

# MODERN CITY BUILDING



THE primitive town with its tree or hill as a central meeting place where men could gather to discuss their common needs of defense or offense and where they could exchange the products of their labor for such things as their neighbor could offer them, was as lacking in design as are the heterogeneous mixtures, the gigantic conglomerate growths, the great cities which modern architects are now planning to reduce to order and beauty. In a certain sense, the general meeting place was the civic center, and the early roads would naturally lead to it. When the people fixed their homes near this meeting place and stayed there for any length of time, the fear of wandering and hostile tribes led to the digging of a ditch or the raising of a wall, which in later centuries made way for encircling boulevards, as did the walls of Paris. In this primitive town is found the germ, the nucleus of the modern city.

As people increased both in numbers and in knowledge, the centers of population also increased both in number and in size, writes H. B. Chamberlain. Whatever charm and picturesque quality they possessed were accidents of growth and not the result of artistic plan or design. The picturesque charm of many of the older cities was and is in many instances in direct contradiction of the modern spirit of city development which rests its being on the principle that beauty in a city is dependent on structure, not ornament. The utilitarian principle of structural beauty in cities is utility, though the utilitarianism is of the highest order, comprehending cleanliness, order, sanitation, comfort, convenience, health, sunlight, air, spaciousness and various other things sadly needed in the older and, it must be admitted, in some of the newer cities.

The desire for better design in cities is in the air, and has been for at least the last dozen years. Perhaps the Columbian exposition, showing that harmony and beauty resulted from plan and design, awakened the thought that if a temporary, ephemeral group of buildings could be made so beautiful, why could not art be applied to the designing of more permanent groups? At any rate, many American cities have at least discussed the possibility of improvement.

The aroused interest in designs for cities expresses itself in various ways in the different cities. In Chicago the necessity for a connection between the North and South sides led to consideration of the method in which it shall be accomplished. Various organizations have expressed their opinions as to what should and what may be done—for the ideal plan, as has been demonstrated elsewhere, is not always within the realms of the immediately possible. Chief and best among the plans as yet advanced is that worked out by the Commercial Club, which is contributing generously both in money and the time of its individual members to a plan for a more beautiful Chicago.

In St. Paul the building of a new capitol which needed adequate and pleasing avenues of approach led to the appointment by the City Council of a committee to consider what should be done to provide such approaches. This committee issued a report adorned with drawings, maps, photographs and views of other city buildings. Its text was devoted to the specific problem and recommended three approaches, to cost about \$2,000,000.

In Boston a committee on municipal improvements of the Boston Society of Architects, financially supported by seven organizations and acting independently of the city government, brought in a report suggesting how certain gaps in the city plan could be filled.

In St. Louis public-spirited citizens appointed a committee to consider a city plan. This committee outlined points to be considered. The final plan covered improvements involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. These three reports of Boston, St. Louis and St. Paul oddly enough appeared on the same day. In New York the present Mayor, under instructions from the Board of Aldermen, appointed a city improvement commission. So far as actual achievement goes, little has been done. Even San Francisco, though it had the Burnham plan in its possession at the time of the earthquake, has yielded to the exigencies of the present and done little toward realizing that architect's dream of beauty.

The park movement, too, seemed slow in embodiment. Yet almost every city is the better for it. So with city plans and designs now being brought forth. Even Rome, with Nero to command, was not rebuilt in a day.

## THE NEW TURKISH WOMAN.

Schools With American and English Teachers Wanted.

In Constantinople a few weeks ago, before a room full of English and American women, a young Turkish graduate living in Stamboul was asked to say something about her fellow countrywomen. No nervousness was exhibited by the small, black robed figure that rose to speak to such an audience for the first time. With yashmak (veil) thrown back—there being only those of her own sex present—revealing a girl's pale, delicate-looking, oval face, whose fascination lay in the large hazel eyes and expressive mouth, she spoke without hesitation in the purest English, her low-toned voice having but the slightest indication of an accent.

"I feel I should apologize to you, ladies, for speaking in your own language, but I have been commanded to speak by an American lady—and I am accustomed to obey Americans, having been educated at the American College for Girls in Scutari. First, the women of Turkey must be awakened to their need of education—although this is necessary for the men, too," she added, smiling, "as they have received almost as little education as the women; then we shall establish head schools in Constantinople with English and American teachers, after which we shall have our own instructresses, who will be sent to different towns throughout the empire. For years the teaching of Mohammed has been wrongly construed; but now we shall go forward, giving justice to all, as we are commanded."

This young girl—the only holder of a degree for women in Turkey—was permitted by her husband to spend a night at the house of an American woman and speak to her friends, the only stipulation being that there should be no men present.—English Mail of Frankfurt.

## JIM'S FIRST SPEECH.

The meetings which Sam Jones, the famous Georgia preacher, used to hold at his bush-arbor tabernacle at Cartersville were generally unique and picturesque, and it was not always the preacher himself who made them so. On one occasion he invited a woman who had established a very useful and successful school for the untalented boys from the mountain regions of the South—the "poor white" children—to come and explain her work to his audience.

She came, but she brought with her one of the brightest of her boys, for she told Mr. Jones she did not believe in a woman's speaking in meeting when a man could be got to do it. The preacher was skeptical of the boy's ability to get through with his speech, for he was evidently very nervous over the ordeal; but the young woman insisted, and Jim had his chance.

The youngster started in with the speech that he had written and learned word for word. He did very well until he began to enumerate the buildings that the school possessed. "We have a recitation hall, three dormitories, a barn and a poultry-yard," he declared. Then he paused; the next thing he had forgotten.

The only way out that occurred to him was to go back and begin his speech all over again. This he did, and by and by came again to the buildings.

"We have a recitation hall, three dormitories, a barn and a poultry-yard," he said. Again there was a dead stop. Everybody was by this time deeply interested in his struggle, and there was profound silence in the tabernacle. A third time the speech was begun, and a third time the fatal poultry-yard was reached, and it proved as hard to get by as before. Mr. Jones winked at the teacher and smiled at the audience. He was enjoying it hugely.

Blushing furiously, but "game" to the last, Jim began a fourth time. This time the excitement as he approached the poultry-yard was intense. There was no laughter, although a few smiled.

"We have a recitation hall, three dormitories, a barn and a poultry-yard," said Jim. The silence was almost painful, but this time the treacherous memory became submissive, and Jim went bravely on with the rest of his speech.

When he had finished, Mr. Jones told the audience that they had come as sheep to be sheared, and must help this needy school, now that they had heard one of its boys make so eloquent an appeal.

"It is making these boys lifters and not leaners," he declared. "Don't forget the poultry-yard that Jim has struggled over. Everybody must help by giving a hen. If you can't give a hen, give a dozen eggs at least."

The average girl brought up in a religious family has the same fierce desire to become a missionary that a boy has to go out West and fight Indians.

## Old Favorites

### The Raggedy Man.

Oh, the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man you ever saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all 'st laugh  
When he drives out our little old wobble calf;  
An' nen—of our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
Man!  
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y the Raggedy Man—he 'st so good.  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at 'loys can't do—  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shook a' apple down for me—  
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
An' nother'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man.  
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, as knows most rhymes,  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes;  
Knows 'bout giunts, an' griffins, an' elves,  
An' the Squidgloom-Squees 'at swallows themselves!  
An' wite by the pump in our pasture lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way down in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!  
Ain't he a' funny old Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—ow'n-time—ow'n fer me,  
Was makin' a little bow'n-n'erry he Says,  
"When you're big like your Pa is,  
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchant—an' wear fine clothes?  
Or what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!  
I'm 'st go' o be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

—James Whitcomb Riley.  
As I'd toomb Rilee to Do.  
'Twas a pleasant summer's morning,  
Just the day I like to enjoy;  
When I woke and looked out early,  
Puzzled how my time to employ.  
In such fine and splendid weather,  
I don't care for work, do you?  
So I went to see my sweetheart,  
As I'd nothing else to do;  
So I went to see my sweetheart,  
As I'd nothing else to do.

Off I started through the meadows,  
Where the dew beads pear'd the spray,  
And responsive to the song birds,  
I kept singing all the way.  
Quite surprised she was to see me,  
Come so early there to woo,  
'Till I said, "I just walked over  
'Cause I'd nothing else to do."  
'Till I said, "I just walked over  
'Cause I'd nothing else to do."

Then we rambled forth together  
Down the lane, beneath the trees,  
While so gently stirred the shadows  
Of their branches in the breeze;  
And whenever our conversation  
Languished for a word or two,  
Why, of course, I kindly kissed her,  
As I'd nothing else to do.

But before the day was over  
I'd somehow made up my mind,  
That I'd pop the question to her  
If to me her heart inclined.  
So I whispered, "Sweet, my darling,  
'Will you have me, yes or no?"  
'Well," she said, "perhaps I may, my dear,  
When I've nothing else to do.  
'Well," she said, "perhaps I may, my dear,  
When I've nothing else to do."

Called His Papa Down.  
Little Willy is a bright boy and a saucy boy.  
His apt answers have often turned away wrath and often turned it upon him strongly.  
The other day his father was reprimanding him for some misdeed, and Willy was answering very saucily. The father became very angry and, seizing the youngster by the collar, said: "See here, young man, you must not talk like that to me. I never gave my father impudence when I was a boy." Willy was not feazed at all. With a cherubic smile he looked into papa's eyes and said, "But, papa, maybe your father didn't need it." 'Twas all off. Willy escaped punishment, while papa retired to another room.

The Gloomy One.  
"Does your husband never come home smiling?"  
"No; he's afraid of hydrophobia."  
"What in the world has that got to do with it?"  
"If he was to come to me smiling the dog might bite him before it recognized him."—Houston Post.

Like One of the Family.  
Wigwag—Jones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family.  
Henpeckke—Yes; he seems to be just as much afraid of my mother-in-law as I am.—Philadelphia Record.

We sometimes think the greatest of all the virtues is politeness.

## HONEY BEES HAVE OPIUM HABIT.

Explains Perpetual Humming in Poppy Bed.

"Numerous honey bees have been for some days huzzing me by their extraordinary conduct in my flower garden," said a suburban dweller to a Detroit Free Press writer, "and now a friend of mine who is wise in the ways of the world has revealed to me the reason for that conduct and it has pained me deeply.

"I grew a big bed of poppies this summer and they are now in abundant and brilliant bloom. When the poppies first appeared bees were working all about the garden on flowers of various kinds. Then by and by I noticed that they were abandoning these and taking possession of the poppy beds in swarms. They seemed not only to seek the poppies exclusively, but none of them showed inclinations to quit them when once at work among them. Bees hovered about the bed in frantic efforts to get places in poppies, and every one of the scores which were constantly occupied by other bees, and these were just as eagerly struggling to keep their places in the flower cups against those endeavoring to get in.

"A peculiar drowsy, droning hum was constantly about the bed, making one sleepy to hear it. It was evident from the persistence with which the bees assailing that poppy bed clung to their places or reluctantly now and then gave them up that whoever it was that owned them wasn't getting much work done in his hives, and knowing the reputation of bees for being busy and improving each shining hour I wondered more and more at this singular lapse of duty. Then one day I was showing the strange sight to my friend and voicing my wonder at what it all meant. He gazed at it a moment in a stony and cynical sort of a way and then said:

"What does it all mean? Why it's plain enough. Each and every one of those poppies is a natural opium joint and the bees have hit up the dope and can't get away from it. That's all it means," said he.

"And I was sorry indeed to hear it, for it pained me deeply to learn that the bee, the busy bee, ever held up as an example of all that should be emulated and admired, should be thus prone to evil ways."

## LYNCHED BY JEALOUS WOMEN.

Russian Girl Slain for Her Indiscriminate Flirtations.

Details of the lynching of a young and beautiful woman by a crowd of jealous members of her own sex are to hand from St. Petersburg, a London correspondent of the New York Sun says. The affair took place in the village of Voleckhi, in the Russian government of Volhynia. The victim had incurred the hatred of the other women in the village by her flirtations with the men of the neighborhood, both married and single, and feelings reached a climax when it became known that on her account one of the young men of the village had broken his promise to marry another girl. On coming out of church the other day the women, both old and young, threw themselves upon the flirt and in spite of her cries for mercy tore all her clothes off. They then dragged her through the village by the hair of her head, beating and stoning her mercilessly. At first the men laughed, but when they saw how savagely the girl was being maltreated they attempted to rescue her. The infuriated women, however, drove them off and then dragged their unhappy victim, who was by now a mass of wounds, to a large tree just outside the village, where they hanged her to one of the branches and then lighted a fire of brushwood under her. When the police arrived on the scene they found the victim of the women's fury lying dead under the tree, blackened to a cinder.

## The Patient Mule.

The kind-hearted woman was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

"Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" she inquired one day.

"Jan' sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus, "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh dr las' six years."

## Not Guilty!

The unable seaman referred to by the American Thresherman probably thought he was being accused of "mussing up the bedclothes."

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib-sheet!

Unenthusiastic Landlubber (who has been decoyed into acting as crew)—I'm not touching the thing!

## A Pathetic Case.

"Well, my girlish days are over. I am now an old maid."

"Is there a dividing line?"

"There is. An ugly girl has just invited me to visit her at the seashore this summer."—Milwaukee Journal.

## In High Life.

"Your new butler seems rather awkward."

"For a butler, yes. But if he's a detective I think he does very well."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you had never heard of the habit of smoking, and should drop into a crowd where all the men were smoking, wouldn't it look funny?

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Boys grow most rapidly in their seventeenth year; girls in their fifteenth.

A Dutch newspaper controverts the prevailing notion that a sandy soil is essential to the cultivation of bulbs.

Recent successes in the art of sky sailing have stimulated the toy designers, and already there are a number of flying-machine toys to amuse the children.

Italian women may not engage in any industrial pursuit which occupies their time at night. Males under 15 years of age are also barred from night work.

The stock of gold in European banks is greater by nearly \$300,000 than it was a year ago. The increase in the Bank of France alone has been about \$140,000,000.

Two big vessels for use in the Pacific trade are now building at the Mitsubishi dockyards of the Oriental Steamship Company. One is of 13,500 tons and two of 9,250 tons each.

Opalescent glass for use in the manufacture of stained glass windows is made in this country in a manner which can not be duplicated and this material is shipped all over Europe.

Prof. Kirsopp Lake, of Leiden, has undertaken the preparation of a photographic facsimile of the New Testament leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus. The work is being done at Oxford, by the Oxford University Press, and is to be completed this year.

There are more than twenty varieties of tulips to be found growing wild in the country about Florence, the earliest of these, a scarlet one with very handsome flowers, being generally found among the corn; later on there is a dainty, and small, striped red and white one, and various lovely yellows, in shades varying from pale lemon to a deep orange tint, with reflex petals.—In a Tuscan Garden.

In 1905 the value of buttons manufactured in the United States, as given in a special report of the Census Bureau, was \$10,074,872. This was an increase of \$3,564,709, or 68.5 per cent over the value of the product in 1900. Of the total button product pearl buttons constituted nearly one-half (48.3 per cent), or \$4,870,274 in value. Over two-thirds of the pearl buttons were made from fresh-water shells and the rest from ocean shells.

Before he entered politics, boss Shepherd was an employing plumber in Washington, afterward turning the business over to a younger brother. He made most of his money by taking advantage of his knowledge of where contemplated improvements were to be carried out at the public expense. When the new government of the District of Columbia was created, Shepherd got out in disgust, buying a silver mine in Mexico, where he died.—New York Press.

Miss Mary E. Richmond, general secretary of the Society for Organized Charity in Philadelphia, has been elected secretary of the Russell Sage Foundation for the Improvement of Social and Living Conditions. She will write, teach and organize along the lines of social science, in which she has been successful in Philadelphia during the last twenty years. She will have charge of all the work of the Foundation relating to the extensions of charity organizations.

One of the highest authorities in the automobile trade gives it as his opinion that the value of the output for the current year will reach the stupendous figure of \$125,000,000. This is the product of 153 factories, 100 of which are operated on a large scale and manufacture all but a small portion of the machines. The same authority places the value of the plants which turn out these machines at \$300,000,000. When it is considered that this business has been developed almost entirely in eleven years the figures are astounding.—Omaha Bee.

Two years ago the heads of large industries in Providence, R. I., and neighboring towns started a plan for the elimination of contagion from their works by co-operating with a specialist. They aimed to discover whether any employees suffered from tuberculosis, and to aid any such in getting employment where the chance of checking the malady would be greater than in the shop or factory. Coupled with constant watchfulness special sanitary measures were taken to reduce the liability to contagion. The effect has been to check the progress of the disease. In Massachusetts physicians are now employed by the State to act as factory inspectors, with power to remedy unhygienic conditions. Tuberculosis is naturally the chief concern in this work.

Jules Huret, in a recently published article in Figaro, continues his criticism of the German people because of their lack of humor. Nothing, he says, can better illustrate the low level of their sense of humor than the expression of a Frenchman who lived with a German family in a town where the largest confectionery establishment did business under the sign Zum Reichskanzler—the chancellor of the realm. Some tarts were served which the Frenchman thought very good and he asked his hostess where they came from. "From the Reichskanzler," she said. "What!" said the guest in mock surprise, "I never knew that Prince Buelow could bake so well!" No one at the table smiled.

Next day another Frenchman was told by the woman that his friend was a "very childish man—he thinks that our chancellor is a baker."

## SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

You'll never get more than one view of the face of the woman who has but one cheek dimple.

Ever notice the constrained smile of the woman whose upper front molars are all pivot teeth.

Some women's idea of facing adversity is to pay 19 cents for the hair nets that they formerly paid two bits for.

When she sees a woman friend bearded's going to law is that it affords plucks you by the sleeve and says: "our attorney."

A woman considers it sacrilegious to visit a cemetery without crying a little, even if nobody she ever knew is buried there.

What she chiefly likes about the forgiving business is that usually you're moved to buy her something for forgiving you.

What some women like most about settlement work is that it gives them a chance to look sad and sweet when they talk about it.

When a woman wants to deprecate another woman's attire she puts it something like this: "Your little dress is quite nice. This year's?"

It isn't meant at all, but is pure bamboozling bunk, when she exclaims, "My, how grand and strong you are!" after you've helped her from the saddle or some other elevated perch.

Have you noticed how her eyes become suffused with a dreamy wistfulness when she's reading about the divorce figurante who says she never wears the same \$500 gown twice?

Ever notice the patronizing hauteur of the woman with the corsage bouquet of orchids when she spies another woman with the corsage bouquet of mere carnations or Jacquemont roses?

It's queer why a woman with a 14x20 back yard, containing a tired-looking rose bush and a few holly-hocks, should imagine that she needs garden shears, gardening gloves and a sunbonnet.

When a woman wants to intimate that the just-taken photograph of a sister-woman is a flattering one, she puts it something like this: "Um—yes, it is quite pleasing—but rather unduly idealized, don't you think, my dear?"

The woman who declares to folks that her husband, during all of the twenty years of their married life, "never has said one cross word to

her," may be set down without further investigation, as a charter member of the Sapphira club.

Men can build bridges, fight battles, tame bucking broncos, and all that sort of fluff, but they can't gulp four glasses of chocolate ice cream soda and then sit down, hungry, to dinner. Votes for Women!

When he sees a woman friend bearing down in a big touring car she plucks you by the sleeve and says: "Don't let the conceited thing see that you've noticed her. She's swelled up enough as it is."

### Rich Without Money.

If one is too large to be measured by the dollar mark, or to be incensed by his estate; if the wealth of his personality has overflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and example; if every foot of land in his community is worth more because he lives there; then the loss of his property cannot materially shrink his inventory.

If you have learned to be rich without money; if you have, by the cultivation of your mental powers, gathered to yourself a treasure of indestructible wealth; if, like the bee, you have learned the secret of extracting honey from the thistle as well as from the rose, you will look upon your losses as a mere incident, not so very important to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfaction to think that there is something within us greater than the wealth we acquire or our material pursuits; that there is something about us better than our career, better than living-getting, money-getting, fame-getting; that there is something which will survive the fire, the flood, or the tornado which sweeps away our property, which will survive detraction, persecution, calumny; something that will outlast even the dissolution of the body itself. That is, nobility of character, the sweetness and light which have helped people, which have made the world a little better place to live in.—Success Magazine.

### Dangerous AHB!

A prisoner at the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed. "Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner angrily. "Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."—Argonaut.

The resistance to traction in dry weather is smallest on brick pavements and in wet weather on bitulithic pavements.