

WORK ON RAPID TRANSIT SUBWAYS GOES SLOWLY

New Obstacles Seem to Develop
Every Few Days in
New York.

TRACTION MEN NOT INTERESTED

Public is Becoming Convinced That
While Fares Can Be Collected
From Strap-hangers the Companies
Will Not Trouble Themselves
About Improvements.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—New obstacles seem to develop every few days to block the city in its attempt to proceed with the construction of more rapid transit subways. It is now six years since work was begun on the present subway which has been open to the public for nearly two and a half years.

In spite of this lapse of time the city has progressed no further in subway construction than to prepare plans and specifications for twenty new routes, practically all of which now may have to be revised to meet the wishes of the men in control of the local traction companies who assist upon the alterations as conditions for bidding on the new contracts. Whenever the city appears to be ready to go ahead with the work, which is not often, the traction people step in and delay things interminably. This situation has existed so long the public is becoming convinced the local traction men are not anxious to expedite the construction of new subways while they can continue collecting fares from every strap-hanger on the existing elevated, surface and subway lines.

It was expected that the Rapid Transit Board would finally approve the plans for the new subways ten days ago and would proceed at once to advertise for bids for the construction work. All, supposedly, was in readiness when, at the last minute representatives of the traction combine stepped in and urged many radical alterations in the proposed contracts. The changes which the company desire, if made by the Rapid Transit Commission, will place the city in about as disadvantageous a position, as far as control over the subways is concerned, as it is in the present subway.

PERILS OF BALLOONING.

An Exciting Trip in the Midst of a
Wild Thunderstorm.

On one occasion, rising suddenly through a stratum of clouds 10,000 feet in the air into brilliant sunshine, the gas dilated. I let out a little. Down we dropped into a cold air current. The immediate condensation of the gas dropped us back into the cloud layer, which condensed the gas still more and accelerated the drop. We came out directly above a stretch of woods over which lay another cool belt. By this time we were falling like a rock. We were going so fast that the bagful of sand we threw out went up instead of down. Hastily we threw out the drag rope, the anchor, the lunch basket—to little purpose. We struck the trees with a terrific crash, but escaped, however, with nothing worse than a shaking up and a few bruises.

The most exciting trip I ever made was a record breaking voyage that began one Sunday evening. The weather was not propitious, but we cast off. We sailed across the Hudson river to New Jersey and plunged into a cloud. After traveling twenty miles I descended to drop a note to my wife, assuring her of our safety. Again we shot into a cloud. Presently we drifted over a village and, with that exaltation that accompanies the sensation of floating in the air, enjoyed to a strange degree the music of church bells drifting up from below. Before we were aware we plunged into the midst of a huge approaching thunder cloud. It seemed to open and swallow us into a pit of gloom and simultaneously into the heart of the wildest thunderstorm I think I have ever seen. The clouds rolled and tossed and twisted. The balloon would now be forced down, then tossed up and again spun swiftly about like a top. We lost all sense of direction. Thunder was crashing and rolling and crackling all around us. Lightning flashed, not in forked zig-zags, but in great flashes of fire. It was frightful. We did not want to descend, but presently we heard the unmistakable sound of water not far away. Letting out a little gas, we shot downward. Faster we dropped and faster. Land was below us. The problem was to land in the high wind without damage. I let out more gas. We landed in a treetop with a jar that fixed the basket so firmly in a crotch that it could not be dislodged by the wind, for now we had dropped below the storm.—World's Work.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Carelessness is the great sin of most people. If a man doesn't acquire a little sense with age he cheats himself. If a man owns a pocketknife it is hard for him to pass a grindstone.

INTESTINAL INDIGESTION.

Its Symptoms and the Way It Should
Be Treated.

It was formerly thought that the stomach was the main organ of digestion, and dyspepsia was supposed always to have its seat there. But this question has been much studied of late, with the result that the stomach has been found to be of little account comparatively in the preparation of the food for absorption. The most important part of digestion occurs in the upper part of the intestine, where the food, after leaving the stomach, is churned and mixed thoroughly with the bile and pancreatic secretion.

Since, then, the intestine takes such an important part in digestion, it is natural to suppose that a failure to perform this function properly would give rise to serious disturbances of health, and such, in fact, is the case. Intestinal indigestion is a not uncommon affection at all periods of life and is especially prevalent in children. The chief symptoms are flatulence, or wind, more or less colic, diarrhoea, or more often constipation, or an alternation of the two and practical starvation, as shown in weakness and emaciation.

The treatment is mainly through diet, but this will vary, of course, according to age. In an infant the problem is a difficult one. If the child is fed artificially all prepared foods containing starch should be taken away, and cows' milk, modified as to the amount of fat, sugar or casein it contains, according to the physician's directions, should be substituted.

If the infant is nursing the life of the mother should be studied, for the state of her health may affect the milk injuriously.

In older children and adults the amount of fats and of starchy foods must be carefully regulated. Cereals, pastry, rice, potatoes and bread must be cut out of the dietary for a time or taken in very small quantity. When eaten at all they should be most thoroughly, even excessively, chewed, for in this way they may be in great measure digested by the saliva before reaching the intestine.

The diet should consist mainly of milk, white of eggs and the most digestible meats and fish. The diarrhoea or constipation should be regulated, and sometimes the administration of intestinal antiseptics is beneficial. Regular exercise in the open air is of great value in the treatment. The cold bath or shower bath is often of service when it is followed by a healthy reaction.—Youth's Companion.

A Pictorial in Wood.

There are various glimpses of Whistler in the reminiscences of the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, whilom president of the Society of British Artists. Here is an incident of "hanging day" while Whistler occupied the presidency:

A carpenter held in his hand a piece of wood, with which he was about to steady a heavy frame. It was a battent of yellow deal, with a large knot of lovely color, pitch brown and gold, running the whole length of the board. Seizing the board, I made the carpenter saw out of it a fragment to fit a frame which stood on the mantelpiece. At a little distance the thing assumed the appearance of a golden sunset seen across an open country, with a little hill or clump of trees against the lustrous sky. The gradation of color was beautiful beyond description. At that moment the president entered. We pointed across the gallery to the new "harmony in gold and brown" and congratulated him on its loveliness. Mr. Whistler, hastily putting his eyeglasses to his eye, exclaimed: "Eh, eh! What's that? Who lent that?" He was as much delighted as we were.

Premature Burial.

Statistics have been prepared to show that in Europe out of every 100 supposed deaths one person is resuscitated. Although members of the medical profession refuse to take any interest in the matter, it is probably true, says suggestion, that many persons are buried while in a state of suspended animation. It is stated that in the cemetery just outside the town of Weimar there is special provision made against the danger of premature burial from suspended animation. No bodies are placed in the ground until they have spent a considerable time in a receiving vault. In the fingers of the corpse are placed strings which communicate with an alarm. The least movement will ring a bell in an adjoining chamber, where a guardian is always on the watch. In several instances by this timely alarm persons prematurely buried have been rescued. It is said that the provision arose from the tradition that one of the princes of Saxe-Weimar, this being their family burial place, was buried alive.

Oriental English.

Recently a baboo lawyer offered a delicious example in his defense of a woman client. She was accused of an assault, but he endeavored to show that she herself had been assaulted and had suffered damage of the most conspicuous nature of her countenance. "My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs," he asserted. He had probably a "tempest in a teapot" in mind. "I only seek," he continued earnestly, "to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. My poor client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin), the leather of her nose. Until the witness explains what became of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush."

THE HINDOO FAKIRS

THEY ARE PRINCES OF JUGGLERS AND MAGICIANS.

Some of the Wonderful Feats of Illusion and Dexterity These Masters of the Mystic Arts of the Orient Are Said to Perform.

"Stopped!" In the sudden stillness that pervades the great liner's saloon everybody pauses without knowing it and looks at the captain.

This gentleman merely settles to his luncheon more comfortably than before, while anchor chains rattle out and the steam whistle blows and the passengers hasten on deck to reel a heavy, tropical wind blowing off a low shore, along which tigers and alligators may creep to the water's edge by night, but where now a noon sun lies yellow on the butts and rice fields which are the stranger's first glimpse of Calcutta.

The liner swings well out in the stream. Presently flashes through the bow ripples of the Hoogly river a dusky body, and up the anchor chain nimbly, as a monkey scrambles a man, clad only in a loin cloth and having a tiny tight rolled red bundle fastened at the back of his neck out of reach of the water.

The man's first action is to pick up from the deck a ball of twine which a sailor is mending a pawls and unwind the string, which goes straight up in the air in defiance of the law of gravitation which should have trailed it along the deck.

As the fakir passes another sailor who has bought a cocoanut and is cracking it open, he gently takes from the man's hand half of the still fresh shell, holds it high above a ship's bucket, into which water streams from the cocoanut until the bucket has been twelve times filled and emptied. Next the juggler asks for a large earthen dish, pours into it a gallon of water raises it aloft in his left hand—his right being laid against his forehead. The dish grows smaller by almost imperceptible degrees of shrinkage until it completely disappears. Then, after a pause, a tiny brown speck is seen in the juggler's hand. It grows larger and larger until the dish is visible as at first, filled to the brim with water. While the juggler pours out and which runs down into the deck gutters.

A little aloof from the eager circle of spectators sits a young American woman, her baby swinging in a hammock, her five-year-old daughter on a cushion at her feet. The juggler stands perfectly still, his eyes fixed absently upon the group, apparently concentrating his forces upon some fresh wonder. The American shrinks backward with a movement of repulsion, which the juggler evidently notices, for he turns his gaze upon an English miss of fifteen who stands on the opposite side of the semicircle.

Suddenly the young mother sees the English girl begin to rise from the deck and float across the space between her and the hammock in which rests the sleeping baby. To her horror, the girl stoops over and takes up the infant. Then the girl rises from the deck, higher and higher, until she is lost in the clouds.

The mother is helpless to cry out or to move. She is in a sort of waking nightmare. As she stares she perceives a spot in the fleecy clouds—nearer, nearer it comes—she discerns the form of her baby—safe in the arms of the English girl, who gradually descends to the deck and lays the infant back in the hammock.

With a frantic effort the mother bursts the spell that binds her and snatches up the child to find it sound asleep. "How could you let that strange girl take your little brother away?" she screams to her startled daughter, who sits quietly on the cushion.

"Why, mamma," replies the child, "brother has been asleep in his hammock all the time. No one has touched him."

It was but one more trick of the senses played by the holy man from India. It was utterly inexplicable.

The fellow came over the ship's rail, dripping wet after a long swim from shore. The liner has just dropped anchor after a voyage of several thousand miles. A confederate is an impossibility. An audience of about 500 skeptical persons crowds close around the juggler. There is no chance for deception.

Now the Hindoo unties the bundle from behind his neck, opens a square of red cloth, passes it to the audience for inspection and then spreads it flat on the deck. His eyes turn toward and become fixed. He mutters to himself, and, after walking three times around the square, he thrusts his bare hand and arm under the cloth and brings forth a rudely carved little boat measuring not more than 8 by 4 inches. It is undecked and empty. The one thwart across it is pierced with a mist hole. With the boat he brings out a small cocoanut.

He offers the boat and the nut for the scrutiny of the passengers. By those who see and touch it the nut is pronounced to be scraped clean and to be pierced with three small holes.

The juggler sticks a thin bamboo wand of about two feet into the mist hole, then places the nut on the end of the wand, retreats to a distance of five yards and commands (in Hindoo-stanee): "Spout!"

A glittering jet of pure water springs upward from the nut into the blazing

sunshine and scatters diamond drops until the juggler again gives a command:

"Stop!" And it stops.

Once more:

"Spout!"

And thus the crystal fountain spouts and stops as bidden until more water is running over the deck than is altogether comfortable for bystanders.

During his whole performance the juggler repeats over again the mystic but apparently irrelevant words:

"Bandar ka kopral! Bandar ka kopral!" ("Skull of a monkey! Skull of a monkey!")

"Backsheesh!" the holy man now suggests and indicates the red cloth as an appropriate receptacle for cash acknowledgment of his occult power.

As coins fall he deftly receives them and bites each one to test its genuineness. At last he piles the contributions neatly, shakes the cloth and again spreads it on the floor.

Again the juggler's eyes fix themselves in catleptic trance. Again he paces around the red square, muttering outlandish words.

Something begins to move beneath the cloth. It grows in size as the spellbound audience gazes. There is a faint sound—and—out hops a grinning, chattering monkey, while from the farther edge of the red rag a cobra pokes its venomous head and writhes its bulk along the planks.

The passengers—even the sailors—shrink and shudder, but their feet seem spiked to the deck. No one moves, though disgust and horror are manifest on every face.

A much larger object heaves beneath the cloth—slowly, gracefully, a Hindoo girl rises to her feet, casts the red cloth from her shoulders and smiles upon a ship's company, as "silent and agitated as were the voyagers in that dread ship, the Mystery."

Before anybody is able to stir the juggler claps his hands, his creature vanishes, he rolls up his coils in the red cloth, ties it around his neck, leaps over the rail into the stream and swims away.

There can be no doubt as to these mystic performances being illusions, for any attempt to photograph them results in an empty plate.

Hindoo jugglers simply have the power to make not only one person, but an unlimited number of persons, see, taste and hear things which do not exist. To attribute this power to hypnotism does not detract from the marvel of the phenomena. We must admit that the basic principle of the mystery is the subjugation of the weaker to the stronger will.

Secondarily, there is in the Hindoo race an increase in the power of thought, resulting from their intense love of solitary meditation, one of the nation's most pronounced traits from time immemorial. We cannot dispute that the Hindoos have acquired mental faculties of which the younger westerner civilizations are altogether ignorant, as a matter of experience.

The Hindoo has attained marvelous results on speculative philosophy. Through centuries he has developed his mental powers by persistent exercise and persistent effort—as with us, athletes develop and perfect the muscles of the body.

The Hindoo conjurer is no unlicensed charlatan. He is a man with a "vocation." It may be while he works in the rice field that the Hindoo boy hears the mysterious call of Brahma and tells his parents:

"Kopal me likkha." ("It is written upon my forehead.")

At first "the chosen" wanders through the streets of his native town—black ropes of dank hair falling about his face, streaks of clay across his forehead and down his nose, a single cotton rag wound about his middle. The million gods that 8,000 Hindoo years have accumulated for faithful souls know that the "chosen" has vowed a pilgrimage to Benares—the residence of the gods—the Hindoo Olympus, not striding over the journey erect, with strong young limbs, but falling flat on his face, measuring his length with his brass water bottle for all the weary way.

Thus does the "chosen" accomplish his pilgrimage, never lacking food or drink or sleeping mat, for all dwellers in the land know that he is "a Bairagee!"—he helps to keep the world straight with the gods. At last, eyes bloodshot, feet blistered, he washes in the sacred Ganges and bows in the great temple at Benares and the priests recognize his holiness and say: "It is written upon his forehead." After which the "chosen" is for years secluded in the silent places of India that by prayer and austerity and meditation he may subdue the body and develop the mind until he acquires the occult force whereby he compels his fellow mortals to see things which are not.

In the wild recesses of his mountains—behind the walls of his temples carried into the solid rock—the Hindoo still holds the key of mysteries that defy the ingenuity of the best, most logical and most scientific reasoners of the modern civilization.—Los Angeles Times.

The Difference.

A rich man once visited his stables and watched an old groom currying a favorite horse. "You have worked for me a long time, haven't you, Sam?" queried the rich man. "Yes, sir," replied the groom. "Me an' this hoss have worked for you seventeen years." "Ah, and I hope you have been well treated, Sam," said the employer. "Oh, I ain't complainin' none," said Sam. "but me an' the hoss was sick at the same time, an' I noticed that, while you hired a doctor for the hoss, you docked my pay for the time I lost."—Commoner.

NOT AN ANSWER TO QUESTION.

Immigration Committee Not Satisfied
About Imported Laborers.

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23.—The committee on immigration and naturalization today considered Secretary Straus' answer to the resolution of the House introduced by Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, asking for his opinion as to the lawfulness of the landing of alleged contract laborers.

The opinion was expressed in committee that the secretary's answer had been transmitted in misapprehension of the purport of the resolution.

It merely deals with the question as to whether or not commissioner Watson of South Carolina, transgressed a penal statute. This is a very different question, said Mr. Gardner today, from the question whether or not the alleged contract laborers were lawfully landed.

The committee will reach a decision soon as to whether it will be necessary to present a new resolution to the House.

The Jamestown Exposition seems in danger of being pastorized.—New York Mail.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from female trouble is told that an operation is necessary, it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital, the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only recourse, but a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation has been decided upon as the only cure.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs, have escaped serious operations, as evidenced by Miss Rose Moore's case, of 307 W. 26th St., N. Y. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of the very worst form of female trouble and I wish to express to you my deepest gratitude. I suffered intensely for two years so that I was unable to attend to my duties and was a burden to my family. I doctored and doctored with only temporary relief and constantly objecting to an operation which I was advised to undergo. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it cured me of the terrible trouble and I am now in better health than I have been for many years.

This and other such cases should encourage every woman to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before she submits to an operation.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women
Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.



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