 1 per cent to the creditors of the Iron Hall, winds up a failure which involved 63,000 members scattered through more than twenty states. When a receiver was appointed it was found that the liabilities of the order were \$5,100,000. Altogether \$2,000,000 has been collected and paid to creditors, leaving a permanent deficit of \$3,100,000.

## OUT O' DOORS TALK.

It was a warm July afternoon. Uncle Barry and Rob had found a cool retreat in the grove on the shady side of Arbutus Hill. They sat beneath an elm, the roots of which ran into a stony little brook that rambled down the hill and tumbled into the valley creek below. Rob was reading the last pages of "Peveril," but Uncle Barry sat with his back against the old tree trunk, his forefinger between the leaves of his book and his eyes fixed dreamily upon a patch of sky between the pines.

Presently Rob finished his book, and, boy like, declined to meditate for a moment upon plot, style or denouement of the work. The story was ended and the Peveril no longer "piqued" the young reader's fancy. He will remember his heroes twenty, thirty years to come, but just now he is ever eager for new mental images.

"You're not reading, Uncle Barry?" "No; I'm thinking over what I've read." And he re-opened the "Autocrat." "Listen, I have brought down this slice of hemlock to show you. The tree blew down in my woods in 1852. This is a wedge going to the centre of the trunk.

"I have studied the growth of this tree and it is curious. Three hundred and forty-two rings. Started, therefore, about 1510. The thickness of the rings tells the rate at which it grew. For five or six years the rate was slow, then rapid for twenty years. A little before the year 1550 it began to grow very slowly, and so continued for about seventy years. In 1620 it took a new start and grew fast until 1714, then for the most part slowly until 1786, when it started again and grew pretty well and uniformly until within the last dozen years, when it seems to have got on sluggishly.

"Look here. Here are some human lives laid down against the periods of its growth, to which they correspond. This is Shakespeare's. The tree was seven inches in diameter when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born; seventeen when he died. Here is the little span of Napoleon's career—the tree doesn't seem to have minded it.

"I never saw the man yet who was not startled on looking at this section.

How much more startling would be the calendar counted on the rings of one of those awful trees which were standing when Christ was on earth, and where that brief Mortal life is chronicled with the stolid apathy of vegetable being, which remembers all human history as a thing of yesterday in its own dateless existence."

He closed the book suddenly. "Now what thought does that provoke in the expanse of your mind, Master Robin?" "How could he tell the tree's age by the markings on a little section of its trunk?"

"A questioning thought; good enough! The tree does not stop growing at the age of sixteen or eighteen as we do; each year adds a new ring of wood to its circumference, and by these rings the forester can readily calculate the age of a tree. The hemlock of which Holmes speaks fell in 1852, and was found to have 342 rings, by an easy process of subtraction it may be seen that the hemlock was a ringless babe in the year 1510. An experienced woodsman can even place his finger upon certain rings of a tree section and say, 'This was a wet year and this a dry.' Every tree keeps within its bark overcoat a record not only of the number of its years, but also of its character. The distinction is of color and hardness."

"What are the awful trees' upon which the 'Autocrat' says the calendars should be reckoned?" "Probably the famous cedars of Lebanon, a few of which are still growing at the foot of the sacred mount. The oldest of these is estimated to be of an age exceeding thirty-five centuries. That is to say, it was more than 1,500 years old when Christ suffered and died for us."

"And we think a hundred years a great, long life!" commented Rob. Then, after a few moments' silence, he resumed, "When you think of what you've read do you always agree with it, Uncle Barry?"

"I see your thought. No; sometimes I disagree with the author. But more often I approve some of his conclusions and reject others. You are thinking, I dare say, that by comparison with the life of a tree human life is a very frail and brief existence. It is well to keep that in mind, my boy. And yet—"

"And yet it is better to be a short-lived man than a long-lived vegetable," supplied Rob, promptly.

"Exactly. As the old proverb has it, better live well than live long. The old hemlock had only three inches to show for Shakespeare's fifty-two years. But the whole world of literature has nothing better to show than that brief half century of genius.

We can't all accomplish wonders in our short span. But we can do our best to get ready—ready for what, Robin?" "For life everlasting! Oh, yes! There wouldn't be much use living as long as the cedars of Lebanon if we hadn't the hope of a longer life to come." And Uncle Barry though he's by no means easy to please, seemed to be quite satisfied with the boy's answer.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

Eighty-four per cent of the entire State of Idaho is still public land, amounting to more than 44,000,000 acres of this area it has been estimated by the Government geological survey that 7,000,000 acres can be irrigated successfully.

An English railway company has recently completed a train for the use of the royal family, the cost of which was \$40,000. There are five cars, and each is lighted by electricity, the dynamo being axle-driven and supplemented by a storage battery in the baggage compartment.

Frank Winn, of Worcester, Mass., has invented a typewriter that prints music the lines of the staff, notes and all, and makes as clear a copy as if it came from a lithographic stone. The machine is like a typewriter in appearance. It has 44 keys, 35 for notes and 9 for the Arabic numerals.

In Tasmania the trade in axes and saws has been almost entirely monopolized by Americans. It is now the intention to carry on international competition between teams of axmen and sawyers, using British and American tools, with the object of proving which country manufactures the best implements.

A business like resident of Burlington, Vt., approached a police officer of that town the other day and advanced the decidedly novel proposition that if the bluecoat would lend him a quarter, presumably to buy a drink, he would come back in a few minutes and raise a disturbance, so that the officer could arrest him and get the usual fee.

The discarding of orange blossoms at weddings by some ultra-fashionables seems to be a senseless bit of iconoclasm. Older than the Anglo-Saxon race was the use of orange blossoms. In Arabia was its first symbolism in bridal wreaths. The orange branch bears fruit and flowers at the same time, and nothing could be a fairer emblem of sweet prosperity.

There are many fishes that in captivity seem to follow some definite course in their movements, as, for instance, they may swim round and round the tank in one direction. The goldfish, however, in its moving about, appears to be a sort of aimless fish; it goes down to the bottom and up to the top and criss-cross and every which way, and moving commonly rather sluggishly.

A shell fish known as the planna in the Mediterranean has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk, which is made in Italy into a regular fabric. The silk is spun by the shell fish in the first place for the purpose of attaching itself to the rock. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and then glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them.

A bird dog of Danville, Ind., is just now the subject of a strong hallucination. A woman in the neighborhood has a bantam hen with ten chicks, so nearly the size and appearance of quail that the dog has evidently been completely fooled as to their identity, and for several days past has been setting them as he would a covey of quails. His stands are perfect, and he always stays until called or dragged away.

A young man of Ellsworth, Me., allowed himself to be mesmerized by a traveling hypnotist recently and lay for twenty-four hours asleep in the show window of one of the principal stores in the city. For the service he was to receive \$10. While he slept the city tax collector filed the necessary legal claim for the \$10, and the sleeper awoke to find his poll tax for the past three years paid.

## NOTES OF NOTABLES.

President McKinley is his own barber. Marie Chell is Mary Anderson Navarro's most intimate friend.

The czar of Russia is the best customer of the clipping bureau's. Five ex-mayors of Boston are living: Green, Martin, Hart, Matthews, and Curtis.

Alfred Austin, England's poet laureate, was 27 years old before he wrote any verse.

The Mikado of Japan generally travels with a small bodyguard and often without an escort.

Leopold von Blumencron, aged 95, who is employed on the Vienna Fremdenblatt, is the oldest working newspaper man in the world.

Ex-Congressman Darlington, of Pennsylvania, who died last week, began life as a newspaper reporter and was afterward principal of a female seminary.

Governor Roosevelt on his western trip last week wore his favorite military campaign hat of steel gray. For reading he took with him Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell."

"Why, Colonel," said one of the Roosevelt Rough Riders at Las Vegas, "the other day I met a duffer up in Colorado who said something about you that I didn't like. I biffed him in the eye on the spot." "Give us your paw," said the Colonel.

A congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver an eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply. "It's customary."

## WHEN CATS WERE RARE.

Commerce Times—London, Jan. 18, 1900.

In the middle ages cats were very rare. Even with the latest little dogs were the familiar household pets, and cats were regarded as almost a royal possession. In Wales as early as the tenth century cats were protected by law. Before a kitten could open its eyes it was worth a penny; afterward it was worth two, and when it had caught a mouse its value rose to four pennies. These may seem small prices now, but they meant a good deal then. Both cats and pennies are within reach of any one, and the simplest little home may have as guard the cat that "once upon a time" kept watch in the king's granaries.

In Wales the prince had his storehouses thus protected, and the following story will show you how the theft of a cat was regarded. One day a small black kitten was missing. It was not very big, but it had caught a mouse, and search was made at once. It was found in a peasant's hut, and his daughter confessed that she had stolen it from the granary. The child declared that the kitten was frightened by the prince's two great wolf-hounds, and had taken refuge with her, and she had not had the heart to give it up.

The steward had father and child brought, trembling with fear, before the prince, who sat on his throne, yawning and stroking his tawny hounds.

"What is the law," he asked. "The thief shall pay a full-grown ewe with all its fleece," said the steward.

Alas! the man was too poor to own sheep. "Falling this, the cat shall be hung up by its tail—"

"Rather hard on the cat," said the prince; and little Mertha's tears ran down her face.

"And the thief shall pay a heap of grain high enough to reach the very tip of the tail," continued the steward. "Then shall we starve," murmured the peasant. "After tolls and tithes there is so little left."

Now the black kitten was brought into court, and seeing the dogs and its little friends, it bristled up its hair with fear and mewed piteously to Mertha for succor.

"The cat hath chosen the child," said the prince, carelessly. "I will remit the fine and give her the animal for her own."

This law is still found among the old Welsh statutes, but it is no longer enforced.—Philadelphia Times.

## CHILD-WIT.

"Where is your papa, Nellie?" asked a mother of her little daughter. "He's out on the back porch," was the reply. "What's he doing there?" queried the mother. "His bicycle's all out of breath, and he's putting some more in," answered the small observer. One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and seeing a large candy man standing in front of it with a wistful look, turning away regretfully, he said: "Mamma, I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind me!"

Lulu, aged four, was taking her first ride on the steam cars and as they whizzed by the farms she saw some large pumpkins among the corn shocks and, remembering her five brothers and sisters at home, she said: "Oh, mamma, look what big oranges! Let's stop and buy one and I'll go all around."

Little, three-year-old Mabel had been told that when it was daylight on this side of the earth it was dark on the other. As a proof that this astronomical fact had taken deep root in her mind, upon arising the next morning she exclaimed: "Now they are just going to bed in China and the skeletons are beginning to bite em."

A bright little fellow of six made quite an apt reply to a cross-grained old man who had outgrown his love for children. "Get out of my way," was the early command. "What are such chaps as you good for?" the boy looked up into his face with a pleasant smile and said: "Oh, they make gentlemen out of such chaps as I am." The boy came off with flying colors. It's a great pity, however, that early old men are too often made out of the good stuff in children.

A Real Pasty Cake. Nothing delights a child more than a pasty cake. During the summer days, when the little ones are going out on picnics to the park and to out-of-town places, cake of some sort always enters into their luncheons, and the child who has a number of pasty cakes in her basket is happy. Here is a recipe for pasty cakes which are both palatable and good.

Cream together one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar and one egg, into a soft paste. When these ingredients are properly blended add three-fourths of a cup of milk; add two cupfuls of flour in a bowl; add to it two heaping spoonfuls of baking powder; stir the powder well through the flour and then add it to the other ingredients and stir until mixture is as smooth as cream. Butter a pasty pan, fill it with the cake batter and bake it in a quiet oven just to test it. If it is all right, bake the other cakes at once. If the batter is not stiff enough add a little more flour. Make a light frosting for these cakes by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stirring in four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the cakes are a nice brown remove them from the oven and place them on a folded napkin; before they are quite cold spread the butter over them with a thin-bladed knife.

## HE REWARDS HIS BOY.

Household and Dishwasher.

The Duke of Brabant, of the neighborhood of Brussels, was to be sent to his palace on the morning. The Duke, in his morning dress, called a boy, who had been sent to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bowed out to him. "His name comes here as a boy's name," said the Duke.

"The Duke walked on slowly, the boy still cravng his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed: 'Come here, man, and help me, an' I'll give you half I get.' The Duke went and lent the halping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they struggled along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I think you," said the boy, "but I'm sure of something for the job up at the big house are sure to be 'bodies."

As they approached the house the Duke disappeared from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying: "Give that to the boy who brought the cow." The Duke having returned to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half of it." "But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, "that's a I got and dye no think it's plenty?" "I do not," said the Duke. "There must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back the Duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me out the peasant that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, and attempted an apology, but the Duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the shilling. "You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation and your character, your young covetousness; learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy that he ordered him to be sent to school at his expense.

## A School for Cash Boys.

A unique duty of the cash boys of Wansmaker's New York establishment is to go to school every morning from 8 to 10. A portion of them, numbering about thirty, assemble in a classroom and devote themselves to arithmetic, spelling, grammar, writing, composition and other rudiments of an education. The school, the idea of which originated with Mr. Wansmaker, was started experimentally early last fall, and has proved so successful that it has now become a permanent feature of the store. The school work has been found to increase the efficiency and usefulness of the boys in their store work, and is therefore valuable to their employers as well as to themselves.

The 150 boys are divided into classes, and each class has two sessions a week. Regular attendance and attention to study are as much insisted upon as care in any work about the establishment. The majority of the boys, however, need no urging to take advantage of an opportunity of education. The business executives have already had the value of arithmetic, handwriting, and the correct use of the English language as the branches most dwelt upon in the boys' school, and, under the direction of Miss Alice Hostelle, who teaches school in her native Vermont, a large number of the boys have made progress which is very marked. The books which they write their exercises and compositions on such topics as "The Duties of a Cash Boy," are models of neatness and plain legible handwriting. While many formalities of ordinary school life are dispensed with, very careful records are kept of the work of each boy, and these are much valued by the matter of promotion in the store.

Many letters have been received from parents, expressing gratitude that their boys, while obliged to work, are at the same time acquiring the fundamentals of an education.—London Weekly.

## The Price of Sheep.

Here is an Italian boy who cut the price of "sheep" in three weeks. He was unanimously denounced by the sociates. The newspapers joined with

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