It's "the Crowdedest 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 stricken people?" 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 clifflike East Side tenements radiate heat, while the people whom they not since Tammany made the big companies clean their watershould shelter seek refuge on the swarming pavements. Yet care front!" and forethought render life endurable.

mopped his brow wearily as he sat on the stoop.

hard night on the women and children. Ten o'clock, with the fenced roofs. By orders of the "Bloody Sixth's" far-seeing leader, thermometer still at 98!"

discreet paces distant three keen-faced precinct lieutenants, quiet stars. smooth-faced, well-dressed and trigly-belted, fanned themselves with their panama hats. On the crowded sidewalks women, lan- attention. guid 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 No explanations explain, y' understand?" 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 rag- Tammany ice at five cents a generous cake. gedly small boys with suspenders showing on their bare shoulders shrilled appreciation as they waded in the rippling tide the while, a huckster's doubtful wares or pass swiftly to meet an emergency. a municipal band making concert music for twenty thousand At strategic points ambulances wait to rush heat victims from overwrought workers.

ending his empty glass politely.

'Will you come and see what New York does for its heat

So we' set out, the alert lieutenants following. "Take notice there are few flies and no insects to speak of-

The tenement blocks are dark, the pavements covered with weary workers sleeping in contorted attitudes. By hundreds and Patric': Ahearn, district leader of the "Bloody Sixth" Ward, 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 "We're ready for the work," he gasped, "but this will be a defenseless sleepers, and sent keen-eyed firemen to patrol the unteams passing between the ferries may only skirt his congested A tinkling glass at his elbow claimed his silent attention. Five district that tired people may rest UNDISTURBED under the

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

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

"A Standard Oil lighter, eh? Well, find them—and fine them.

"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 re-

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

Here and there white-clad doctors and nurses pause to inspect the most congested district on earth. The hum of languid life "Well, I must be going," announced the district leader up- sounds less and less as it falls to sleep to the thud and drip of the

£75,000 FOR DEPENDENTS Fight to the Death With a Sea Vampire 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.

death the trust money shall go to her

The estimated deficit on the cost of

after the payment of expenses and

salaries, the grant of a bonus to of-

ficers 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 Commit-

£18,000 for a Memorial.

Cathedral, sanction for this having

mediately behind the railings in

the new home of the Royal Geogra-

either annually for the encourage-

ment of such work as may arise, or

As the relatives of the late Captain

the late Captain Scott.

phical Society) to contain the figures

The erection of a sculptural monu-

the fund:

The arrangements which have been | deeds be prepared in each case with made for the distribution of the £75,- such wide powers of investment, ad-000 subscribed by the public to the vancement, and administration as the Captain Scott Mansion House Fund Public Trustee shall advise.

are explained in the report of the Com-mittee over the signatures of Sir D. In the case of Lady Scott, the Com-mittee have decided that after her Burnett and other members. Thrilled by the great tragedy of the son on his attaining the age of 25. In Antarctic, many of the subscribers ex-plicitly assigned their contributions to recipients, the grant will eventually the relief of the dependents of those become the sole property of the ultiwho perished, and taking this as a mate survivor, who will have power to as to the direction the grants dispose of the same by will as he or should take, the Committee decided to make what they deem very liberal as she has no dependents, the same aradditions to the Government annuities. rangement will, of course, prevail.

In a word, the £75,000 in the hands The estimated deficit on the course. of the Committee is to be distributed the expedition to the end of its work

Widows and relatives £34,000 Deficit on expedition £5,100 Publication of scientific 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, the sum of £17,500. The work of pubhave decided to ask Parliament to lication will be controlled by a Comsanction a special vote to provide an- mittee of three members-one appoint nuities for Lady Scott, Mrs. Scott (the captain's mother), Mrs. Wilson (widow of Dr. E. A. Wilson), Mrs. Surgeon E. L. Atkinson, R. N., as reof Petty Officer presenting the scientific staff of the Evans), and Mrs. Bowers, and British Antarctic Expedition. The Manthe two sisters of Lieut. Bowers, and sion House Committee have secured the Committee, taking into consideration the services of Captain Henry George tion the considerable amounts expli- Lyons, R. E., F. R. S., who is willing citly assigned by subscribers for the widows and relatives of the dead men, made liberal grants to supplement these publication of the scientific results of A Government annuities. In so doing the Expedition, and will attend the thrilled him! they consider they are satisfying the meetings of the Committee. obvious desire of the donors that, £18,000 for a Memor in distributing the fund, generous treatment should, above all, be rendered to those who were dependent upon the a memorial, and the Committee re-

in this expedition. They have allocated the following

Lady Scott £8,500 0 0 Peter. Soutt 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 Mrs. Brissenden and her 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 nation or fund, a contribution to the privations endured.

special memorial to this gallant of-ficer, now being raised by his regi-The Public Trustee, It has been decided that the Public ment, would seem to be particularly appropriate, and the Committee prowidow or relatives, and that trust pose to make it.



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 tee over which the President of the human being and draws the life-blood and darted it toward the free hand. At Royal Society presided, have assigned out, inch by inch, slowly and silently, until the last drop is gone! It is the famous combat in Victor Hugo's "Toil- ed the tentacle, at the same time ers of the Sea," retold. ers of the Sea," retold.

The scene of this terrible conflict Gilliatt, a great, strong, fearless man, monster dropped in two shapeless who would dare everything and fight

he suddenly felt himself seized by the A strange, indescribable horror Some living thing; thin, rough, flat,

slimy, cold, jellylike, had twisted itself When all these amounts have been around his arm. Its pressure grew tight allocated about £18,000 will remain for like the pulling of a cord! In a moment a long, spiral arm dartgallant men who gave up their lives commend the following distribution of ed out towards his chest. Another passed around his elbow and reached al-

most to his shoulder.

The provision of a suitable me-morial tablet in bronze in St. Paul's touched his armpit. A moment later, a second long, leabeen given by the Dean and Chapter. therlike, cold, slimy form, started out
The erection of a sculptural monu- of the crevice in the rock; crept over ment in bronze in a public place in his skin, and finally wound itself London (preferably the space imaround him. Numberless flat, rounded points, that seemed like small mouths, Hyde Park, fronting Lowther Lodge, 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. of the five dead men, by a sculptor of approved eminence to be hereafter He pushed and turned. But the more The balance-estimated at £10,he moved, the greater the activity of 000-to be placed in the hands of the monster.

trustees and devoted to an endow-ment fund in aid of future Polar band twined around him, and all beresearch, the income to be applied longed, evidently, to the same centre. All at once, as Gilliatt strained his eyes, to see, a large, round, flattened, allowed to accumulate until such hideous mass made its appearance an occasion presents itself. This is from beneath the rock. In the middle an object which it is believed would of the horrible substance, there were have commended itself greatly to two eyes that seemed to be fixed on him, hungrily. With a new sense of horror and fear, he recognized A

Dates require no assistance from the DEVIL-FISH! There is only one way to kill a devilfish, That is to sever its head from its body! Gilliatt knew it. His left hand holding his open knife, was all that was free. Knowing that he must act quickly and accurately he watched his

chance with the intentness of one who looks death square in the face at close quarters.

Without warning, the devil-fish loosed its sixth tentacle from the rock the same moment it pushed out its head toward him, violently. That was Gilliatt's chance. He evad-

substance, describing a whiplike circle around the eyes. There were two was a deep-sea cavern. The hero was mighty, lightning-like convulsions. The heaps at the feet of Gilliatt!

It was dead! The tentacles fell away Gilliatt was exploring in the dark from his body. He shut up his knife recesses of this watery cavern, when from his body. He shut up his knife Gilliatt, breathless, weak and worn,

had conquered the vampire of the sea! SUNSHINE FOLLOWS CLOUDS.

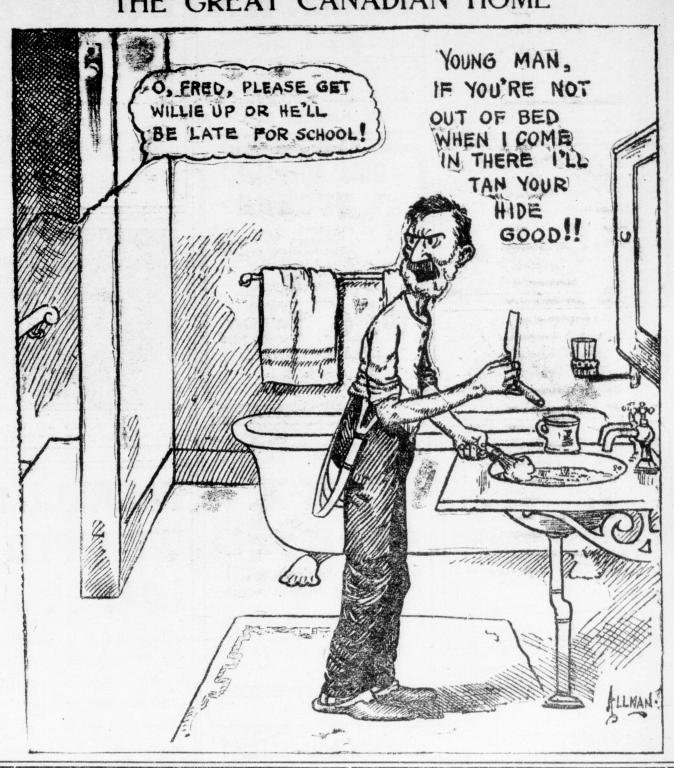
MON RANDALL

"I'm glad," he cried, "to see you smile the railroad track, such as an escaping robber and murderer must have Your own sweet smile again, To hear once more your laughter sweet | made.

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, draft found in the express car! forgetting to notice the weather.

A little past midnight on March 13, had used it to beat the messenger's inal had overlooked, 1886, the west-bound Rock Island train brains out had by a little messenger's inal had overlooked. A little past midnight on March 13, had used it to beat the messengers had had been on the 1886, the west-bound Rock Island train brains out had hung it carefully in its stopped at Morris, Ill. The brakes had accustomed place behind the stove. Some one who had been on the robbed train had travelled back from not ceased grinding before Brakeman ONLY A RAILROAD MAN would have Harry Schwartz came running through done THAT reasoned Pinkerton. Harry Schwartz came running through done THAT, reasoned Pinkerton.

nouted to Conductor Danforth.

car floor littered with papers the rob— warned him not to move, while a hand Robbery" had become almost a naber had discarded—BUT \$22,000 IN had shoved a revolver through the tional mystery.

\$50 AND \$100 BILLS WAS MISSING. ventilator glass in the car roof. The BUT THE DETECTIVES DE-All the train crew excepting Con- glass was broken, but-

was far from empty

Down in the bottom of the old valise was a three-cornered bit of Another LITTLE THING the crim-

Every passenger on the The messenger has been killed!" he _a habit—that the criminal had over- was hunted up and questioned. The very last one, found after weeks of Kellogg Nichols, United States ex- Newton Watt, the messenger in the search remembered seeing Schwartz press messenger, in charge of the first second express car, was the only one come out of the washroom just before of the two express cars, was lying dead of the crew who had seen the robber, the valise was found in there, on the floor. The safe was open, the A heavy man in a black mask had. In the meantime, the "Rock Island"

CIDED TO SHADOW SCHWARTZ!



A Little Past Midnight on March 13, 1886—.

the evidence until detectives arrived haps, the detective might not have from Chicago, while the rest of the noticed the scratches on the back of train went on west. And these are the clues the detec-

tives 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 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. * * *

The poker, for instance—whoever THERE WERE NO FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW ON TOP THE CAR! Nowhere between Joliet and Morris, in fact, were there footprints beside

Another little thing - THE WEA-THER-that the criminal had over-

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

ductor Danforth and Brakemaniton. If Schwartz had not been so SHREDS OF SKIN under the deal Schwartz remained at Morris to guard reluctant to remove the gloves, per- man's finger nails. Schwartz spoke of an old valise the

conductor had found in a washroom on the incoming train. The conductor re-That Awful Moment nembered it-he had thrown it away. as it was torn and empty. But the PARES detective hunted it up-and to him it PLEASE

When he got leave of absence to go ast they followed him - and noted the \$50 and \$100 bills he spent. They unearthed the secret of the wife and child he had left in Philadelphia when he married another woman in Chicago. Finally he was arrested, charged with bigamy, and, on giving bail, was flatly accused of murder and re-arrested.

His Chicago wife, under pressure, admitted that he had "found" \$5,000 of the stolen money.

"You've put a rope around my neck!" he exclaimed when she told him what she had admitted. They did not know that witnesses were hiding where their conversation could be heard-there were no dictagraphs in that day. Where did you hide the coat you cut he mask out of?" he finally demanded

"UNDER THE WOODPILE," SHE REPLIED-and there the detectives found it. And on the strength of what Schwartz and his wife had said to each other they arrested Newton Parr, the other messenger, and the two got