

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

ALL AROUND THE CITY

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

JOSEPH ALLISON'S OFFER.

Physical Instruction in the Schools Needed—Expert in Physical Training Talks.

It would almost be unnatural to suppose that the School Board will refuse the kind and generous offer of Mr. Joseph Allison, to foot the expense of physical instruction in the public schools. The offer was made at the last Board meeting and doubtless it will be readily accepted; if proper arrangements can be made.

Mr. Allison is one of St. John's best citizens in the truest sense of the word. His goodness in connection with all charities, in Rockwood Park matters, in beautifying the city, endowing worthy institutions etc., have already endeared him to the people, who appreciate his kind acts the more in view of his persistent modesty. Mr. Allison's keen observation sought out the one thing wanting in school affairs—physical and mental relaxation. He has offered to try and remedy the defect, and it rests with the school authorities whether he be allowed to do so or not.

Last week Progress published a long list of quoted opinions on the High School one session question. Many of the opinions published and others not made known advocated strongly the adoption of physical exercises during school hours, so it is seen the general public as well as cognizant of the need of a "breathing spell" among the pupils.

Dr. Walker, the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes is an American medical man of clear-headed ideas and an athlete as well. He says the city of New York has three female physical instructors for the public schools and Brooklyn one. While in these large centres it is impossible for instructors to call on every individual school, they institute a general supervision over the whole and instruct classes of teachers in arm, leg and breathing exercises. Then they inspect the various buildings, on a sort of a flying visit.

The windows in the school rooms are put up and fresh air allowed to flood in. Then the pupils are put through the exercises above referred to. The effect is magical. Pupils are invigorated and given a fresh lease of enthusiasm and interest in their work and besides this it gives practical advice as to correct breathing. Incorrect breathing is a source of a large percentage of pulmonary troubles. Breathing with the mouth causes irritations and leads to bad results.

Speaking of the climate in St. John Dr. Walker thinks it none too healthy. The air is raw, with a damp heaviness. It is a grasping, searching atmosphere, hard on people with lung affections. Therefore the need of strengthening school children and preserving what measure of health they possess is a necessary move, which has long since been deemed so in all the big cities.

ANOTHER STAIN ON THE POLICE.

The Unfortunate Case of Daniel Higgins and What the Police Did.

The police authorities are undoubtedly deserving of censure for the manner in which the case of Daniel Higgins was "cared for" by them last Saturday. The unfortunate young man had been drinking, which the police knew to be an "old song" with him, but when he was found at Quirk's corner on Brussels street lying in a semi-conscious state, most certainly not directly from the cause of liquor, there seemed no good reason why he should have been carted off to the police station, when the man was actually in a dying state.

Passersby who first found Higgins knew that he was suffering from something more serious than drunken stupor, afterwards learning that he had had a severe fit on Friday night near the corner of Brunswick street. He was taken into a store and revived. Two friends accompanied him to his home on St. Patrick street and it is said by one that Mrs. Higgins, who is the deceased's step mother, refused him admittance.

They returned to Brunswick street with him and he left them there and they did not see him again till Saturday. That morning he was seen standing at the corner of Brussels and Brunswick streets apparently shivering. He said he had nothing to eat the day before and had spent Friday night in his father's barn. He was warmed up in a store on Brussels street and about noon was in Quirk's saloon, where he purchased a little gin. This he did not drink, as the flask and

liquor were found in his pocket, so he had no drink Saturday. It would be shortly after coming from the saloon that he fell on the sidewalk, another fit having come on him. Bystanders say his fall was a bad one, and that he struck his head hard against the sidewalk. There was a scalp wound on the back of his head.

The passersby above referred to carried Higgins into Stevenson's grocery next door and telephoned for the ambulance, intending to send him to the hospital. But Sergt. Hipwell of the police force happened along on his way from dinner and all his authority at once welled up within him. He waited till the hospital wagon arrived and then bundled the dying man off, saying he was going to take him to the Central Station. This amazed those about and a couple of men who had jumped aboard the ambulance to help care for Higgins got out of the vehicle in disgust when they learned of the elderly sergeant's inhuman decision.

The story is old now how poor Higgins was dumped into the cold and clammy stone cells in the police station, how Captain Jenkins found him insensible, and what Dr. Berryman said when he was at last called. The physician decided Higgins' condition was bad, but did not think it was from immediate excessive drinking. He recommended that he be sent to the hospital. The ambulance was called by Chief Clark and the unfortunate man was taken there, Captain Jenkins accompanying him.

His breathing grew more labored and his condition worse as they proceeded and the captain feared the man would die before the hospital was reached. When they arrived Dr. Macaulay, the house-physician, said there was no chance for the man's life. He had him conveyed to a ward, however, his boots were taken off and while he was being put to bed the end came. He died without regaining consciousness.

Truly this case is a disgrace to the civilized city of St. John and a double disgrace to the police. Had the intentions of the people who first found Higgins been carried out, he might have been living today. A warm bed, some stimulants and a general recuscitation was needed, and the few minutes, or hour, perhaps, after he was found were of vital importance if his life was to be snatched back. But these vital moments were spent in satisfying the dignity of the law as represented by an officer, whose experience and age should have given better judgment. The ebbing life of Higgins was hastened to an end by the unchristian way in which he was treated, and only when the unfortunate man was gasping his few remaining breaths was medical aid summoned and an effort made to have him properly cared for. However these ill-timed spasms on the part of the police were of no avail.

There is an organization in St. John having as its object the protection of dumb animals from cruel people. What about human beings?

Diphtheria Danger Lessened.

If diphtheria again visits that locality in North End in which Victoria and Metcalf streets are included it will not be because the sewerage system is deficient. Since the first of the year the waterworks department have been pushing forward the work of laying new sewers in this district, as well as in other places. At the time of the diphtheria scare last year, when Indian town school was so poorly attended, as well as the other school buildings, the swamp between Elgin and Albert streets was looked upon as a menace, and a lack of proper drainage on Metcalf and Victoria streets as another cause for so much malignant disease. The dailies pointed this out incessantly, but no action was taken to rectify the matter, although a few barrels of lime were strewn about Victoria Square dump. However to ensure the locality against further disease, as well as carrying out the general plan of modernizing the city, sewers are being laid. The swamp above referred to has been sewered and Superintendent Murdock showed Progress a long list of streets on which sewers

and catch basins are to be laid. In all these sewers will measure over a mile and a quarter in length and it will be almost all again before the work is finished.

WHAT A "GUY" RECALLED.

Sergt. Polkinghorne's Picture Reminds Young Men of Their Boyhood Camp Days at Baywater.

When Tuesday's Telegraph appeared with a picture of Sergt. Polkinghorne of St. John standing in his tent "doorway" in South Africa, visions of a very familiar scene came back to the minds of over a half hundred Grammar school boys, now young men, who only a few years ago were under the military tuition of the genial George on the unwarlike field of Camp Baywater. Here the subject of the Telegraph's illustration routed the boys out at 7 a. m., worked up their appetites on a half hour's irksome manipulation of weighty condemned rifles, and in the broiling sun an hour of company drill, to say nothing of the able manner in which he superintended the wood, water and boat "fatigues." His was a post warranted to create him a peer of popularity, but it didn't. Quite the reverse. He was well liked and the boys, though naturally grumbling at their none too onerous duties, thought him a prince of good fellows, especially when his better half, who presided ably over the culinary department, graced the ever-festive board of the guard tent with an occasional wonder of the pastry art.

Those indeed were happy days and it is doubtful if ever in the history of the St. John Grammar School a jollier lot of fellows came together. These boys of a few years back are men now, in all occupations of workaday life, although a few have passed into the great beyond. Dr. (Jack) Macaulay of the General Public Hospital was Captain in camp, "Billy" Mathers, (now of McGill) was Sergt-Major and among the boys were, the now Rev. Frank Hartley of Yarmouth, the now Dr. Edwin Murphy of Montreal, the late Francis Coll of Holy Orders who died in California last month, boys who are now bank clerks, full-fledged druggists, newspaper workers, lawyers, etc. All living without exception are occupying positions of trust and responsibility at the present time, and to those who saw the out of Sergt. Polkinghorne as published early in the week, those happy ten days in the early nineties were recalled panorama-like with mingled feelings of class love, pleasure and regret at the gaps the enemy death has made in those schoolboy soldier ranks.

ONE OF THOSE BOYS.

More Ferry Protection Needed.

Despite the warnings that have been given in several drownings and numerous narrow escapes, the ferry floats on both sides of the harbour still remain without sufficient protection to the unwary pedestrian. When the steamer is in dock there is a space fully eight feet wide between the boat railing and float railing through which a staggering person, a near sighted person or a careless walker might be precipitated into the tide. It seems as if the float railing had been broken off at this certain point or else the job had not been finished. A wire netting, a man-net or something of that sort should be provided or more accidents will undoubtedly occur. Life lines and belts are right at hand, but a more sensible way to overcome danger would be by repairing the floats so as to insure against a mishap, in which case the life belts could be done away with.

Our Boys Made a Big Hit.

Our Canadian boys in writing home from the South African fields tell of the enthusiasm of the English residents there when they met their fellow subjects from the land of the Maple Leaf. Everybody seems bent on securing souvenirs of the Canadians, and one Capetown citizen offered a St. John lad four pounds (\$20) for the sovereign the city gave him on his departure. However the Winter Port soldier of the Queen prized the gold token even more highly and thankfully refused the eager Capetowner's generous offer.

Of all the soldiers that passed through Capetown, the Canadians were most thought of. They were feted and dined by utter strangers and their urbanity was surprising to the citizens. With all the zest of wealthy clubmen they indulged in swell dinners at the leading hotels, smoked superior cigars and talked the topics of the hour of a world-wide nature. They were no mere Tommy Atkinses, but civilian soldiers and could cope with their civilized Capetown brethren in pretty nearly everything but local customs and little South Africanisms. People stood amazed and wonderingly asked, "if these are Canadian Soldiers, what must the whole population be like at all?"

OSTEOPATHY IN GEORGIA.

Gov. Candler Vetoes a Bill Permitting this System of Medical Practice.

Gov. Candler of Georgia has vetoed a bill passed by the Assembly of that state legalizing the practice of osteopathy in Georgia, and creating a special examining board to pass upon applicants desiring to practice it there. The Medical Record says that the assembly when it passed the bill also advertised 'The American School of Osteopathy, of Kirksville, Mo,' concerning which the Jefferson Circuit Court of Kentucky rendered so notable a decision a few weeks ago. The Record continues: 'For this action Gov. Candler is entitled not only to the thanks of the medical profession, but also to the applause and respect of all good citizens. There are already three of these boards, and any graduate of any 'lawfully chartered medical college' may go before either of them, present his diploma, and be examined. If he is not a graduate of a reputable medical college and cannot pass a satisfactory examination in the usual branches of medical education, he ought not to be licensed to engage in the practice of medicine.'

'The fact was proved to the hilt in the Kentucky suit referred to above, that the Kirksville School of Osteopathy in Missouri was not a reputable school in the proper acceptance of that term, and it is more than questionable whether the course of training considered sufficient there could impart to its graduates the medical knowledge necessary to satisfy the requirements of any of the three Georgia medical examining boards.'

'The rebuff to osteopathy in Georgia, following so close on the heels of the yet more decisive one in Kentucky, should go far toward strengthening the position of the medical profession throughout the length and breadth of the land. The methods employed by the emissaries of this new science are deserving of the severest reprobation, and must be met by the respectable medical practitioners with the most uncompromising vigor.'

Baden-Powell's Bluff.

An interesting little book is the monograph on 'Scouting' written by Colonel Baden Powell, of Mafeking fame. Dealing with qui kness of eye, and remarking that common-sense and a little reflection will often suggest the most likely points to look for the enemy, Colonel Baden-Powell tells the following story:

'Once I was having a match with a shikari in Cashmere as to which of us could see furthest. He pointed out a hillside some distance off, and asked me if I could see how many cattle were grazing on it. It was only with difficulty that I could see any cattle at all, but presently I capped him by asking him if he could see the man in charge of the cattle. Now, I could not see any man, but knowing that there must be some one in charge, I boldly put forward the bluff. The shikari looked hard at the infinitesimal moving specks which he knew to be cattle, but the cowherd was beyond him, so he gave up and confessed himself defeated.'

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Penelope: 'Well, after all, I believe the less one knows the happier one is.' Genevieve: 'That's a comfortable philosophy. You must be very happy.'

ST. JOHN FROM ON HIGH.

What the Town Looks Like From the New Elevator on a Clear Winter Night.

The busy bustling Winter Port of Canada was seen by several hundreds of citizens on Monday evening last from an entirely new point of view. Even grey-headed residents, born right in the heart of the city, looked upon the place of their nativity from an extremely novel standpoint, viz., from the top story, windows of the new I. C. R. grain elevator—a towering structure, which has sprung up like a mushroom in the midst of town, casting far into the shade its nearby rivals, and making a Lilliputian settlement of the neighborhood roundabout.

Contractor Jamison, proud of his latest achievement in the line of granaries and anxious to satisfy the curiosity of an inquisitive public, including the "nosy" press, issued several hundred lemon-tinted invitation cards for the elevator's "opening." From 7.30 until 10 were the hours, but it was considerably past X, when the last visitors left the big building. Pretty nearly everybody availed themselves of their invitations and Mr. Jamison was a busy man explaining to the interested ones the workings of a modern grain elevator, such as the I. C. R. now possesses.

The machinery was a feature, the carpentry and joiners work could at a glance be seen to be of an unusual character, but the crowd merely glanced at these on their eager way toward the topmost flooring. It was the view from the highest windows they were wrapped up in having and, after a steady climb of fifteen long flights of stair ladders they gained that great objective point, but without enough breath left to say "How d'ye do." Aching limbs and sharp pains in the back were a couple of the penalties inflicted by Dame Nature for so hurried an ascent. One jocular visitor who arrived at the most heavenward landing gasped inquiringly of the first person he met if "St. Peter was in."

The view from the top was indeed a delightful revelation. The night was starry with a sharp clear air and on every side the electric arcs shone like another world of stars below. Looking from the eastern end the long line of green and red railroad signals added particular beauty, the glass-roofed train shed and surrounding buildings appearing as if they were flattened out upon the ground. This effect was caused by looking directly down upon them. The General Public Hospital on its lofty site, with a few ridges of Rockland Road homes seemed the only structures at all neighborly. The others were "away down" in the world. Now and then a flicker, one more distant than the other, told that electric wires were crossing the Wall and Stanley street bridges.

Nothing especially attractive was offered by the northern view, a solid block of buildings (on Mill street) cutting out from view the busy "transfer" corner, presenting the rocky slope toward Rockland Road with more abruptness; but veering off in a north-westerly direction the dazzling sight was most fascinating. Main street a veritable worm of shining lights—wound in and out in its succession of hills as far as St. Lukes when it disappeared from view. Street cars like fire flies flitted up and down and the show of passing humanity on this principal thoroughfare was one warranted to make the observer laugh. People were atoms.

From the front windows Mill street ran directly below and here the cars could be seen a little larger in size. Almost as if you could put your hand out and touch it was the towering minaret of the Union Depot and a few yards beyond, apparently, the electric power house chimney. Persons on their way to the elevator to join the sight-seers appeared as moving scot-motes on the clear snow beneath. West End loomed up well with a wealth of electric illumination and star off in the blaze of their "home-made" lighting the Provincial Lunatic Asylum could be seen in silhouette.

The whole effect was most interesting.

The Real Thing.

'Our typewriter girl is awfully clever; she can sharpen lead pencils.' 'Pooh! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks in the office dying to sharpen them for her.'

In Chicago.

Mrs. Haughton: 'Why didn't you stop air, when you saw me wave my hand?' Trolley Conductor: 'I thought you were throwing me kisses, mum.'