

It's "the Crowdest Place in the World," But "Tammany" Helps Them to Keep Cool on the Great East Side.

MARY BOYLE O'REILLY LEAVES HER TENEMENT FLAT TO MAKE A MIDNIGHT TOUR TO SEE HOW NEW YORK'S POOR DEFEAT MIDSUMMER HEAT.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

New York, July 25.—The heat that kills has come upon New York and yet we live. For the city, like a mighty mother, strives to shield her step-children. Hours after the sun is set, the cliff-like East Side tenements radiate heat, while the people whom they should shelter seek refuge on the swarming pavements. Yet care and forethought render life endurable.

Patrick Ahearn, district leader of the "Bloody Sixth" Ward, mopped his brow wearily as he sat on the stoop.

"We're ready for the work," he gasped, "but this will be a hard night on the women and children. Ten o'clock, with the thermometer still at 98!"

A tinkling glass at his elbow claimed his silent attention. Five discreet paces distant three keen-faced precinct lieutenants, smooth-faced, well-dressed and trigly-belted, fanned themselves with their panama hats. On the crowded sidewalks women, languid with exhaustion, waved palm-leaf fans over naked little ones lying in querulous unrest on vibrating baby buggies.

But the canyon-like street echoed with a gay clamor of childish voices, for the asphalt was awash from curb to curb. At every hydrant white wings with giant noses sent geysers into the



THE HEAT THAT KILLS HAS COME UPON NEW YORK.

air, and little girls with petticoats demurely tucked up and raggedly small boys with suspenders showing on their bare shoulders shrieked appreciation as they waded in the rippling tide while a municipal band making concert music for twenty thousand overwrought workers.

"Well, I must be going," announced the district leader undressing his empty glass politely.

"Will you come and see what New York does for its heat-stricken people?"

So we set out, the alert lieutenants following. "Take notice there are few flies and no insects to speak of—since Tammany made the big companies clean their water-front!"

The tenement blocks are dark, the pavements covered with weary workers sleeping in contorted attitudes. By hundreds and thousands they lie on stoops and areaways—men, women and young girls, driven from the airless warrens they call "home."

Municipal authority has detailed police reserves to guard the defenseless sleepers, and sent keen-eyed firemen to patrol the unfenced roofs. By orders of the "Bloody Sixth's" far-seeing leader, teams passing between the ferries may only skirt his congested district that tired people may rest UNDISTURBED under the quiet stars.

The shriek of a siren from the East River startles us to attention.

"Daniel, what's that?" demands the ward boss, frowning slightly.

"A Standard Oil lighter, eh? Well, find them—and fine them. No explanations explain, y' understand?"

"I do, sir," and a fleet-footed emissary dashes into the dark. Minute by minute the streets grow more silent while the wind rises and utterly weary men and women sink to more refreshing sleep.

Block by block the district leader goes his rounds, admonishing, advising, commanding in crisp phrases.

And then—far-borne but insistent the shriek of a street speaker rings through the crowds. Though the words were Yiddish, the district leader understands.

"Hey, what's this?" shaking a severe head. "Socialism, revolution, tonight? Mac, that's your block. Get after him! No more of it. Free speech is good, but not in this weather!"

"Very well, sir," and "Mac," suddenly grave, was gone.

Eleven o'clock, and the thermometer a pitiless 95 in the dark. Along the curbs women with throats laid bare mop tired faces, praying for the cool. On the fire balconies drowsy children chirp enjoyment of their novel sleeping-place. No smoke taints the atmosphere, for congested New York cooks with gas—but odors still drift from darkened homes, odors stuffy rather than reeking. Far down the block a house with a white front, still lighted, signals where milk can be bought at cost—carefully chilled milk, safe and sweet.

Slowly, with constant pauses, a van creaks along, peddling Tammany ice at five cents a generous cake.

Here and there white-clad doctors and nurses pause to inspect a huckster's doubtful wares or pass swiftly to meet an emergency. At strategic points ambulances wait to rush heat victims from the most congested district on earth. The hum of languid life sounds less and less as it falls to sleep to the thud and drip of the giant hose.

£75,000 FOR DEPENDENTS OF THE SCOTT PARTY

Widow of Explorer Gets £8,500 and His Little Son Peter £3,500—Doctor's Widow Gets £8,500—Generous Provisions for All.

The arrangements which have been made for the distribution of the £75,000 subscribed by the public to the Captain Scott Memorial House Fund are explained in the report of the Committee over the signatures of Sir D. Burnett and other members.

Thrilled by the great tragedy of the Antarctic, many of the subscribers explicitly assigned their contributions to the relief of the dependents of those who perished, and taking this as a guide as to the direction the grants should take, the Committee decided to make what they deem very liberal additions to the Government annuities.

In a word, the £75,000 in the hands of the Committee is to be distributed as follows:

Widows and relatives	£34,000
Deficit on expedition	£5,100
Publication of scientific results	£17,500
This will leave about £18,000 for a memorial to those who perished after their gallant dash to the Pole.	

Additional Grants.

The Government, it will be recalled, have decided to ask Parliament to sanction a special vote to provide annuities for Lady Scott, Mrs. Scott (the captain's mother), Mrs. Wilson (widow of Dr. E. A. Wilson), Mrs. Evans (widow of Petty Officer Evans), and Mrs. Bowers, and the two sisters of Lieut. Bowers, and the Committee, taking into consideration the considerable amounts explicitly assigned by subscribers for the widows and relatives of the dead men, made liberal grants to supplement these Government annuities. In so doing they consider they are satisfying the obvious desire of the donors that, in distributing the fund, generous treatment should, above all, be rendered to those who were dependent upon the gallant men who gave up their lives in this expedition.

They have allocated the following sums:

Lady Scott	£8,500 0 0
Peter Scott	3,500 0 0
Mrs. Scott (mother of Capt. Scott), and her two daughters	6,000 0 0
Mrs. Wilson	8,500 0 0
Mrs. Bowers and her two daughters	4,500 0 0
Mrs. Evans, and her three children	1,250 0 0
The mother of Edgar Evans	250 0 0
Mrs. Brissenden and her child	750 0 0
Mrs. Abbott	750 0 0
Total	£34,000 0 0

Mrs. Brissenden is the widow of a sailor of the party who was accidentally drowned in survey work in New Zealand during the expedition, and Mrs. Abbott is the dependent mother of a chief petty officer who had become insane in consequence of the privations endured.

The Public Trustee.

It has been decided that the Public Trustee shall be associated with the widow or relatives, and that trust-

deeds be prepared in each case with such wide powers of investment, advancement, and administration as the Public Trustee shall advise.

In the case of Lady Scott, the Committee have decided that after her death the trust money shall go to her son on his attaining the age of 25. In cases where there are at present, joint recipients, the grant will eventually become the sole property of the ultimate survivor, who will have power to dispose of the same by will as he or she thinks fit. In Mrs. Wilson's case, as she has no dependents, the same arrangement will, of course, prevail.

The estimated deficit on the cost of the expedition to the end of its work, after the payment of expenses and salaries, the grant of a bonus to officers and men, and the sale of the Terra Nova, amounts to about £5,100, and this is to be paid from the fund.

For the publication of the scientific results of the Expedition the Committee, on the advance of a sub-committee over which the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and Staff Surgeon E. L. Atkinson, R. N., as representing the scientific staff of the British Antarctic Expedition. The Memorial House Committee have secured the services of Captain Henry George Lyons, R. E. F. R. S., who is willing to undertake without salary, the editorial charge of the preparation and publication of the scientific results of the Expedition, and will attend the meetings of the Committee.

£18,000 for a Memorial.

When all these amounts have been allocated about £18,000 will remain for a memorial, and the Committee recommend the following distribution of the fund:

The provision of a suitable memorial tablet in bronze in St. Paul's Cathedral, sanction for this having been given by the Dean and Chapter. The erection of a sculptural monument in bronze in a public place in London (preferably the space immediately behind the railings in Hyde Park, fronting Lowther Lodge, the new home of the Royal Geographical Society) to contain the figures of the five dead men, by a sculptor of approved eminence to be hereafter selected.

The balance—estimated at £10,000—to be placed in the hands of trustees and devoted to an endowment fund in aid of future Polar research, the income to be applied either annually for the encouragement of such work as may arise, or allowed to accumulate until such an occasion presents itself. This is an object which it is believed would be particularly commended by his regiment, now being raised by his regiment, would seem to be particularly appropriate, and the Committee propose to make it.

Fight to the Death With a Sea Vampire Famous Combat of Man and Beast



BY AUNT GERTIE.

This is the story of a fight, to the death, with a sea vampire, the cold, bloodless, boneless, fleshless, flabby creature which wraps itself about a human being and draws the life-blood out, inch by inch, slowly and silently, until the last drop is gone! It is the famous combat in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," retold.

The scene of this terrible conflict was a deep-sea cavern. The hero was Gilliatt, a great, strong, fearless man, who would dare everything and fight anything.

Gilliatt was exploring in the dark recesses of this watery cavern, when he suddenly felt himself seized by the arm!

A strange, indescribable horror thrilled him!

Some living thing; thin, round, flat, slimy, cold, jellylike, had twisted itself around his arm. Its pressure grew tight like the pulling of a cord!

In a moment a long, spiral arm darted out towards his chest. Another passed around his elbow and reached almost to his shoulder.

A sharp point, almost like a knife, touched his armpit.

A moment later, a second long, leatherlike, cold, slimy form, started out of the crevice in the rock; crept over his skin, and finally wound itself around him. Numberless flat, rounded points, that seemed like small mouths, about to drink his blood, crept on his skin.

A third long, cordlike shape felt its way about his body and then coiled itself, tightly around his ribs. He pushed and turned. But the more he moved, the greater the activity of the monster.

A fourth and a fifth long, slimy band twined around him, and all be-

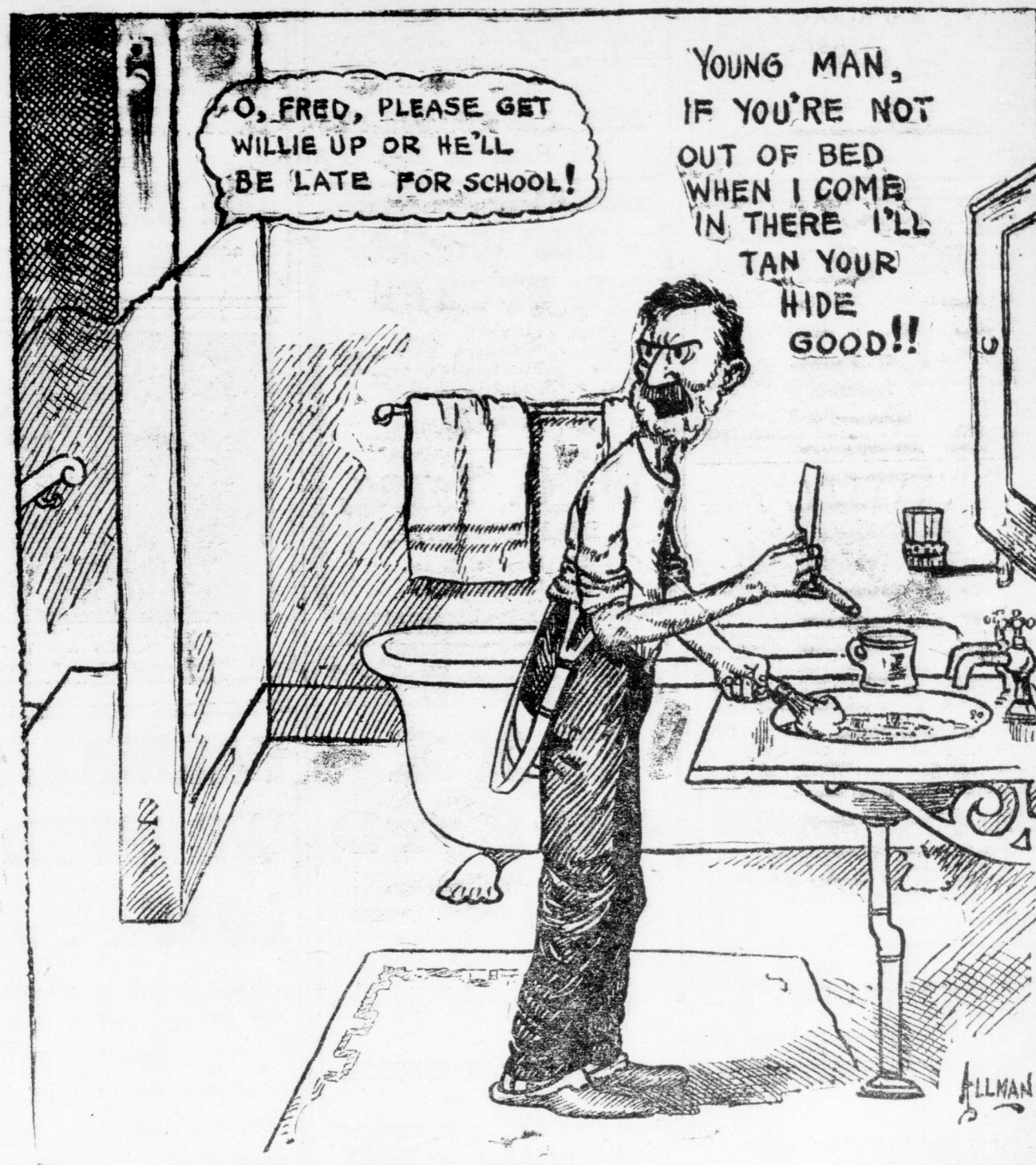
SUNSHINE FOLLOWS CLOUDS.

ACK RABBIT.



"I'm glad," he cried, "to see you smile. Your own sweet smile again. To hear once more your laughter sweet. In silvery refrain. You have been pensive and most sad. Of love I'd a doubt, 'Forget those sad, dark days,' she said, 'I've had my corn took out.'"

THE GREAT CANADIAN HOME



Just Little Things---A Poker, a Scrap of Paper, a Shred of Skin---Solved the Great Rock Island Express Car Murder!

BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE.

(Copyright, 1913, By the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

It is "the little things" the criminal overlooks that sends him to prison or death. Little things—habits, a torn scrap of paper, forgetting to notice the weather.

A little past midnight on March 13, 1886, the west-bound Rock Island train stopped at Morris, Ill. The brakes had not ceased grinding before Brakeman Harry Schwartz came running through the train.

"The messenger has been killed!" he shouted to Conductor Danforth.

Kellogg Nichols, United States express messenger, in charge of the first second express car, was the only one of the two express cars, was lying dead on the floor. The safe was open, the car floor littered with papers the robber had discarded—BUT \$22,000 IN \$50 AND \$100 BILLS WAS MISSING. All the train crew excepting Con-

ductor Danforth and Brakeman Schwartz remained at Morris to guard the evidence until detectives arrived from Chicago, while the rest of the train went on west.

And these are the clues the detectives found next morning:

A heavy poker, with blood and matted hair on it.

A black cloth mask, lying in the snow near the tracks, with one of its white strings torn out.

Shreds of human skin under the dead man's finger nails.

A corner missing from one draft in a bundle of cancelled vouchers.

Little enough evidence to find a murderer with. But the test of a good detective is his ability to find clues in THE LITTLE THINGS the criminal has overlooked—and in this case the detective was William A. Pinkerton.

There were no footprints in the snow on top of the car!

Nowhere between Joliet and Morris, in fact, were there footprints beside the railroad track, such as an escaping robber and murderer must have made.

Another little thing—THE WEATHER—that the criminal had overlooked.

Brakeman Schwartz "dead-headed" back from Davenport with Conductor Danforth and they called on Pinkerton.

If Schwartz had not been so reluctant to remove the gloves, perhaps, the detective might not have noticed the scratches on the back of the train went on west.

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