

THE LIMIT REACHED.

CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO CALL A HALT ON SKYSCRAPERS.

Reasons Why the Tallest of the Modern Structures Are in Many Respects Undesirable—Cost of a Skyscraper—Quick Work in Chicago.

New York appears to be away behind in the matter of skyscraping buildings, as indeed it always has been. It is true that The Tribune's "tall tower" was a wonder of America before there were many buildings of great height in Chicago, but when the bustling metropolis of the bounding west set about the task of putting up altitudinous structures the result was a lot of buildings that reached enough nearer the clouds than the "tall tower" to make it almost insignificant. After awhile, it is true, New York braced up and within the last few years has put up some tall buildings that need not doff the hat even to Chicago's tallest, and New Yorkers are now bragging, as Chicagoans used to brag, of the tallest office buildings in the world.

In the meantime Chicago has learned a lesson or two about big buildings that in time will probably also be taken to heart by New York. In consequence of these lessons the aldermen of Chicago have passed an ordinance limiting the height of buildings. San Francisco, too, has adopted a similar rule, the arguments in favor of restriction being the same in both cases. Prominent among these arguments was advanced the obvious contention that buildings of 15 and 20 stories, especially when placed on narrow streets, shut out altogether too much light and air from the street and from the lower three or four stories. It is necessary only to call attention to Nassau street, New York, to show the reader how obviously correct this contention is. Nassau street is so narrow a thoroughfare that it would pass for nothing more pretentious than an alley in Chicago or indeed any other western city, yet it is one of the most important streets of the Knickerbocker town. It is crowded and jammed full of trucks and foot passengers during every business day, and some of the highest structures in New York are located along its sides.

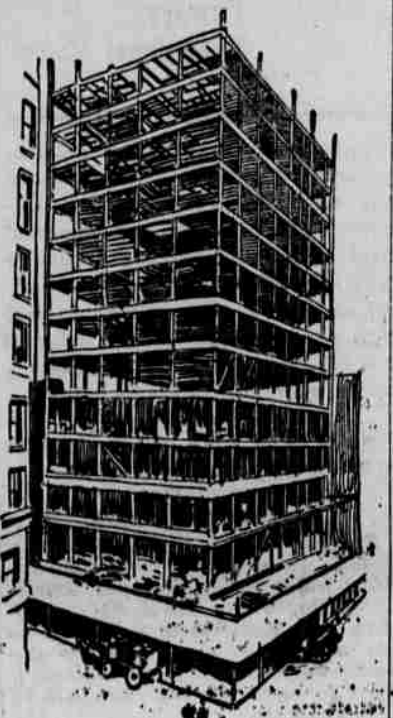
These buildings, of which the American Tract society's new home is the tallest, are so high as almost to make twilight at noonday in the parts of the street on which they border, and in more than one store fronting on the sidewalk it is necessary to keep the electric lights or gas jets going from morning to night, no matter how gloriously the sun may gild the tops of the brick and stone cliffs that line the street. Worse yet, there is a dampness when the weather is at all moist at the bottom of this artificial canyon that cannot be otherwise than detrimental to the health of those who have to endure it. When it is cloudy and rainy, it is of course much worse. Then the gloom in Nassau street and the humidity of the atmosphere are both positively appalling.

Dampness and darkness, however, are not the only serious disadvantages under which the occupants of a street lined with extravagantly high buildings have to labor. In case of fire—and it has been found that fire does sometimes work havoc in even the most vaulted of "fire-

all, while they must be plain to the most casual observer in New York. At the present time, however, there seems to be no indication that New York is likely soon to adopt height restrictions as to business buildings, and it seems altogether probable that the real estate owners in the downtown districts will oppose any serious movement in that direction with even greater vehemence than they did in Chicago or San Francisco, since it cannot but tend to reduce the gilt edge valuation at which some of the ground is held.

It will seem somewhat of a pity, however, from one point of view, when all the big towns of this continent shall prohibit skyscrapers. For a number of years now builders and inventors of new forms of building material and structural iron and steel makers have been striving to simplify and cheapen the building of skyscrapers, and at the present time it is almost as easy and cheap to put up a 20 story block as it was to put up one of 10 stories as many years ago. Nowadays men build high buildings in the same way as they build iron bridges, making use of the truss principle and practically setting upon end a truss bridge as the frame of the building they desire to erect. Of course there are differences in the details of construction of bridge and building trusses, but not enough to invalidate the comparison, and had it not been for the discovery that the truss principle is applicable to buildings it would not have been possible to put up the modern skyscrapers at all.

It would be too much to say perhaps that the brick and stone in the walls of most modern buildings form simply a dead weight and instead of strengthening actually weaken the completed structure, but it is certain that every one of the very late buildings would stand quite as firmly if the walls were removed, and, further, that while a building of the old type, built of brick and stone, might easily be shaken down by what in earthquake countries would be termed a moderate shock one of the new type would withstand such a shock almost as well as the famous light wooden frame buildings of Japan. Men say that buildings like that occupied by the Manhattan Life Insurance company in New York would remain intact, so far as the frame goes, even if complete-



AFTER THREE WEEKS' WORK IN CHICAGO.

ly-overset. The brick in the walls, which is mostly hollow and hence of unusual lightness, would undoubtedly fall out of place, but the riveted steel frames would hang together even if subjected to the severest imaginable strain.

According to all accounts, Chicago has never witnessed any livelier bustling than was proceeded with during the month of October at the corner of Dearborn and Van Buren streets. It will not be long after these words meet the eye of the reader before the "Fisher building" that now stands on that corner is entirely completed. But on Oct. 12 little had been done, save to dig the big hole for the cellar and subcellars and put down the heavy concrete foundations, although a permit for an 18-story building 225 feet high had been obtained before the passage of the restrictive ordinance. On Oct. 12 there was visible a great hole in the earth on the street corner, with here and there an iron beam sticking up. On Nov. 2, just 21 days thereafter, the hole had disappeared, and in its place rose a towering framework of iron. Persons who had not visited the location of the new building for a few days were aghast at the change, and the Chicago newspapers were quite justified in crowing over it. Before a full month had elapsed after the beginning of the frame's erection the whole frame was in place and roofed in.

The value of some of the high buildings of today is very inadequately understood by most persons, although almost every one is familiar with the statements that such a building cost \$1,000,000, another \$1,500,000, etc. At the corner of Duane street and Broadway, New York, stands a \$1,000,000 structure, though only 14 stories, 125 feet high and 75 by 125 feet on the ground. Yet the money and material laid out in the construction of this building would amply serve for the beginning of a country town and would build a town hall, 15 dwellings, two churches, a hotel, harness shop, market, bookstore, plumber's shop, clothing store and a very respectable office building.

M. I. DEXTER.

A Shepherd's Horse.
A shepherd at Chambrey, Savoy, employs a horse instead of a dog to keep the herd together. The horse understands the orders given him and carries them out as intelligently as the best trained dog.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden.
In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

ROUMANIA'S WOMEN.

THE QUEEN'S TRIBUTE TO HER COUNTRY'S WIVES AND MOTHERS.

They Are Beautiful, Courageous, Passionate and Emotional—To Them Is Due the Credit That Their Nation Still Exists in Spite of Many Fearful Invasions.

A strange, wonderful being is woman! But one must not forget the extraordinary admixture of vices from which she sprang.

The Dac, the Romana, the Gotha, the Kelta, Slavs and Greeks inhabited Roumania, one nation following in the wake of the other and all leaving popular impressions behind them. Thus we have among us the Roman matron, with her eagle eyes, her severe, classical features at the side of the Slavie woman, graceful as a kitten and always ready to undergo any test as to loyalty to her lord. Again, we have the woman of Hellas, pure and innocent, living next door to a Tartar descendant, renowned for her courage and feared for her vindictive qualities. The wife of the Kelta is full of poetry and superstitions. Finally there is the offspring of the Indian pariah cast into Europe, the lying and ragged gypsy woman, beautiful as a statue or horrible as a witch, but always picturesque.

The beauty of Rumanian women has been the subject of discussion and admiration for many years, but who knows anything of her energy, her courage, her faithfulness? The history of my country is almost a sealed book.

The relations between the wife of the great landowner and the peasant woman are often exceptionally good. They go to her whenever they please, embrace her like a sister, ask for a red flower in the garden, a few drops of oil for their hair, for a penny to color cheeks and chin for the Sunday dance. It is the hardest thing in the world for them to go into service. They think it degrading. Hungarians and gypsies are good enough for slavery.

A poor soldier boy, whose wounds I had nursed for four months, died in his mother's arms as I was leaving the room. The poor woman cried. She was very noisy in her grief. A lady laid her hand soothingly upon her shoulder and said: "Stop your wallowing. Let us try to keep the terrible news of your son's death from the queen for a few hours."

The woman subsided at once.

I have seen some women follow their husbands into the trenches before Plevea, amid a hail of bullets, to bring them a handful of fruits, a little laundry. When one heard that her husband had been wounded, they went searching from lazaretto to lazaretto until they found him, often after days and weeks. Then I have seen them standing before the bed, too much afraid to take a seat, though their knees trembled.

I can give you but a bird's-eye view of the Rumanian woman. I can lift but part of the curtain that hides her history, unknown and yet so interesting. She has played a marked role in the development of our country.

This woman seldom laughs. Her beauty soon fades in consequence of hard work and the great number of children she bears. There is something imposing in her earnestness, something emotional, touching. Let a poor family have too many young ones, the women not blessed with children will come forward and adopt the superfluous. They call them their children—children of their heart.

That this country still exists in spite of the many fearful invasions is due to its women alone. The women preserved our language, our religion, our traditions. Do not be deceived if you see her dance the polka or hear her prattle like a Parisienne. Foreign culture has not influenced her. As of old, she is the emotional, jealous wife, the passionate mother.

The Rumanian woman never prates of the sacrifices she makes. She thinks them natural. During the war of 1877 all of the foreign physicians looked upon her in astonishment. In peaceful times she rags herself, starves, wears shabby clothes, to give her children an education. She is careless and apprehensive of her husband's best friend, but once provoked and injured his relentless enemy.

A proud Rumanian mother always reminds me of a prisoner of war. They all followed their sons and husbands into the teeth of war. None staid at home. All bearing the honored title of mother and wife, marched in the wake of the army. Rudely? Perish the thought! We forgot our weakness, hesitation. All worked for the fatherland.

Forty years ago one was astonished if the women in a Rumanian salon were not all perfect beauties. At that time life was so simple. It is a hard life now. Girls of 10 participate in the cares of their parents. They know full well that roses are scarce in this world.

"The morrow belongs to Rumania's mothers."—Carmen Sylva.

Meaning of Popular Names.
Some significance should be attached to one's name, and a badly named child is very apt to be influenced as much by its significance as by the stars under which it is born, says the seer. And so here are a few favorite names and their origin and meaning: Anna, from the Hebrew, meaning a prophetess; Annette, from the French, sweet but sorrowful; Caroline, Latin, noble spirited; Dorothy, Celtic, fruitful; Edith and Edna, Saxon, happiness; Frances, German, free; Grace, Latin, favor; Helen, Greek, a very beautiful woman; Ida, Greek, a lofty mountain; Josephine, French, a savior of life; Lucy, Latin, shining; Louisa, French, defender of her people; Leonora, Polish, victorious; Margaret, German, a pearl; Madeline, French, favored; Marie and Maria, from French and Spanish, and Mary, from Hebrew, a salt tear or a drop of water.

Only a Milkmaid.
Mrs. Th. Bentzon, in her account of "Woman in the United States," says that the first statue raised to a woman in the United States was that of a certain Margaret Haughey, in New Orleans. This woman began life as a milk seller, to which she added the sale of bread and finally became a baker on a very large scale. She made a considerable fortune, which she devoted to the poor and was popularly known as "The Orphan's Friend." Nothing more profoundly touched Mrs. Bentzon than this homage paid by the aristocratic town of New Orleans to a woman who did not know how to read or write.

English Feminine Beauty.
The chief characteristics of English female beauty are regularity of features, the thin, short nose predominating, blue, gray and hazel eyes, light and dark flaxen hair, a well developed bust and a figure of the average height of women and more inclined to stoutness than the delicate, swaying leanness so popular with certain classes of novel writers.

DYING.

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light.
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight,
Laying aside the burden,
This weary mortal coil,
Done with its tears and toll,
Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heart sick and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep,
Passing out of the shadow,
Into eternal day—
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

THE BEECH TREE.

There stood in the forest an old beech tree. Her top was shattered by lightning, her sides were hollow, and pieces of fungus grew on her bark. She was the oldest of a numerous family, but she had seen her children, as soon as they had grown up, fall under the woodman's ax, and only one daughter remained to her. This daughter was a young beech tree, with smooth bark and heaven aspiring crest and only 80 years old. That is the best year for a forest tree.

The old tree still thrust out her twigs and leaves in the spring, but she felt that her life was drawing to a close, for it cost her great suffering to hold herself upright. And because she knew that she must die she felt her love increase for her beautiful daughter.

Spring was approaching. The branches were still covered with the glittering frost, but the roots began to uncurl, and the warm wind melted the snow. The rivers and brooks were swelling with melted ice. In the meadows the silvery catkins burst from their wrappings, and the snowdrops peeped timidly up through the white carpet of the forest ground.

The old tree spoke to the young: "Tonight comes the violent thaw wind. It will throw me down upon my bed of leaves that I have scattered in the course of time, and I shall go back into the bosom of the mother from whom I came. Yet before I go home I will bequeath to you a gift that the gentle lord of the forest bestowed upon me when long ago he stopped to rest under my branches. You shall understand men's words and deeds and share alike in their joys and sorrows. That is the greatest happiness that can fall to our lot, but be prepared to behold more sorrow than joy." So spoke the old tree and blessed her daughter.

In the night the thaw wind came from the west. It buried ships in the waves of the sea; it rolled great masses of snow from the mountains that destroyed the homes of men in their progress; it roared through the forest, and everything that was old and weak perished. But the strong trees resisted it. It struck the old beech tree to the earth and shook her strong daughter as she wisely bent her head before the blast, and the great wind swept on.

Three days the daughter wept sparkling dew for her mother; then the sun came out and dried her tears. Then began everywhere such stif and commotion that the beech tree had no time to grieve. Her buds swelled and burst and one morning a hundred thousand trembling, tender green leaves sprang into the sunshine. That was joy! Golden yellow primroses climbed from the ground. They pushed their silken leaves out into the broad sunlight. Red and blue blossoms grew up round the primroses, and the sweet woodruff uncurled its delicate whirled leaves. That was life.

And in the midst of all this bloom and fragrance the young beech tree stood like a queen. A finch built her nest in her branches and a red-headed woodpecker paid her a visit. Once cuckoo came and once a distinguished quiffle with his bushy tail over his head ran up and down to see if he might not find an acorn. But men she had not yet seen this year, and they would have been the most welcome guests of all, since she possessed the power to understand their words and deeds. After all, one morning came a slender young girl with her long brown braids, who walked through the woods straight to the tree. However, her visit did not seem to be for the beech alone. She glanced at the decaying trees on the ground and said, "Here is the spot." Then she sat down her basket filled with May flowers and leaned back against the beech tree without a glance at its green loveliness.

The tree held her breath to hear what the maiden would say, but the pretty one was silent. Presently from the opposite side appeared a strong young man. He wore a little round hat with a curling feather like a huntsman. He crept up cautiously—so cautiously that hardly a leaf rustled under his feet. But softly as he stepped the quick ear of the maiden perceived his coming. She turned her head toward him, and the tree thought, "Now she will fly." But the girl did not fly. Instead she sprang toward the youth and threw both arms around his brown neck. "My Hans!" "My Eva!" they cried together. Then they kissed each other passionately, called each other pet names, embraced again, and the beech tree found it all very tedious.

Later they sat under the tree and spoke of their love. It was an old story they told, but it was all new to the beech tree, and she listened like a child to a fairy tale. It was a wonderful surprise to her. The youth arose from the ground, drew out his knife and began to carve in the bark of the tree. This caused the beech great pain, but she held as still as a wall.

"What is that to be?" asked the maiden.
"A heart with your name and mine," answered Hans as he continued to carve. When the work was finished, they both looked at it, well pleased, and the tree was as happy as if a king had hung a golden chain upon her.
"Truly, men are splendid people," thought she.
Now the hunter began to sing. The tree had listened many times to the

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PAPA'S TWO JOYS.

When baby opens his blue eyes
At morning's side, first thing
He cries and coos to see papa.
In vain his crib we swing,
He wants his slippers and wee socks,
Then sister gets his dress,
But he's not satisfied to start
Down stairs with her unless



She carries him his favored way.
So down the steps they run,
He clasping tight behind her back,
Delighted with the fun.

The breakfast room becomes more bright,
New hope illumines the day,
When in they come, papa's two joys,
And morning greetings say.

Her Pets.

A small girl who has an extraordinary fondness for pets and is allowed to have a considerable number of them has recently been sick, and her letter to a friend after recovery tells how her pets fared while she could not take care of them.

"I have lost two of my goldfish," she says, "and one of my cats has died since I have been sick. I miss her, and I think her children do. She has two sons and one daughter, cats, and there is a grandson, but his name is Belle, even if he is a son. All the other male children have female names, but fortunately the daughter has a name to suit her—that is, Snowball—but I guess that would do for either kind of cat. The other two children's names are Mollie Gray and Dorothy. The cat that died was named Snowball, but when she died grandmother I called her Granny. Now, I suppose you know all about my pets except my dog, whose name is Penelope—I call him Penny—and six turtles, and of course they are all named, and as I had a good deal of trouble to find names for all of them, why, some of their names don't fit them either. A friend gave me my baby turtle, and I had to go a long way to get it. I put it in a basket with a cover to it and put the basket on the floor of the car. When I was almost home, a man in the car said to me, 'Little girl, your turtle is going to get off the car.' I jumped up, and there he was just crawling off the back platform. Every one laughed, but I picked him up and held the basket on my lap after that, but he tried to get out again. I like them all!"—New York Times.

A Cat's Whiskers.

Nature is an economical dame and never indulges in useless gifts. If she gives an animal or plant an appendage of any kind, we may be sure that it serves some wise purpose.

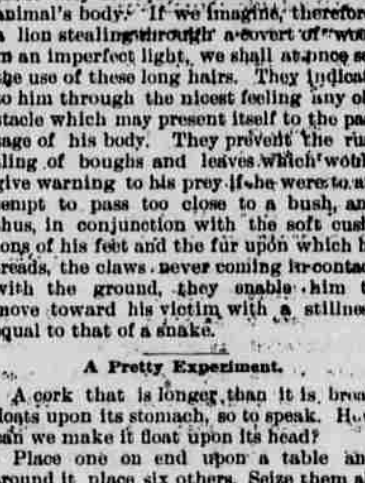
Take a cat's whiskers, for instance, which may seem to you to be merely ornamental. They are organs of touch, attached to a set of fine glands under the skin, and each of these glands is connected with the nerves of the lips. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal; although the hairs themselves are insensible.

They stand out on each side of the lion as well as the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. "If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the most feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body. They prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush, and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushioning of his feet and the fur upon which he treads, the claws never coming in contact with the ground, they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness equal to that of a snake.

A Pretty Experiment.

A cork that is longer than it is broad floats upon its stomach, so to speak. How can we make it float upon its head?

Place one on end upon a table and around it place six others. Seize them all



together and plunge them under water so as to moisten them completely. Then remove your hand and let them take their own position in the water, when you will find that they will stand upright, as if supporting one another.

This is because the water that penetrates the corks by capillarity will make them cling together.

A Labor of Love.

That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English paper.

A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength. He began talking to her and suggested that the baby was heavy.

"Why," said she in astonishment, "he's not heavy; he's my brother."