

THE TYRANNIES OF LIFE IN THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Fable of the Square-Built Cow.

A man with theories convinced a commission with salaries (many years ago and in a far country; that if a herd of square-built cows could be evolved from the existing type, dairymen would reap a vast advantage. "The curved cow," said he, "is bad economy, because when you fill a cowshed you have more cubic feet of interest than cubic feet of cow."

Before the commissioners (abashed by the discovery that the word interest, which they had often seen in print, contained four syllables) adjourned to eat luncheon of irregular shape the matter was settled. After prompt disbursements and delayed experiments the first rectangular cow was brought into the world.

"You see," exclaimed the man with theories, "how convenient a beast is this at which we have arrived. It may be stowed as compactly as a box of soap; it has no horns, no tail, it may be cleaned and fed by machinery; it is a hygienic masterpiece."

From this the commissioners beamed behind their spectacles. But a hard-faced man interrupted the speaker.

"Your model cow," said he, "has one grave defect. She is utterly without the capacity for giving milk."

"Surely," said the man with theories, "there is nothing in the change of form which could logically produce such an effect."

"That may be," said the hard-faced man, "but a cow don't go by logic; she eats green grass and gives yellow milk. And the milk department of this cow was in some of the curves, you got rid of in squaring her up, or else her imagination has something to do with it."

And the commissioners reluctantly abandoned their endeavors to perfect the cow.



This Is What We Are Fast Coming To.

A Social Philosopher Discusses Some Public Nuisances and Some Proposed Reforms.

It is hard to believe that the time may come when you can't knock the ashes of your cigar on Broadway? Does it seem impossible that the law should ever forbid a free-born American to eat hot biscuit.

Well, the men with theories will have to work pretty hard before they prune our liberties to their pattern, and yet they

make a little headway in that direction. Now and then we let them get the upper hand of us, because we know they mean well, and then we wake up with a start to the great truth that a crank is more dangerous than a rogue, and that an intelligent, highly-educated crank is the most dangerous of all.

The strange part of it is that these cranks have got right on their side, in a fashion. That they have got it in the wrong relation, just as a drowned dog has the river running his way. They want to make us into healthy machines, and they forget that the moment a man is mechanically regulated he becomes unhealthy.

The people in the laboratories, with their blowpipes and their test-tubes, can't make

rules for us. When you eat a beefsteak a new and then we let them get the upper hand of us, because we know they mean well, and then we wake up with a start to the great truth that a crank is more dangerous than a rogue, and that an intelligent, highly-educated crank is the most dangerous of all.

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fact that life is necessarily a series of compromises. Reformers always plume themselves on being uncompromising; that is the poison of the bacillus of fanaticism working in their blood. Plain, sensible men know that human happiness cannot be worked out by unbending rules.

As soon as two men try to live within a hundred miles of one another they begin to "putter with principles." I surrender my natural right to throw stones at you in exchange for a comfortable assurance that you won't throw stones at me. I submit to the sway of the policeman in order that the policeman may protect me. I hate to have the Board of Health peering in my window to see if my baby has scarlet

fever, but I submit to it because I am glad to know that the people next door are not allowed to breed an epidemic of smallpox. It is all give and take, like marriage, like friendship, like every aspect of life.

Up to a certain point we must resign ourselves to being regulated by the wishes of our neighbors. And now that government by divine right of heaven-sent kings is an exploded superstition, the laws under which we live and the constituted authorities who enforce these laws are mere expressions of this general opinion of the neighbors. But the neighbors don't stand on their doorsteps and shout their wishes in concert; they deputize legislators and municipal bodies to bring home to each man the force of the public will. These

deputies and delegates, zealous, and sometimes hot-headed, are encouraged by visionary men and noisy women to go too far. They forget that laws are inevitably and inherently bad things, not good things, that the best governed community is the community least conscious of its government.

It is better for all concerned that sixty per cent of our houses should be kept clean in deference to public opinion than that eighty per cent should be kept clean by force of law. Cleanliness, like everything else, can be bought too dear. Life itself may be purchased at too great a price. All values are relative. It is a good thing to have order and peace and untainted air to breathe. But a castaway

as a year are discharged into the atmosphere we breathe by the cemeteries fed by such a population.

To the exhalations of the dead are added those of the living, which in a great city are dangerously voluminous. From three to five cubic feet of gas a day are produced by the average American. That means a total of noxious gas from living human beings of 1,400,000,000 cubic feet a year.

To these two sources must be added the animals living and slaughtered in the city, particularly the latter. They are responsible for a total output of 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The grand total from animal sources therefore reaches the enormous figure of 2,900,000,000.

These are only the impurities which the atmosphere draws from animal nature, living or dead. Decomposing vegetable matter gives forth a vast amount of noxious exhalations, and the carbonic acid gas resulting from the combustion of gas, fuel, etc., is another important factor.

The burial reform expert urges that from these causes of death we should eliminate that of the decomposing bodies.

His Brain IS DEAD.

Billy Scanlan is Only a Semblance of Humanity.

DEATH MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT. While He Stares into Vacancy, People Throng to Near Another Sing His Songs.

Poor Billy Scanlan, the sweet singer, whose mind gave way four years ago, is growing weaker every day, his melancholia increases, and the attendants at the Bloomingdale Asylum, at White Plains, state that death may come to his release at any moment. Again, he may linger for a month, but he is falling very fast, and the end cannot long be delayed. And in contrast to this pitiful situation, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre another man is singing Scanlan's songs, essaying the roles that he loved, reciting the plays that once made life a joy for him.

The only person that he recognizes is his wife, who visits him twice a week, and that recognition is more that of instinct than of any human intelligence. When she enters the room in which he sits for hours staring at vacancy he manifests a contented appreciation of her presence, just as a dog does the approach of some one who has been kind to it.

Billy Scanlan's Last Photograph.



Scanlan cannot be aroused to any semblance of interest in his surroundings by the attendants, or visitors, and does not appear to hear them. He no longer cares to turn pages of picture books and illustrated papers, and although he was, in the early years of his mental degeneration, very fond of music, vocal or instrumental, and a keenly delighted auditor at the weekly entertainments, he no longer appears conscious of any attempts to amuse him in this manner. The musical instinct is dead, just as is the memory, and a sort of conscious recognition of the existence of his wife when she is at his side alone binds him to the past. The years when he was the idol of the public, when the purse of Fortunatus seemed to be his, when the sweet melodies, many of which will never die, were being sung by the people of two continents, are a blank. He is in worse than a second childhood.

And while, with staring eyes, and vacant mind, the poor actor is moaning away the days in darkness, Chauncey Olcott, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is singing Scanlan's songs, and producing only the familiar Scanlan plays, to audiences such as few men have ever drawn in America. Olcott is on the top wave of popularity and financial success, and partially because the name of Scanlan is still one with which to conjure. Scanlan's song book is sold in the lobby of the theatre.

An East Twenty-second street music publisher keeps all of the Scanlan songs in stock, and reports that they are the best sellers of any one man's productions in the market. This is partially owing to Olcott's success, but then Olcott owes his success mainly to the happy circumstance that made him heir to them. "The Minstrel of Clare," which Olcott is now playing to overcrowded houses, is Scanlan's old "Irish Minstrel." "Mavourneen" is another of Scanlan's successes in the Olcott repertory. From the sale of the songs, and a share of the royalties on the plays a sufficient revenue is derived to supply the simple wants of the mad minstrel and to keep his wife in comfort.

Mrs. Scanlan is a woman with a history. As Maggie Jordan she was accused of conniving at and aiding the escape of William F. Sharkey. The latter was a man of criminal associations and a violent temper. On September 1, 1872, he shot and killed Robert Dunn in a Hudson street saloon, known as "The Place." The men

had that day walked together in a funeral procession. They met later in the saloon. Sharkey reproached Dunn for non-payment of a small amount of borrowed money due him. Dunn politely urged that he was not prepared to pay. Sharkey then in cold blood shot Dunn through the heart. The murderer had a strong political pull, and it was not until two years later that he was sentenced to hang on August 13, 1874.

During all his troubles the woman Maggie Jordan was devoted to him. A week before the date set for his execution she was allowed to visit him in his cell. A half hour later Sharkey left the cell dressed in the woman's clothes. He hid in New York for three weeks and then escaped to Cuba on a schooner. Maggie Jordan was tried for her offence, but setting up a claim that she had been drugged and deprived of her clothing, she was not convicted. In the meanwhile Sharkey was living in Havana, his identity being known to many people. But no efforts were made to secure his return to New York.

The woman joined him in his exile, but he treated her with great cruelty, and fearing for her life, she fled and returned to this city.

A year later news was received of Sharkey's death in Jamaica. At about this time Scanlan was in the zenith of his fame and fortune. Maggie Jordan was introduced to him by May Fiske. They were married, and the woman began a new life. For a few years she enjoyed the good fortune of her husband. Then his trouble came on him. As he sank into the shadow she was only the more attached to him, and to-day is at his side as often as the asylum rules will permit.

Scanlan was born of Irish parents at Springfield, Mass., February 14, 1856, and at thirteen years of age he had developed remarkable vocal talents, and was known all over New England as the Boy Temperance Singer. He travelled with eminent lecturers for seven years.

When he grew up he met William Cronin, a remarkable impersonator of female Irish character, and the vaudeville team of Scanlan and Cronin was for years in the front ranks. Next Scanlan joined Minnie Palmer, and they starred together in musical comedy for two years. This was Minnie Palmer's real start in the stage life that afterward, under John Rogers's management, led to her fortune. Scanlan was at this period of his life a fertile writer of songs.

Lillian Russell scored her first success at Pastor's Broadway Theatre, singing "Moonlight on Killarney," one of Scanlan's early productions. Years later, when misfortune had overtaken the composer and the songstress had New York at her feet, a benefit was given for him. The "Queen of Comic Opera" was billed to sing "Moonlight on Killarney," but she disappointed the audience without explanation. Scanlan, who at the time was in possession of many of his faculties, felt this slight keenly. Scanlan, after parting with Minnie Palmer, starred in Bartley Campbell's "Friend and Foe," under the author's management. They afterward occupied the same pavilion at Bloomingdale. In 1881 Scanlan was taken up by Augustus Pitou, who starred him in this country, Canada and Great Britain, in "The Irish Minstrel," "Shane Na Lawa," "Mavourneen" and other romantic Irish dramas. It was then that Scanlan wrote and sang "Peck-a-Boo," which had a great vogue. The author drew \$20,000 royalties from the sale of this song in less than six weeks. Almost equally successful were "My Nellie's Blue Eyes," "What's in a Kiss" and "Plala Molly O." Scanlan never could read a note of music, but he composed over fifty songs, over half of which are on the counters of the stores, and are sung everywhere to-day. He was always a great favorite with women and played to big matinees. Most of his pieces called for the presence of many children, with whom he romped and sang. No children were born to his wife, and the favorite among the child artists with whom he appeared was little Dot Cortland.

MR. CROKER'S TWO RUGS.

The Emblem of Ireland and the Exclusive Color of Royalty Become His Property.

Patriotism, royalty and silk rugs do not always travel hand in hand, but Mr. Richard Croker has proved that they do occasionally. Originally he had the patriotism, and now the silk rugs, with royalty attached, are his. If all came about in this way.

A few days before he sailed for Europe Mr. Croker decided to add another Oriental rug to his possessions. Now there are all colors of rugs of this sort, and it's not the easiest of tasks to decide just what to buy, because there are so many that please the eye. Mr. Croker is not reputed to be ordinarily in favor of solid colors—in fact, it is openly stated that he prefers yellow and black stripes, like those worn by the national animal of Bengal.

Now the dealer in Oriental rugs is usually a sly man. He may swear by the prophet, or by the famous piper who delighted Moses, or not at all, but in some emphatic way he will try to convince you that if you do not purchase a rug of him you will be a martyr of life-long regret. The dealer who received an inkling of Mr. Croker's wishes and called upon him was no exception to the rule.

There is nothing of which Mr. Croker is more proud than the fact that he is a native of Ireland. It is, perhaps, his weak spot, if he has any weak spots. This is his way of preface or explanation.

Not 5 per cent of the people who buy Oriental rugs want a solid green. A little green is always desirable, but every rug dealer knows the solid colored rugs are almost dead stock. Mr. Croker did not know, and the dealer knew, that Mr. Croker's first rug that he exhibited to Tammany's de facto ruler was an uniform in its emerald hue as the shamrock itself.

"These rugs are very rare, Mr. Croker," said the dealer. "It's a hard matter to get them, and this is the only one so emblematic of Ireland, you know, that they're quickly bought up."

Several other colors were shown, but none of them equalled the first in Mr. Croker's eyes, and the emblem of Ireland became his property.

"Now, then, Mr. Croker," said the man of rugs, "there's one more rug I'd like to show you. This is blue, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that in the Orient it's the exclusive color of royalty."

Mr. Croker had already lobbied with English royalty. He had had friendly leanings toward Emperor William. So what was more natural than that he should strengthen his connection with the effect monarchies of the East?

Mr. Croker has the rug of royalty. The dealer has \$400. To his friends Mr. Croker proudly exhibits his patriotic and royal purchases. To his friends the dealer asserts in confidential whispers, when Mr. Croker's purchases are mentioned, that the Tammany man is a "good thing," whatever that may mean.

KNOWS GOOD CHAMPAGNE.

Chauncey M. Depew's Gift Has Well Nigh Made Life a Burden for Him.

Chauncey M. Depew is credited with many gifts, but among those of which little is said, though they are none the less pronounced, is that of judging champagne. Any one who drinks this sparkling beverage knows whether he likes it or not, but to be a judge of champagne—well, that is different. If Mr. Depew chose he could make a handsome income through this gift alone.

There is a young woman in New York who is interested in a certain brand of champagne, who heard that Mr. Depew possessed the talent mentioned. She went to him and set forth eloquently and at length how she would gain \$1,000, if Mr. Depew would say in writing just half a dozen flattering words about her brand.

Mr. Depew listened with courtesy and patience and then broke into a hearty laugh. "Why, my dear young lady," said he, "at least twenty wine firms have offered me from \$10,000 to \$20,000 each to endorse certain brands—offered me cash, too, not compound interest. If I went into the testimonial business I could make \$100,000 a year in cool cash. There is nothing, from guns to garters, that I have not been asked to endorse, so that I have even to be chary in giving my opinion in private life.

"Some time ago, at a big public dinner, when the waiter started to fill my glass I saw the champagne was one I especially disliked, so I asked him, in a voice that no single grand overheard, if he had a certain wine to which I was partial. Of course he said yes, for no good waiter ever acknowledged a lack, and he straightway notified the head waiter, who sent messengers scurrying broadcast to procure this special brand for me. Finally it arrived, but next day I paid the price, for in every hotel and club in town the news had been carried that I drank only that champagne, which, by the way, I have never touched since that night.

"No, no, my dear young lady, I dislike to refuse, but I'm advising checks and I don't permit their sons and daughters to travel on the New York Central road, nor would I ever again be invited to address the graduates of a female seminary."

THE AIR OF NEW YORK.

Polluted By Over 3,000,000,000 Cubic Feet of Noxious Gases.

An eminent advocate of burial reform has compiled some startling statistics about the air we breathe.

In an American city, population of 2,000,000, which is considerably less than that of New York and its suburbs, it is estimated that there are 200 deaths a day, or 73,000 a year. Each body throws off by decomposition 1,000 cubic feet of gas a year. Therefore 73,000,000 cubic feet of noxious

BALLET GIRLS AT BALLS.

Where Professional Dancers and Chorus Girls Find Their Charms in Great Demand.

Most of the girls in tight, short dresses and bizarre costumes at the French and Artion balls and at the masquerade affairs of the "Cuckoos," "Early Birds" and "Night Hawks" are paid ballet dancers or chorus girls from the theatrical attractions playing in the city.

For the better class balls the girls receive \$10 each. They usually do a fancy dance and appear in the grand march. As the fun does not begin much before midnight, they can easily arrange to appear at the theatre and go to the ball later.

The ballet dancers at the Metropolitan Opera House and at the Olympia are in greatest demand. They possess the personal beauty and physical qualifications for the chore girl, and in addition, as trained dancers, are more graceful than chorus or "extra" girls, who have only been taught to walk and carry a spear in a parade of Amosus.

Mr. Croker's \$400 Rug.



MUNYON SAYS

NEW YORK HAS THREE COMMON DISEASES. CATARRH, RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.

Munyon's Improved Homoeopathic Remedies Positively Cure All Forms of These Diseases, as is Attested by Hundreds of New York People.

He Also Successfully Treats All Forms of Nervous Diseases; Blood and Skin Troubles; Kidney and Bladder Diseases; and All Female Complaints. His Remedies for Any Disease May Be Procured of Your Druggist. They Give Immediate Relief, and Are a Positive Cure. Patients Having Any Complications Whatever Are Advised to Call at the Office for Free Examination. There is No Experimenting; No Guesswork. Neither is Your System Filled With Strong, Poisonous Drugs. Off-times Doing More Harm Than Benefit; You Are at Once Relieved by the Munyon Remedies.

There are three diseases that baffle even the most skilled medical practitioner, and nine out of every ten persons who suffer from a chronic trouble have one of these diseases, viz: Catarrh, Rheumatism or Dyspepsia. When a patient presents himself to the family physician, complaining of "constant cold," accompanied by headache, stiffness of all other remedies, head stopped up, etc., the doctor prescribes something to check the cold, usually large doses of quinine, salicyrate or other remedies which produce a depressed condition of the whole system. Generally this class of sufferers are suffering from nasal catarrh, and should be treated for the cause of their "constant cold." Professor Munyon has long since demonstrated to the public his ability to cure catarrh, even when so-called specialists have failed to give relief.

Another very common complaint is chronic rheumatism. Thousands of people suffer from this disease, having attack after attack, which is usually temporarily relieved by their physicians by means of opiates, but they finally become helpless rheumatics, their system filled with strong, poisonous drugs. To this class of sufferers Professor Munyon refers to thousands of people his remedies have permanently cured, after everything and everybody failed.

The third class of diseases of which we speak is dyspepsia, generally due to a curable condition of the stomach. Hundreds of people are to-day unable to enjoy even the lightest diet, if producing a loaded and heavy feeling in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, constipation, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, and many other equally annoying symptoms. Professor Munyon's remedies for these troubles are infallible, as many citizens have again and again testified.

Professor Munyon also treats with positive success all forms of nervous diseases, blood and skin troubles, kidney and bladder diseases and all female complaints.

Mr. Gardner, 825 Herkimer st., Brooklyn, "Cured of catarrh and weak lungs, hemorrhages, cough, and throat trouble. Price, 25 cents." Mr. Mills, 885 Madison st., Brooklyn, "Cured of catarrh, after suffering thirty years. Mr. Briggs, 20th st., Brooklyn, "Cured of chronic catarrh, after suffering thirty years of shape and severely able to travel about. Cured by Munyon's remedy. All other remedies failed." Mr. Gellen, 73 years old, 383 Broome st., "Suffered 30 years. Walked with two canes. Threw them away in two weeks and is walking at his stride." H. P. Weeks, 54 Rector st., New York City, "I suffered for twenty years with stomach and liver difficulties. Had distress in the stomach from even the slightest food. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure cured me entirely." Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails to relieve in two or three hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25 cents a vial. Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, slight sneezes, always succeeds, and speedily heals the lungs. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Remedies restore lost powers to weak men. Price, \$1. Munyon's Remedies at all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial. Emminent doctors at your service free. If you have Catarrh or any Throat or Lung Complaint, call for free trial local treatment. We positively Cure Catarrh. Personal letters answered with free medical advice for any disease. Open daily until 6 p. m.; Tuesdays and Fridays until 5 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m. 7 East 14th st.