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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900.

People Who "Block" Their Way

"Blocking" admissions into the Opera House, the baseball games and other sources

St. John has amusement in years been practicsed, and pretty nearly all the devices and schemes known to the don't-pay-to-get-in class bave been worked here. By this time professional gate keepers and ticket takers have a fairly good idea of the personnel of these "dead. heads," although it is surprising the army of men who are always with plenty of cash who endeavor to slip past the pasteboard gatherer, offering that knowing wink or bland smile in lieu of thy necessary fee.

Take for instance at the baseball games. As soon as the crowd commences to wander towards the B & A. or Shamrock Grounds the "beat" starts too. He is not abashed but boldly steps up to the man at the gate, as it he were the manager of one of the teams about to play. Instead of tendering a ticket he smiles a familiar smile, and half way inside the gate casts a very ir quisitive glance sround to see if "his friend" is there. Then as the crowd surges in behind him he frequently manages to stow away out of the busy gateman's sight. Or else he waits until the buss with the baseballists arrive, then he very familiarily accosts one of them and sails through the portal as one of the spare men, or attaches. The more gentlemanly bluffer, if such a term fits, swaggers up against the guardian of the door, and puffing a cloud of smoke in his face works in an irresistable "jolly" of a social nature, pure and simple. He tenders a cigar perhaps and jumps away before he is reminded of his duty at the box office.

Yes, sir, the plans of the man who hates to pay are not a few and it would take a person with a cast-iron conscience, a giant form and devoid of all the finer natures to be able to keep them all in the oblivion of the outside until they pay their way. They smile, they are reminiscent, they cater, they even spend money to be passed along without paying toll, all for a mean little quarter dollar. With a great many it is not the price of admission that is the barrier, but simply an insatiable desire to be freed from the conventionality of extracting a ticket from the peek-hole. They'd "block" their way for a quarter's sake and spend a dollar for drinks between innings.

At the theatre it is the same. Fellows

TOWN TALES.

friends of the company, relatives of the owners, or as having immediate business with someone in the audience. Sometimes they get in, often they are turned down. With strange ticket-takers their bluffs often work, but local doorkeepers have them spotted. In fact in pretty nearly all branches of entertainment regular ticket takers have a mental census of those who would see everything for nothing and their ranks are consequently becoming much thinner.

That Lovely Sweet SpruceGum.

Just at present there is not as much spruce gum in town as there will be toward the latter part of Sep-

tember or early in October. The fact of the matter is the market for this favorite chewing article is not well stocked until after the lumberman get back into the woods during November and December. Then during leisure moments the gum is selected and cleaned. Hundreds of pounds of it are shipped to this city, one firm, W. R. C. Allen the druggist, handling about six hundred pounds in the course of a year. That beautiful clear gum sold at this store comes from away up in Cumberland county, and is selected by a corps of experienced lumbern en who are indeed connissieurs of all that is delectable in the sweet product of the spruce tree. Other stores also sell hundreds of pounds, while tons of it are Last Friday's with the Tartars was the shipped annually to the States.

Dog Days are here. Look Out! Dog-days, sweltering, sultry, sticky and sutfocating are here they commenced according to the Old

Farmers' almanac, the authority on such matters, on Wednesday, July 25, and it the calendar is correct will continue until Sept. 5; there is no more unsatisfactory season in the whole year than this period. owing to the unsettled cordition of the weather and the general disregard by the atmospheric deities of the rules which at other times are always strictly followed.

There is no such thing as settled weather in dog days. A person may go out prepared for a summerish day in the morn-

while at tea-time it may be cold enough | the sparrows would discount any quiet for a coat. Though occasionally a touch of coolness is enjoyed, the ordinary dogday is one of great oppressiveness with a a climate that wilts collars and persons with equal success.

Dozens of superstitions are in force, which some people always observe during dog-days. One of these old time sayings is that dogs take this season of the year to go mad and children and elders alike are warned by these believers in signs to keep afar from canines of all kinds, especially it the animals are breathing with their tongues out.

Another superstition, believed in is that swimming during dog-days is sure to be attended with great peril. A third has to do with the moon and says that to sleep with Luna sending ter rays into your face during this season is sure to produce madness sooner or later.

Though they may not believe in any of. the superstitions and may not be annoyed excessively by the changeable and sultry weather, most people are glad when the worst of the dog day season is over.

It's singular but quite true that the only base-Is There ball games played with a Jonah outside teams on the A board. Shamrock grounds this

season have been hindered by wet weather. tourth instance. In this respect the Roses have had some hard luck, if not from a baseball standpoint they have financially. Nevertheless the greys are as game in money matters as they are with the willow

The other morning a Mubbed kitten wandered into in the King Square and for quite a while escaped King Equare. the eagle eye of sever-

al of Dr. Christie's minions, who were trying at last to tidy up that breathing spot. It however was the centre of excited interest of a whole flock of sparrows, which circled round and round the surprised baby cat in a frenzy of apparent rage and fury. More venturesome ones picked at

Chinese conversation. The poor little cat not yet old enough to have any particular liking for the feathered family, stood fright ened and amazed, while its host of besiegers hopped and flew angrily about. The sparrows knew well enough that all catdom was unfriendly to their tribe, and being in sufficient numbers to warrant an attack they assailed the lonely stray kitten finally putting it to ignominious flight. The scene attracted a lot of people.

> Why She Broke Down.

The congregation was surprised when a certain young lady vocalist broke completely down in

her solo last Sunday evening. It was an unusual thing for her to do, but her explanation is a good one.

She says while practicing her piece a home a friend who was trying to be funny misconstrued the wording of the solo into a very ridiculous meaning, and she said at the time.

"There now, I'm sorry you said that, for I'm sure to think of it Sunday." And sure enough she did. Hence her

muffled laugh and vocal collapse. "What a glorious thing it would be," What a

Dressmaker said a worn-out dressmaker to PROG Said. RESS not a great while since, "if some of these fine ladies

who give receptions, hold lawn parties and five o'clock teas, would only pay a little more attention to their financial responsibilities, and if need be a little less to however, they open slowly but never do their so-called social duties."

"Would you believe it," she said as she threw aside a gorgeous garment she was working on to rest a moment, "a lady well known in this city has owed me a small account for over two years, and all my efforts to collect from her have so far been in vain. Still this fine lady ranks high in society and is frequently reported to have 'entertained charmingly' at her pretty home."

pass themselves off as newspaper workers, ing, come home to dinner in a rain storm, the terrified kitten's tail and the chatter of that get all the 'scorching,' we make meant, the editor or the camera.

their fine clothes, stay up late nights rushing their work for this tea or that reception, and after the job is delivered that's all we hear of it until month's after when we start dunning. Sometimes we get our money, sometimes we don't."

> The Lily Harvest is Being Reaped.

Admirers of the graceful, refreshing and fragrant pond lilies are having their har-

vest time about now and at all the nearby lakes where the beautiful blossoms grow in any sort of abundance, people may be seen daily gathering the blooms from the midst of pads in shallow places; but all the flower-lovers don't go to the trouble of getting the lilies themselves, but instead receive frequent supplies from smill boys who make a regular business of furnishing [customers each season.

It's nearly always necessary to use a boat when you go lily hunting; it can't be a keep boat for the waters are frequently too shallow for this sort of a craft but the ordinary flat-bottomed pond boat is just the sort of a carrier for the lily-seeker, as this allows you to get close to the plants even if there's less than a foot of water.

Everyone who has ever been a lilying knows that the blossoms are little better than worthless unless picked with long stems. This necessitates a good deal of ducking on the part of the picker and therefore it is advantageous to have a companion to handle the oars and incidentially ballast the boat while you reach far down amidst the stems with bared arms.

Professional pickers, and these are principally small boys, gather their daily supplies before daybreak for this is the time when the blooms are most open and beautiful. As the sun rises, the blossoms begin to close and by night they are as tight as a ball As evening commences they look as handsome as just before the sun appears at dawn.

A small camera is ex-Loaded in bibited in a King street Daylight; shop window and beside it a sample of the picture the wee kodak is capable of taking. The picture reveals the rotund person of a well known editor in town. Nearby is a

card with this inscription, "Loaded in "Oh yes, indeed its us poor dressmakers Daylight." Onlookers wonder which is

UP IN A BALLUON.

Aerial Artists Say the Work is Not Very Dangerous.

Ballooning may not pay as well as min ing, but it is a more lucrative calling than writing poetry for publication, and not so dangerous as some people think. It requires nerve, sobriety and confidence in the parachute; the rest, so says an aero naut in the New York Tribune, is easy.

We will imagine that the balloon has been inflated, the ropes cut and the aero nauts safe in the backet. 'Alter that the show usually consists in going up some two thousand feet, and then making the jump with a parachute.

The parachute hang at either side of the balloon, and are not great umbrella's, as many people suppose, but resemble more closely the upper part of a balloon, with a lot of ropes terminating in a trapeze bar.

They are all cloth and repe, with no ribs. When one of them is expanded it is about nineteen feet in diameter.

When the earth has disappeared and the sound of the music has died out, one man pulls the parachute on his side into the basket, gets on the bar and swings mself off into space, and there he hangs, . Wa few seconds, in or above the clouds. Then [he pulls a rope which operates a knifel to cut a string by which the parachute is held, and then he drops.

He falls about three hundred feet before the rush of air opens the parachute, and when that happens the resistance is so great that he rebounds about forty feet. That is the time to hold on, and keep your teeth set and your wits about you. After the rebound the parachute goes down slowly in a zig zag course, and lands the aeron aut with about the same force as if he had jumped from a height of six feet.

Coming down to earth is a great sensation. The descent lasts from five to eight minutes, and is always, no matter how often one has made the trip, at least in teresting. If one has the good luck to come down near the place he went up, one

ing of the band, and the tune is usually the same; so that, going up and coming down, the last and the first sounds are, 'Up in a balloon, boys."

Sometimes there are exciting incidents connected with getting back to earth.

"I had a strange experience once with a new man," said the aeronant. "We made the ascent all right, but when it came time to jump, the new man wanted to back out, saying he was afraid. There were two things to do: to remain up till the balloon cooled off and then come down with it, and by that means spoil the show, or to make the fellow jump; and it did not take me long to decide which to do.

'He had a life-line about him, which would hold him on the parachute even if he slipped off the bar, so I told him to move over on the outside to balance the balloon. He got out on the bar, never suspecting what would happen, and when I made sure the life-line was all right, I cut the line by which the parachute was held, and away he went back to the

'I watched him as he went down. shot up, and when I reached the earth myself, I found that he had landed all right. He had made the leap many times since then, and has learned that there is not so much danger as he had fancied.'

As to compensation, an aeronaut gets two hundred and fitty dollars for an ascension, and one hundred dollars a day when he gives a week's performance. When he has a month's stand the price is much lower, but the pay is always good. And besides this, there is the satisfaction of being a hero in the towns where he

How Machinery Multiplies Power.

The report of United States Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright for 1898 on "Hand and Machine Labor" sets forth some very interesting facts. Aided by machinery, 4,500,000 men turn out a product which would require the labor of of the first sounds that he hears is the toot- nearly 40,000,000 men if produced by undiscovered.

hand. In America the advantage derived from machinery is about twice as great as in Europe, so that the actual population of the United States is equal in productive power to 150 000,000 Europeans. With labor-saving machinery, one generation of men can do the work of four or five generations of hand-workers

A Dangerous Kite,

A thirteen year old boy at Cateau France, while flying a kite, had a startling and really perilous adventure.

The kite, twenty seven inches long, had reached a great height when a thunder storm was seen approaching. The boy a once began to haul in his cord. The kite, however, was still one hundred yards or so above the earth when there came a brilliant flish of lightning. Young Janti was thrown into the air, made two or three somersaults, and tell ten or twelve feet away.

The kite had attracted the electric fluid which followed the cord, as in Franklin's famous experiment, and descended into the earth through the boy's body. Wonderful to relate, the lad was not killed.

After awhile he arose and made his way home, trembling and crying. The nails of his left hand, which had held the string, were turned blue, as if by a terrible bruise. while the fingers were burned and covered with blisters. Besides this, his face, was bruised considerably by his fall. The kite string was burned in two by the discharge, add the kite flew away to parts unknown.

The Cape Nome Gold-Fields.

The black sands containing gold which are spread along the shores of Norton Sound, near Cape Nome, Alaska, are said to differ from similar sands found on the coast of California and elsewhere, because they show no indication of having been transported by streams of water. The flakes and nuggets of gold that have been found at Cape Nome are not water-worn, but sharp and angular in outline. A widely accepted theory is that they have been transplanted from a great distance by glaciers, their original source being yet REMARKABLE KNIVES.

Boys are Becoming Luxueious in Their Choice of a Pocket Knife.

It was once the ambition of the small on. American boy to possess a "two-bladed knife." The jack-knife which he found regularly in the toe of his stocking on Christmas morning, and as regularly lost before the Fourth of July, was always a single-bladed affair with a brown wooden handle. It served well enough to back off a pole to fish with, but was not adapted to fine and delicate whittlinge.

Nowadays the humblest small boy's jack-knife has at least two blades, and many boys have three bladed ones-a big blade at one end, with a small one for fine whitling, and a nail blade at the other end. Such is the onward march of elegance and

Now and then, too, one comes upon one of those astonishing objects of manufacture -a knife with a great number of blades, files, corkscrews, scissors, forks, pincers and so on.

Sh ffield, England, is the great source of these curiosities in cutlery, as well as of cutlery in general Once the best knives were made in London, and then Sheffield was a poor and insignificant place. But by dint of cultivating the virtues of poverty, Sheffield became the seat of the knife making industry, with a reputation for excellence of products above all other centres of

Now most excellent knives are made in the United States, and at the present rate of advancement, both in quality and repu tation, the large importation of English and German knives is likely to come to an end. English workmen are still very clever in

making curiosities of the sort just alluded to. A knife known as the 'Norfolk knife,' made at Sheffield, and containing ninetyfive blades and instruments, no two alike. has been shown at several English exhibi

This knife cost nine hundred pounds sterling. On its large mother of pearl handles are carvedrepresentations of a bear

hunt and a stag hunt. The blades are all etched with pictures of some kind-Windsor Castle, Westminster, the queen and so

This was long the greatest wonder of its kind, but it has now been greatly outdone. A giant knife, made by the greatest of She ffield firms, contains as many blades as there are years in the Christian era. No two blades are alike, and each blade closes with a spring into its haft or handle.

Photographed Stars Vanish.

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose beautiful photographs of nebule and star clusters are well known, gives a somewhat startling account of the manner in which the images of faint stars and nebulae disappear from photograph plates. On one of his plates, in 1886, he counted 403 stars; the same plate in 1895 showed only 272 stars. the images of 131 having entirely disappeared. This leads to the suggestion that leads to the suggestion that celestial photgraphs, in order to be of permanent value should be immediately reproduced by some process yielding pictures not subject to change.

Finding a Very Ancient Ancestor.

The blue coral is known as one of the most isolated of living animals. It has been described as the only species of its genus and the only member of its family, 'with no close living relations and no known ancestors.' Recently, however, Prof. J. W. Gregory has discovered in the British Museum what he believes to be an ances tor of the lonely blue coral in a fossil coral the Cretaceous period, called Pely-

Best Form of Instantaneous Shutter,

According to Monsieur Sigriste of the French Academy of Sciences, the orly thoroughly scientific shutter for instantaneous photography consists of a slit moving rapidly across the sensitive plate. But to obtain good results the space between the plate and the shutter should not exceed one tenth of a millimetre, and the edges of the slit must be sharp and carefully beveled to exclude reflection.