GOOD CITIZENSHIP

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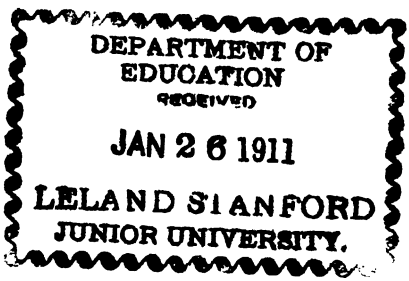

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

BY

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NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

TO

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

WITH THE HOPE AND PRAYER

THAT IT MAY HELP TO MAKE THEM TRUE CITIZENS

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PREFACE

For many years instruction in Civics has formed a part of the curriculum of the highest grades in grammar schools and in the lowest grades in high schools. This instruction, aiming to impress upon the pupils the meaning and importance of the Constitution of the United States, and the functions of state and municipal government, fails to benefit the child withdrawn from school before he enters the upper grades, and utterly fails to show to children their personal obligations as little citizens.

Investigation has shown that the greatest number of violations of law in large cities are due not so much to disrespect for the authority of the Law as to ignorance of the Law, especially of that part of the Law covered by local ordinances. It is far more important for the welfare of the state that a child should be made to realize his present obligations to the commonwealth than that he should know the qualifications of a United States senator. The belief that a knowledge of things close at hand should be acquired first, and that such knowledge should be made to include the personal relations of the child to the Law, is rapidly becoming an educational principle. Within recent years New York, Chicago, and other large cities have introduced

into their respective curricula instruction in Civics for the lower grades, Chicago beginning its work in this direction in the first year.

This book is planned to meet the needs of fourth year children, but in the hands of an intelligent teacher it can be used both in higher and in lower grades. Although designed as a supplementary reader to fit a graded course in Civics, it will be found to contain much of dramatic interest, many ethical lessons, and a clear statement of the child's opportunities for rendering civic service. These features will make its use valuable in schools where teachers are endeavoring to meet the demands of social advance, even though no specific instruction in Civics is required. It is suited for use also in evening schools, especially in those frequented by immigrants. Leaders of juvenile clubs will find its pages rich in suggestion.

It is hoped, therefore, that the book will be of real help to all teachers who aim to bring children to a realization of their best selves, and to all children who are capable of appreciating the worth of good citizenship.

The authors are indebted to Fire Commissioner O'Brien, Police Commissioner Bingham, Street Cleaning Commissioner Bensel, and Health Commissioner Darlington of New York for much valuable information.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

CHAPTER I

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Fire is a good servant, but a bad master. So long as the servant remains under our control, it does many kinds of work for us, and does them well. When we allow it to get beyond control it may do untold damage. Fire is a restless thing, always trying to escape. If through our carelessness, or through accident, fire breaks the bounds we set for it, it leaps up and out like a wild thing. It feeds as it flies, on everything inflammable within reach, and grows greater and stronger every moment.

A child can manage the servant fire. When fire plays the master it may need many men and many hours of the hardest kind of fighting to conquer it. Where people live close together, as they do in cities, fire so often attempts to make itself their master, that it is necessary to employ a special force of men to defeat it. These men are members of the Fire Department, and many are the brave deeds they do when danger threatens.

The Americans are the best fire fighters in the world, and we who live in this country are very proud of our Fire Departments. Their work is so wonderful that men are sent here from other countries to study American methods of fighting fire. Then they return home and improve their own methods. They may make many changes, but they never can make their Fire Departments so good as our own. Shall I tell you why? It is because nowhere else are the firemen so daring, and nowhere else is the fire-fighting apparatus so fine.

The word "apparatus" is long and not easy to spell. Still I am sure all of you can manage it, if you try. You will meet it now and again in these pages, and it is a word that is worth knowing. Apparatus, the dictionary tells us, means whatever is a "means to an end." The "end," or object, of the Fire Department is to save life and property from being destroyed by fire. Then whatever its men use for this purpose is their apparatus. Can you name some of the things which are a part of the apparatus our firemen use?

There are three ways to save life and property from fire. The simplest and best way of all is to prevent fire from making itself master. The second way is to conquer the fire quickly wherever it breaks forth. The third way is to get the people, and also their property, if possible, out of the reach of the smoke and flames. A Fire Department uses all three ways.

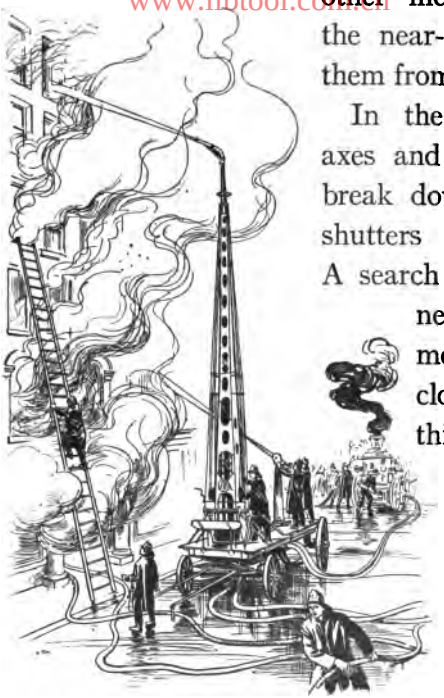
Perhaps you may ask how the firemen can ever make use of the first way, when they are called only after the fire has broken forth. The answer is very plain. The Fire Department knows that certain things like matches, oily rags, and kerosene, can cause a very serious fire. It therefore does what it can to prevent such fires, by warning people always to be careful when using these things. If people always obeyed this warning, Fire Departments would have much less to do.

Whenever the Fire Department is called to put out a fire, it sends men enough to use all the ways mentioned, at the same time. While some of the men rush into the burning building to save lives, others fight the fire with water to prevent its spread and to put it out, and the rest do what they can to save the property. Each group of men has special apparatus for the work it must do. Let us see what the apparatus is and how it is used.

The men trying to save life use ladders to reach people shut in by the flames, and to help them down. There are ropes to lower them to the street, if necessary, and life-nets in which to catch those who may leap or fall from the windows.

The men ordered to put out the fire, fasten long lines of hose to the nearest hydrants. The great fire engines pump water from the hydrants into the hose. The men holding the nozzles of the hose throw the heavy

streams of water upon the flames, always seeking the heart of the fire in order to drown it. When necessary, other men throw water on the near-by houses, to keep them from catching fire.



Water Tower

In the burning building, axes and rams are used to break down doors and iron shutters which are locked. A search light is sometimes needed to help the men see through the clouds of steam and thick black smoke which swirl around the fire. Its long line of white light can be turned into dark places like a giant sunbeam.

An interesting part of the fire apparatus is the water tower. It is used when tall buildings are burning. It is carried on a long wagon, and can be raised to a great height. At its top is a nozzle from which a great stream of water can be thrown into the upper stories.

A little thing to look at, but a most important part of the fire-fighting apparatus in cities, is the fire-alarm box attached to the lamp-post. It is painted red, for red is the special color of fire apparatus everywhere. The glass in the lamp above it is red also, that people rushing out at night to send a fire alarm, may recognize it at once. When a fire breaks out some one should run at once to the nearest fire-alarm box to ring the alarm. This notifies the entire Fire Department of the fire, and the nearest companies of firemen rush to the spot. The strong horses tear along the street drawing the great fire engines, for these intelligent beasts are as eager as the men themselves to do their share of the work. Each horse knows what he is about. If you think I am mistaken, ask the first fireman you see. Ask politely, and if he is not too busy he may tell you some interesting stories about the fire horses.

Large cities have much valuable property besides houses and buildings which must be guarded from fire. New York, for example, has many miles of water front. Thousands of ships come and go day by day. They load and unload their cargoes on wharves and big piers which almost touch one another, so close do they lie. I wish you could see the enormous heaps of boxes and bales, of barrels and packing cases under the great pier sheds. A vast amount of such freight is always waiting to be shipped in the big vessels alongside, or to be

carted away by the long procession of trucks coming from the street. One glance would show you how terrible a fire would be among so much valuable and highly inflammable stuff.

At such a fire the biggest and finest fire engines would be scarcely more helpful than a string of water buckets. Knowing this, the Fire Department has other and

Fire Boat

stronger means at hand. These are fire boats, or floating fire engines. They dash through the water to a fire, driven by their powerful engines. There are ten of these boats in New York harbor. One of them is the finest and most powerful of its kind in the world. The fire boats pump enormous streams directly from the waters on which they float: when these fall

upon a blazing wharf or ship, the hottest flames are quickly quenched.

The officer whose duty it is to take charge of a fire and to direct the work of the firemen, is the Chief. Perhaps you have seen him hurrying to a fire. He drives a horse and light wagon, or rushes along in an automobile, and clangs his bell for right of way. When the fire is on the water front, he sometimes makes his way there on the Department steam launch.

All these things that have been mentioned form a part of the fire-fighting apparatus. A visit to a fire-company house, or to an actual fire, would show you other useful things, quite as important and quite as perfect of their kind.

CHAPTER II

IN THE FIRE-ENGINE HOUSE

It would be interesting to visit the place where the men live who belong to a fire company. The fire engine and the rest of the apparatus the firemen use are kept there. It is hard to get permission to enter, because the Fire Department does not care to have many visitors. Do not imagine that it wishes to hide anything, or that its quarters are not always in perfect order. The only reason why the Department objects to many visitors is the fact that a fire alarm may be sounded at any moment, and when this happens, strangers are very much in the way. They might also be hurt, for when the call comes for a fire, men and horses think of nothing but getting to it in the shortest possible time.

I feel sure that every one of you would like to visit a fire company's house, if only to see what happens there when a fire alarm comes in. I know I should, so suppose we all go there together!

How are we to do that?

Why, just by making believe we each own a wishing cap, one of the kind the old fairy tales tell about. Whoever owned one of these, you remember, could reach

any place he wished to visit the very moment that he clapped the magic cap on his head! All we need, then, is to pretend that we own such caps, and while we put them on, wish ourselves inside a fire-engine house in New York city, where they have the greatest Fire Department in the whole world. Presto! here we are!

Not a fireman in the whole company will suspect our presence if we keep quiet, because these wonderful caps of ours make us quite invisible even to the sharpest eyes. We must not talk, lest they hear us; and we must be careful not to touch anything, for if we should do so, something serious might happen. It seems safe just now, with everything in its right place; but let a fire alarm come in, and it would be different. Things which look as if they could not stir of themselves, will suddenly come to life and move about in a very lively fashion. If we wait patiently perhaps an alarm may be sounded. When you hear it, and you see all sorts of things jump from one place to another, you will understand why visitors are not welcome in a fire-engine house.

Let us pretend it is midnight as we enter the engine house. Right in front of us stands the great engine itself. How big and strong it looks, and how it glitters! Not a speck of dust or mud can be seen. Can you guess why not? It is because of the Department rule which tells the firemen to clean every part of the fire apparatus

the moment they return from a fire, so that all shall be in readiness for the next call. No matter how tired the men may be after fighting a big fire, they never disobey this important rule; first, because it is a rule, and secondly, because they are very proud of their engine and love to keep it bright and shining. They know, too, how important it is to have everything in perfect order when they go to a fire. They dare not delay starting, in order to set things straight, and after they reach the fire they have other work to do.

The engine we are looking at is drawn by three powerful horses. Fastened to the ceiling just over the poles of the engine, hangs the harness for each one of the horses. The metal work of the harness, like the engine itself, is as bright as brisk rubbing can make it. Close at hand are the neat stalls where the horses stand, each held by a halter. Behind the engine is its tender, or hose wagon. The harness for the tender-horses also hangs from the ceiling, directly in front of the tender.

On each side of the room is a row of slender poles. They rise from the middle of big rubber pads on the floor, and pass upward through large round holes in the ceiling. I am afraid you can never guess what these poles are used for, so I shall tell you.

The men sleep in the large room just above the one we are in. Over yonder are the stairs which lead up

to it. They are good stairs, and men could certainly race down them swiftly. Not swiftly enough, however, the Fire Department decided long ago. It looked for a quicker way for the men to get down, than by ordinary stairs. It thought of the poles and put them up. Should a fire call come while the firemen are abed, they slip into their boots and trousers at the same moment, make a flying leap for the nearest hole in the floor, and slide down the pole. It saves them only a second of time, perhaps; but one second saved here and another somewhere else in getting to a fire, may mean life instead of death to human beings hemmed in by smoke and flame.

"and slide down the pole"

In the engine house we are visiting, all the men are upstairs fast asleep, except the two who must remain on watch. One of these two is reading a newspaper. The other sits at a desk near the door. On the wall close by are clocks, gongs, and electrical instruments. All is very still. Not a sound breaks the silence, save the steady click, click, click, clicketty-click, from a

telegraph instrument on the wall. It chirps and chirps as steadily as a cricket in summer time, stops for a second, and then begins once more.

Suddenly the sounds change. There is a single click, different in tone from the others. It is followed by three quick, sharp strokes on the gong. A brief pause, then four strokes, and right afterward two more. Even before the last stroke ceases to sound, a dozen things are happening in the engine house, all at once; everywhere, and so fast that we hold our breath and wonder what will come next.

Jump back, all of you! Flatten yourselves against the walls! The three, four, and two strokes on the gong spell out 342, this company's call, and the very alarm you and I have been waiting to hear!

"Turn out! turn out!" roars a great voice. It is the man at the desk calling to the other men of the company. It is his duty to call, but you see the firemen do not wait for him. With the last stroke of the gong, every man is on the way to his post. As they jump here and there all seems hopeless confusion, but it is really quite the opposite. Every one, down to the newest horse, knows just what to do and does it on the instant, not one ever getting in another's way. Men, horses, and machinery work together, much like the wheels in a clock, their one object being to reach the fire in record time.

Everything moves so quickly now, it is hard to see

just what is going on. The movement began, however, with the hammer of the gong. As it struck the company's number, it opened the halter-straps in the stalls, and each of the well-trained horses then rushed to his place in front of the fire engine or the tender. The men slid down the poles, fastening their clothing as they

"Men, horses, and machinery work together"

leaped to their stations. The engine and tender drivers jumped to their seats, hooked the belts which hold them fast, and snatched the reins. This caused the harness to drop to the backs of the horses. Other firemen snapped it fast as it fell, and jumped aboard the engine as it began to move forward, while the engineer put the burning torch to the fire which is always ready laid under the boiler. The big doors flew open while all this was

going on, and the man at the desk shouted to the driver the location of the lamp-post box from which the alarm was sent.

It has taken some time to tell about the main things which took place as we looked on. Yet they all happened almost as quickly as we can think. Before our eyes the race to the fire began. First the engine flew by, and then the tender close after it, each carrying its own crew of firemen. As they passed us the men were getting into their rubber coats, putting on their great helmets, and making themselves ready for the fight that lay before them.

Not a man in all the company thought of what might happen to himself in that fight. Why not? Because it is a fireman's duty to save the lives and property of the people from danger even at the risk of his own. The word of command may send him where stifling smoke or falling walls threaten, but he obeys instantly and fearlessly. He knows very well that death may overtake him at any moment, but should it come, it always finds him fighting like a soldier, to his own lasting honor and that of his company.

CHAPTER III

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE FIRE

Now, children, be quick! No, you need not start to run after the flying engine. That would only waste time. I know a better way. Take off your caps, wish yourselves at the fire, and clap the caps on again while you make the wish.

There! they have brought us to the spot even

"as it rushes over the rough pavement"

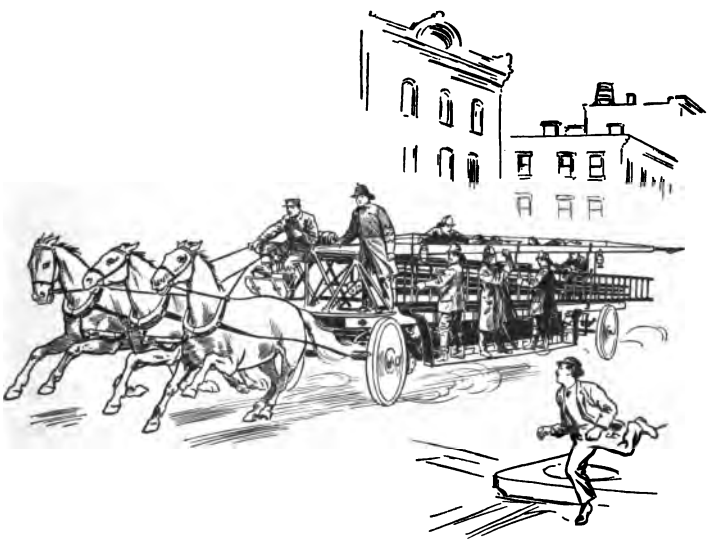
before the engine itself. You can hear it coming, though, as it rushes over the rough pavement, ringing its bell and blowing its whistle for a clear road. As

it nears the lamp-post from which the alarm was rung, a policeman waiting beside it points to the street where the fire is, to show the driver where to turn.

Here they come! Look at the little tender pushing ahead of the big engine! Its men are already unrolling the big coil of hose, and one of them makes a flying jump to the street. Wrench in hand, he looks for the nearest hydrant. As he runs toward it, another engine and its tender come thundering from the opposite direction. Watch the drivers of the two tenders as they urge their horses on, and watch the horses, too, pounding their iron hoofs and racing with all their might! Each driver wishes his own company to have the honor of "first water," as they call it; an honor which always belongs to the tender which reaches the hydrant first. Our fireman is already there, but our tender is not yet abreast and the other tender is coming very close. Ah! our driver makes a spurt, and with a shout pulls up in front of the hydrant before the other can reach it! This means that the firemen of our company must take full charge of the fire until the Chief arrives.

The other company's hose men having rushed on to the next hydrant, our men quickly connect their hose and start the water. Other engines and hook-and-ladder trucks are coming now, one after another; and as they arrive our foreman orders each to the place where it can do the best work.

The fire is in a tenement house, and before we came policemen had run up the stairs, knocking loudly on each door to awaken the tenants. Some of the people managed to escape by way of the stairs, and some over the roof. Others are still in the house and unable to



Hook-and-Ladder Truck

get out, for the fire is now master in the halls and stairs, and in some of the rooms. Poor souls! You can see them standing frightened and helpless at the windows, waiting for the firemen to save them.

While the hose men are busy at the hydrant, other firemen place long ladders against the building. A

number rush inside to help the people out, and the rest of the company begin to throw streams of water on the flames, and also on the houses close by, to keep them from taking fire.

It is a terrible scene! Hundreds of people are gathered in the street, but the police keep them well outside the fire lines. This prevents them from crowding the firemen, and from interfering with their work. The great engines groan and throb as they pump water from the hydrants into the lines of hose, and the smoke they belch forth mingles with that which pours from the windows of the burning house. Frightened children are screaming for their mothers, and mothers chase blindly back and forth through the smoke, looking for their children and calling aloud for them in their terror. The men are trying their best to get their families down to the street by way of the fire escapes. They stumble and fall as they try to reach the ladders, for the platforms of the fire escapes are blocked with piles of rubbish and old carpets, with washtubs and baskets, with garbage pails and coal boxes!

It is frightful to see the men holding fast to their little ones, trying in vain to move the heavy things out of their way. It is the same on every floor, and the tenants, unable to get down, are turning back into the smoke-filled rooms. Look! they are crowding now into the windows, for the stairs are ablaze, and it is

their only chance. Some are climbing out on the sills ready to jump to the ground, while down below the onlookers shout to them to wait, wait!

In a few seconds, which seem like hours to the terror-stricken tenants, they are reached by the firemen who have come up the burning stairs. You can see them lift up women and children, one after another, and pass them out to the firemen who are waiting on the ladders outside to carry them down to the street.

Hark! a loud bell is clanging above the noise of the engines, above the hissing of the water where it falls upon the fire, and above the roar of the flames. It means that the Chief has come! His first act is to order a second alarm, for he knows only too well the awful danger of a tenement-house fire. This alarm brings more engines on the run, and more firemen. They swarm everywhere, and it is impossible to watch them all. Some chop holes in the roof in order to let out the stifling smoke, and others open the skylights and scuttle and help the people out and over into the next house. From the street and from windows in buildings across the way, some throw great streams of water into the fire, and others make their way into the burning house and grope about for those who may have fallen overcome by smoke or by fright. And always, wherever they are, and wherever they may be, they are on the alert for orders, and obey them on the instant.

It is a bitter cold night, and the spray from the streams of water freezes wherever it falls. In spite of the heat from the fire, the window sills are coated with sheets of ice drooping over their edge like a curtain. Icicles hang like fringe from the firemen's helmets, and their rubber coats are frozen stiff and shining like glass. Well do the firemen know the danger of a single misstep on those shaking, slippery ladders, but it makes them only the more careful of the living burdens they carry as they go down the icy rungs.

"He is coming slowly"

Look there, on the fourth floor, if you would see how brave a fireman can be, how quick to act without waiting for orders! Do you see the one I mean, coming down the ladder? Ah, the smoke hides him now, so watch for him lower down. There, he has just passed the third floor! He is coming slowly, for a woman is hanging over his shoulder. See how she shrinks back as

they pass through the flames pouring out from the second floor! I wonder her bending away like that does not throw both of them headlong to the sidewalk. He is almost down now, and other firemen reach up for the woman. Poor thing! she has fainted, and they are calling the ambulance doctor. Think what a weight she must have been for him to carry down that icy, swaying ladder!

Look, children! he is handing over a child, also! It must have been in the mother's arms all the time, and our fireman has saved two lives at the same time. No, not two but three! For he is trying to detach a screaming baby from the hook at his belt where it has been hanging by its clothing! I do not wonder the little thing cries. Ah! now it is off and the young fireman is handing it over, awkwardly enough, to the nearest policeman. Both men are coated with ice, but they are laughing heartily at the baby's novel ride. The ambulance doctor, who has seen it all, does not laugh; nor do we, even when the brave fireman says:

"Here, Connors, take it! I never handled a baby in my life. You have some of your own, so hush it up. It howled that way all the way down, and had me nervous as a cat! I guess it's not used to hanging on a hook!"

See him go up the ladder once more, steadily as a sailor, although burning shutters are dropping, and

falling bricks strike him as he climbs. Down below, the Chief, watching the progress of the fire, directs the men where to throw the water, keeps his eyes on the walls for signs of toppling, and quietly takes note of daring deeds like this.

Gradually the fire is quenched, and toward morning comes the welcome order to "shut off" water. The Chief never delays this order longer than he must. Water often injures property almost as much as fire injures it. So the firemen, whose duty it is to save property, stop pouring on water as soon as it is safe to do so.

The last companies to arrive at a fire are the first to go home. The men of each company sort out and gather up their own hose from the twisted lengths which lie tangled up on the frozen pavement like so many gigantic snakes. Others pile the long ladders on the trucks and unblanket the horses, talking to them a bit, for animals love praise just as people do. One after another the big engines roll toward home, and only our company stays behind.

"First to reach the fire, last to go," is the rule. Carefully our men go over the smoking ruins, looking for smoldering brands which might kindle a second fire. Firemen, hardened as they are to dangers, always dread this final search, lest they find the remains of some unfortunate one lost in the fire. Too often at tenement-

house fires, because of dark and winding stairs, and of fire escapes choked up and made useless by the tenants themselves, death overtakes some even while the firemen are saving others.

Fortunately our firemen find no bodies in the ruins, and they gather up their apparatus to return to their engine house. They are worn out and half frozen, but once inside the house they quickly forget their fierce tussle with the fire, thankful that no man of their number is missing at roll call.

CHAPTER IV

THE LESSONS FIRES TEACH

After every fire, special officers from the Fire Department make a careful examination of the building where it started. These officers are called Fire Marshals, and, it is their duty to learn just what caused the fire, and if a large one, why it gained such headway. Most fires, these officers state, are the result of sheer carelessness. Those persons who have been at fault are warned to be more careful in the future, and to use greater precaution against the outbreak of fires. Should the marshals report, after examination, that the fire was the result neither of carelessness nor of accident, but that it was started on purpose by some one, the police are called upon to find and arrest the guilty one. If the crime can be proved against him, he is sent to prison for a long term, a punishment which he richly merits.

The tenement-house fire told of in the last chapter, was caused by pure carelessness. No one meant to do harm, although a great deal of harm was done, as we saw. There was a bakery on the street floor of the tenement house. In the cellar beneath the shop, the

baker had made his bread and cake, pies and crullers, using a baking range which stood near the stairs. On the night of the fire, he had placed upon the range a big pot of fat, in which to cook some crullers. Fat must be very, very hot to give crullers their rich brown color. The baker knew this, of course, and he also knew that fat catches fire very easily when it stands on a hot stove. Instead of watching it, as he should have done, he went to another part of the cellar to attend to something else. Suddenly he noticed the smell of burning grease, and as he turned, a burst of flame from stove to ceiling told him that the fat had boiled over.

Frightened out of his senses, the man dashed up the stairs and into the street, yelling Fire! Fire! at every step, but never thinking to rouse the twenty families lying sound asleep above what was now a roaring furnace. A policeman, hearing the baker's frantic cries, hurriedly sent in a fire alarm, and then ran up the stairs of the burning house, pounding on every door with his night stick, and shouting to the tenants to awake. The alarm he rang was the 3, 4, 2, we heard come in at the fire-engine house, and our magic caps helped us to see what followed.

Every fire teaches its own special lesson for the people to heed. This fire taught more than one. It showed what terrible harm can come of carelessness in handling inflammable things. It taught the folly and the awful

danger of blocking up fire escapes so that they are impassable when needed most. It taught a third lesson. Which one of you can discover and point it out?

A Blocked-up Fire Escape

The most awful hotel fire New York has ever known was traced to the tossing away of a match while it was yet alight. It fell against a lace curtain hanging before an open window. In another instant the flimsy curtain was ablaze, and the flames, fanned by the wind, ate their way all unnoticed through one ceiling after another up the front of the building. Let me tell you more about it:

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of March, 1899. The big Windsor Hotel, with all its flags flying, smiled down on a long line of green-scarfed men parading Fifth Avenue in honor of the good St. Patrick. The hotel covered the avenue block from Forty-sixth to Forty-seventh Street, and its windows, up to the sixth story, were filled with guests

watching the gay scene. The sidewalks were black with crowds who sang and whistled the lively Irish airs the bands played as they marched by.

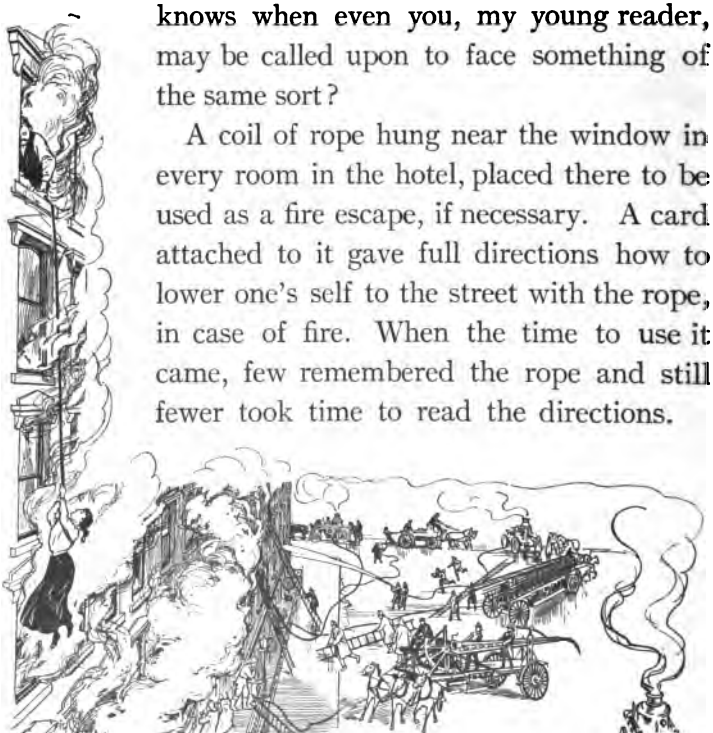
A waiter in the hotel caught sight of the blazing curtains, and he hurried to the main entrance, shouting loudly, "Fire! Fire! The Windsor is afire!"

But his excited cries were drowned in the music outside, and within all was wild confusion. Unfortunately, no one thought of sending in a fire alarm. Or else, as often happens, every one thought that some one else had done so. Finally a man in the street noticed smoke curling about the hotel roof, and drew the attention of a policeman to it. The next second the alarm was ringing, and within a minute and a half the first fire engines were on the spot. A dozen firemen, seeing the terrible danger the guests were in, swarmed like squirrels up the long ladders even while they were being raised against the hotel walls.

The guests in the hotel, hearing the engines, looked up and down the avenue idly, wondering where the fire might be, and thinking it a pity that the parade was spoiled. Little did they dream that even then great fans of flame were sweeping through the halls behind their rooms, cutting off all chance of escape in that direction. Indeed, the sight of the firemen's helmets rising directly in front of their windows, gave many of them their first warning of danger.

It would be far too sad a story were I to describe the awful things that happened that lovely spring day. Instead, let me tell you how a number of lives were saved by coolness in the face of danger, by ready obedience to orders, or through deeds of loyalty and of true heroism. And as you read, will you not look for the lesson each little story tells, and take it to heart? Who knows when even you, my young reader, may be called upon to face something of the same sort?

A coil of rope hung near the window in every room in the hotel, placed there to be used as a fire escape, if necessary. A card attached to it gave full directions how to lower one's self to the street with the rope, in case of fire. When the time to use it came, few remembered the rope and still fewer took time to read the directions.



"lowered her safely to the street"

One man, however, kept perfectly cool and remembered both. Carefully fastening the rope about the body of his daughter, he lowered her safely to the street. Some one loosened the rope and the man hauled it up again. He lowered his wife next in the same manner. When he hauled the rope up again, the fire had already burned its way into his room. The flames leaped toward the open window, but the man remained cool and even waited to wrap towels about his hands before sliding down the rope. A minute later he stood safely on the sidewalk, his hands not so much as blistered, ready to aid in assisting the escape of others.

In one of the larger rooms of the hotel, thirty little children were having a dancing lesson. A maid who was with them, happened to open the door into the hall. Hastily she threw it shut again. She had seen the smoke and flames outside, but she was wise enough not to scream. Instead she whispered a quick word into the teacher's ear. Both women were now white as chalk, and the teacher trembled for her little charges as she glanced at their thin lace frocks.

Only for a second, however. She controlled herself with a great effort, and quietly told the children that the lesson was over for the day. With the help of the maids present, she hurried them into their cloaks. These were heavy, she reasoned, and would not catch fire so quickly as the thin dresses the children wore.

She bade them form in line, each holding the next by the hand, and *not to let go*, for any reason whatever. Then she told them to follow her wherever she might lead. As she opened the door, the little ones started back in fear at sight of the fire beyond it. But she promised to get all of them safely out, if they kept tight hold of hands and followed where she led.

Then the long line began to move. Hugging the walls, creeping along the floor, twisting its way down the smoke-filled staircases, the little band finally reached the street, every one safe and sound, simply because of obedience to orders. The children, obeying one clear-headed leader, marched out in as orderly a manner as in a school fire drill, in spite of the terrible smoke and flames. And so it came about that thirty children were saved at a fire where many grown-up men and women were unable to escape.

In another room in the hotel, a lady lay ill in bed. Her trained nurse heard a strange noise in the hall, and looked out. Against the awful background of reddened smoke and whirling flame, she saw two men running wildly to and fro, hunting in vain for the stairways. She knew that the stairs were at the other end of the building, and that the fire roared between. It was plain that the men could never reach them, so she pulled both into her room, locked the door after them, and dropped the key into her pocket. The excited men

tried to force it from her. She smiled quietly, and calmly told them that she would show them the way out if they would follow her.

Wrapping a blanket about her patient, she carried her bodily to the fire escape outside the window, afraid to trust her to the frightened men, who were so much stronger than herself. Then down the ladder she went, bearing her burden bravely, and bidding the half-crazed men follow. Halfway down firemen came to meet her, and presently all four were safe in the street.

Loyalty to duty, even in the face of deadly peril, led the nurse to save her patient; and woman though she was, her coolness and determination saved the lives of two men so overcome by fear that they were unable to help themselves. The same loyalty to duty kept the elevator boys, Joyce and Guion, at their posts when they might have made their escape. Each of these heroes made trip after trip, carrying his car up and down, up and down, rescuing guests from the upper floors, and stopping only when the elevator shaft had turned into a column of solid, roaring flame. Poor and unknown, these two young men proved themselves that day heroes of the highest type.

Some of you may have heard of the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago. Many lives were lost that afternoon, chiefly because few in the audience knew where to find the exits, and their fright turned into mad and

senseless panic. The lesson the horror of this fire brings home to all, is one you should never, never let yourselves forget. Put into simple words, it tells you always to

Look for the exit nearest you, whenever you are in a theater or any other crowded place, and remember where it is. You will know it by the red light burning there and the word EXIT.

If people would only remember, in case of fire, to move toward the nearest exit quietly, and in an orderly manner, escape would be within the reach of all, and panic would be unknown. You have seen how quickly the fire drill empties a crowded school. This is because the pupils march out in order, each section taking the nearest staircase. Imagine the confusion, if the children were permitted, in a fire drill or in a quick dismissal, to rush about hunting for stairs. Then imagine what would happen if smoke and flames were about them! It is really too dreadful to think about, yet this is just what happened in the Iroquois Theater, and in many other theaters and churches which have caught fire when crowded with people. Is not this a lesson plain enough for all to profit by, and to remember for all time?

CHAPTER V

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

The child who must learn maxims by heart, may not always discover the kernel of wisdom each one contains, until it has been pointed out. All of you, however, who read these pages, are old enough to understand the real meaning in the sound and excellent maxim: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Of course, no one can buy "prevention" by the ounce, nor sell "cure" by the pound. The maxim means simply that it is easier and better to prevent trouble than to cure it after it has come; or that the use of a little prevention will save a great deal of cure. This is true of all kinds of trouble, from illness which destroys our health, to fire which destroys our property.

We have seen how the Fire Department does its best to put out fires. It must also do its best to prevent fires. It is here that the citizens can help, and that they are expected to help. Too often fires are caused by their carelessness. I have made use of the word "citizens." I am not sure that all of you understand what the word means, and it is important that you should understand. "Citizens," as I use the term in this book,

are all the people, men, women, and children, who live in any one place. That is to say, all the people who live in New York city are meant, when I speak of the citizens of New York; and all the people who live in some other city are citizens of that other city.

In the story of the tenement-house fire, you read of the hard work the firemen had, trying to save the lives and also the property of the tenants. All of it might have been prevented, if the careless baker had only paid a little attention to his kettle of boiling fat. Picture to yourselves the fright and distress of the poor tenants, awakened from sleep to face blazing staircases and halls black with choking smoke. Proper care on the part of the baker would have saved all this, and it would have proved an "ounce of prevention" worth many pounds of cure.

In the chapter describing the burning of the beautiful hotel, where many persons lost their lives in broad daylight, you learned that the fire was started by a burning match tossed lightly away without a thought of the harm it might do. If the man who struck it had only been careful enough to blow it out before casting it aside, the fire would not have occurred. Surely, surely, this tiny bit of care would have been an "ounce of prevention" of untold value.

It is just such little "ounces" as these that citizens should use to prevent fires. How often they neglect

to use them may be seen in the number of fires which break forth every day. I am sorry to say that our little citizens are to blame for some of these fires. You may guess that I mean the great fires that are sometimes started by your bonfires and your firecrackers. I do. Both kinds of amusement are dangerous, to yourselves and to others; and whenever you play with fire in any form you should watch it every moment lest the pretty servant become the terrible master.

The sparks which fly so gaily from your bonfire are quite as dangerous as the sparks which, blown from other bonfires into an open window or against some dry awning, have started disastrous fires. Nor is this the worst they can do.

The sight of children dancing around a merry bonfire, sends a cold chill to many a mother's aching heart. To one, it may bring back the day when a single glowing spark set her little girl's frock aflame, and before help could come burned the child to death. To another it brings the memory of a little boy's misstep and sudden fall into a gloriously blazing bonfire. Here, rescuing hands were quick to lift the child from the flames, but not quick enough to save him from burns which made him hopelessly blind. These are but two of the sad stories many unhappy mothers could tell, for the list of accidents caused by the pretty bonfires is very, very long.

Longer still is the list of cases where toy pistols, firecrackers, and other fireworks are to blame for dreadful scars, for loss of sight or hearing, and for bodies maimed or crippled for life. Young citizens cannot be too careful with fireworks. Besides causing many injuries, and setting many houses on fire, the sudden explosion of firecrackers often frightens horses into running away. The wagons or carriages to which they are harnessed overturn, and the people in them are thrown out and hurt. Persons who cannot get out of the way of the flying hoofs are trampled, and sometimes the animal as it tears by starts other runaways.

Bonfires and firecrackers, however, are not the only things by which children cause fires. How about matches? Do you always look to see that the last spark is out before you throw one away? Are you always careful to watch where it falls? Matches are dangerous even when lying idle, as you shall presently see. The care of matches before using them would prove a valuable ounce of prevention. Grown-up people are always busy. Would it not be a fine thing if the children, the little citizens, would make it their special duty to look after the household matches?

Let us see what you can do in this direction, and how you can prevent disastrous fires. First of all, you can look to it that the matches are stored in a safe place, away from the heat of the stove, and out of reach of

the very little children. Then you can protect the match heads from mice. Do you know that these cunning little creatures like to nibble at match heads, and that their hard teeth often set the matches afire? Many a building has been burned to the ground by a fire started in this very way. If you little citizens will but see that the matches are kept in a covered metal or china box, no hungry little mouse can do such dreadful damage. Another ounce of prevention you can employ lies in making it a habit to pick up any match you see lying on the floor or the street, and to put it where it can do no harm. Women have sometimes had their skirts set on fire, and have been burned, merely through stepping upon a match which blazed up as the shoe struck it in passing.

Have you ever noticed the sudden puff gas makes when, after turning it on, you hold a lighted match to the burner? This puff is the noise of the explosion which always follows when a flame, or even a spark, meets a mixture of gas and air. When you opened the key back of the burner in order to light the gas, it allowed only a little of the gas to escape; therefore the explosion which followed was tiny. There would have been a big explosion had you allowed a large quantity of gas to escape, before you touched the lighted match to it. In place of the small and steady flame you wished to obtain, you would have found your

clothing and the whole room around you ablaze in an instant, and the explosion would have shattered the walls and windows more quickly than you could break a glass.

The gas we use for heating and lighting is perfectly harmless so long as it burns under control. It is very dangerous when it escapes. The keys or cocks on stoves and fixtures should therefore always be shut securely when not in actual use. Loose keys are dangerous and should be promptly tightened. Where a rubber tube is used to connect a lamp or a stove to a distant gas fixture, it should fit closely at both ends. The rubber in the tube wears out quickly, and then allows the gas to leak through. Replacing a leaky tube with a new one is an ounce of prevention that should not be put off a single day.

Gas has a strong odor, and whenever we smell it, we may be sure it is escaping somewhere. It is never safe to search for the leak with a light. People are very careless in this way, and often cause an explosion which will start a fire, and perhaps lead to the loss of life. It is far wiser to feel one's way in the dark to the nearest window and throw it open, or even smash the glass, in order to let the gas out and the fresh air in, than to hunt for the leak with a lighted match or candle, and risk a terrible explosion.

Citizens should always remember to use the ounce of

prevention when handling inflammable fluids like alcohol, kerosene, benzine, naphtha, and turpentine. Cans and bottles containing them should never be left standing uncorked. When they are left open the fumes escape into the room in much the same way that gas does from an open burner. The flame of a match, a candle, or a lamp, even the heat from the kitchen stove, will set the fumes ablaze more quickly than a match will light gas. When the fumes take fire an explosion follows, and the blazing stuff is scattered in all directions.

Not one of these dangerous fluids should ever be handled at night, or in the evening. When one of them is used the work should be done at an open window, and always early in the day. The fumes will then have been blown away before it grows dark enough for lights. For the same reason, lamps and oil stoves should always be cleaned and refilled in the morning.

Citizens should never allow piles of rubbish to collect in a cellar or near a stairway. A burning match or a cigarette carelessly thrown away, can start a dangerous fire in such a pile very easily.

I wonder whether any of you know that great fires may begin without so much as a spark to start them. This may sound strange, but it is true. It happens very often where oily rags, paints, and papers are left in a closet, or near a stove or radiator. The oily rags used for cleaning purposes ought to be buried afterward,

under cold ashes or sand. People who think it necessary to save them from one day to the next, should always keep them in a cool place in a covered stone jar, or in a clay flower-pot. Do you not think it far better, all around, to take this bit of trouble, than to be awakened in the dead of night by flames crackling about you?

It is the citizen's duty to keep his fire escapes clear, for who can tell when or where a fire may break out? Fire escapes are intended to help people escape from a burning house; they are not intended to be used as a handy storage place for things which are in the way indoors, nor yet as a convenient shelf for plants.

Suppose you had been caught in the tenement-house fire, instead of having watched it from the outside; do you think you could ever forget the terrible danger which lies in a choked-up fire escape? Truly a clear fire escape is an ounce of prevention that is always well worth while.

Every citizen, young or old, should know how to send a fire alarm, as well as where to find the fire-alarm box nearest his home and nearest his place of business. This may seem a very small ounce of prevention, but even small things have their uses. In case of fire, the time wasted in hunting for the fire-alarm box, or in blundering over giving the fire signal, may mean loss of life which the firemen, by arriving earlier, might have saved.

To send an alarm:

Turn the handle on the door of the alarm box toward the right. This will ring a bell and open the door. Do not run away, for you have NOT *yet sent the alarm. The bell is only a signal to the nearest policeman that some one has opened the box. When the door of the box opens, you will see a hook inside. Pull this hook downward, once* ONLY.

Sending an Alarm

You have now sent the alarm, and the Fire Department will do the rest. Remain standing at the box, however, until the policeman comes. If you cannot wait, tell any passer-by just where the fire is, and ask him to tell the policeman when he arrives at the box. Unless you do this, who will direct the firemen, as they rush by, just where to go? And who will be to blame for the valuable time they lose in trying to locate the fire?

I hope none of you will ever be caught in a burning building. If it should happen to you while in school, the best thing to do is to

SIT STILL, KEEP STILL, AND WAIT FOR ORDERS.

Depend upon your teacher and pin your faith to the fire drill. You know how quickly it empties the school when there is no fire. It will surely take no longer, even though you see smoke and flames. Never mind about your clothing. Better to lose that than your life. Obey every signal promptly and quietly, as always, and do not be silly enough to scream and frighten others. Leave everything to your teachers. They will surely get you out in safety, just as that other teacher did when she saved the little girls of the dancing class in the Windsor Hotel.

CHAPTER VI

OBEYING THE FIREMEN'S ORDERS

If you should be in a church, a theater, or a factory when fire breaks out, make your way to the nearest exit as fast as you can. Show those around you the way there, but never, never push them aside. There is always time for all to escape in an orderly manner, and pushing will start a fight or a panic, and cause fatal delay. If you cannot find the exit, stand near a window, or in any other place where the firemen can see you, and wait there until they come. They will rescue you if you stand still and obey orders.

In the following account, you may read the true story of a thrilling rescue, due to a man's readiness to obey the order of a fireman, though to do so involved a frightful risk.

The Hotel Royal in New York was a mass of flame from cellar to roof when the noise awoke from sound sleep a guest who had been forgotten in the excitement of the fire. He opened the door of his room and looked into the corridor. A single glance showed him that he could never reach the staircase alive. Shutting the door,

he hurried to the window and clambered out. Standing there upon the outside sill, he wondered what to do next. He could see firemen on a roof near by, and as they looked across they caught sight of him.

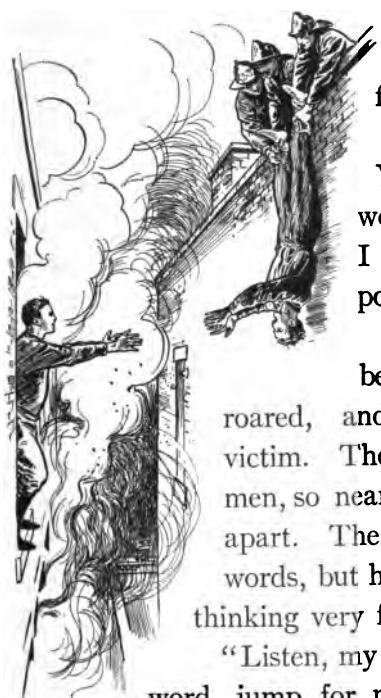
The space between them was only a few feet, but the window sill where the man stood was one story below the roof where the firemen were. They were very close, it seemed, to the man who needed their help so sorely, yet they were just too far away to give it. How the firemen longed for a single plank to bridge the space, or for a rope to throw across it! There was no time to send for either one or the other, for the greedy flames were already lighting the room the man had just left.

The poor man, standing on the sill, looked hopelessly across the narrow space, and then at the fire glowing red behind him. Truly, it seemed, there was nothing left but to jump to the ground five stories below. It meant death, he knew, but it was a death less painful than to die by fire. The firemen on the roof seemed to read his thoughts. It was more than they could bear. Standing so close, how could they let the man leap to his death before their very eyes?

"Don't jump!" shouted the captain. "Wait!" And commanding his men to hold his feet, he flung himself head foremost over the edge of the roof. Then he stretched far out to reach the man standing on the

window sill. It was impossible, the distance was too great!

The man he was trying to save saw the fireman's intention, saw his brave effort, and saw its failure also. He thanked the fireman for it, and then added, firmly:



"He leaped forward"

"It's no use, Captain. You cannot do it. It would only kill you, too. I weigh two hundred pounds."

The black smoke curled between them. The flames roared, and leaped toward their victim. The heat was scorching both men, so near each other, yet so far apart. The captain heard the man's words, but he paid no heed. He was thinking very fast. Then he spoke:

"Listen, my man! When I give the word, jump for me, with your hands far out. I can catch you. *Now!*"

It was a desperate order, and it called for a desperate act. But the man obeyed it on the instant. With arms outstretched he leaped forward, and the gallant captain caught him by both wrists!

Very likely some of you have seen men do this on a flying trapeze. Perhaps you have tried it yourself in a gymnasium and think it an easy thing. It may be for those who are trained to it by much practice, and where nets or cushioned mats are spread to catch them should they miss or fall. It was different here. Clouds of smoke whirled between the captain and the man he was trying to save. Instead of nets carefully spread to break the possible fall, a stone pavement awaited them seventy feet below. The one man had never trained, and the other, head downward, was hanging across a roof edge that cut painfully into his flesh.

It was a daring and wonderful act for both, and it succeeded. Yet even as the men hung there, the one holding up the other, it seemed all to no purpose. The captain weighed quite as much as the man he held by the wrists, and the three firemen on the roof, tugging, pulling, straining all their strength, were unable to draw up the two who hung dangling from the roof edge.

What chance was there now for the man who had taken the daring leap? Would the brave captain be forced, after all, to let him drop? Not he! not he! though his arms felt as if they were being pulled from his body. Not he! Was he not a New York fireman trained and expected to use his brain as well as his hands, and to act quickly in emergency?

Let the man drop? Oh no! Instead, he gripped

his wrists the tighter, and then began to swing him from side to side, like the pendulum in a clock. Slowly he moved at first, very slowly, because of his weight. Then gradually faster and in wider arcs, swinging ever higher, inch by inch, until at last the other firemen on the roof, by reaching far down, caught hold of the man and pulled him up to safety. Then, but not till then, did the captain loose his hold upon the wrists of the man he had saved. The firemen on the roof lost no time, you may be sure, in drawing their heroic leader up, and the rescue, at one time so hopeless, was complete!

Next day the world rang with praises for the captain, but that hero considered his act but a simple thing such as any other fireman might have done. To my mind, honor is due both to the saver and the saved. The one did his duty as he saw it, never counting his own risk or suffering. The other played his part equally well, keeping cool under the most frightful conditions, and bravely obeying a most desperate order.

The records of the Fire Department are crowded with true hero stories. Its men are always ready to protect the property of the citizens as well as their lives, no matter into what dangers it may plunge them. Not one ever forgets, even for a moment, that the honor of all is in the keeping of each, and consequently no risk is too great for him to take. The men never think of a personal reward, but the Fire Department roll of honor

is long, and I am glad to say many of the members have received medals for their bravery, and promotion for their deeds of merit and true heroism.

"Many have received medals for their bravery"

CHAPTER VII

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Fire is not the only danger which threatens people who live in cities. Wherever a large number of people dwell in one place, some persons among them always make trouble for the others. The wicked ones rob or illtreat their neighbors, and those who are merely careless do harm in other ways. You sometimes see the same thing in school, when the naughty children and the heedless ones annoy others by their misconduct.

Schools have certain rules to prevent disorder, and all the pupils, good and bad alike, must obey them. Cities have rules also, or "laws," as they are called, to secure peace and safety for the people at large; and like schools they punish those who disobey the laws. The punishment is necessary to make people respect the laws, and to prevent wrongdoing.

Rules and laws, whether few or many, are of little value unless there are officers who see that they are obeyed. The principal and teachers do this in school, and sometimes they ask trustworthy pupils to help them. In large cities like New York, the Mayor appoints a Commissioner of Police for this purpose. His duty is

to *enforce* the laws. In other words, he must see that every one who lives in the city, or who visits it, refrains from breaking its laws.

The larger the city and the more crowded it is, the more laws it needs. The city of New York, for example, has a great many laws, and it would take you a very long time to learn them. This is really not necessary, for so long as you act honestly, behave in an orderly manner, and do nothing to interfere with the rights of any one else, you are in no danger of breaking these laws.

Police Headquarters, New York

It is not an easy task to see that the four millions of people who live in New York obey its laws. It means that hundreds of streets must be watched, and many miles of water front and piers, piled high with valuable freight, must be guarded. The sailors on the ships which come and go in the waters must be kept under control, and the strangers who visit the city must be

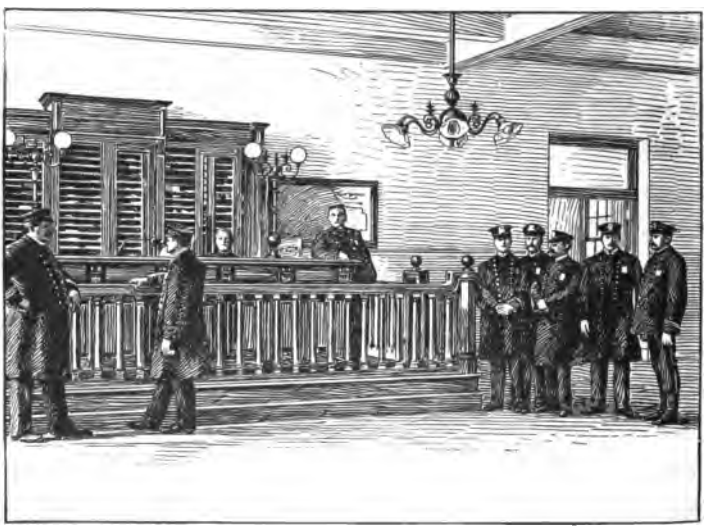
properly cared for and protected from harm. Day and night this work, and much more than this, goes on year after year, in order to guard the citizens and their property from the harm the thoughtless ones and the evil-minded can do.

Of course, no one man could attend to all this unaided. It requires a force of picked and trained men; a force so large that it is an army in itself. It is an honor to belong to this army, for only intelligent men can be admitted to it; men who, like the firemen, are clear of brain, strong in body, and true at heart. The Commissioner of Police is the commander of this splendid army, and there are inspectors, and captains, and other officers to see that his orders are carried out. The soldiers in this army are called policemen, or, more properly, patrolmen. They wear a dark blue uniform with brass buttons, and a shield of office is pinned on the breast. It is a uniform to be proud of, and orderly persons respect and obey the man who wears it, because, while wearing it, he represents the law.

Every policeman is carefully drilled in the duties he may be called upon to perform at any moment. These duties are to enforce the law; to lend help in case of accident; and to protect the people and their property from every kind of danger at all times. In doing his duty the policeman often exposes himself to risks quite as sudden and terrible as those the fireman must face,

but not one policeman in many thousand ever shows cowardice at such a time.

To simplify its police work, the city is divided into inspection districts, which are subdivided into "precincts." These precincts lie one next to another, so that every



In a Station House

foot of the city is included in some precinct. Some precincts are larger than others, but each has its own station house and its own company of men. Each precinct is, in turn, divided into sections of blocks called "posts," each post meeting the next one. In crowded neighborhoods the posts are much shorter than in peaceful and quiet sections. The beat is patrolled night and day

by policemen who take charge of it in regular order, one relieving another. While on post duty, the policeman is ever on the watch for signs of fire as well as of disorder, accident, or crime.

Grown-up citizens respect the policeman and obey him, because he represents the law. Many boys, on the other hand, are foolish enough to dislike him because he forbids them to play ball, throw stones, or build bonfires in the streets, and because he puts a stop to their fights even when these are perfectly fair. They do not consider that he cannot permit such things because they are forbidden by law. They forget that his duty is to protect people from harm, and that what seems fun to the boys may prove dangerous to others, and must, therefore, be stopped.

Not long ago a sweet little girl was trampled upon by a runaway horse and was very badly hurt. The animal had been standing quiet enough, when he was suddenly struck in the face by a sharp bit of wood. It was only a "cat" which a boy, with one swift stroke of his stick, had sent flying across the street; but it frightened the horse and sent him dashing blindly down the road. Before he could be stopped the wagon he was drawing was smashed, and a little girl was thrown down and trampled upon. Does any one of you think fun which can have so sad a result, a fair sort of fun?

Fortunately such accidents do not always follow what

we may call "one-sided fun," but that does not make it right to knock a "cat," or to throw a stone, or to pitch a swift ball where it may break a window or strike a passer-by. Would it help the injured person to know that the "cat," or the ball, or the stone was not aimed at him?

The law forbids fights for equally good reasons. Fighting may hurt one or both fighters, and it draws a crowd which leads in turn to further disorder. Is it fair, do you think, to blame the policeman who stops your fighting, just as he stops any one else from breaking other laws? It is his duty to do so, and he deserves credit and respect for it, rather than dislike. Some day, perhaps, the boys who now believe the policeman to be their worst enemy, may learn that he is their best friend. A friend, you know, is one to whom you can turn for help when you need it. No man stands more ready to lend help than does the policeman, and every citizen, young or old, has the right to ask him for such help at any hour.

The policeman, better than any one else, knows what to do when trouble arises, and he does it without delay. He takes charge of lost children, and sees that they are well cared for until returned to their parents. He helps people, and also animals, that have been hurt in an accident, and sends for the right persons to give further help, if he cannot do all that may be necessary.

He looks after persons found in need of food or of shelter, taken ill in the street, or made helpless or disorderly by liquor. He has been taught to give "first aid." This means that he knows what it is best to do for a sufferer, before the arrival of the ambulance doctor whom he sends for when needed. Using first-aid knowledge, he can often stop serious bleeding, and also restore people overcome by gas or smoke. He can ease the pain caused by a burn, lessen the ill effects of poison, and help persons who have had bones broken to rest more comfortably. The policeman can do all this and is always ready to do it. Can you expect more than this of your nearest friend?

No one hesitates to appeal to a warm friend for help, and no one, man or child, need ever hesitate to appeal to the police for help in time of danger or trouble. The officer you ask will himself help you if he can; if unable to do so he will direct you where to find the sort of help you need. If you have lost your way, the officer will tell you how to reach the place you are looking for. If you are homeless and have no money to pay for a lodging, he will tell you where you can sleep, free of charge, for the night. If you are starving, he will see that you are fed, even though he and his brother officers have to pay for the food out of their own money. If he sees that you are ill, he will call an ambulance and send you to the hospital. If you find yourself in danger, he will

guide you to safety. If you see others in danger and tell the nearest policeman, he will instantly put out a helping hand and rescue them.

Only a short time ago some boys were building a large snow house, pretending they were Eskimos. The youngest of them had crawled through the low doorway to smooth the walls from within. Suddenly the house caved in, and the little worker inside was buried under great blocks of snow. His comrades worked wildly with their shovels, but they made little headway. One, wiser than the rest, dropped his shovel and ran for the nearest policeman. Breathless, he told him what had happened. The officer, glancing about for help, saw a group of street cleaners at work near by. Calling to them to bring their shovels and follow, he hurried them to the fallen snow house. A few moments of quick shoveling uncovered the boy, who was then unconscious. Using first-aid knowledge, the officer soon restored the lad, whose life was saved not by any deed of heroism, but through the officer's quick and intelligent response to the young citizen's appeal for help.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE POLICE KEEP ORDER IN THE CITY

Who can explain briefly what keeping order in a big city means?

If I were to ask you what keeping order in your home means, one of you would very likely reply, "Behaving," and another, "Not quarreling." Some dear little girl, I am sure, would chime in with "Keeping things clean." If I were to ask you what keeping order in your school means, you might tell me, "Doing one's work well," "Obeying the rules," "Letting others alone." These are the correct answers, and they are equally correct when telling how order should be kept in a large city.

"Behaving" and "Not quarreling" are quite as much the duties of grown-up people as of children. Rough conduct and fighting, whether with words or with blows, interfere with the peace of others. They can easily cause serious trouble where many people are crowded close together, as in a city street.

"Keeping things clean" is, as all of us know, necessary in the home; it is even more necessary to keep the city clean. Just imagine what the streets would look like if untidy persons were permitted to throw their

sweepings, garbage, ashes, or scrub water upon the sidewalks and pavements! It would be unpleasant enough if only one person, here or there, did that sort of thing. Think what it would be if hundreds did it! We should have to live in streets reeking with sickening odors; clouds of dust would be blown about by the wind; our eyes and throats would trouble us, and there would be much illness. To prevent such a state of affairs, the police are on the alert for those who misbehave in this way. The police do not clean the city, but they do all they can to keep it clean, by arresting those who willfully cause it to be dirty.

"Obeying the rules" is important everywhere and all the time. "Doing one's work well" and "Letting others alone" are habits which make good and orderly citizens, exactly as they make good and orderly pupils. It is plain to see that a great city would be a disagreeable place in which to live, if its people were to break laws when they feel like it, or to neglect their own work, or to interfere with that of their neighbors. When such things do not occur in a city, it shows that the police do their duty and enforce the laws made to prevent disorders of these kinds.

Some of you think the policeman has an easy task, because you have never seen him do more than help people across the street, take a disorderly person to the station house, or put out a bonfire lest its sparks start

a fire elsewhere. You may even think him idle, having so often seen him standing at the corner watching the boys play marbles or fly kites. Very likely he is idle; he may even be far back in his boyhood, thinking of the time when he could shoot a marble straighter and fly a kite higher than any other boy he knew. But let any one break the law within his sight or hearing; let an accident of any kind occur, a cry for help ring out, or a fire alarm be sent in, and he will hurry to the spot, ready to do the right thing in the right way.

A Mounted Policeman

Policemen must always be on the alert for disorder, because the Police Department, like the Fire Department, knows the value of the ounce of prevention, and makes constant use of it. That is why you always find policemen standing along the line of a procession, and in all other places where large numbers of people come together. That is the reason, also, why the police always investigate the cause of a crowd.

A crowd may be perfectly harmless; but it may also mean that something is wrong, and it is the policeman's duty to find out. A crowd gathers very quickly in a

big city, and grows larger every moment. Passers-by join it, and others come running from a distance, curious to learn what unusual thing has happened. Very soon the crowd blocks the sidewalk, and people who wish to pass are delayed needlessly. Thieves are attracted, and they find it easy to steal watches and purses from the bystanders. This makes it clear, why the policeman always tries to break up a crowd and to make the people in it "move on," as he calls it.

If an accident or other mishap should have drawn the crowd, the officer does what he can to set things right. He may possibly need help. If his signal fails to bring a second officer immediately, or the ambulance if he has sent for it, the policeman has the right to ask help of the persons about; and they must not refuse to give such help. Very often the trouble is something easily righted by the use of plain common sense. Somehow, when accidents happen, the policeman often seems to be the only one about who shows common sense. The following story is a good illustration of this:

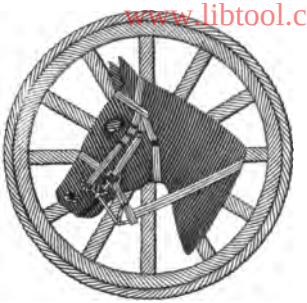
One day a horse stepped into the end of a deep trench in the street, which had not been properly protected. Some one had been careless, and some one else had to suffer for it, as is often the case. The wagon was too wide to fall into the trench, and the terrified horse hung between the shafts, kicking and plunging wildly as over and over again he tried to get a foothold. A crowd

formed, as crowds will, and it grew so fast that the street was soon blocked with trucks unable to drive past. The men laughed at the unlucky driver and gave him plenty of impossible advice, but no one lent a hand to help. Presently a policeman came up, shouldering his way through the crowd. As soon as he saw what was wrong he whipped out his knife, cut the harness, and backed the wagon away. The horse sank deeper into the trench, of course, but as he landed on his feet, he stopped kicking.

How to get him out was the next problem. The policeman looked about and saw that one of the delayed trucks was loaded with lumber. Borrowing some planks, and ordering the bystanders to help, he soon rigged up a rude but strong walk slanting up in front of the horse, from the bottom of the trench to the top. The horse was then led up the walk and put back into the driver's charge. The crowd melted away as quickly as it had formed, and the affair was over. What the policeman did was surely simple enough, but why had no one else thought of doing it?

Ordinary policemen are expected to quell ordinary disorder, and to give help and protection under ordinary circumstances. Special policemen, it has been found, are needed in all large cities for special work. In New York, for example, there are several kinds of special policemen. There is a Traffic Squad, whose duty it is

to manage the moving of vehicles through the city streets. Some of its men are mounted on horses, others do their work afoot. You will know the members of the Traffic Squad by the horse's head within a wheel embroidered on the sleeve of their uniform. The Bicycle Police have swift bicycles to help them in their special duty, which is to catch runaway horses, and to stop the men who drive horses or automobiles faster than the law allows, or who try to escape after having caused an accident. The men of the Health Squad assist the Department of Health in its work of guarding the city from disease. Their special badge is a red cross on a green field, sewn to the sleeve. The Boiler Squad men must inspect the boilers in large buildings, factories, or steamboats, to see that they are perfectly safe. The men of the Harbor Squad patrol the water front, usually in boats, watching for



Traffic Squad Badge

Harbor Squad Badge

river thieves, lending aid in wrecks and accidents, rescuing those who fall overboard, and arresting sailors who misbehave. The men of the Detective Squad are kept busy looking for wrongdoers who try to escape the punishment they deserve. The plain-clothes men (police officers dressed in ordinary clothing) go about the city hearing and seeing many things carefully hidden from the policemen in uniform. The news these plain-clothes men gather and report to headquarters, provides many an ounce of prevention which the Police Department is glad to use in its constant fight against disorder and crime.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE POLICE DEPARTMENT FIGHTS CRIME

Crime is an ugly word, and it stands for ugly deeds. Disorder is bad enough to contend with, but crime is far worse. We have seen that the policeman's duty is to watch for disorder and to put a stop to it wherever it arises. It is also his duty to prevent crime and to bring criminals to punishment. Men commit crime because of anger, envy, or greed; but they are generally very careful not to do it when the policeman is in sight. This is why it is hard for the Police Department to prevent crime altogether; still, care and watchfulness on the part of its officers can prevent a great deal of crime which the wicked and cowardly would otherwise commit. When, despite their care and watchfulness, a crime occurs, it is the duty of the police to find the guilty person and arrest him.

The law punishes those who are found guilty of crime, by shutting them up in prison. No one wants to go to prison, you may be sure; so criminals try to hide themselves, as well as their crimes, from the police. This makes the detection of criminals and of hidden crime a hard task. The men who show themselves

specially clever in this sort of police work are made detectives. It is part of their duty to become familiar with the habits of criminals and with their manner of life. This would be impossible, of course, if they were recognized as policemen. Therefore they dress like ordinary citizens, and do not display their shields except when making an arrest.

The Tombs (City Prison), New York

When a crime has been committed the detectives are ordered to find out who did the deed, and to discover the hiding place of the evil-doer and then arrest him. Sometimes they succeed promptly and bring the criminal to trial. In other cases it takes longer and may require skillful work. Again, with all their care, they sometimes make a mistake and arrest a man who is

innocent of the crime. This is unfortunate for the innocent man, and most unpleasant. The wisest thing for the man to do in such a case, is to submit quietly to the arrest, and go with the officer to the station house. Very likely he can clear himself while there; if not, he must wait patiently until at the right time and place he can prove his innocence.

Detectives must be courageous men, quick to think and quick to act, if need be. They are continually in danger, when off duty as well as when on it; for the men with whom they have to deal, and whom they seek to arrest, do not hesitate to do desperate deeds.

Robbery, in one form or another, is the most frequent crime and the one that good police work can largely prevent. Every policeman must be always on the watch for it. When patrolling his post at night, the policeman tries every front door, and glances sharply at cellar and street-floor windows. Should he find one of them open, he knows it means one of two things. Either the person who should have locked it has been careless, or else a thief is at work inside. It is the officer's duty to search carefully, and if he finds neither a thief nor any signs of robbery, he fastens the window himself, if he can, or else he notifies the owner to do so.

As he marches back and forth over his post he keeps his eyes open for people who act in a suspicious manner. Men who carry odd-shaped bundles after night-

fall are politely asked to explain what is in them. No honest man should refuse to answer, or to show what he is carrying at such an hour. He knows the policeman has the right to ask, and that in doing so he is protecting the citizens. The man who pretends to be insulted at the question, or who fails to give a satisfactory account of himself, is naturally looked upon as a "suspicious character;" and the officer has the right to arrest him and to take him to the station house. Very often the suspicious bundle, when examined, proves to contain stolen goods, and the man carrying it is either the thief himself, or his partner in crime.

Men who loiter in dark places late at night are likely to be watched by the policeman. They may be burglars awaiting the chance to break into a house unseen, or the friends of burglars already at work. If so, they are wicked men and likely to attack the policeman should he come too near. The officer who attempts to interfere with men of this class knows that he does so at the risk of his life. But this never stops him, for whatever faults the policemen may have, they are not cowards. Indeed, the list is long and honorable of men who, single-handed, have fought two or three such ruffians and brought them to the station house.

Another duty no policeman ever hesitates in performing, is to lend help when a citizen or his property is attacked. When the attack is made by one or two

persons the officer is usually able to end it, and to arrest the offenders. When the attack is made by an angry mob, the policeman often has all he can do to save the citizen from being beaten or killed.

The mob, for instance, may be wildly excited because a little child has been run over by a careless motorman. Whether the man was really at fault or whether he was

"It is his first duty to protect that citizen"

innocent of blame, does not concern the policeman. All he sees is the fact that a citizen is being attacked. It is his first duty to protect that citizen, and he leaps instantly to his side. Fighting off those of the angry mob who come too near, pushing this way and that to get his man away, using his club if necessary, and all the while

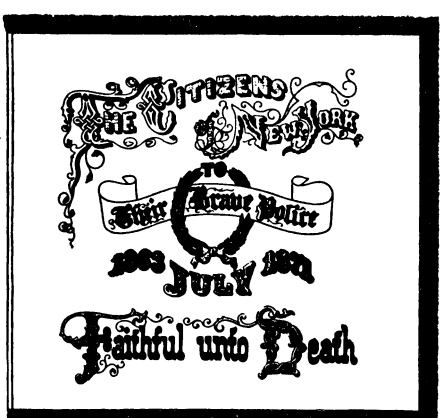
holding to the man like a boy to a football, he exerts every effort to save him. The blows may fall thick and heavy upon his own person, and his uniform may be torn to rags in the struggle; but this he takes as part of his regular day's work. In his heart he may side with the mob, and his own blood may boil at the sight of the poor little injured child. But it is his duty to bring the man in safety to the station house, so that he may be placed on trial in the proper place and punished according to the law, if he deserves punishment.

Acts of violence and crime occur far too often when workmen are "on strike," and do what they can to prevent other men from taking their places. It is the duty of the police to protect these men from any unlawful attack. The policeman's own feelings may be with the strikers; his own brothers or sons may be of their number. But he is a soldier in an army sworn to obey orders and to enforce the laws. He knows that his duty is to protect the men attacked, and he does it fearlessly, despite wounds, and despite jeers and hooting which hurt him more than any bodily wound.

When large mobs of men gather and fight in the streets, one or even a dozen policemen are helpless to restore order. A disturbance so serious is called a riot, and the police reserves are ordered out to quell it. The military training which the policemen undergo when joining the force, now serves them in good stead.

Like soldiers they charge upon the mob and force it to disperse.

The city of New York has known some serious riots, and in each case its police force has fought in the cause of peace and order as bravely as any body of soldiers. Many good and true men have fallen in the battle, and their names reflect honor upon the whole force. As a token of confidence in their blue-coated guardians, and in memory of these brave men, the citizens of New York presented to the Police Department a fine banner, suitably inscribed. The men are very proud of this banner, and it would go hard with the policeman who knowingly ever disgraces it.



CHAPTER X

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE POLICE

If we could be with a policeman for a day and a night, we might find it fully as interesting as our visit to the fire-engine house, or to the tenement-house fire. We can manage it, if we use our make-believe caps. But it would be better, I think, to visit different policemen at different times. It would be a good plan to imitate the birds who, as they fly here and there, swiftly drop to earth whenever their bright eyes discover anything which seems worth their while. Our magic caps will let us do this if we doff them often enough, and remember to make the right wish each time we put them back upon our heads.

Suppose, then, you meet me this afternoon at three, at the school door, bringing your wonderful caps with you. Before donning them, we might spend a few minutes watching the policeman who stands at the crossing. He is there in rain or shine, every day when a school session begins and when it closes. See how kind he is to the youngest children, and how he bends down to lead the more timid ones by the hand. He is not so gentle with boys and girls who think themselves

too big to await his permission to cross; and I must admit that he is pretty sharp with drivers who try to rush by while the children are crossing the street.

Always on the watch for possible danger to the hundreds of little ones in his charge, our policeman is busy enough; but his work is child's play compared with

"Our policeman is busy enough"

that of the men stationed at such crossings as Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, or Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, in crowded New York. The Police Department puts crossings like these under the special care of the Traffic Squad. Some of the officers are afoot and others are mounted on horseback. The mounted men are very proud of their horses, and, like the firemen, could tell many a tale of their helpfulness at the

right moment. Perhaps, before we are through visiting the policemen, we may see for ourselves some heroic deeds done by horses.

Meanwhile, let us put on our caps and wish ourselves on the steps of a building at the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Are we all here? Then let us glance up the avenue first and then down, at the hundreds of vehicles moving forward in twin streams. One of the streams is headed northward, the other toward the south, and both keep to the right-hand side of the street as they go. This is in obedience to the rules for drivers laid down by the Traffic Squad. Any driver stupid or careless enough to drive along the left-hand side of the street, will straightway find himself turned about and ordered back, in no gentle manner, to where he came from, lucky indeed if he escapes arrest and punishment.

Watching the unceasing stream of wagons and trucks, carriages and automobiles, we can readily see how well it works, this simple rule of keeping always to the right, no matter in which direction you go; and we can understand how it prevents accidents and collisions, and an immense amount of disorder and confusion. You children observe exactly the same rule in school, and for exactly the same reason, when you keep to the right in passing through the halls and up and down stairs.

Listen! did you notice that sharp whistle?

It is a police signal and it works like magic. See how its shrill call has halted every driver in the two processions making their way north and south toward Forty-second Street. Each vehicle is standing motionless just where it was when the traffic policeman blew the whistle. See how it has cleared the crossings, and left them entirely empty. This gives the drivers who

"They waste no time in starting, you see"

have been patiently waiting in the side streets, a chance to proceed on their way east or west through Forty-second Street. They waste no time in starting, you see, for they know their lines will be stopped again very soon to allow another turn for those going up or down the avenue.

Turn your eyes now to the policeman in the very

center of the square bounded by the four crossings. When he lifts his hand, every driver in the moving line pulls up and lifts his own hand, or his whip, to stop the man behind. There goes the whistle again! It tells the drivers who have been halted on the avenue that they may now continue on their way. On they go, steadily passing by, until the policeman's lifted hand, and the piercing call of the whistle, signal that those passing through Forty-second Street again have the right of way.

It is a busy hour, and not one of all that long stream of drivers likes to halt; but the traffic officer's uplifted hand means "halt," and none dares disobey. Do not think for a moment that those big, burly drivers obey because they are afraid of the policeman himself, or even of the loaded revolver he carries in his pocket. They are not of that sort. Besides, how could they be afraid of the man when they outnumber him a hundred to one? It is the uniform which compels their obedience, not the man inside of it. The uniform shows that its wearer *represents the law*, which every one must obey or take the consequences.

Ah! the whistle again, and all changes as before. No, not as before, for look! The officer's uplifted hand is suddenly flung higher, and in the bend of his arm he holds a little child! Did any of you see how it came there? No?

Well, I did; and I shall tell you about it in a moment. First, however, notice how the officer's brown horse is turned sidewise against that big black team, and how his head tosses in excitement. Next, take a look at the white-faced woman in the thick of it all, stretching out her arms for the child, and all unmindful of the plunging horses and the impatient drivers. Watch the officer, also, as he motions her back to the sidewalk before he hands over the child, and blows his whistle at the same time in order not to delay the traffic further.

When that whistle last sounded, I saw the child slip from its mother and try to cross the street. Luckily the policeman saw it also, and so did his horse. Quick as a flash, the well-trained animal threw himself sidewise against the first of the oncoming teams, while the policeman, bending low over his saddle, caught the child up almost from under the lifted hoofs. Together, man and horse had saved the little one's life, and the moment the child was handed back safe and sound to its careless mother, both heroes returned to their duty, quite as if they had done nothing unusual.

It is nearing five o'clock. At this hour the traffic is very heavy along the water front where the big drays load up with boxes and barrels from the wharves, before making their way across the city to deliver their loads where they belong. Let us wish ourselves over in West Street, where the traffic is thickest, and stand where we

can watch it. Are you all quite ready? Then off with your caps, and on with them again, making your wish when I give the word. One, two, three, Wish!

Ugh! how much smoke there is in the air! There must be a fire down here somewhere. A fire? I should think so! A big coffee warehouse is burning, and, as the building covers a whole square, a large number of companies have been called out to fight the fire. Long lines of hose are stretched along the cross streets which lead into West Street, for the firemen need all the water they can get. The police have drawn the fire lines across these streets so that the firemen can do their work unhindered. This cuts off traffic from the cross streets, and the hundreds of drays and trucks which were to be driven through them stand helpless in West Street, unable to move either forward or back.

Look at them wedged into a frightful mass, made worse as each incoming ferryboat brings a long line of other teams and trucks. Did you ever see such a tangle? Drivers, vainly trying to get out of the jam, are standing in their seats, shouting angrily at their horses, at the other drivers crowding in on them, and at those ahead who are in their way. They pull and saw at the reins until the poor horses rear and plunge without advancing a foot. Drays bump one another and lock wheels, and thrust their dangerous, iron-tipped poles in all directions. Stupid and brutal men whip their own horses and

even those belonging to other drivers, in their fruitless attempts to fight a way through. The wide street is literally choked with a wild mob of angry men and frantic, struggling horses. Use your eyes well, children, you are not likely to see another such scene very soon.

Where are the police? Surely here is sore need for them. Yet what they could accomplish in the face of such frightful confusion, it is hard to say. Just as we arrived, however, one officer found something to do, and it was the one thing which was most sensible. Seeing that the danger was growing greater every moment, he telephoned news of the trouble to police headquarters. What came of the call? Look far over yonder at that troop of mounted police galloping this way. Hark! do you hear the ring of their horses' hoofs on the pavement as they race toward us?

Straight into the thick of the jam they ride, like soldiers charging the enemy. It looks as if even they would be speedily swallowed up and held fast like the rest. Not a bit of it! With a word here, and a quick command there, the mounted police, separating into twos and threes, ride along the outskirts of the mass, and single out first one truck and then another, starting each on its way northward to a clear cross street half a mile ahead. See how they gradually disentangle others, and yet others from the mass, and order them to follow those first set free. Guiding some, warning others to

wait where they are, and watching with keen eyes every opening, the blue-coated riders waste no time in their work of straightening out the tangle. If you look sharply, you can already see different lines of trucks headed north, and moving as regularly as if the awful confusion of ten minutes ago had never existed. Could any but the police, whose authority all citizens respect, have accomplished this so quickly and so well?

Off with our caps once more, and then on with them as we wish ourselves to another side of the city where ships are coming in. Here at the foot of Market Street is as good a place as any to watch the work of the police. A steamer has just tied up at the wharf. There is a larger crowd on the pier than is usual, and the people seem excited. Ah! hear that cry: "Man overboard! Man overboard!"

There he is, children, yonder near the wheel of the steamer. Can you see him? They have flung ropes to him from the deck, but he seems dazed and unable to reach out for them. Oh! he has gone under! Is there no way to save —

Splash!

Did you see the water leap high in air, as that blue-coated figure dove into it like a shot from the pier thirty feet above? Truly a courageous deed even for a policeman. So deep a dive near shore is apt to be most dangerous.

The slow moments pass. We can see nothing of either man. Oh, where is the gallant officer? Let us hope he is not hurt, and that he is swimming under water looking for the man who went down! Oh dear, will he never come up?

"The blue-coated figure dove"

Look, look, children! the water has parted and two figures come up together, gasping for the blessed air! Oh, something has happened! Blood is pouring from the policeman's head, and his face is very white. But he holds his burden fast, in spite of it; and look! he is even helping those who have come to his aid, to knot the ropes about him.

Ah! now they are both being drawn up to the pier. It is all over, but the brave officer will carry to his last day the mark where the paddle wheel struck him as he sought under water for the man he rescued.

We have crowded much into a single afternoon, and elsewhere in the great city other policemen have perhaps been doing deeds equally brave and courageous. The few our make-believe caps have helped us to see, have been enough, I am sure, to show you that not even soldiers are more brave or daring than policemen in their line of duty.

CHAPTER XI

SOME TRUE HERO STORIES

Courage and common sense, a cool head and a steady hand, quickness of thought and bravery of action, these are the qualities which make men heroes. Policemen have plenty of opportunity to show that they possess them.

When a fire alarm sounds on a policeman's post, he must find out where the fire is without a moment's delay, and do what he can to save the people in the burning building, even before the firemen arrive. He rushes up the staircase, knocks at every door, and then helps the tenants to make their way out. Often the stairways are useless because they are filled with smoke and flame. The policeman must then find other means to get the people to safety. The fire escape is, of course, his first thought; but sometimes the fire is blazing in the rooms which open upon the fire escape, and too often the platforms are blocked with boxes and other things.

Not long ago a quick-witted policeman found quicker means to help tenants escape from a burning house. It was two o'clock in the morning when a plain-clothes

man, on a still-hunt for burglars, discovered flames pouring from a house where twenty families slept. Forgetting the burglars, he hurriedly sent in a fire alarm and then dashed into the house, pounding on every door as he leaped up the stairs, and yelling "Fire!" at the top of his voice.

The flames followed fast behind him, and by the time he had reached the top floor, escape by the stairways had become hopeless. As he helped the top-floor tenants to make their escape by way of the roof, he was busy thinking of the people on the floors below, penned in by fire and smoke. He thought to some purpose, too; for as the last tenant of the top floor climbed up to the roof, the officer snatched the long ironing board from the kitchen, and carried it up with him.

I suppose you are wondering why he did this, since none of you can possibly believe he wanted to save an ironing board from the flames. While helping the tenants to get up to the roof, our officer had noticed that there was an air shaft between the burning house and the one next door. It did not seem very wide, and he decided to try bridging it with the ironing board. Not a bad idea, was it? Let us see whether it worked.

From the roof he hurried down with the board to the fourth floor in the next house. Here he pushed the board across the shaft and rested it upon a window

sill of the burning house. Crossing quickly upon the slender bridge, he found the window locked. He kicked in the glass with his heavy boot and leaped into the room behind it. No one was there, but his loud shouts soon brought the tenants on that floor flocking to his side, and, helping the women and children over first, he managed to get all of them across. Back again himself, he went down to the next floor, with the precious bridge in his arms, and repeated the process. Thus he continued on floor after floor, until he had rescued thirty lives with the aid of the trusty ironing board. Meanwhile the firemen had arrived and were doing their share, and when finally the fire was out, it was found that every man, woman, and child in the house had escaped.

The list of heroic deeds the police have performed at fires grows longer every month, and I wish I had room to tell you about them. Instead, you shall hear of other acts of great bravery which are briefly recorded in the honor roll of the Police Department. I have chosen only a few of many, but they will serve to show you how the policeman is always ready to give the right sort of help at the right time to any citizen who happens to be in need of it.

Have you ever seen a horse running away, dragging a wagon at his heels, and dashing in wild zigzags from one side of the street to the other? Men shout and try

to stop him, only to excite him the more. The wagon is overturned, or it crashes into a lamp-post, and the maddened animal rushes blindly on, making sharp and unexpected turns, and endangering the lives of all who may be in his path. Horses are powerful animals, usually well-behaved and obedient. They cannot, however, always be controlled when frightened, and they are at such a time very dangerous, quite as dangerous indeed as wild beasts.

On the midnight which brought us the year 1905, the streets were filled, as usual, with crowds making merry over the new year. Pistols were fired, and noisy rattles whirled in the air; church bells pealed and loud steam whistles shrieked their glad welcome to the incoming year. Near the corner of Madison and Market streets a team drawing a heavy truck took fright. The driver was doing his best to quiet the horses, when a car passed close by crowded with passengers laughing, cheering, singing, whirling rattles, and tooting loud tin horns. The sudden din coming from behind drove the excited animals frantic, and they bounded forward in a mad race to get away from it all.

Women screamed, and men shouted "Whoa! Whoa!" to no purpose. On the animals dashed, faster and faster, pulling now to this side and now to that, and into the very midst of the crowd. Directly in their path stood a woman and a child, both numb with fright and

unable to move. Men in plenty were near, but not one knew what to do. Every heart stood still, and some turned away unable to bear the sight of the two under the iron-shod feet of the horses. Then, like a flash, a tall figure in the blue uniform of the police, leaped to the horses' heads, and with outstretched arms flung the

"Both were saved"

woman far to one side of the maddened animals and the child to the other. Both were saved, but the iron-tipped tongue of the truck threw the policeman to the ground and under the plunging feet of the horses. You will be glad to learn that this brave policeman was not killed; but he was badly hurt, and it was many months before he was again fit for duty.

Those of you who have ever stood at the water's edge and watched a large number of logs floating up and

down on the waves, may have noticed how much like living creatures they play and roll about; or perhaps you may have likened their tossing and tumbling to dead leaves dancing before the wind. When the water is rough, you can see the logs crash so that the splinters fly, and climb one upon another in a savage rough-and-tumble fight. Should you try to step on any one of them, it would roll from under you like a giant cork, and down you would plunge underneath the rest. Then indeed would it go hard with you, for the bumping, clashing logs would close over you like a roof, and any attempt to rise to the surface between them would be hopeless under their crushing weight.

Just such a restless, unruly drift of logs was one day washing against the Battery wall near the lower end of Manhattan Island. Hundreds of logs were in the mass which tossed up and down, up and down, with the ever rolling waves. Suddenly a cry went up, "Boy overboard!"

The people in Battery Park rushed to the rail and stood there, watching the boy struggle desperately to steer clear of the logs, and wondering how to help him. One man alone wasted no time wondering. This was the policeman on guard. Flinging off coat and helmet as he ran toward the rail, he made a flying leap over it and plunged into the water, much as boys do into a swimming pool. The boy was close to the dangerous

drift, and the policeman struck out straight for him. When he reached the spot, the lad had already been drawn under, and his rescuer instantly followed.

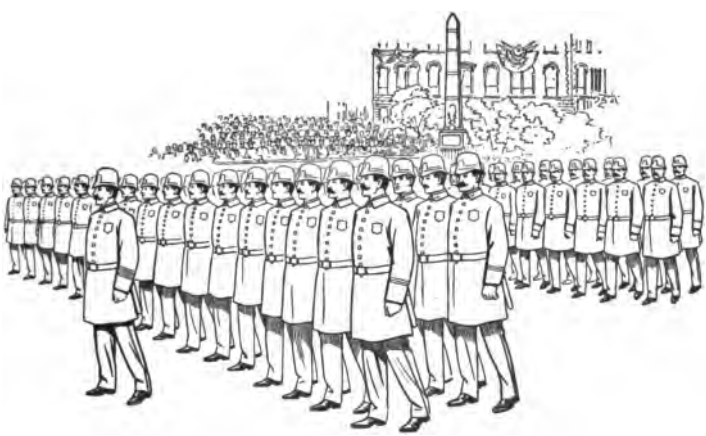
The people on shore held their breath, dreading lest both be battered and killed by the cruel logs. Then when they caught sight of the white-shirted officer rising to the surface with the boy in his arms, they cheered and cheered again. But the battle was not yet won. Weighted down by boots filled with water, the officer now had to make his way through the great drift which tossed between him and the steps which led down from the nearest pier.

It was slow and painful work, and the logs pounded and bruised him as he swam. Finally, carefully shielding his burden from the attacks of the driftwood, he reached the steps, faint and almost exhausted. Willing hands lifted both from the water, and one more gallant piece of heroism was placed to the credit of the police force.

Patrolling his post, the policeman, like a sentry on duty, is likely at any moment to face unseen danger. Enemies lie in wait for his coming, and, like miserable cowards, they strike at him in the dark and from under cover. Many a brave man has thus been done to death, but many another has by quick action, or by sheer grit even when wounded, overcome heavy odds and marched his prisoner to the station house.

Brave deeds like these, and rescues such as you read of here do not, I am glad to say, go unrewarded. They bring the men honors and promotion, and win for them the medals which are every year awarded for acts of extraordinary merit and bravery among the police.

On the occasion of the annual parade of the New York Police, his Honor the Mayor pins these medals with his



A Police Parade

own hands, to the coats of the men who have won them, while thousands of citizens look on and applaud. It is a fine sight and one any city may be well proud of. I hope you will be able to attend the next Police Parade, and see for yourselves, leading all the rest, the Honor Company — every man of which has won one or more medals in the past. Shoulder to shoulder march the

blue-coated men in the long procession which follows, with heads erect, eyes front, and hearts beating proudly in the knowledge that they are part of it all, each hoping that next year his own name may be added to the honor list of police heroes.

CHAPTER XII

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP THE POLICE

When we think of the men of the police force, daily risking their lives for the protection of the citizens, it is but natural to ask what the citizens can do for them in return. Any policeman will tell you that the citizens, old and young alike, can do much to help the police, and that the entire city would benefit by such help. This is especially true of those matters that belong to keeping order.

Every law made to prevent disorder has some good reason behind it. People may not always know the reason, but this gives them no excuse for disobeying the law. When a police officer tells a citizen that he must keep the gutter and sidewalk in front of his house or his shop, clear of snow and ice; that he must not obstruct the sidewalk with boxes, show cases, or push carts; that he must keep his fire escapes clear; and that he must not waste water, nor throw refuse into the streets, it is useless for the citizen to argue the matter. Law is law, and the policeman must see that it is obeyed. He has no time either to explain or to argue the reason for the law, nor is it at all necessary that he should do so.

Surely any one can understand that unless householders sweep the snow from the sidewalks, people must find walking in winter disagreeable and dangerous; that unless each keeps the gutter before his own door clear of ice, the melting snow cannot run off into the sewer, and may make its way into cellars, doing damage to property. The street belongs to all, and no one has the right to cut off any of its space with show cases, or with boxes over which people may stumble. Nor need one look very long or very far for the reasons why fire escapes must be kept clear; why water should not be wasted; and why people are forbidden to throw refuse into the street. One person's doing of any or all of these things may not cause a great amount of harm, it is true; but think of the result if a hundred, or a hundred thousand others should do the same, each one feeling that he had as much right as his neighbor, to be careless or disorderly.

Citizens are foolish as well as wrong who obey the law only while the policeman is watching, and disobey it the moment his back is turned. If all of us always obeyed the laws, there would be very little disorder or crime. Think how greatly this would help on the work of the Police Department and how much better and happier our city would be for it!

The police are watchful, and their special training makes them quick to see signs of disorder and of evil-

doing. They cannot be everywhere at the same time, however, and consequently many wrong things may be done which the police know nothing about. Here we have another way in which the citizens can help the police. Indeed, the law says that they must do so, for it holds guilty and punishes those who know of crime and fail to report it to the police. Sometimes persons are aware that a crime will be committed. Again, they hear of it after it has been committed. In either case it is their duty to report what they know at the nearest police station, and at the earliest moment. Whatever they thus report is always carefully investigated by the police, without delay.

Children, being on the streets a great deal, are likely to see many things. As little citizens it is their duty to report any serious accident to the first police officer they meet. Should you see any one send in a fire alarm when there is no fire, be sure to report it to the policeman at once, so that he can send the firemen back quickly. Sending a false fire alarm is a piece of misconduct perfectly inexcusable, and one that the law punishes very severely. While the fire engines are out in answer to a false alarm, and the firemen are wasting time looking for a fire which does not exist, a real fire may break out elsewhere, and their delay in getting to it would mean unnecessary destruction of property, and perhaps loss of life.

I am sorry and ashamed to say that strangers, especially foreigners who do not speak our language, are sometimes treated badly by mischievous citizens. It is a poor, one-sided sort of fun to send a trustful stranger asking advice, in a direction opposite to the one he ought to take, and it is a mean and disgraceful trick to play. When the foreigner thus misdirected finds out the truth, what is he likely to think of the city which permits its citizens to do such things? Should you ever see any one do anything of the sort, I hope you will try to set the stranger right, even if you go out of your way to do so.

"He will take charge of the little one"

You may meet a little child whose tear-stained face and frightened eyes show that it is lost. Very likely every step the poor, tired feet take, is carrying it further and further from home. At every crossing the tiny little wanderer is in grave danger of being run over and trampled upon. As a good citizen it is for you to take the toddler by the hand and lead it to

the nearest policeman. He will take charge of the little one, and it will be fed and cared for in the station house, until its parents come to claim it.

Boys who belong to a "gang" or "club" can render excellent help to the police. No fear then, let me tell you, that the policeman will be "down on" them, nor any need to run away when they catch sight of his blue coat and shining brass buttons. The club can then have all the right kind of fun it wants or can invent, and it will no longer be blamed, innocent or guilty, for every bit of mischief afoot in the neighborhood. It could even make itself a sort of assistant to the Police Department. At any rate it might be worth while for the captain of a club to report to the policeman, and ask him in a businesslike way how the club can help him. He will be astonished for the moment, you may be sure; but if he sees the young captain is in earnest and intends to play fair, he will probably discover something the club can do for him or for the welfare and peace of the neighborhood.

A club might look after the fire escapes to see that they are always kept clear; or, very possibly, the policeman at the school crossing would be glad to have the club help him get the little children safely over the street. Or the club, if it examined its own neighborhood, might probably find some special duty which its members could handle to the satisfaction of the policeman and

of the people themselves. Many a club of boys can in this way grow into a most useful "League," respected by every one for the capable work it does.

Little citizens, like grown-up ones, are members of society just as they are members of their family and of their school. As such, each one has certain rights, and also certain duties. The city protects the rights, and in return it exacts the duties. This is fair, is it not? The duties are to help maintain order; to do what the law requires; and to keep from doing what the law forbids. People are not likely to forget their rights. When they also remember their duties, they become an honor to themselves and a credit to their city and their country. Children who come to us from foreign lands should be most anxious to learn of these duties and to do them. Foreigners often make the best kind of American citizens. One reason for this is the fact that many foreign-born children are among the keenest to perform all the duties that belong to good citizenship.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT

Boys, as well as girls, know about the kind of work needed to keep their homes clean. Floors must be swept, dust must be wiped from walls and furniture, and clothes and windows must be washed. It is busy work, and much of it has to be done over day after day, simply to get rid of the dirt which gathers. Dirt has a never-failing habit of creeping in at every crack, and of coming back again even after we have very carefully turned it out of doors. Dirt is never pleasant to look upon, and very often it brings disease where it is allowed to remain. That is the reason why sensible people ought always to be on guard against all kinds of dirt, and ready to fight it wherever they see its traces. Their best weapons are *Cleaning* and *Keeping things clean.*

When people fight, they try to conquer the enemy. The only way to conquer dirt, the common enemy of all of us, is to get rid of it. The mere act of sweeping does not do this. The broom, although very good as far as it goes, simply pushes the dirt from one place to another. That is not getting rid of it. To do this, the sweep-

ings must be gathered up and put where they cannot get back again. The best way is, of course, to burn the sweepings in the stove. Where there is no stove in which they can be burned, the collection should be put into a paper bag, or else rolled into a bundle and wrapped in paper. Now, what should be done with the bag or bundle? It should not be thrown out of the door or window, because the street belongs to the city. It is also against the law to throw dirt or refuse of any kind into the streets. Even if it were not against the law, it is a most untidy thing to do, and one to be very much ashamed of. The proper place for a package of sweepings is in the box where the rest of the rubbish that collects in a house is kept. This rubbish consists of papers, rags, empty boxes, and general trash. The sweepings are well out of the way here, and safe until the men employed by the city for the purpose, come to your door to take the rubbish away.

The rubbish box gathers much but not all of the dirt which the housekeeper must get rid of. Parings and seeds from vegetables, fruit skins, corn cobs, scrapings from the dishes, and meat bones, form refuse of a different sort. Matter of this class is meant by the word "garbage." Garbage decays very quickly, and good housekeepers like to get rid of it at the earliest moment. It attracts flies and vermin, and, if kept too long, will give out a most unpleasant odor.

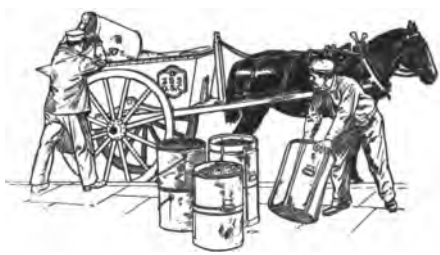
Ashes and cinders left over wherever coal fires are burned for cooking, for heating, or for manufacturing purposes, form a third class of dirt which must be disposed of in some safe and sure way.

The rubbish, the garbage, and the ashes which gather in your own home in a single day, would make quite a little heap if thrown together upon one spot. Add to this heap the other heaps just like it which collect in the other homes on your block, and then multiply the sum by the thousands of blocks of a large city. Upon the top of this great pile, put the dirt which is collected every day in schoolhouses and in churches, in shops and in factories, in eating houses and in hotels. If it were possible to do this, the stuff would make a great hill nearly as high as a mountain. Or, if spread out over the city, it would carpet every foot of our many streets. What a disgusting carpet it would be, to be sure! I do not believe any one could imagine it, and no one would want to think such a state of things possible. Yet this is exactly what we should see in any city, even in proud New York for example, had not the government long ago made it a practice to hire people to carry away the dirt every day.

As the city of New York grew in size, it had to employ more and more men for this one purpose, until today they form a good-sized army. Hundreds of horses and carts are used every day to carry away the rubbish,

the garbage, and the ashes which collect in the homes of the citizens, in their places of business, and in the public buildings.

Clean streets are quite as necessary as clean homes and shops, and the work of cleaning them belongs, like the streets themselves, to the city. They must be scraped and swept every day, and the sweepings from the pavements form a fourth class of dirt which must be gathered up and carried away.



Collecting Ashes

All this makes work in plenty even for an army of men. In New York this work is so important that the Mayor appoints a special commissioner to take charge of it. His department is known as the Street Cleaning Department, and like the Fire and Police Departments, its members wear a special uniform. The men of the street-sweeping force wear white suits and helmets, and the men who collect the refuse and drive the carts which carry it away wear brown ones. The higher officers wear tan-colored uniforms and caps. All of the men wear badges.

Brisk use of a broom gathers up dirt from the streets

which form the city floor, just as from other floors, but only that dirt which lies loose on the surface. Dirt which has been trodden in is not so easily removed. In our homes we get rid of trodden-in dirt by scrubbing. It would be silly to try to clean a street in the same way, for it would take a long time and the brushes would soon wear out. The Street Cleaning Department has a better method. It uses street-cleaning machines in addition to ordinary brooms and scrapers, and it also

"It also washes the pavements"

washes the pavements and gutters, either by flushing machines or by means of a swift stream of water thrown from a hose. Such washing, or "flushing" as it is called, serves also to keep the dust from flying about, and to cool the hot pavements in summer time. Flushing

the streets is not allowed in winter, for some of the water would quickly turn to ice. Neither is flushing allowed when there is a scarcity of water in the city water works.

Winter gives the Street Cleaning Department more work than it can easily handle. You boys, and a number of you girls, gladly welcome a snowstorm because of the fun it brings you. The men of the Street Cleaning force are not so happy over it, I assure you. The great white blanket which is spread over the streets, so pure and beautiful when freshly fallen, is quickly trampled by a city's traffic into a layer of black mud and dirt. Next day sunshine, or perhaps rain, turns it into a wet and filthy covering of slush; and during the night this freezes into stiff ruts and ridges with ugly holes between.

Cleaning Streets after a Snowstorm

The street sweepers have to work very hard to remove the frozen dirt from the stones beneath, and to shovel it into the carts which carry it away. Sometimes they have to work standing ankle-deep in icy water. Then, again, they have to chop and break the frozen crust into pieces before they can loosen it from the pavement. This takes a great deal of time, and extra men have to be

employed to help. Extra horses and carts are also needed, because those which belong to the Department are required to collect ashes. In winter, you know, a great mass of ashes is caused by the large amount of coal used to warm the city buildings when it is very cold. The entire Department, from the commissioner at its head down to the youngest recruit in the army of sweepers, is always very thankful when spring returns and the winter's last snowstorm is a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XIV

DEPARTMENT RULES AND REASONS FOR THEM

Like all the other departments which take charge of the important work of the city, the Street Cleaning Department finds it necessary to make certain rules. Citizens who obey these rules help on the work; those who disobey them hinder the work and may be punished for it according to law.

A most important rule in New York requires the citizens to tie up light rubbish in bundles, so that there is no loose stuff to be scattered over the streets by the wind, or blown into windows and doorways. A second rule, equally important, requires the citizens to provide separate barrels or cans or boxes to hold ashes and garbage, and to see that these two classes of dirt are never mixed. The reason for the second rule is quite as simple as for the first, though it will take a bit longer to make it perfectly clear to you. It has been found that the dirt can be handled in a more orderly manner, and at a lower cost, when the different kinds are kept separate. Perhaps you wonder how it can cost less to collect different kinds of waste in different wagons, than when all kinds are thrown into the same wagon. You

may even think it might cost less the other way. Let us see.

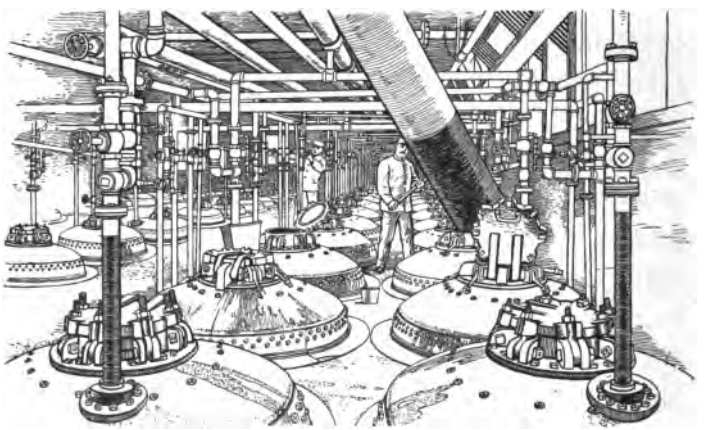
Collecting the waste of the entire city is only part of the duty of the Street Cleaning Department. It must also get rid of the dirt. This is really part of the cleaning process, as we see it on a small scale in our homes. Getting rid of the city's waste in a proper manner, is no easy task. When I tell you how it is done, you will see that the task is made more difficult, and also more costly, when the waste is mixed.

The waste from a large city like New York is not so worthless as you may think. Ashes, when clean and unmixed, are very useful for filling in swamps and low-lying lands, for road-building, and for other purposes. The people who have use for ashes are willing to buy them from the city, provided that they are not mixed with garbage and rubbish. This, you see, gives the ashes a certain value, so long as they are kept separate and free from other dirt.

Rubbish, which includes general trash collected all over the city, contains a great many things which can be used for various purposes. Felt, cheap grades of cloth, and paper may be made from the rags. The tin cans and scraps of metal which the citizens throw away, can be melted down and used for making the weights which balance window sashes. Use is also found for the leather in old shoes, for the wood in boxes

and broken furniture, for the rubber in old overshoes, broken garden hose, and worn-out tires; for old newspapers and books; and for much else which the rubbish carts collect.

The value of this class of waste is scarcely enough to make it worth any one's while to buy up the whole



Apparatus for extracting Fats from Garbage

collection, or the city would gladly sell it outright. It is, however, quite enough to make certain men willing to pay the city more than a hundred thousand dollars every year, for permission to trim or sort out what they want from the rubbish collected in a single borough of New York.

Even the unpleasant mass of garbage collected each day, offers a certain amount of useful material to the

people who know how to use it. Oils, soaps, and perfumery, are made from the fats and grease which are found in large quantities in the city's garbage. The bones, when ground into powder, and the decaying animal and vegetable matter, when properly treated, make excellent fertilizers. Farmers use them to spread over their fields in order to improve the soil. On the whole, there is less value in garbage than in the other classes of the city's waste, but it is enough to make contractors willing to carry the unpleasant stuff far away from the city, for considerably less than the actual cost of the work.

Like every other good business man, the Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department tries to do his share of the city's work at as low a cost as is possible. As you have just read, he finds it less expensive to dispose of the city's waste when its different classes are kept separate. Then is not that rule a wise and reasonable one, which forbids the citizens to mix these different classes of waste? Ought not every citizen do his best to obey such a law, in order to save the city's money?

What do you suppose the Commissioner of the Department does with that part of New York's waste which he cannot sell because no one will buy it or even take it away? The rubbish which is left over after the trimmers have removed whatever they can either use

or sell, is burned up in a great furnace. The heat the fires give out is used to run engines and other machinery. These furnish all the electric light and power required for the furnace building and also for the Department stables.

Even the street sweepings are not allowed to go to waste unused. In the northeastern part of the city of New York lies Rikers Island, surrounded by worthless mud flats. These flats are gradually being built up above the water, and changed into broad acres of good land which will, some day, be of considerable money value to the city. This excellent work is done by spreading the street sweepings and the unsold ashes over the sunken lands. This raises and builds up the submerged flats, and strengthens them for future use.

The fine park at Cromwells Creek, near the northerly end of Macombs Dam Bridge is an instance of land filled in and raised in this manner. Once an unsightly and utterly useless mud flat of the Harlem River, it is now a delightful recreation ground for the citizens. The credit for reclaiming this and many more mud flats, and for enlarging Rikers Island, is entirely due to the New York Street Cleaning Department. Remember this when next you see a street sweeper plying his broom, and respect both the work and the worker, because both are a credit to the city.

CHAPTER XV

WITH THE STREET CLEANERS

Common sense, as well as the law, tells us that the man who agrees to take charge of a city department is responsible for its work. That is to say, he must answer for the manner in which the work is done. He receives the credit for good results, and must bear the blame for bad ones, even when the fault is less his own than that of the men under him.

The work of the Street Cleaning Department is done by an army of men, as we have already seen. It is quite impossible for any Commissioner to keep his eyes on all the men all the time they are at work. He must depend, like every other head of an army, upon the reports brought to him by the officers in charge of the men in the ranks. Sometimes, however, officers make mistakes, and sometimes they neglect their duty. This is wrong, for officers ought to be trustworthy; when they grow careless the men cannot do their best work.

The only way the head of an army can feel sure that his officers as well as his men are doing their duty, is to inspect their work in person every now and then. This is true of every army, whether its men are soldiers or

laborers. The head of the army of street cleaners makes his inspections at night as well as in the daytime, and often when he is least expected. If he finds officers or men shirking their work, they must answer for it before many days pass; but he notes faithful work also, and when there are promotions to be made, he bears in mind those who do it.

I wish it were possible for us to use our magic caps and go with the Commissioner when next he makes a tour of inspection, rushing from one end of the city to another in his swift automobile. We cannot do this, however, because a wise commander knows better than to announce beforehand the time of an inspection. He is anxious to find things as they are when his back is turned, not as they are likely to be when he is expected. Since we cannot accompany the Commissioner on his rounds, let us do the next best thing and follow his men as they go about their work.

It is a night in November, and the city streets are dark and deserted. The air feels frosty. From an unseen clock in a tall steeple, there come three long, slow strokes. A sweeper, plying his broom on the pavement, looks up for a moment and then along the avenue that stretches away from him like a silent river. On either side it is shut in by buildings which seem as fast asleep as the men and women within their dark walls. Outlining the curbs are twin rows of twinkling street

lamps. Their posts are planted at regular intervals, yet as they march north and south, the spaces between them seem to grow smaller and smaller, until they merge into one long line of silvery points.

All is very still around our sweeper, but he is not lonely. Near at hand are other white-clad sweepers, each busy with his own share of work. The policeman patrolling the post stops to speak a friendly word, and then passes onward into the quiet night.

A Sweeper at Work

Our man trundles his little cart further, pausing as he goes to gather the sweepings and drop them into his can. It is his first turn at night duty. He rather likes it, he thinks. He is an honest man, and he takes a proper pride in doing his work well, no matter what sort of work it may be, because it is his work. When he has swept a stretch of street he likes to look back over it and see it bare and spotless as a new board.

"Nothing to be ashamed of there, I think," he says to himself. Then he turns to his sweeping again, skillfully capturing every bit of dirt, every stray scrap of paper. His orders are to clean the street, and since that means to clear it of dirt, he will not let the dirt get the

better of him. To-night there is plenty of dirt waiting for him. It is Election time and there have been many bonfires. Charred wood and burned straw lie scattered over the pavement, and heaps of blackened ashes half hide the dull, red glow of embers still smoldering.

As he stamps out the last sparks and spreads the dead embers to cool, he wonders whether the boys who found the bonfires such fun, gave a single thought to the men whose business it is to clean the streets, and whose work has been made so much harder. As he shovels the dirt into his can, he shakes his head at the scorched asphalt beneath. "A hole here, before long," he says to himself; "and it costs money to mend it. No wonder taxes are heavy when people care so little for city property!"

In the daytime, after the city's traffic has begun, the sweeper's work is different. Vegetable sellers drop greens from their wagons as they drive over streets freshly swept by the night force. Little consideration do they show for the man in white who steps aside to let them pass, and for whom they are constantly making extra work. The citizens on their way to work are no better. They drop fruit skins as they go by, toss newspapers aside without caring where they fall, and tear up letters, scattering the pieces right and left.

Children, on their way to school, copy the bad man-

ners of their elders, and banana and orange peels, and scraps of torn lesson-papers mark their path. All this is very provoking to the street sweeper trying to do his duty. It undoes his most careful work, and unless he gathers up the litter very quickly, it may bring him a reproof from the foreman who may ride up on his bicycle at any moment.

Here and there he finds worse things upon the street than papers, fruit skins, and stray greens from vegetable wagons. Under cover of the darkness of early morning, certain people will do things they would not attempt to do in full daylight, for fear of being found out. They fling rubbish and garbage from their windows, and they cast old shoes, broken furniture, and worn-out mattresses into the street. They are well aware that such stuff ought to be kept until the collector calls for it. Rather than wait for his call, they spoil the looks of their own city, and they give its sweepers the extra and unnecessary work of gathering up the litter they make. Some time, however, they will do it once too often, and the police will catch them at it and arrest them.

Every rubbish collector in New York tries to get his rounds finished early in the day. He cannot work as quickly as the collectors of garbage and of ashes. His wagon is larger, because of the bulky stuff he gathers, and it takes longer to fill it. He must ring at every door

where he sees the signal for rubbish, and people are not always prompt to open for him. Then lazy or careless people who have neglected to tie the loose rubbish in bundles, waste his time trying to induce him

Collecting Rubbish

to take it from them loose. They scold him when he refuses, though they know it is against the law for him to take it or for them to give it in loose form.

From house to house the rubbish man goes, and from street to street, until his big wagon is filled. Then he drives it to the dump over on the river front. Here the rubbish, together with that brought by other collectors, is thoroughly disinfected. That is, it is treated in such a manner that it cannot injure the health of those who have to handle it. After this disinfection, it is passed along on a broad moving belt, while men standing on either side of it, pick out from the mass the

things which can be used. What remains after the trimmers have finished, is sent to the furnaces to be burned, as was told in the last chapter.

" Men pick out the things which can be used "

The men who collect the garbage have what might be considered an unpleasant job. They probably do not look at it as you do. Some one must do the work; why not they as well as others? After all, it is not *what* a man does, but *how* he does it, that counts, so long as the work is honest. Soldiers join the army expecting to do great things. Yet not even in war time can every man go to the front. Some must stay behind to do the

cooking, the cleaning, and the other camp duties. Do you think that the doing of the camp housework makes any one of them less of a soldier? No, indeed. For he who does well that duty to which he is called, though it be of the humblest, is making himself fit for the better things which the future holds in store for him.

The ashman needs a strong back and muscular arms for his work. It is no little matter to lift the heavy ash cans from the sidewalk and empty them into the cart, and keep on doing so for hours. In front of big buildings he finds a dozen or more such cans all ranged in line and waiting for him. Tirelessly he attacks them, one by one, and with a single deft swing tosses the contents of each over the rim of his cart. As he works, he jokes with the janitor who stands waiting to return the empty cans to the cellar. But his joking changes to anger when he finds a can filled to the brim. The janitor knows that the law forbids filling a can to the top. It is heavy enough without such over-filling, and when the can is full to the top, there is danger of spilling the ashes upon the sidewalk.

Farther down the street the ashman again has cause to find fault. Some one has put garbage and ashes into the same can, and has hidden the mixture under a top layer of ashes. This is against the law, and it is unfair to the ashman. He is not allowed to mix the two classes of dirt in his cart. When he finds he has emptied a

barrel of mixed stuff into it, he must shovel the garbage out again, and put it back into the barrel it came from. This takes up his time, and gives him wholly unnecessary work. Can you blame him for scolding when he finds some one trying the trick on him, or for refusing to take away the mixed material?

Collecting Waste in Vienna

Not all Street Cleaning Departments make it so easy for the citizens to get rid of their waste as does the Department in New York. In Vienna, for example, every person must carry his or her own household waste direct to the cart. A bell is rung to announce the collector's coming, and the citizens come hurrying from

their houses, carrying pails and barrels full of household waste, and wait for their turn to empty them into the collector's cart. They are not allowed to rest their heavy loads upon the street or sidewalk for a single moment, lest they soil it. This is no easy task, especially for women, but it certainly makes for clean streets. Here at home, where the Street Cleaning Department relieves the citizens of this disagreeable duty, should they not be all the more ready to do their part to keep the streets clean? What this part is, and how they can best do it, we must leave for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT

In our fight against dirt, the two weapons, cleaning and keeping things clean, are like the two halves of a hinge, or of a pair of scissors. Each is necessary to the other, for each is useless without the other, where good results are wanted. This is true everywhere; in your home, in your school, in your father's place of business, and in the streets of your city.

Citizens are not expected to clean the streets, but it is their duty to keep them clean. The careless citizen who litters the street with refuse, may perhaps excuse himself to his own conscience with the thought: "It does not matter. It is the business of the Street Cleaning Department to clear it up. That is what the men are paid for." But this is no excuse for his misconduct. It is true that the city pays men to clean the streets, but how can the streets stay clean, if the people do not try their best to keep them so? Every man, woman, and child is expected to do his or her share in keeping the streets of the city clean. If they fail to do so, one end of a freshly swept street may be littered over even

before the sweepers have reached the other end. The duty of keeping the streets clean does not mean that the citizens should join the sweepers in their work. It means that they should keep from making the streets dirty by throwing papers, fruit skins, nut shells, and other waste material upon the pavement. Surely this is not too much to ask!

All citizens ought to take enough pride in the appearance of their own city, to do everything in their power to improve it. Cleanly people never dream of throwing scraps of paper, cigar ends, or fruit parings upon the floor at home, yet some of them will deliberately do so upon the floor of their city. There is no excuse for such carelessness in persons who know better; and the ones who do not know better cannot learn too soon.

Good housekeepers set a trash basket in the corner of the room to receive such litter. Imitating their example, the Street Cleaning Department has placed rubbish boxes at different corners in the streets, and citizens are expected to throw papers, fruit skins, and other light refuse into them, exactly as they would into the trash basket at home.

Scattering refuse in the street is a sign of bad breeding; it is also forbidden by law. People who do it are a disgrace to themselves and to their neighborhood. They fully deserve the punishment the law has fixed for this offense. All of us have seen the pavement

littered with refuse of a worse character than paper or fruit skins, and it is a shame to our city to have to admit that we have sometimes seen it thrown there willfully. I speak now of the slovenly housekeepers who toss garbage from their kitchens into the street, or into some neighbor's yard. You may be sure they never do it when the policeman is about, for they know very well what he will do if he catches them at it. They have no right to do it at any time, and the person who sees them breaking the law in this way, should report the matter to the Board of Health.

The Fish Market under Williamsburg Bridge, New York

Worse even than the slovenly housekeepers are the men who sell fish or vegetables from wagons or push carts and drop the refuse from their stock upon the pavements. Yet they are the very ones who should be

most careful to keep the streets clean, since they do business in them, free of charge, to save paying rent as others must do for a store. Surely it would be a simple matter for these men to collect every scrap of refuse which falls from their goods, and keep it in a covered box or barrel until they can get rid of it in the right way. Moreover, it would be the fair and right thing to do, if only to show their thanks for being allowed to sell goods in the public streets.

Sweeping Machine

Like all careful housekeepers, the Street Cleaning Department of New York likes to get its work done early in the morning. The sweepers remove the heaviest dirt from the streets at night. There is less traffic at that time, and the work can be done better and more quickly than during the day. The men use sweeping machines

first, and then flush the pavement with clean water. When daylight comes the regular sweepers go over the same streets, and gather up with brooms and scrapers whatever may have escaped the machines.

The collectors of ashes, garbage, and rubbish also make their rounds in the morning, and the citizens who have waste to be taken away, are expected to have it ready for them. They must have the barrels and cans of ashes and garbage standing near the house, and covered over to prevent the escape of dust and odors. They must keep their rubbish indoors, and hang out the little red sign provided by the city to let the collector know it is ready for him. Truly this is little enough to ask the citizens to do, in return for the removal of the waste from their own shops and households. Yet unless they do it—and there are some who neglect these light duties—it is impossible to keep the city streets clean.

Rubbish Sign

The collectors of waste are under orders to be careful that none of it falls to the pavement. The citizens can help here, by seeing that their boxes and barrels are whole, not broken, and that they are not filled too full. When a collector's cart is full, he must fit a cover over the top of it and take it directly to the dump for

the section to which he belongs. He is not allowed to loiter on the way, and he must walk his horse the whole distance. The reason for this is that trotting jolts the wagon, sets the dust flying, and leaves behind an untidy trail of ashes, paper, or garbage. You see from this, how very careful the Department is of details, and how its rules are meant to keep the city clean as well as to make it clean.

These rules, whether made for the men of the Department or for the citizens, may appear very trifling to you; but when it comes to the important question of a city's safety and cleanliness, even trifles count for much in the general result. Cinder dust is surely a trifle; but a speck of it blown from an overflowing ash can into a person's eye may do a lasting injury. A bit of orange or banana peel is a trifle; but if carelessly thrown into the street upon a damp pavement, it may endanger life or limb for the one whose foot slips upon it. A sheet of newspaper lying in the street is another trifle; but if a gust of wind sends it flying into the face of a horse, it may start a runaway, and do serious damage to life or property.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW YOUNG CITIZENS CAN HELP THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT

There is a maxim which appeals to every American heart, not only because of its truth, but because it is so closely connected with the growth of our own great nation. Some of you may already know the maxim, and the rest of you should learn and remember it.

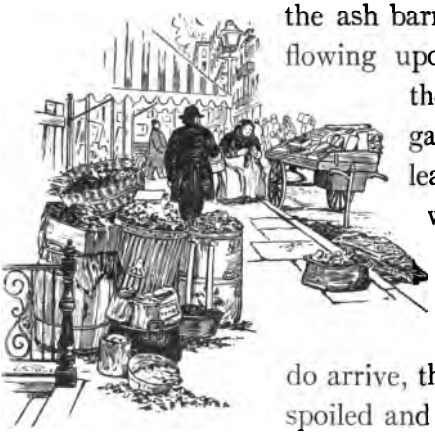
IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

These five short words are brimful of solid truth, and they form an excellent maxim for children to keep in mind, whenever they wish to do a thing which seems beyond their power.

A chain is stronger than a rope of the same thickness; yet it is only a number of little links joined together, each useless in itself and of no value without the others. All of you have, no doubt, seen cloth so firm that you could not tear it. Ravel it along a cut edge, and you will find the cloth woven of a number of single threads, each so frail that you can break it between your fingers. One boy or one girl may not be able to do very much in matters of importance, such, for example, as improving

the looks of a city. But let a number of them join together, all earnestly working for the same end, and you will find they can do a great deal.

Do you live in a neighborhood where careless people are constantly throwing refuse into the streets? where the ash barrels are always overflowing upon the walk where they stand? where the garbage vessels are leaky and unclean? where the street cleaners sometimes forget to come? or where, when they do arrive, their work is quickly spoiled and made useless by the carelessness of the people themselves?



"where the ash barrels are overflowing"

Should you not like things to be just a little better? Are you not willing to do all you can to improve the looks of the block where you live? Do you not wish to have it rank as the cleanest in the whole neighborhood? I am sure you do; but being only a child you feel helpless about doing any good in this direction. Even to attempt to keep the street clean in front of your own house would, you fear, be as useless as trying to sweep back a river with a broom. So it would be,

if you stood alone; but do not be discouraged. There is a way in which you can help.

Let me ask you a few questions. How about the little links which, when joined together, form a strong chain? How about the frail threads which, when woven together, make firm cloth? How about the company of firemen which can put out a big fire, where one fireman, fighting alone, would be helpless? How about the troop of policemen who set free the tangled mass of horses and trucks that afternoon on West Street, where a single policeman attempting the task could have done nothing? Finally, what do you think of a number of children banded together in a big Civic Club or League? or, if you prefer it, in several small clubs, all having the same aim, and all working along the same general lines?

Do you not think a club of children could do a great deal of good if all the members worked together toward the same end? If you are doubtful let me tell you that bands of boys and girls have done great work in this way, and in this very field of street cleaning. The results were so remarkable that the gentleman who was at that time the Commissioner of the New York Street Cleaning Department, thanked the young workers personally and in public several times.

I shall tell you more about this, a little farther on. Meanwhile, let me say that the children of to-day can

do equally good work for the city if they band themselves together for the purpose. Suppose you who read this book, talk it over with the other children living near you. Do you not think you could get them to work with you in an attempt to keep your own block, let us say, looking neater than any other one in its neighborhood? If you live in a block of private houses you will find your work far easier than in a block where several families live in each house. Yet, in flat houses and tenements there will be many more children, and the larger a union is, the greater is its strength, provided every member of it does his full duty.

If the janitors or housekeepers on your block are careless; if the barrels and boxes before their doors look untidy; or if they set them out too late for the collector to empty as he goes by, as a member of your Civic Club you can speak to them about it in private. You can tell them in a kind and polite way the object of your club, and ask them to help by being more careful.

Should people on your block dare to go so far in wrongdoing, as to throw garbage or rubbish into the street, find out who the offenders are. Then speak to them about it in a pleasant way; explain that it is against the law, and appeal to them to obey the law. Tell them what your club is aiming to do, and perhaps you may awaken in them a spark of civic pride. Who knows? Should this plan fail, then let your club give

the offenders' names to the officer who is in charge of the street sweepers in your neighborhood, and he will speedily put a stop to their untidiness, as far as the street is concerned.

Guarding the streets from the carelessness of grown-up citizens is, however, only a part of the good work children's civic clubs can accomplish. There is another duty that young citizens must discharge. They must pay due regard to the appearance of public property. To mark with knife, chalk, or pencil, or in any other way to deface walls, walks, fences, buildings, or other property, not only helps to make the streets unclean and unsightly, but also injures the property of another. Whether that other is the city or a private owner makes no difference. Think how much good would result, if all of us were always as careful of the property of others as of our own! This is an excellent field in which children's civic clubs can do good work; but the members must keep as close a watch upon themselves as upon the other children in the neighborhood.

Not very many years ago, a number of children of New York city took up civic work in deep earnest. They did a great deal of good work; so much, indeed, that the Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department praised them highly. He went further; he gave each of the active workers a badge, and also an engraved certificate, stating that he, or she, had been

accepted as a Volunteer Aid of the Department, and instructing every officer and man in the force to treat him or her with proper consideration and respect.

Volunteer's Badge

These clubs were known as The Juvenile Street Cleaning Leagues, and they did their best work in the crowded sections of the city. The majority of the people living there could not speak English, and very probably had never heard of civic pride. Working all day and far into the night in order to make a living, these newcomers in our country had no time to read the city ordinances, or even to give them a thought. It was in their part of the city that the children, working together in their leagues, accomplished the most good. Without being aware of it, they set an excellent and lasting example to children all over the country. Hundreds of small towns and villages, as well as cities, are to-day the cleaner, the healthier and the happier, because of this example.

Conditions differ in different parts of a city, of course. In every part, however, a league of children can do good and effective work, and can help make the streets clean and attractive to the eye, instead of dirty and unpleasant to look upon. The dozen "Don't" rules which

follow, will, if memorized, serve to remind the children's civic clubs of their special object, and do much to help the members gain their end. These rules should be observed by all, whether members of a civic club or not.

1. Don't throw *anything* into the street or on the sidewalk. A rubbish box is not far away.

2. Don't throw away banana skins. They are slippery things and may cause some one to fall. Give them to a horse, for horses like them.

3. Don't tear up waste paper and scatter it anywhere.

4. Don't chalk the fences, the sidewalk, the buildings, or the pavements.

5. Don't deface park benches, school furniture, or any other public property.

6. Don't fill the ash barrel and garbage pail too full.

7. Don't build bonfires. They burn wood which some one would be glad to use. They injure the pavement. They leave untidy ashes behind. They make extra work for the street sweepers. They often cause a fire.

8. Don't throw water into the streets in frosty weather. It will freeze and cause passers-by to fall.

9. Don't scatter the heaps of sand and cinders which lie in front of buildings being newly erected.

10. Don't throw anything into the sewers.

11. Don't build dams in the gutters or try to stop the water from flowing into the sewer.

12. Don't touch the fire hydrants or the alarm boxes. If they are out of order when fire breaks out, it will lead to serious danger.

A pledge of some sort is usually exacted as a condition of membership in a club. The following has been found an excellent one for the civic clubs formed by children in New York. With slight changes, it will answer elsewhere as well.

CIVIC PLEDGE

"We who are soon to be citizens of New York, the largest city on the American continent, desire to have her possess a name that is above reproach. We therefore agree to refrain from littering her streets, and as far as possible prevent others from doing so, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great, and as pure as she is free."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

Healthy citizens are a credit to their city. Unhealthy ones show that something is wrong, either with the land on which the city is built, with the water its people drink, with the food they eat, or with the way in which they live. It is true that most people take care of their own health and of that of their children, for their own sake. This does much toward keeping them well, but more than this is needed. No matter how careful they may be, illness will enter their houses now and again, and often through no fault of their own.

The illness may be contagious; that is, such as is commonly called "catching." Diseases of this kind spread rapidly when nothing is done to check them. They are carried from family to family, and from house to house, throughout whole neighborhoods. You must have heard of "catching" diseases, for they attack children oftener than they attack grown people.

There are many different diseases which spread from one person to another unless great care is taken to prevent it. The most frequent ones are whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, and certain

diseases of the eyes, ears, skin, and scalp. Wherever any of these illnesses occur, the people should do all they can to prevent their spread. But some people are careless even in so important a matter, and the most careful ones cannot always prevent disease from spreading to others. Therefore the city that is well governed appoints special people to do what is necessary to prevent the spread of disease. You shall learn in another chapter just what they do.

There are many diseases, not always contagious, which attack people who dwell close together in cities. They are caused by unhealthful conditions existing in the houses or in the public buildings; by sickening odors from factories or shops which handle offensive material, and in this way poison the air the people must breathe; by the eating of food which is unwholesome; by the drinking of impure milk or water; and by the use of harmful drugs and medicines. Such diseases are known as preventable diseases, because they may be prevented by proper care on the part of the city government.

Other kinds of illness are directly due to neglect and to overwork in childhood. Certain growths often form in the throat and nose of a child. Unless discovered in time and removed, they will lead to disease later on in life. The same thing is true of other troubles that are quite as easy to cure as the growths, if they are

but attended to in time. But the parents of the unfortunate child often do not know that anything is wrong; the trouble is therefore neglected until it causes serious illness.

Overwork, before a child's body is old enough to stand the strain, is certain to make trouble sooner or later. Young boys and girls are often anxious to go to work in order to do their share toward supporting the family. But work is not good for them, and it should not be permitted. Even when they are old enough to work, their working hours should be in daylight only, and so arranged that they leave the young workers enough free time for rest and for a bit of healthful play.

Accidents do much to increase the cases of illness in a city. Citizens may be injured and made ill through falling upon icy pavements or into unprotected openings in the street. They may be hurt by stumbling over boxes or other obstructions left on sidewalks or on stairways. They may be seriously harmed, even killed, because of carelessness on the part of men driving cars, wagons, or automobiles, or through the reckless use of blasting materials, fireworks, and fire-arms.

Surely all these make a very long list of illnesses, each one of which may be largely prevented by using the proper precautions.

It is within the power of a city to protect its citizens from all diseases which may be prevented. This is a

most important duty, and it requires a separate department to attend to it. In New York the Mayor appoints a Commissioner of Health to take charge of this department. This officer is assisted by the Commissioner of Police and by the Health Officer of the Port, who has control over the ships which sail in and out of the waters surrounding New York. Together these three officers form the Board of Health, a powerful body whose rules must be obeyed by every person in the city, from highest to lowest.

"Every vessel must await the doctor"

It is the duty of the Health Officer of the Port to guard the city from disease brought to it from outside. He has the right to forbid ships to land passengers, crew, or cargo until he has made sure they are bringing in no germs of disease. Every vessel coming to the city must anchor in the harbor and await the doctor sent by the Health Officer of the Port to inspect it. Unless it

can show a clean bill of health, which means that there is no contagious illness on board, it is not permitted to come nearer shore till all the people ill with the disease have been removed to a special hospital.

The first duty of the Department of Health is to guard the citizens from illness which may be prevented. Consequently it watches everything which may cause illness, and it forbids whatever is injurious to the health of the people. It has the right to make rules which the citizens must obey even when they seem harsh or unfair, or interfere with business or pleasure. These rules, taken together, form the Sanitary Code, or general health laws of the city.

To enforce this code the Department sends its inspectors into every nook and corner of the city. These officers search houses, workshops, and factories, whenever they have reason to believe unsanitary (unhealthful) conditions exist, or that a case of contagious disease is foolishly being concealed. I say "foolishly" because it is foolish as well as criminal to try to conceal contagion. Later on we shall see why.

Wherever the health inspectors find unsanitary conditions, or anything else contrary to law, the Department orders the premises cleaned, repaired, or possibly vacated, as it deems best, and the citizens must obey the order. Argument or disobedience is useless, for the policemen of the Health Squad will speedily

step in and end the dispute. These officers wear a red cross upon the sleeve of the uniform, because the red cross is the symbol of help for the ill or injured.

Badge of Health Squad

Faulty plumbing is the cause of much illness. It permits gas from the sewers to make its way into our homes and poison the air we breathe. The health inspector is therefore careful to look for loose joints in the waste pipes, and for a crack or a break through which the sewer gas can escape. The Health Department is so very careful in this regard, that it is glad to have the citizens give it notice, if they think the plumbing where they live or work is in need of repair. The inspectors investigate every complaint, even if it comes to them on a postal card. Where they find the plumbing poor, they order it repaired, or replaced by new. They do this also where there are leaky gas pipes and fixtures, which are quite as unhealthful as bad plumbing. These are dangerous not only because of a possible explosion, but because the escaping gas poisons the air in the room and brings disease to those who breathe it for any length of time.

The rules of the Sanitary Code are so important that the citizens are expected to know exactly what they command and what they forbid. To spread this knowledge the Department of Health has had the code printed, and distributes it free of charge to all who ask for it. Every citizen should read this code with care. It would show him how very many things the city watches closely in order to protect the health of its citizens, and to guard them from accidents as well as from preventable diseases.

For example, the Sanitary Code compels the city railroad companies to clean their cars thoroughly every day, and it tells them just how fast they may run cars over curves, and over a straight track. It forbids them to carry soiled linen in the cars, except upon the front platforms. Does this rule seem to you harsh, and likely to hurt poor people most? It is not meant to be so. Like every other wise law it aims to do the most good to the greatest number. Soiled linen is not only uncleanly in itself; it may have come straight from a household where contagious illness exists, and it may contain the germs of some disease. These germs are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are the means of spreading disease further and further. People are constantly going and coming in cars. Is it right to expose them to disease in this way? The soiled linen may be free from disease germs, but there

is always the chance that it may be full of them; and people ignorant or careless enough to take such linen into the cars, are not at all likely to label it "contagious." This is the reason for ordering such linen carried on the front platform, where it can do least harm.

The best of reasons may be found for the rule which forbids spitting upon the streets, and upon the floors of public buildings, cars, stations, factories, and work-shops, and all other places where people come and go. The matter which is expectorated from the mouth or throat often contains disease germs. It dries where it falls, or it is carried into people's homes on their shoes and skirts, and it dries there. When dried it floats about in the air on every breeze and people breathe it into their lungs. Later they fall ill of some disease without knowing how or where they got it. This happens day after day, and it accounts for the many cases of consumption among the people.

The unfortunate sufferers spread the disease further in exactly the same way, without intending to do so. Consumption, or tuberculosis, as it should be called, makes a person cough, and the matter that is raised in coughing is full of the disease germs and will readily pass the disease on to others. This is reason enough, is it not, for the law which forbids spitting in public places? It may put those who are ill to extra trouble, but is not this much better than to allow them to

spread the poison of the disease broadcast, and give it to others?

An important part of the work which the Department of Health does for the city, is the keeping of the record of births, marriages and deaths. Within ten days after a child is born in the city, a report of its birth must be sent to the Department of Health. Among other details, this report must state the names of the parents, their residence, the date, and the child's name in case one has been selected. Every death and every marriage among the citizens must also be reported.

The Bureau of Records takes charge of these reports and keeps them in order. It will furnish, at any time, a correct copy of any record for a fee of fifty cents. This charge is not heavy, and it is the only one the Department of Health makes for any service which it renders to the citizens.

The copy thus secured is a certificate from the Department of Health that is everywhere respected. When the time comes to prove that a boy or girl has reached the age when the law will allow him or her to go to work, the birth certificate furnished by the Department of Health is all that is needed to prove the child's age. People often find it necessary to prove a birth, a marriage, or a death; the question is readily settled in any city where the Department of Health takes the trouble to keep such records.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT AND THE SCHOOLS

Many of you have seen the school doctor, and some have met the school nurse. Have you ever asked yourselves why they visit the school so regularly, and who sends them there? You have probably seen what they do in school, but have you ever wondered why they do it?

The school doctor should be called the Medical Inspector, because that is his title. He and the trained nurse come to your school, just as your teachers do, in order to be helpful to the school children. They are sent there by the Department of Health, to see that the children grow up with sound bodies.

Sound bodies are quite as necessary as trained minds. When one has headaches, or trouble with breathing, or inflamed eyes, or a constant buzzing and ringing in the ears, it is not easy to study well. But these troubles can usually be cured, and then study becomes much easier.

The medical inspector visits the schools in his charge every day. He examines all children who are reported to him by the teachers as appearing ill. If he

finds them really ill he sends them home to be cared for. If the illness is contagious, an inspector visits the home without loss of time, and takes the proper precautions to prevent further spreading of the disease.

A Medical Inspector in School

At regular intervals the medical inspector makes a careful examination of the eyes and ears, the throat and nose, the skin and hair of every child in the school. When he finds signs of disease in any child, or of wrong conditions which may lead to disease, the

parents are notified to secure the proper treatment which will cure the trouble. They are allowed to employ their own physicians to treat the case, or they may take the child to a dispensary for treatment, if they prefer.

Wise parents are truly grateful when something wrong in the health of their children is brought to their notice, and are glad to have the children properly treated. The parents who grow angry and refuse to follow the advice of the medical inspector are unwise. In some cases their foolish refusal is useless. The Department of Health compels them to obey its orders where the disease is serious, such, for example, as trachoma, an eye disease which spreads from child to child and which often leads to blindness.

Let no one think that the medical inspectors are meddlers when they report children ill and in need of a certain kind of treatment. They are good doctors, and are merely doing what the Department of Health tells them to do in its efforts to keep the children of the city in good health.

Some of the troubles which the doctor's examinations discover, may be treated by the school nurse, if the parents are unable to secure the proper treatment for the child. The nurse attends to the simpler cases in the school, and treats the others at the homes of the children after school hours. She is kind and gentle, and when

she goes into the homes of the children to treat them, she always teaches the mothers what to do for the little ones. The trouble may be with the hair, or the skin, or the ears. Whatever it is, the nurse understands how to treat it, and she always tries to show the mothers how they can help.

When the doctor has advised an operation, the nurse does her best to make the mother understand that it is for the child's own good. She never laughs at the mother who foolishly fears that the doctors will cut her child's throat when they take out the adenoids, or injure the eyes when they operate for trachoma. Instead, she promises that nothing of the kind will happen, and that the little one will be stronger and healthier after the operation than before.

Some of the homes the nurse visits are so poor that the mothers must go out to work, and there is no one to keep the children clean. Not long ago a child from such a home had to be sent away from school because she was very unclean. The teacher told her to wash herself with soap and warm water, and then come back to school. The nurse followed the child home to treat her hair. What do you suppose she saw when she opened the door?

She found the little girl washing herself as hard as she could in a bowl of tea!

The nurse asked her why she was washing with tea.

"I know I ought to use soap and warm water, because the teacher said so," answered the child. "But I can't find any soap, and the water is cold. My tea was warm, so I took that."

The nurse understood. She looked around at the bare room, and at the child all alone in it, with the mother away all day at work. She had seen the same thing so often. But never yet, she said to herself, had she met a child so eager to obey the teacher, that instead of drinking her tea she was using it to wash with!

When the nurse was through with the child's hair, she took her own piece of soap, and warming some water on the stove, gave the little one her first lesson in washing herself. You should have seen the child's joy when the nurse took a little pocket mirror from her bag and told her to look into it!

"Oh!" she cried; "I'm one of the clean ones now! Teacher will put me in the front row!"

Some of you have heard of the law requiring the vaccination of school children. This is a law made for the good of all, which the Board of Health compels people to respect. Unlike the rule regarding trachoma, which forces parents to have the disease cured, the rule regarding vaccination forces them to use the ounce of prevention which keeps off disease, and thus does away with the need of cure. The Department of Health requires school children to be vaccinated, because it

prevents their falling ill of smallpox. Smallpox is a painful disease, and very contagious. Before the doctors learned the value of vaccination, smallpox was a very common disease. When it was found that vaccination prevented smallpox, people everywhere gladly submitted to the trifling operation, rather than risk taking the dreadful disease. Since then smallpox, once so frequent, has become so rare a disease that many doctors have never been called to a case of it.

All over the civilized world, vaccination is insisted upon by the officers who have the health of the people in their charge. Here at home, no child can attend school without having a doctor's certificate stating that he or she has been successfully vaccinated. After a few years the effect of the vaccination may wear off; a second, and later a third, and even a fourth vaccination will then be required.

A child who cannot show a vaccination certificate is vaccinated in school, free of charge, by the doctors sent by the Department of Health. When this vaccination "takes," or succeeds, a certificate of vaccination is given to the child. This certificate is dated, and it states the child's name, and also the age at the time of the vaccination. It should be put away carefully. Some day it may help secure the "working papers" for a boy or girl who has no other proof of having reached the legal age for work.

The natural way to breathe is through the nose. The child who breathes through his mouth, usually does it because the air passages in his nose or throat are stopped up at some point. The mouth-breather does not take in all the air he needs to make his blood healthy. Blood feeds the body, and children need the very healthiest blood because their bodies grow so fast.

A Boy before and after the Removal of Adenoids

When their blood is poor they are likely to be dull and sleepy. Their brains very easily become tired or restless, and they cannot study well. They frequently fall ill, and they do not grow so straight and strong as they should. Sometimes they are made bad-tempered, and they do not behave properly.

Surely the sensible thing to do in such a case is to remove that which prevents the child from breathing

through the nose. This is exactly what the Department of Health aims at, when it requires the removal of the adenoids or of the enlarged tonsils which close up the natural air passages in a child's nose or throat. Should your medical inspector tell any one of you that you have a trouble of this sort in your nose or throat, I hope your parents will allow you to undergo the slight operation which will cure it. If they object, explain it to them exactly as I have explained it to you, and perhaps they will then give their consent.

Nose and throat troubles are not the only ones which make a child backward, feeble, or naughty. I knew a boy who was troublesome at home and who hated to go to school. You will not wonder at it when I tell you that he never knew his lessons, never paid attention to the school work, and could never be interested in it. He spent his school day playing and trying to get others to play with him. This was against the school rules, and when the teacher punished him, it made him cross and unhappy. In his heart he wanted very much to be like other boys, but somehow he could not sit still as they did, nor could he pay attention. At promotion time he was left behind. He felt ashamed of himself, and though he tried his best, his work during the second term in the same grade was no better than before.

Then the teacher took him to the medical inspector. He examined the boy's eyes and discovered that the

boy could not see well. Things looked blurred to him all the time, much as they do to you and me when we try to see through a window covered with rain. It was no wonder that the poor boy failed to learn his lessons. The doctor advised him to wear a certain kind of spectacles. Looking through their lenses would correct the trouble, he said, and perhaps cure it altogether.

The boy was delighted when he learned that wearing spectacles would help him to be like other boys. But his parents refused to buy them for him. They had never heard, they said, that wearing spectacles would make a boy learn his lessons, or make a bad boy behave in school, and they would never spend their money for such nonsense.

The teacher felt very sorry for the boy. She was patient with him, and the boy did his best, but he could not see well, and it made his head ache to try. At last she took him to the dispensary herself, and paid for the spectacles with her own money.

The boy put them on and was amazed at the change. All looked different now; everything was brighter and clearer. Now that he could see more clearly what was written on the blackboard, and what was printed in his books, it was easy to pay attention. It was not long before he stood at the head of his class. Then in a short time he was promoted, and it did not take him many weeks to catch up with his old classmates.

One thing alone now troubled him. How should he ever be able to pay his teacher for the spectacles which had done him so much good? He began to sell newspapers after school hours, and carefully put by every cent he gained. Whenever he had saved twenty-five cents he exchanged them for a silver quarter, and carried it to his teacher. It took him three months to pay the money debt he owed her; but he feels that he still owes her a debt that money cannot pay.

CHAPTER XX

FIGHTING CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

Has it occurred to any of you that fighting forms a large part of the work done by the various departments of the city government?

The Fire Department fights fire. The Police Department fights crime and disorder. The Department of Street Cleaning fights dirt. The Department of Health fights disease. Each department fights with all its force, and in addition does all it can to protect the citizens from the harm these powerful enemies can do.

The diseases which attack people in cities show themselves at all times, among all classes, and in all parts of the city. This means that the Department of Health must be on guard day and night, and in every nook and corner of the city. It means also that it must watch the strangers who come into the city, to prevent them from bringing disease with them.

New York is often called "America's Front Door" because most of the ships which come to this country land there. This keeps its Health Department on guard, for like a good doorkeeper, it must do its best to keep the public enemy, disease, outside. As you

learned in Chapter XVIII, the Health Officer of the Port sends doctors to inspect all ships when they arrive in the harbor; and if any contagious disease is found on board, the passengers who have it, are taken to a hospital before the others can land.

Most of the foreigners who come to this country in ships are not allowed to land at once, even when the vessels that bring them show a clean bill of health. Those who come in the steerage by way of New York are taken to Ellis Island, where doctors examine each one separately, to be sure that no case of illness is concealed. Those who have dangerous kinds of disease, and who may spread illness among the people whom they meet, are ordered sent back to the country from which they came. This is hard for them, of course; but it must be done in order to protect the health of the people in our own country.

Foreigners at Ellis Island

You must not think, however, that all who are ill when they arrive in this country, are sent back home. This is not necessary when the illness is a simple one

which can be cured in a short time. If it is contagious the patients are not allowed to land, for this would not be fair to the citizens, who might catch the disease from them. Neither would it be fair to make the patients remain with other foreigners on Ellis Island. Therefore the Health Officer of the Port sees that such patients are placed in a special hospital where doctors and nurses care for them until they are cured.

Contagious diseases need the closest kind of watching. Beginning in some one house, they can move over a whole district in a short time, attacking first one family and then another. No one knows who will be the next victim.

Have you ever noticed frost trace its pretty pictures on a window pane? It forms in little zigzags near the edges of the glass. These widen into waved lines, and then slender spears shoot out suddenly in unexpected places. The lines near the edges creep higher and curve up toward the spear points, which, in turn, climb farther and farther from their starting place. Little islands of frostwork appear here and there on the glass, and bigger ones form wherever your breath falls. If you wait patiently you may see the frost gradually advance until it veils the whole glass like a curtain.

Measles, scarlet fever, and other contagious diseases would spread over the city in much the same way as Jack Frost covers the window pane, if no steps were

taken to prevent it. Each new case would be a danger center from which a hundred others might spring.

Some citizens do not understand the risk of permitting contagion to spread. Others are too careless to take the precautions which would prevent it. That is why the Department of Health has to be especially careful with contagious diseases. Every day it sends printed lists to the schools throughout the city, to inform the principals just where contagious diseases exist. To make sure that no case shall escape this list, every doctor in the city is compelled to report to the Board of Health all cases of contagious disease treated by him.

"A placard upon the front door"

A health inspector is at once sent to investigate each case. During his visit he tells the parents just what they must do and must not do to prevent the disease from spreading beyond the sick room. Before he leaves, he must fasten a placard upon the front

door, warning people of the nature of the disease within, and forbidding them to enter. No one likes to have a placard of this sort posted on the front door; but the Department of Health cannot consider any person's likes and dislikes, when it is a question of protecting citizens from contagion. The law says the placard must be put there, and that it must not be removed without the permission of the Board of Health. It is the duty of the health inspector to see that this law is obeyed.

One would think that a family with a case of contagious disease in its home, would be the very first to use the ounce of prevention which would keep it from spreading. It knows better than all others the distress and anxiety caused by the illness, and every member of the household should do the utmost to save a neighbor from the same trouble. The parents should see to it that their healthy children remain away from other children until the sick one is cured. This alone would go far to lessen the spread of the disease.

Many persons believe that if a child has not taken the disease from which a brother or sister is suffering, he cannot spread it further. This is a mistake. Children who have been near contagion may remain perfectly well themselves, and yet carry the germs of the disease in their clothing, in their hair, and upon their skin. These germs are too small to be seen with the

naked eye; but they are there, and, in some unknown way, they pass to other children who are near, and infect them with the disease. I trust all of my readers will remember this fact. When a contagious illness appears in their home, they should report it to their school principal at once, without waiting for the regular notice which is sent by the Board of Health. They will be excused from attending school while the illness lasts.

The child who is ill must be kept away from every one else in the household, except the person who is nursing him. This "quarantine," or separation from the rest, because of the danger of spreading the disease, must be kept up until such danger is entirely past. When the contagious disease is of an especially dangerous kind, the entire household is quarantined. Being quarantined, or shut out from every one, is inconvenient for the family. Is it not better, however, to inconvenience one family than to allow a deadly disease to spread among many?

Sometimes people are selfish and wicked enough to try to conceal a case of contagious disease. This is against the law, and those who are guilty are certain to be found out sooner or later. The punishment for such concealment is severe. It ought to be; for it is quite as bad to expose others to contagion, as it would be to send a poisonous snake among them, or to attack them with a knife or an axe.

CHAPTER XXI

FIGHTING CONTAGIOUS DISEASES (CONCLUDED)

Tuberculosis, or consumption, is a disease so frequent that people are likely to forget that it is contagious. It is the more easily spread from one person to another, because people may have the disease and not know it. Because of this strange fact, they may pass the disease on to others, long before they themselves learn that the cough they thought only a "cold" is really a sign of serious illness. People who suffer from tuberculosis require plenty of fresh air and nourishing food. They should sleep in the open air, or in a room with the windows wide open. They should never work or sleep in a room with others. It is bad for those who are ill, and dangerous for every one else in the room with them. This is one of the reasons why an overcrowded workshop is against the law.

The desire to save money often leads men to break the law, or to try their utmost to evade its meaning. Rather than pay more rent for extra space in which to place his workmen, the manufacturer of clothing, for example, gives out a portion of his work to be done elsewhere. The men who take this work hire other men to do it

for them, and often herd them together in a room far worse than the one in the factory. Most of the workers are poor foreigners who do not know that there is a law to protect them from having to work in overcrowded rooms. Even if they were aware of it, they

A Sweat Shop

would make no complaint, being only too glad to earn a little money.

A workshop of this sort is called a "sweat shop," and until news of its existence reaches the Department of Health, it acts like a hotbed in spreading the seeds, or germs, of tuberculosis. A single case of the disease among the workers in a sweat shop, will throw off enough

germs to infect all the other workmen. These germs poison the air the men breathe, and one after another may get the disease. The contagion does not end here, unfortunately. Not only may each man who becomes ill carry the disease into his own home, but the germs in the workroom may fall upon the clothing made there, and they are carried with it into the stores where it is sold, and from there into the homes of the people who buy it.

It is curious how long some of the tiny disease germs can continue alive on things which, like the sweat-shop clothing, seem to offer them neither food nor drink. We cannot tell how they can do so, but it has been proved over and over again that they remain alive and carry the disease far and wide.

Educated people who have contagious disease in the house and who know how easily it can spread, are likely to use proper care to prevent the disease from going further. On the other hand, some people boast loudly that they do not believe in contagion. Such people are ignorant and act like little children. They do not know that disease can be carried from one home to another as easily as a loaf of bread. They cannot understand that the germs can lodge on clothing, and on other things which chance to be near the patient suffering from a contagious disease. And because they do not know that these germs can cause new cases of the

disease, just as plants can grow from seeds, they say in an offhand way that they do not believe in contagion.

The germs do not mind. They go right on doing their deadly work, just as quietly as ever.

I remember the case of a lovely girl of eighteen years, the joy of her father's heart and the only child in his beautiful home. Although she had always been carefully guarded from disease, one day she fell ill of scarlet fever. Dark and anxious were the days which followed, for death was very near at times. Everything was done for the beloved patient that the doctors advised, and every care taken to keep the disease from spreading to others. The young girl watched it all from her bed in a listless way. When the danger had passed, but long before the illness had run its course, she began to take an interest in things, and one morning she asked the doctor to tell her how contagion spreads.

"That is more than any one can say, exactly," he answered; "but perhaps I can give you some idea of it. Think of a letter, and how it can be carried about. You can give me the letter, you know; that would be one way. You can give the letter to my sister, who, in turn, can give it to me; that would be a second way. My sister may keep the letter for a time (in other words, take the disease herself) before passing it on to me; that is a third way. It would be a fourth way if the letter, as might happen, were blown from your room

into mine through open windows. A fifth way would be to have the letter come to me in a box or a package, as with a gift, let us say. Do you follow the idea?"

"Thank you, doctor, I think I do." Then after a little while, she said:

"Doctor, I believe I know how I got this illness. It came in a gift, I think. If it did, maybe you can prevent others from getting it in the same way."

Then she told him that her father had given her a beautiful horse as a birthday gift, and had allowed her to order a riding dress to wear when on horseback. The dress was to be fitted on a certain day. It was not ready, however, and the merchant excused the delay by saying that the tailor was at work upon it in his own home, because he was unable to leave his sick child. It would surely be ready for her the next day. She went the next day, she said, to try it on, and the tailor told her he had come straight from home in order not to disappoint her a second time. He had asked a neighbor to stay with the child in his absence, for the mother was dead. She remembered it very well, because she had felt so sorry for the little child at the time, and had hoped it would not be lonely while the father was away. Soon afterward the riding dress was sent home, she said, and she had worn it only once before she was taken ill. Could it be possible, she asked, for the contagion to have come to her in that way?

The doctor thought it very likely, if the tailor's child had been ill of the same disease.

"Then, doctor, won't you find out?" she asked. "You can get the tailor's address from the merchant. I am sure he is a poor man, and if the child is not yet well, perhaps you can help it as you are helping me. And won't you please tell the tailor to make no more clothes in his house while the child is ill? I suppose he does not know that they can carry contagion. I did not know it until to-day. If he will let me send a trained nurse there, he can do his work in the shop."

The good doctor knocked the same day at the tailor's door. It bore no placard to warn people against entering, but when the door was opened the doctor caught sight of a little girl lying in a tumbled bed, and looking very ill and miserable. His trained eyes saw with one glance at the child's flushed skin, that his patient had hit upon the truth; the poison of the scarlet fever had really been carried from this humble sick room into the great house far uptown. Not from this child, however, whose illness, he saw, was just beginning; but from the little brother, playing listlessly upon the bare floor, whose wan face and hands showed all the signs of illness scarcely past.

Near the bed stood the tailor's sewing machine, and close by lay a pile of garments waiting to be finished.

Looking at them, the doctor wondered into how many other homes the disease would have been carried, but for the thoughtfulness of the young girl who from her own sick-bed had sent him here to stop it.

It was useless to blame the tailor. The fact that there was no placard on the door made it plain that no doctor had been called in. When asked why not, the tailor replied that neither child had seemed very ill, and he had thought a doctor not necessary.

The doctor then told him the whole story. He made the tailor see the wrong he had done, and then explained that the young lady had herself sent him here to treat his child without cost to him. The tailor was a foreigner, a poor man, and not used to kindness from strangers. He could scarcely believe his own ears when he heard that the young lady to whom he had done such harm without knowing it, was ready to help his sick child.

Things now changed. The big girl uptown sent a trained nurse to take charge of the little girl downtown. The health inspector came and put the placard on the door as the law requires. He forbade the tailor to do any more work at home, and he sent the half-finished garments, just as they were, to the Health Department building, to be purified from the poisonous germs they contained, and to be returned to the merchant's shop to be finished there.

The nurse did her share to keep the illness from spreading further. She took good care of the little ones, and they grew stronger day by day. The girl uptown improved also, and listened with deep interest to the reports the doctor daily brought to her from the other sick-bed, the one she had done so much to make comfortable. Finally, the patients recovered, and I am glad to add that never again will this tailor, at least, make clothing in a room where there is illness of any sort.

Should a case of contagious disease develop in the family of a laundress or a dressmaker who does her work at home, she can spread its germs exactly as the tailor spread the scarlet fever poison. It is, of course, very hard on the worker to have to give up her customers during the period the illness lasts. But is not the loss of the money easier to face, than the feeling that she has sent disease and perhaps death into another household?

Strange as it may seem, the danger of contagion does not end with the recovery of the patient. This is because the disease germs linger in the rooms, and retain their power to spread the disease. The only way to prevent the germs from doing harm is to kill them.

Do you wonder how it is possible to kill creatures too tiny to be seen? It can be done in different ways. They are readily killed by exposure to heat; by boiling; by

poisoning the air about them; and by washing, with carbolic or some other germ poison, the places where they are likely to lodge. One or more of these methods may be used, and the process of killing the germs is called "disinfection."

Disinfecting a Room

After the patient with contagious illness is well once more, men are sent by the Department of Health to disinfect the sick room. There is no charge for the work they do, or for the material which they use. After the disinfection, the men take the bedding used by the patient to the building of the Department of Health, where it can be disinfected more thoroughly than in the patient's home. They return it next day, after having destroyed the very last of the thousands of germs in it, so as to make it safe for others to use.

CHAPTER XXII

FIGHTING PREVENTABLE DISEASES

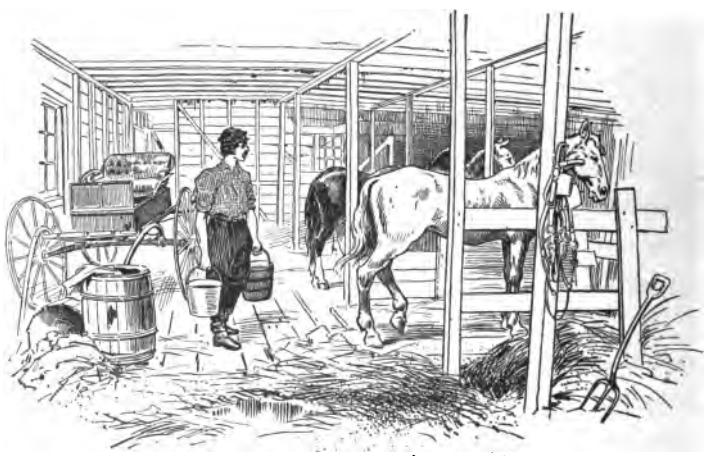
A house can be set afire with a lighted match. On the other hand, it usually cannot burn unless flame touches it. In the same way diseases which are caused by unhealthful conditions, are not likely to occur unless these unhealthful conditions exist. If we can prevent the unhealthful conditions, we usually can prevent the disease. A disease which can be prevented in this manner is called, as we have seen, a preventable disease.

If you are asked to name some of the unhealthful conditions which are likely to be found in cities, you may mention, first of all, dirt; then you may add, damp cellars; bad plumbing; impure air, food, and water; overcrowded lodgings and workshops; and uncleanliness of walls, floors, and tables where the food we eat is handled or sold.

The Department of Health is ever on the alert for unhealthful conditions of this sort, because they are against the Sanitary Code. Health inspectors are sent out every day to look for just such violations, and to investigate complaints made by citizens. Wherever unhealthful conditions are found to exist, the persons who

are responsible for them are at once ordered to clean, repair, or change whatever is wrong. Their neglect to do so is followed by punishment.

The Department is especially severe with the owners of tenement houses, factories, and workshops, when they disobey or neglect the rules of the Sanitary Code.

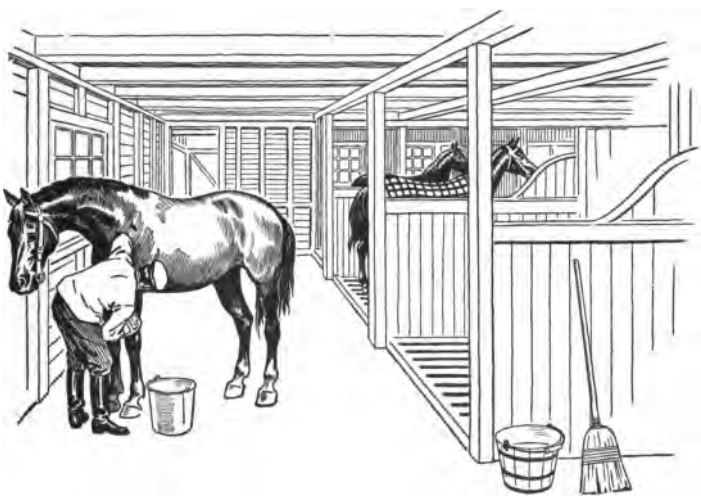


A Neglected Stable

If tenants and workmen who suspect unhealthful conditions in the places where they live and work, will notify the Department of Health, they may rest assured that an inspector will at once be sent to investigate matters, and that anything found to be wrong will speedily be made right.

People whose business requires them to handle or to

store things which decay quickly or give off a sickening odor, know that they are being closely watched by the Department of Health. Punishment awaits the stable-owner, for example, who does not get rid of the manure and wet straw promptly, and in such a manner that its odor cannot escape into the surrounding air. Dealers



A Well Kept Stable

in fish, poultry, fruits, and vegetables; butchers; and the owners of eating places and hotels, must be equally careful in disposing of the refuse that collects every day. Otherwise it might lie forgotten until it decays and endangers the public health.

Unwholesome food is the cause of much disease which is preventable. On this account the Department

of Health forbids and does all it can to prevent the sale of such food. If we were to don our wishing caps once more, and bid them transport us to the different points of entrance by rail or water into a great city like New York, we should see an unending procession of trucks and wagons bringing cans of milk, carcasses of beef, mutton, and pork, boxes of canned fruit and vegetables, and crates and barrels filled with fresh fruits, vegetables, and fish. We should also see many food inspectors who have been sent by the Department of Health to examine and test this great supply of food. When an inspector finds any fruit or vegetables that have begun to spoil, the owner must either give up the whole lot to be destroyed, or at once sort out the good from the bad. Stale fish and unwholesome meat are likewise destroyed to prevent their being sold for food.

Testing Milk

The inspectors of the city's milk supply are very strict. Neither the milk dealer nor the produce man

knows at what moment, or in what place, an inspector from the Department of Health may stop his wagon to examine its contents. The milk inspector examines not only the quality of the milk, but also the cleanliness of the cans that contain it. He tests the quality of the milk in the dealer's presence, by means of a little instrument which cannot possibly cheat.

If the milk is of too poor a quality, or if it has been diluted with water to increase its bulk, the inspector's instrument will detect it at once, and presently the gutter will flow white with the contents of the can. One by one the remaining cans are tested in the same manner, and also emptied in the same manner, if the milk falls below the standard, or if the can proves to be unclean on its inner surface. The loss of the milk, and the payment of the fine for dealing in milk below the standard, cost the owner a great deal of money; but this makes both him and others likely to obey the law in the future. It is the surest way to safeguard the people from the diseases caused by impure milk.

Disease germs, however, are often found in milk otherwise good. People who drink the milk swallow the germs, not knowing they are there, and disease is likely to follow. This is very often the case with babies and young children who live chiefly on milk. It seems to affect them most during the summer season.

Much of this illness might be prevented if the people

would kill the germs in milk before using it. They can do this by pouring the milk into clean bottles, corking them, and setting them over the fire in a kettle of cold water. A little while before the water in the kettle reaches the boiling point, the milk bottles should be taken out and set aside to cool slowly. The heat of the water in which the bottles stood, kills the germs in the milk, and the stoppers prevent other germs from getting in. This process is called "sterilizing" or "pasteurizing."

Until a few years ago babies sickened and died by the thousands in New York alone every summer, mainly through diseases caused by drinking impure milk. One citizen, Mr. Nathan Straus, made up his mind to lessen this terrible death rate by removing its chief cause. He bought milk, put it into bottles ready to feed to babies, and purified it in the manner I have just explained. He gave this pasteurized milk free of charge to mothers too poor to pay for it, and he sold it to other mothers for less than the price of common milk. The results were closely watched. They proved so wonderful and saved so many young lives, that Mr. Straus opened milk stations in other parts of the city, and, as time went on, in other cities in our country, and in foreign countries.

The generous act of this high-minded citizen has done much to save children from diseases due to im-

pure milk. The pasteurizing of milk, however, does not protect young children from the diseases caused by food which is not good for them, such as meat, fruit, vegetables, beer, or milk which has turned sour.

Much disease among young children is caused by the carelessness of their own mothers; and to prevent such disease is not an easy task. The Department of Health does what it can, however, and during the warm weather sends its doctors and nurses to care for sick babies, and to warn the mothers of the danger that lies in giving them improper food. As an additional ounce of prevention, the Department gives out free of charge a little set of rules for the care and feeding of infants.

Disease germs often get into the water which people drink. Therefore the Department of Health watches the city's water supply very closely. It examines the water every week to make sure that it is free from these germs, and from other impurities which may cause disease. There is always great danger when certain serious diseases occur in the neighborhood from which the water supply comes. Germs from these diseases often make their way into the water, and many a terrible epidemic has followed the use of water poisoned in this way. Therefore when the Board of Health sends out a warning to boil all water previous to drinking it, every citizen should obey. It is the only way to kill the germs it may contain.

Filtering water through layers of sand and fine charcoal removes from it much that is harmful, and many people filter their drinking water. The filter collects the impurities, but it does not destroy them. Consequently, unless it is taken apart very often and thoroughly cleansed, it does more harm than good.

A Water Filter

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP GUARD THE PUBLIC HEALTH

The work of the Department of Health, as we have found, is to protect the health of the citizens. Accidents and disease are the enemies of health, and we have seen how very many things must be done by the Department, in order to keep these invaders out of a great city like New York. Unfortunately, where so many people live, it is impossible to banish illness entirely. Some of these people are ignorant, and some are careless. This gives the public enemy, disease, a chance to make headway. If, like good citizens, they would help the work of the Department of Health, it would be for their own as well as the public good.

The New York Department of Health never stops in its work, day or night, and it employs more than a thousand helpers. They would make a long, long line, if they were to stand facing front along the street curb; but every man among them is needed to protect the health of the great metropolis of America. Indeed, there might well be more of them, for there is ample work in every division of the Department.

Some of the men, as we have seen, watch contagious

disease. Having no thought of danger to themselves, they enter the homes of rich and poor alike, in their earnest endeavor to prevent the disease from spreading elsewhere. Others, again, are sent to the markets, the slaughterhouses, the piers, and the railroad stations to examine the food and milk brought into the city, and to destroy whatever is bad or unfit, no matter to whom it belongs. Still other men are kept busy looking for the unhealthful conditions which invite preventable diseases.

Disinfecting Bedclothes

Within the Department building, much work is done, of great importance to the public health. It is here that samples of food and of water are examined; and specimens taken from persons who are ill are closely studied for signs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, or tuberculosis. The disinfecting corps is hard at work killing the disease germs in the rugs and bedding brought to them from sick rooms where there have

been contagious diseases. Other men are busy preparing the virus which is used in making vaccinations, and the antitoxin which lessens the danger of diphtheria.

Doing all this and much more than this for the citizens, the Department of Health has every right to expect them to do their share toward making their city the most healthful in the world. The law compels the citizens to obey the Sanitary Code, but there are other ways by which they can show a spirit of helpfulness if they will.

Free Baths

The first step toward health is cleanliness of the body. Surely this is not too much to ask of any one. Dirt is a mark of savagery, and in these days it is rightly considered disgraceful to have dirt on one's person, in

one's clothing, or within one's home. Frequent bathing at home, or in the free baths the city provides, is an important aid to health. Every citizen, young or old, should make it his duty to wash his own body from head to foot every day. I cannot begin to tell you how much this would help in the fight against contagion. To wash from our bodies the dust and dirt that collects there every day, and in which disease germs may find a resting place, is far wiser than to let them stay there until illness comes upon us.

Keeping our clothing and our dwellings clean is of equal importance. Fresh air and sunlight are excellent germ-killers, and the more freely the citizens admit these blessed health-bringers to their homes, the less chance will there be for disease to enter.

A solemn duty which every citizen owes to the city where he lives, is to report at once to the Department of Health, the presence of a case of contagious disease in his home, or in that of a neighbor who is wickedly trying to conceal it. Many are the sad but true stories which might be told by those who know, of the spread of a dangerous disease throughout a whole neighborhood, merely through the concealment of the first case.

Because of this concealment none of the parents in the neighborhood took precautions to guard their little ones from the disease. How, indeed, could they, when not one knew that it was so close by? The dangerous

germs entered their homes. Dozens of children were attacked by the disease, and suffered much pain. A few, weaker than the rest and unable to fight the disease, were relieved only when death came.

Surely the parents who willfully concealed the first case, were to blame for these deaths and the sorrow they brought. Does any one believe that the harm they did can be excused because they meant no harm? Can such an excuse bring back the dear children whose lives were lost because of the parents' stupid fear of the Department of Health? What was there to fear from the Department? The inspectors it sends, harm no one. They merely see that the parents do all that is possible to keep the disease from spreading further. This is no more than common fairness to others.

It is true that the precautions the inspectors order, may put the parents to some trouble, but what of it? Certainly, taking a little trouble, taking even a great deal of trouble, is better than to spread illness and perhaps death among others.

Sometimes people conceal a case of contagious illness, because they fear the Department of Health will take the patient away from them. This rarely happens. When it occurs it is only for one of two reasons. Either the parents disobey the orders the inspector gives them, or else the disease is so very contagious, that taking the patient away is the only way to pre-

vent others from being attacked by it. The patient who is taken away from home receives the very best of care. He is placed in a fresh, clean bed, doctors and nurses watch over him, and good and nourishing food is given him. Children are treated with special kindness, and many of them are sorry when the time comes to send them home.

There is one way in which children can spread contagion, which I wish you all to remember. When there is contagious disease in your homes, and you are prevented from attending school, your days seem very long. You do what you can, I am sure, to help in the home, but you have many idle hours, and you would dearly love to read. At such a time the nearest library would help you pass your time. But, boys and girls, you have no more right to go to the library than you have to go to school. Other children go there for books and you might give them the disease.

Neither must you borrow a library book. It is a well-known fact that disease germs are likely to locate in books which come within their reach. Therefore you must not draw books from the library, lest your bringing them into your home should help to spread the disease among others. If there are library books in your home when the disease makes its appearance, tell the health inspector when he comes. He will see that they are called for by a messenger from the Depart-

ment, and thoroughly disinfected. They are then sent back to the library. In a case of this sort the library does not fine a reader for keeping a book beyond the proper time.

Every citizen should keep himself posted in regard to the rules of the Sanitary Code. He should also pay close attention to the notices the Board of Health sends out from time to time. They are meant for the good of the city, and it is the citizen's duty to respect and obey them. Take, for example, the rule which forbids spitting on the streets and in other public places. In an earlier chapter you learned the reason for this rule. Spitting is a filthy habit and almost always an unnecessary one. Those who must expectorate, because of illness or otherwise, should always carry about with them a supply of soft paper. If no cuspidor is near when needed, they can make use of a piece of the paper. This can then be folded over, wrapped in a second piece, and thrown into the first garbage can, or into some equally safe place where it can do no harm. To burn it in the kitchen stove is the safest way of all.

Another section of the Sanitary Code makes it a duty to clean thoroughly all bottles or cans used for milk and cream, immediately upon emptying them. It forbids one also to put anything except milk or cream into these bottles or cans, or to use them for any purpose whatever except to hold milk and cream.

There are a number of good reasons for this rule. Ordinary cleanliness demands rinsing the bottle immediately after it has been emptied of milk. It is easy to rinse out all traces of fresh milk. It is much harder to clean out milk that is stale and sour. The very best of milk poured into a bottle which contains traces of sour milk, soon becomes tainted and unfit to drink.

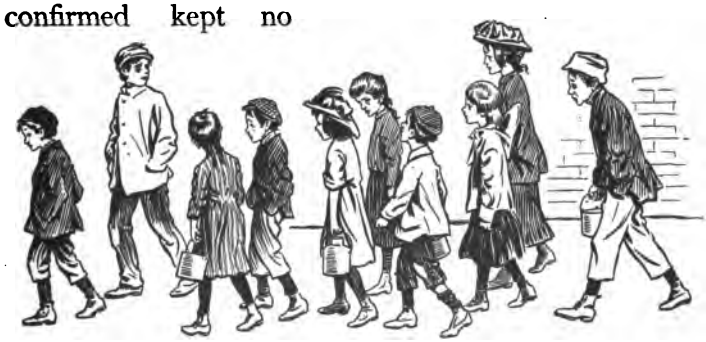
Milk bottles are often taken into sick rooms where there is a contagious disease. Germs like milk just as babies do, or kittens. They enter the milk bottle and thrive there. Consequently, unless the bottle is thoroughly cleaned as soon as it is brought back from the sick room, such milk as may remain in it, even if only a few drops, will carry the contagion further. Should fresh milk, by any chance, be poured into the same bottle before it has been cleansed, it will be very dangerous to the next person who drinks it.

As we have already learned, overwork, and work begun too early in life, do children great harm. This is the reason why many states have enacted Child Labor laws. Some parents excitedly declare these laws most unjust. Others very foolishly, and also very wrongly, try to break or evade them.

Little citizens as well as big ones ought to respect and obey these laws. A child may be ambitious to work; but he should never pretend to be older than he really is in order to get the "working papers," as he

calls the Employment Certificate which he must have before he can obtain employment. It is not honest to do a thing of this sort; it is not fair to his own health which the city is trying to protect; and it often proves a vain and useless, as well as a foolish, trick.

The law requires proof of the real age of a boy or girl who wishes to work. In such a case a birth certificate is the very best proof. This is easy to get if the child was born in the city of New York, and if the birth was reported to the Board of Health. Failing this, an American-born child may show a record of baptism or of confirmation. If the church in which he was baptized or confirmed kept no



Child Workers

record of such ceremonies, the authorities may accept written statements sworn to before a notary public by at least two witnesses, that they were present at the baptism or at the confirmation of the child at a given date, and stating the child's age at the time. The foreign-born child must present a passport, or a transcript of the record as shown by the manifest in the Bureau of Immigration at the time of his arrival in this country.

When the school records show a child to be fourteen, and proof of age is wanting, the parents may apply to the Department of Health for a physical examination of the child. If this examination shows the child to be strong enough, the Department may grant the desired papers. Otherwise the certificate is withheld and the child must remain at school. It is useless to find fault with the officers of the Department of Health for this. Law is law, and no one, not even the Mayor, or the Governor has the right to break it.

CHAPTER XXIV

OTHER HEROES

Now that you understand what work is done for the city by each of the four great departments told about in this book, I wish to ask you which one of them you would rather join, if you could have the choice. Which would you like best to be—a fireman, a policeman, a street cleaner or ashman, or an employee of the Department of Health?

I can hear your ready answers, and in the chorus of boys' voices, it seems to me that "Fireman" and "Policeman" are the choice of by far the greater number. I wish I might hear you give your reasons for choosing thus, but I think I know what they are.

Firemen, you say, and members of the police force also, have the opportunity to do brave deeds, and to act the hero's part in protecting life and property, and in rescuing the weak and helpless from danger. They are strong men, calm and fearless, fine-looking, and "full of fight" as you put it, or, as I should say, on the alert for a chance to meet and conquer the public enemy, whether it is fire trying to play the master, or dark and cowardly crime.

Few are the voices of boys whose choice leans toward the Street Cleaning force, or toward the ranks of the Department of Health. I am sorry, for good work is done in those fields also. Their men are faithful soldiers, and day and night they stand guard against the enemy of their own special department. Their duty calls them to do, and often to dare, in their constant fight to defend the citizens from diseases which creep in like a thief in the night. The enemies that these men strive to hold at bay, are more persistent than either fire or crime, and far more dangerous. Instead of attacking the citizens boldly, face to face and in the open, dirt and disease are always seeking for unguarded points where they can break in and deal blows when least expected.

It stirs the blood to think of a fireman coming down a dizzy ladder, half hidden in clouds of smoke red with the glow of the flames, and bearing in his arms the woman whose life he has saved. It is thrilling to see a police officer leap overboard to rescue a drowning man, or, single-handed, capture a pair of burglars by sheer grit, and then march them to the station house.

It is quite true that, in contrast, a sweeper pushing his broom, an ashman swinging a heavy can in air, or an employee of the Department of Health carrying from some infected house a shapeless bundle of bedding alive with disease germs, presents a less attractive pic-

ture. And yet, the heart within the white uniform or the brown one, or the one beating beneath the badge of the Department of Health, may be just as heroic, just as full of the courage to do and to dare when duty calls, as the one inside the dark blue coat with its buttons of Fire Department silver, or of Police Department gold.

There are other kinds of heroism in the world, than that which the men of the Fire and Police departments so often display. There is the heroism of small things, that helps a man do humble work, such as street sweeping, with the same earnestness of purpose one gives to great work; that lets him take the same pride in a stretch of well-swept pavement, as does the sea captain when, at the end of an ocean voyage, he lands his hundreds of passengers safe and sound. And there is the heroism of doing one's duty loyally, when unwatched, even unto death if need be. More than once death has been the fate of the Health Department employee, entering unprepared into the midst of deadly contagion, or suddenly attacked by some misguided citizen whose child he has been ordered to take to a hospital, lest its disease infect others.

It is brave to risk sudden death by fire, by bullets, or by the murderer's knife. Is it any less brave, think you, to risk the painful illness, perhaps death, that threatens the man whose duty leads him into rooms saturated with the poison of contagious disease?

I fancy the bravest fireman or policeman would shrink back in horror from the room where a small-pox patient lies raving in delirium; that he might even run away, fast as his legs could carry him, if asked to lift the sick man, put him on a stretcher, take him to the waiting ambulance, and thence to the hospital where such cases are cared for.

Yet some one must remove the sufferer, in order to protect others from taking the disease from him; and some one must enter the room afterward, to disinfect the place, and to destroy the germs that abound there. This is the health officer's duty. Now that you know how contagion spreads, you can imagine how dreadful it would be, were this officer to play the coward's part and shirk this duty. But the health officer never hesitates. He boldly risks the deadly infection from which all others flee in terror, simply because his duty demands it. To personal danger he gives never a thought; for it is his duty to protect others, though the doing of it compels him to enter places and handle things all other men shun like poison.

In addition to the heroism of small things, the street cleaner sometimes has opportunity to show the heroism that calls for quick thought and brave action when sudden danger threatens. His work keeps him on the street for many hours, and when an accident occurs, he is often the first man to lend help. In one of the

earlier chapters of this book, you read how the street cleaners were called upon to help dig out a boy who was caught beneath a fallen snow house. They and their shovels often render the best kind of first aid in accidents.

Only recently there was an instance of the same sort, and the group of white-clad men sweeping the street were the first to reach the spot where a serious accident had occurred, and the first to render aid. It was not a part of their "day's work," as the saying goes; and what they did without orders, shows that there are heroes among the "White Wings," as we call the New York street-cleaning force, quite as ready to risk life or limb to help others, as the fireman and the policeman.

Have you ever watched from a safe distance, what happens when a blast is set off? If so, you have seen how a large rock is shattered by gunpowder or dynamite, much as a pane of glass is shattered by a stone. Before the blast is set off, men with danger flags warn the workmen and the passers-by to place themselves at a safe distance until the explosion is over. This is done because of the danger of the flying rocks and clods of earth, which the charge sends out in all directions. This danger is lessened, as far as possible, by placing a great pile of heavy logs, chained together, over the rock to be broken.

A little while ago, rock was being broken by blasting

in some vacant lots, in order to lay the foundations for a new building. Day after day the muffled roar

Ready to set off a Blast

of the explosions echoed through the neighborhood. Everything was done according to law and therefore no one, least of all the workmen, gave a thought to the danger that always accompanies the smallest blast.

But one day, instead of the usual dull thud from the vacant lot, there came a thundering crash, followed by the rumble of falling rocks. Clouds of thick dust rose in air, and flying stones dropped to earth like hail. A blast had in some way been set off ahead of time, and right in the midst of the workmen!

The next instant a company of street sweepers at

work on the same street, snatched up their shovels and ran, as if for their lives, *not away* from the scene of the accident, but *toward* it, all heedless of the falling stones in their eagerness to help. There was the likelihood that other blasts set off by the first might follow at any moment, but the men never thought about this. What they thought was that workmen might be lying under the fallen rock, hurt and helpless. Into the yellow dust they dashed to where, from under the overturned mass of loosened earth and broken rock, a boot showing here, or a bit of overall there, told how sorely help was needed.

Long before the first policeman reached the scene, the street sweepers were at work, shoveling back the loose soil, and lifting up pieces of rock. Groans and faint cries from the buried men showed they were still living, and made the brave fellows in white work still faster. Each worker knew that the earth and rock loosened by the blast, and hanging over their heads as by a thread, might at any moment fall and crush them all, but not a man faltered. Soon an opening was made, and by the time the police took charge, the hardest part of the work was over. Digging carefully as they neared the injured men, they presently reached them, and drew them into the open air, one by one. Several lives were thus saved, which would have been lost but for the street sweepers' courage and their ready help.

Into every one's life there come moments when duty calls to do and dare without counting the risk. Death may follow, but it will crown the hero with honor, and it will bring home to others the lesson to be as worthy, as faithful, and as ready to serve, as the comrade who has fallen in the fight.

You have seen how much true heroism there is to be found among those who do their duty. You have seen how much harm is done through ignorance and thoughtlessness; how much good is accomplished by those who know and those who think. We must forgive the ignorant as we forgive very little children, because they know no better. It is harder to forgive the thoughtless.

Now that you know wherein little citizens can be useful, your ignorance can never again be taken as an excuse for your failure to do your duty.

Take to heart all that these pages have tried to make clear to you: carry their lessons, not only into your own daily life, but also into the lives of those you meet in your home and elsewhere:—this will include your parents, your sisters and brothers, your neighbors, your friends and companions, your playmates and schoolmates. Do this, and you will not only prove yourself a good citizen, but you may be able to lead many others into the paths of good citizenship.

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