

JOHANNA'S HAND READ BY A PALMIST.

She's a Brute, But with Human Passions, Feelings and Desires.

No Trace of Mentality, Cunning, and a Coward and Absolutely Without Emotion.

HER LOVE FOR CHIKO A FICTION.

The Lines of Her Hand Prove Her to Be the Best Specimen of the Missing Link Ever on Exhibition.

Under commission of the editor of the Sunday Journal, I visited the chimpanzee Johanna in her Winter quarters at Central Park for the purpose of making an examination of the lines of her hands, believing as I do, after twenty years' experience, that palmistry, though not so recognized today, is based ultimately to be classed as an exact science.

In Johanna I find—and so will any fair-minded scientist—proof as strong as Holy Writ, if such were needed, of the infallibility of the Darwinian theory.

Johanna's hands tell me that she is still a member of the brute creation. She resembles the human form divine in a physical manner that is startling, and to the non-scientific mind her remarkable imitations of conventional exhibitions of human intelligence may be readily mistaken for mentality.

At the outset I want to say without equivocation, aware of the fact that assertions have been made to the contrary by persons who claimed to be exponents of the sciences, that Johanna possesses no mental faculty whatsoever. She is still a brute in the upper walks of her kingdom, but distinguished from the lower orders of humanity in that she is unable to distinguish between right and wrong, danger or safety. Her life is to eat, drink and sleep.

WHAT HER HANDS PROVE.

Yet in her I find by study of her hands—for hands they are, and not claws or forefeet—the embryo of all human passions, feelings and desires.

Conducting my examination on the theory that Darwin is right—that there were Johanna's centuries ago, and that the African congeners of this remarkable Simian are the ancestors of Darwins, Huxleys and Spencers to come, I concluded that she is a female of base, cruel, treacherous disposition, lacking in any of the finer feelings. When not lulled into quietude by the gentle ministrations of her keeper, Mr. McKay, he approaching with some delicacy in hand to tempt the palate which has been educated in her captivity, she sulks in a melancholy mood or bounds about her cage shrieking wildly and acting in a manner that in a woman would be called hysteria.

She has no control whatever of her feelings. In her paroxysms she does not recognize the voice of her keeper, and she is blind to the delicacies held up to her. She has no eye for color nor form. She would rend asunder with equal ferocity a stray cat or a beautiful child. She is easily angered, and is demonstrative, but not vindictive, such as the Eastern Lizard, and she is phlegmatic and emotionless. The nerve centers are in a low state of development, and she does not feel pain keenly.

HER HAND IS HUMAN.

A near approach to Johanna's hand is found in that of primitive tribes in high latitudes, such as the Eskimo Lizard, and Thiers and Flegion. The low position of the thumb on the hand is convincing evidence of her lack of mentality.

Johanna's hand is unmistakably human in its construction. I find that the number of bones is the same. It is remarkable that this rule holds good throughout her anatomy except in the matter of her teeth. She has two extra canine teeth. These would disappear in the course of civilization by the use of cooked food, etc., just as the arms would grow shorter and her progeny learned to walk upright.

In declaring Johanna's hand of the correct human type, I must emphasize the fact that it denotes the lowest type of human mentality, between which and intelligence there yawns a wide gulf.

Were Johanna's thumb larger, and were it placed higher on the hand, and were the swell at the base of the thumb—which palmists call the Mount of Venus—developed instead of being flat, Johanna would approach in intelligence a half-dozen nations of savages known to African, Australian, Arctic and Antarctic travelers, not to mention some of the Alaskan tribes and the new almost extinct Digger Indians of the northwestern Pacific slope.

SHE IS A COWARD.

I find that there is a lack of development of the Mount of Mars. She is, therefore, a coward. The length of Johanna's first finger denotes that she is vain and proud. I was not surprised to learn that she will gaze for hours at herself in a mirror, and that during the season when she is on the road she is in high good humor when crowds throng before her cage.

The extreme length of her third finger shows the savage's love for gaudy, fiery, tinkles, etc. It is from the developed Johanna that African merchants buy elephant tusks in exchange for yards of tinsel and glass beads.

Her very heavy and strong-appearing second finger indicates that she is inclined to melancholia. The cause of this state is physical. Her supposed romantic grieving for the dead Chiko is a press agent's tale. She would readily accept as a mate any male member of her exact species. The blue-nosed mandril, "Sunset Willie," in the adjoining cage, is of a low order. He is all canting. She rejects his advances as a premier of royal blood would those of a base-born and defamed slave. She scorns "Sunset Willie."

Her short little finger argues that in the human development she would lack expression. That is, her power of expressing her thoughts would be limited. All animals have their mode of expression. The lower the animal the smaller the vocabulary. Johanna is a very linguist among beasts to-day. Were she a human she would be a beast among linguists. One of the surest points established in primatology is this gauge of the power of expression, as shown by the length or shortness of the little finger.

Johanna possesses a low cunning highly developed. She is fond of creature comforts,



MISS JOHANNA'S FIRST CIGARETTE.

Sketched at the Central Park Zoo Tuesday Afternoon.

DONKEY IN A SILK HAT.

Remarkable Tastes and Antics of "Trilby," Who is One of the Features of the East Side.

There is a donkey named "Trilby" on the East Side who wears a silk hat. This queerest of donkeys lives in a stable on Twenty-second street, near First avenue, and his fame has spread for blocks around. Unlike Du Maurier's heroine, this Trilby has not a Svengali. He refuses to bend to the superior will power of any man and delights in setting the masculine mandate naught. The only subtle power that this Trilby falls a victim to is that of tobacco. Trilby seems to take as much pride in his silk hat as the cannibal king of Ashantee. On his hind feet he occasionally wears a pair of old boots. Both are legacies of a horse driver. He presents a most comical sight when the stablemen have rigged him up in his accoutrements. The hat is battered and presents many evidences of wear. It is tied on with a string and often slips to one side. Trilby belongs to Undertaker George E. Kelly.

Trilby gets a chew of tobacco each morning. Upon one occasion Mr. Kelly engaged a man as night stableman. This man was a retired policeman, and when he started to work in the evening he hung his coat, which was cut after the style known as the Prince Albert. The donkey was allowed the freedom of the whole building, and it is supposed smoked some tobacco in the pocket, whereupon he commenced to chew the tails of the coat. By the time he was discovered nearly all the coat was gone.

One of Trilby's favorite amusements is to pull the spring curtains down their full length and suddenly let them fly back, at the same time jumping back and emitting a noise which is probably intended for a laugh. His heavers' ear drums are menaced while he laughs. William Giesler, a German shoemaker, who has a shop down the street, has thrown different objects at the donkey on various occasions, and each time Trilby has retaliated by waiting until the shoemaker retires into the living rooms in the rear of the shop, and then opening the shop door with his mouth, and turning around, he backs up to the benches and kicks everything within his reach. The proverbial bull in a china shop could not create more damage. All the boys in the neighborhood have ridden on Trilby, but of late he will not allow any one to stay on his back, excepting when attired in full regiments. One urethra, who is only known by the expressive name of "Reddy," an allusion to the Trilby look, has made friends with Trilby. He rides her about the street smoking a cigarette. The undertaker does not allow every arab, however, to beset the beast, although it seems to be their one ambition in life.

The "hepatic" line is found only in the Caucasian. Johanna's hand is of great power. If discovered in a mummified state it would be classed as that of a savage, not of a monkey. Johanna is neither human, nor yet is she all brute. She is the best specimen of the missing link yet given over to public exhibition. She should be the daily study of advanced scientists, not the object of the passing wonder of the gazing crowd.

NIBLO, THE PALMIST.

PRIZES FOR GOOD WORK. Cash Awards Which Have Just Been Made on the New York Central to Roadmasters and Foremen.

Instances are multiplying in which employers of labor stimulate extra good service by a system of cash prizes. Several of the large street car companies have found the investment a good one, and the New York Central Railroad has just paid out \$150, for which the corporation secured adequate returns many times over. Two roadmasters were given \$50 each for having maintained the best sub-divisions on their respective divisions, and two foremen were awarded \$25 each for having the best kept sections on the P. & O.

VOYAGES OF BOTTLES ADRIFT.

Strange Stories of Wanderings at Sea Told by Uncle Sam's Cooked-Up Messengers.

Tracing Old Ocean's Mysterious Currents with Bottle Papers Tossed Overboard.

UNIQUE SCHEME FOR SCIENCE.

Captains and Skippers Pick Up the Tale Missives in All Parts of the World and Forward Them to the Hydrographic Office at Washington.

Bottle papers are a new experiment of Uncle Sam's. Within the last three years many thousands of them have been distributed among mariners by the Hydrographic Office of the Navy, with instructions to throw them into the sea. Some hundreds have already been picked up in various parts of the world, a few of them having floated nearly around the globe. The voyages accomplished by them have been the means of securing much new scientific information relating to the currents of different oceans. In fact, success in this line has been so great that the Government proposes to continue the business.

In the records of the Hydrographic Office is preserved a very remarkable story, illustrating the eccentricity of the ocean currents which the bottle papers are designed to trace. On the 21 day of September, 1822, the young daughter of the blacksmith of Cana, an island of the Hebrides group, was wandering along the seashore gathering driftwood for fuel. She chanced to pick up a small piece of wood inscribed: "Lachlan Campbell, Bilbaco, March 23, 1822." The child took it to her mother, who nearly fainted on examining

it. The name was that of her own son, who was a boiler maker in Spain. A superstitious feeling inspired her with the notion that the stick was a message from her boy and a harbinger of evil tidings regarding him. She wrote to him at once, telling him what had happened, and was greatly relieved in mind to learn by return mail that he was alive and well. He told her that he well remembered how, on a certain holiday, he had carved such words on a piece of wood and thrown it lightly into the sea from a rock near Bilbaco.

The Government is in regular correspondence with about 2,500 skippers of steam and sailing vessels, who send reports to the Hydrographic Office by mail. At the Greenwich noon each day, which is 7 a. m. in Washington, they note the direction and force of the wind, the temperature of the air and sea, the motion of sea and clouds, the reading of the barometer, and such odd facts as the presence of birds, whales, seals and driftwood. These all have a relation to weather.

The notes thus made are jotted down in record books supplied by Uncle Sam. In the back of each record book are a number of printed blanks for bottle papers, with instructions in seven languages as to how the eventual finder of the paper shall proceed. The skipper fills in one-half of the blank with the name of his vessel, its position and the date. Then he folds it up and puts it into an empty bottle—a beer bottle serves very well for the purpose—and corks it tightly. The cork and neck are plunged into melted paraffine to make them waterproof. The bottle will now float until some day it is thrown up by the sea upon some far shore. The finder is requested, in seven languages as aforesaid, to fill out the other half of the blank, giving his name, the locality and the date, thereupon forwarding the paper to the nearest United States consular or direct to the Navy Department at Washington.

One of the most remarkable bottles was dropped by the yacht L'Hirondelle, belonging to the Prince of Monaco. He threw it overboard in July, 1887, in the mid-Atlantic, about 1,000 miles due east from New York. It floated about for nearly eight years, being picked up in March, 1895, in the neighborhood of Cuba. During that period it is supposed to have drifted 6,000 miles. Another long voyage was that of a bottle

put into the water in June, 1890, by the brigantine Charles Cotesworth, not far south of the Cape Verde Islands. It was not picked up until June, 1895, in the Gulf of Mexico, having travelled about 4,500 miles. Quite a rapid voyager was a bottle dropped by the bark Oostenberg in May, 1894. It travelled 3,300 miles in just a year, starting near Madra, and bringing up on one of the Bahamas. Of course, the routes taken by the bottles are very devious, drifting as they do hither and thither with the currents. If they chance to get into the great stream that makes a circuit of the North Atlantic they are apt to be carried clear across that ocean and back one or more times.

The routes followed by the bottle papers picked up and returned to the Hydrographic Office are marked out on charts. These charts are a curious study. The starting point of each bottle is indicated by a star, and the place where it turned up eventually by a little circle. Between the star and the circle in each case is drawn a line indicating approximately the course taken in drifting. From an examination of one of these charts it appears that a bottle dropped into the sea off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland is likely to be carried eastward nearly across the Atlantic, then turning southward and striking the shore of Africa. It follows the great ocean stream referred to, which sweeps it westward and back across the Atlantic again, throwing it eventually upon one of the Bahamas. Thus its course traces a gigantic ellipse, taking in practically the whole of the great pond of the North Atlantic.

On the other hand, as shown by the charts, bottles thrown overboard to the north of the Grand Banks usually escape the great circulating current and float in a northeast direction, landing eventually on the coast of Ireland or Scotland, or else making a great sweep to the far north and coming ashore in Northern Norway. Occasionally such bottles will reach Iceland by a course more directly north. Again, bottles liberated in mid-Atlantic, in the latitude of the Barbadoes and further south, will, escaping the circulating stream, travel northwest, landing upon the Windward or Leeward Islands, or else finding their way through the Caribbean sea and perhaps eventually into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Germans have gone into the business of studying ocean currents by means of bottle papers more thoroughly than any other people. They make it a rule to load their bottles with certain quantities of sand, in order that they may not be completely immersed while still floating, thus their movements are not affected by winds, but only by water drift.

The most elaborate experiments in this direction for purely scientific purposes have been made by the Prince of Monaco, who employed his yacht L'Hirondelle for several seasons in the work of scattering bottle papers. However, he tried other kinds of receptacles besides bottles—such as floats, wooden casks and copper globes. He decided that the best contrivance of all was a thick glass bottle coated with pitch and finally covered with copper. This would last for any length of time, remaining buoyant in water, and being so light in weight that it would not sink to the bottom. In 1887 he let loose 100 bottles on a line from the Azores to the Grand Banks, and of them he got back 27. Nineteen of these actually reached Japan.

Four bottles containing bottle papers have been picked up at sea within the last three years. Many others have been found on shore in one part of the world or another, where they were thrown up by the waves. Few bottles have been set loose in the Pacific Ocean, but more attention is to be paid to those waters, the currents of which remain as yet to a great extent unmapped. One fact long known is that the Pacific, like the Atlantic, has a great circulating stream.

SEVENTEEN HOLES IN HIS BODY.

McCarthy Holds the World's Record for the Operation of Laparotomy.

His Intestines Were Honeycombed by the Bullet of an Assailant.

DOCTORS SAVED HIM FROM THE GRAVE.

They Were at Work all Day and all Night Sewing Him Up and Now He Is Out and About.

William McCarthy, of No. 435 East Eighteenth street, enjoys the unique distinction of having had more holes sewed up in his body than any man alive. He holds the record as regards the surgical operation of laparotomy.

McCarthy's is a tile layer's helper, and in his spare moments is somewhat of an East Side politician, travelling under the Tammany banner. He is a brother of Detective-Sergeant McCarthy, of the Central Office.

McCarthy was and is still, secretary of the East Side Pioneers. On the evening of December 21 last, the East Side Pioneers had a rather animated meeting. McCarthy, as secretary, called the roll, and afterward demanded that each man present should sign his name in a book provided for that purpose. To this Charles McEvoy took objection, McCarthy insisting, McEvoy suddenly ended the argument by pulling a pistol and emptying two chambers at the secretary.

Both shots took effect. One entered the fleshy part of the thigh and passed out without doing much damage. The other one, however, penetrated the abdomen. It passed clear through the abdominal cavity, through the intestinal coil, and it is supposed lodged somewhere in the heavy muscles of the back. The doctors have not been able to locate this as yet, and probably never will. But its presence in no wise discommodates McCarthy, who, notwithstanding all he has passed through, is about again as usual, enjoying perfect health and a fine robust appetite.

Immediately after the shooting, which occurred at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, McCarthy was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where the doctors decided that they must perform the operation of laparotomy. The wounded man was put under the influence of ether at 11:50, and the doctors worked at him until 7 o'clock the next morning. It was 3:30 on Sunday afternoon when McCarthy came to his senses again.

Meantime the doctors had cut him open; had sewed up seventeen perforations made in his intestines by the bullet, and in addition had taken out an entire section of the main intestine, six inches long. Where this section had been cut out the ends were knitted together by what is known as the Murphy button, a screw contrivance made of silver, that holds the intestine in place until it has been knitted together again by nature, and then passes off again automatically, leaving the patient, as in McCarthy's case, just as good a man as ever. A few years ago, however, it was thought that a perforation of the intestine was necessarily fatal.

The other seventeen perforations were stitched or rather darned with very fine silk, the process being plain and simple and perfect as that employed by a housewife in darning stockings. The doctors used an antiseptic silk thread, and as the wounds healed and the intestine knitted the thread sloughed out.

Altogether the operation was the most wonderful ever performed, in that more perforations had to be closed up than has ever been done before. Only a short time ago, before surgery had reached this stage of perfection, McCarthy would have had no more chance of living, wounded as he was, than if his brains had been blown out by a solid bullet when he shot again at his own hurt so much. I knew I had been struck, but my senses were not quite clear. I had a little bit, and the pain was correspondingly less. No, I didn't lose my senses. I knew what was going on, although until they put the ether in, I was rolled out on the floor, and lay still enough, just kind of motionless. I wasn't with pain that I couldn't stand. The pain was not very great; it was with the shock.

"My nerves had been affected by the impact of the bullet, and I was told to lie on my back, and I felt all limp, and as if I was going to die. They gave me something to brace me up, and I was able to brace up, but it didn't do me very much good. I felt certain that my end had come, and, you bet, it made me feel pretty bad, and they began to give me ether."

"I was carried directly to the surgical ward, and the doctors told me they would have to cut me open, and wanted to know if I would stand it. I said, 'I don't care, I would die if that was the only way to save my life. So I said, go ahead, and they began to cut me open.'"

"Usually the doctors say it takes only three applications to put a man to sleep, but in my case it took five, because of the high strung condition of my nerves. "When I woke again they told me that it was nearly twenty-four hours since they had begun to work on me. I didn't see any difference at first. The lights had been taken down, and I was all alone, and now when I came to they were lit again. I was lying on my back all bandaged up. I was freed with my hands, but my legs were bandaged in order that there might be no disturbance of the abdominal muscles."

"No, I didn't feel very sick; my stomach was kind of upset, but that was about all. The doctors told me that they had made two incisions in my body, one from the navel down, and the other on the left side, where the bullet had entered. Each was about eight inches long with cross cuts. Then they said they took out the intestinal coil and spread it out on hot towels. I was lying flat on my back during the time. They sewed up the perforations, took out the section of six inches, and then after carefully cleansing with warm water they put the coil back again, sewed it up, and worked to revive me from the effects of the ether. They finished at 3:30, having been at it all night, and all day, and I awoke at 7 a. m. I was fed on specially prepared food at first for days after the operation, but gradually they got me back to the ordinary food, and now I eat just what other people eat. For all the difference that it makes in my feelings I might as well have never been shot. I feel just as I always did in the past. I am still bandaged, and go to the hospital once every three days, as the doctors want to keep a watch on me. I have no pain except a peculiar starchy sort of feeling under the shoulder blades when the doctors touch me, but the doctors say, to a cold, I was discharged from the hospital on Monday, January 27, and have been living at home ever since. The Murphy button, which they had set in the intestines, passed away on December 31 without any pain to me. On the same day the doctors took out the stitches in the incisions in my abdomen."

THE STRONGLY MARKED LINES ON MISS JOHANNA'S HAND.

