

### The Great Tilden Library on the Bryant Park Site.

Before very many days the New York Legislature will be asked to grant the south wing of Bryant Park reservoir.

The great library formed by the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox libraries with the Tilden Trust wants to make its home there. The Journal has told how useless the reservoir has become. It is of no more use to New York than a fifth wheel to a wagon.

Before Mr. Tilden's will was broken by his relatives, and when it was still supposed that the Tilden Library would be a separate institution, the Tilden trustees, notably Mr. John Bigelow, had been anxious to secure the Bryant Park reservoir site. The breaking of the will and the talk of moving the City Hall up to Bryant Park upset their plans, however.

But since the consolidation it is said that the trustees have been almost unanimously in favor of that site for the combined library. It is now almost sure that they will finally get it, and should the city agree to put up the building, a public competition will probably be ordered for the design for the library.

Previous to Mr. Tilden's death he was shown a rough draft of a proposed library to be built in the shape of a cross. This pleased him greatly. The Bryant Park reservoir site is especially adapted to such a building, and after Mr. Tilden died and his trustees were thinking of that site for the building to be erected in his memory, they had those plans prepared for a library on this site, if it could be secured.

The cross-shaped building has wonderful advantages for a library of this kind. The long arms of the cross offer wonderful advantages for shelving and reading alcoves, with an abundance of both. The plan contemplates four wings, each sixty or sixty-five feet in width, and a building with a hall or rotunda fifty feet in diameter. In each of the four angles formed by the intersection of the wings of the cross, there would also be a small octagonal pavilion, about forty-five feet in diameter, with reading rooms and vestibules for entrance and exit.

The upper wing or stem of the cross would extend toward Fifth avenue, and have an imposing entrance facing that great thoroughfare. The side wings would stretch out respectively toward Fourth and Forty-second streets and have entrances on each. The main wing of the long stem of the cross would stretch down the present eastern terminus of Bryant Park proper. At this end, too, there would be two small semi-circular lecture rooms or audience chambers, with special entrances on the park as well as from the library wing. Double-faced shelves would extend out at right angles from the walls forming a series of alcoves down each side of three of the four wings of the cross. While in the short wing extending toward Fifth avenue there would be special shelves and cases for the exhibition of rare and valuable books.

These alcoves would be about eight feet wide, by twenty-five feet deep with books on each side and a table in each. There would be four tiers of them, and these above would be three or four feet shallower for every story above the first. This would allow a small railed passageway running along the outside of each balcony, so as to allow visitors to pass from one alcove to another on each floor. The total shelving capacity of the alcoves alone by this plan would be 1,200,000 books, while 300,000 more could be accommodated if the walls of the corridors of the rotunda were used as in the British Museum. This would give a total capacity of 1,500,000 books, which is nearly as great as that of the British Museum itself, and far greater than any library in the world except the British Museum and the famous Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. This is more than double the capacity of either the Congressional Library in Washington or the Public Library in Boston.

As to cost, it is estimated roughly by Architect Flagg that a library after his plans could be built for less than \$3,000,000, while the use of the stone and other material of which the old reservoir is now composed would materially reduce this outlay. Enormous expense could be saved by using all this stone for the walls of the new library, without having to move it away and bring new stone to take its place. Of course new material would have to be quarried for the facing of the library building, but all this stone could be used in the construction to great advantage.

### President Roosevelt's Superior Officer.

Those who "know the ropes" up in Mulberry street have discovered that Commissioner and President Theodore Roosevelt, Master of the Police of New York, before whom fierce inspectors and captains bow deferentially, has a superior officer.

The outside world thinks of this athletic young police potentate as autocrat supreme from the moment he passes within the portals of Headquarters. But at one point of his brisk, impetuous progress to his desk of comes his hat. He makes a salute more deferential and respectful than any that has been shown to him, and then, his step softened, disappears into his private room.

Gray-haired officials, men whose names are famous in Scotland Yard and familiar to the Parisian Prefect of Police, so remarkable have been their achievements, have touched their caps in all humility as he has passed by. A blue-coated army that is the finest city force in the world hangs on his slightest word, and fears his frown. And yet the man who controls and commands all this has a superior officer, before whom his head must be bared as he walks past.

No one who saw this superior officer for the first time would realize it at all. For it is just a slip of a girl, a pretty young woman, with a curly bang, her hair wound around the back of her head in a loose knot, and a plaid silk waist touched up with red bows worn above a dark, trim skirt. Smiles break out upon her face occasionally, but the most of the time she sits bolt upright, dignified, conscious that she is the queen of Mulberry street.

Miss Gertrude Kelley is her name, and her power is unlimited. Grim, stern officers of high rank unbend before her as the president himself does, and mere acting captains and sergeants openly adore. Her special corner is regarded throughout the dreary, bare building as the shrine of a saint, and the rooms, so redolent of crime and criminals, are brighter since she has taken to coming there every day. If any policeman, from the Chief down to the newest patrolman, should omit to take off his helmet or cap on entering, he would be frowned upon by the department as long as he should remain in it.

"Good morning," the gruffest inspector says, striving to tone down his voice to a pitch it has not had for years. "Good morning," says the latest recruit to the ranks, summoned there by order of the president, saying it half timidly, but with a look of admiration. To all Miss Kelley responds with a sweet grace, never stopping meanwhile as she clicks off another line.

Calmly, when seated by the president's desk taking dictation, she makes the autocrat of all the bluecoats actually wait her pleasure as she turns over a page in her notebook or corrects a phrase. Under her small, dainty thumb Roosevelt sits, patient and with all his unrest gone. For a believer in military discipline and a martinet with his command, he knows he must await the creature and the look of his superior officer.

### HERE'S GENIUS FOR YOU!

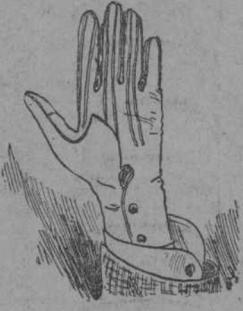
The terrors of a creaking door have been abolished in many fashionable New York homes. This instrument of nerve torture may now be made to evolve sweet sounds. This is accomplished by the combination of a door harp, the notes of which are made by little balls striking the strings of a delicate little instrument as the door is opened or shut. If the door be opened abruptly the balls fall irregularly against the strings, which resound in a pretty series of melodious sounds, like the music of distant bells.

### Six Women of Boston Who Ride On a Sextuplet.

Undismayed by the disaster that recently overtook a team of six athletes who were pushing a sextuplet bicycle along at a forty-mile an hour gait, when one of the tires collapsed, a party of six strong minded, strong limbed, be-bloomered young women, members of a Boston athletic association, have taken to public appearances astride the six-saddled bike.

The organization of the sextette was gradual, beginning with a tandem team of charming girl bachelors. Then another tandem team was permitted to pool its wheel with the first. A fifth woman paid the difference for a quadruple, but the odd number was unsatisfactory, and number six was admitted to the fraternity, a machine was especially constructed for them, and with its unusual load has become a familiar sight on the suburban roads of Boston.

The crew of the sextuplet do not seek to draw attention to themselves by the attractiveness of their wheeling garb. It is doubtful if costumes less likely to inspire the orbit, in fact, were ever seen outside of Boston. From the appearance of the young women as caught by the orbit they have just returned from a long spin, and are not looking as fresh as they might. This is the only bicycle team of six women ever organized.



A New Idea in Gloves.

### The Newest Glove Has Seams on the Inside.

There is a new glove on the market, made on an entirely new principle. The seams are all in the inside, or palm side, of the hand. They are especially designed for bicyclists, equestrians and drivers of fine horses.

The appearance of the glove when the hand is closed is very neat, and the idea of the inner seam is likely to prove very popular in walking gloves. The new glove is said to be the most practical yet invented for retaining a grip on handle bars, bridle or reins.

The design of these gloves is also utilized in several styles for a bicycle glove for Summer wear. In these beauty is sacrificed for comfort. Some of the gloves are ventilated by means of small holes. Others are open in the back entirely, after the manner of the gloves worn by baseball pitchers and infielders.

The gloves are made of kid and horsehide, but preferably of soft chambray of a gray color. It is claimed that the same will not rip, or the gloves burst at the side.

There are other novelties in gloves for the bicycle wearer. Some of these have chambray palms, and cloth or thread backs, but all have military gauntlets of leather.



The Disputed Skull of Charlotte Corday.



The Only Superior Mr. Roosevelt Recognizes.



Six Athletic Boston Bachelor Girls Who Ride on a Sextuplet.

### Where Is the Skull of Charlotte Corday?

Although more than a hundred years have elapsed since the dull blade of the Terrorist's guillotine severed the head of Charlotte Corday, the murderers of Marat, no shadow of doubt has rested until now upon the authenticity of the skull which Prince Roland Bonaparte possesses, and which has been believed to be that of the great French heroine. Recently, however, Dr. Cabanes, a French savant, has been making a careful scrutiny of the few musty records which remain concerning Charlotte Corday's execution and the subsequent disposition of her body, and now claims that the skull about which so much has been written by craniologists is quite probably that of some nameless and unknown woman, instead of once having been the covering of the fiery brain that directed the dagger to Marat's heart.

Dr. Cabanes' argument that the real head has long ago turned to dust rests largely upon a document that he states he found among the papers of Vatel, a French biographer, of Charlotte Corday, which says that after the execution her body was delivered for dissection to several savants, and that her head fell into the hands of one of them named Denon, who, after taking out the brain, caused the skull to be interred with the rest of the remains.

Some say it was the executioner who sold her head to a curious spectator in the crowd about the scaffold, but this is denied by no less a person than Sanson, the headman himself, who says that her head fell into the basket with many others, and that it was taken out afterward by the physicians and carried away with the body, it was done so without his knowledge. Sanson, however, made this statement long afterward, when he, as well as all others actively concerned in the doings of those bloody days, was trying his best to rid himself of the infamy which he had incurred.

A yet more gossamer picture is the next link in the chain of this head's history. It is said that one hot July evening, the day after Charlotte Corday's execution, a woman of the people was noticed stealing along in the shadow of the buildings in the Rue Saint Florentin. The air was hot and stifling, and few people were abroad, though darkness had not yet set in. Several persons sitting in their doorways noticed the woman as she passed, and storked as they caught a whiff of a horrible odor, which seemed to come from a bundle she was carrying wrapped up in her apron. Curiosity was a dangerous thing in those days of the Terror, so no one thought of stopping and questioning her.

But before she had disappeared from view, those who were watching her saw her steps grow slower and feebler. She stood still for a moment, and then with a groan sank fainting to the pavement. A score of people hurried up, and, used as they were to ghastly sights, were horrified to see, lying in the dust at the woman's feet, the object that she had carried wrapped in her apron. It was a severed female head, the long hair still matted with blood, the eyes wide open and staring, and the awful stains upon the swollen cheeks and lips betokening that decomposition had already made much headway. Despite all this, there was no mistaking the identity of this ghastly bit of human debris, and the spectators recognized it at once as having belonged to the murderess of Marat, whom they had seen die upon the guillotine the day before.

The woman quickly recovered her senses, and it was then learned that she had come from the Madeleine cemetery, where a grave digger had made her a present of the horrible relic with which she disappeared.

### Secret of the Hindoo Magician's Flower Pot.

Science is making plan, one after the other, all the mysteries, old and new, of the world, while it is devising on its own account feats more marvellous than legend or theosophic precipitation ever thought of. The last mystery to be revealed and to have the cold light of science thrown upon it is the famous old trick, or conjuring, of the Yogi, the ascetic "adepts" of India, of planting a seed in a pot full of earth in plain sight of a curious audience and causing it to grow within an hour into a flourishing plant, from which the blossoms could actually be plucked. Scores of people of a variety not to be doubted have seen this feat performed and have been baffled at its wonders.

Some have tried to explain the mystery by claiming extraordinary sleight of hand on the part of the Yogi, and others have insisted that the "trick" was the perfection of hypnotism. No one who ever witnessed this seemingly marvellous growth could be induced to believe that the plant they finally saw had actually grown within this short time from the seed. It was either that they had been hypnotized, bound by the will of the operator, and had imagined that they had seen the plant grow from moment to moment under the thin cloth thrown over it, or else that by some super skill of legerdemain the pot containing the seed had been split open away before their eyes and a new pot with a blossoming plant set down in its place at lightning speed.

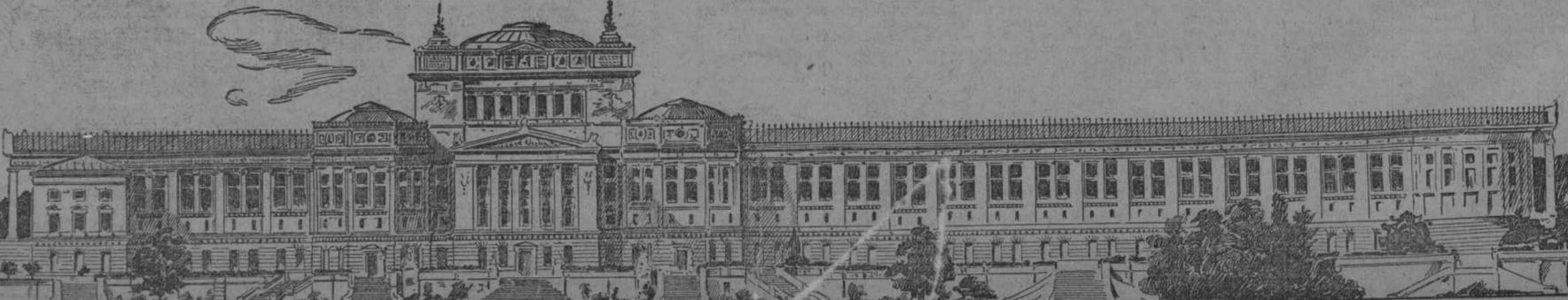
A clear-headed, cold-blooded scientist, however, demolished these theories a short time ago, proving conclusively that, whatever else it might be, the plant growing marvel was no fraud. At a recent Yogi seance, to which he went prepared, the aged magician planted the seed and covered the pot with its cloth, and the man with a turn for science "snapped" his detective camera at it. At the moment or two later he took another snap shot, and others at regular intervals of about three minutes each, until the Yogi showed the flowering plant. The shutter of the camera, set by clockwork, performed its duty faithfully.

With painstaking care he then developed each plate. In each the cloth covering the pot was clearly visible. In only two, the first and the last, was there a sign of any human figure. These two plates showed the planting of the seed and the drawing off of the cloth, exhibiting the already flowered plant. On all the others there was simply the image without a blur of the covered pot. Only, showing amazingly that in some strange way the plant had been really forced to grow, the cloth, as it was seen on each succeeding negative, was raised plainly a little higher. In the series of plates there was a constant rise.

Thus it was made evident to all of British India that the "plant trick" was no delusion, but some incomprehensible marvel. So far much was gained, but it remained for a clever French savant, M. Ragonneau, to dig out the secret and to discover precisely the way it was done. The series of photographs convinced him that there was no fraud, as a preliminary to his study, he set about examining closely every detail of this seeming miracle. There must be some science about it if there is no trickery, he reasoned; some hidden principle of nature, or some chemical combination mixed with the earth, not known to modern science as yet, and locked in the breasts of these "adepts" for centuries.

He observed, first of all, that the Yogi never attempted the "trick" unless the mystery were to him. While experimenting, he got a small quantity of the earth, and several ants at the same time, into his mouth. It was an unpleasant moment, but it gave him the solution of the problem. He detected, on the instant, the presence of an enormous quantity of formic acid in this earth, worked into it from the tiny bodies of thousands of ants passing over and through it. The soil was charged with formic acid, in fact, direct from the ants.

A few experiments showed him that this formic acid was the mysterious, subtle power compelling the marvellous growths. After a little he found himself perfectly able to do the Hindoo trick. The entire secret proved to be that formic acid quickly eats away the integument surrounding a seed. Then, coming into direct contact with the germ itself, it stimulates beyond all credence its growth, bringing about in mere moments what unassisted nature would require weeks for.



The Magnificent Tilden Library in Bryant Park as It Will Appear When Completed.