

OFTEN MORE IN A MANHOLE THAN JUST THE LIGHT -- WIRES CARRY LIGHT, HEAT, MESSAGES

(New York Sun)

The sub-surface of the City of New York is one of the most amazing bits of the old earth's shell. It is a mysterious, incredible and baffling maze and labyrinth of conduits, tubes, pipes and conveyors which provide, light, heat, power and water, mail and telegraph facilities and numerous other services without which the modern metropolis could not exist.

So complex and complicated is this whole network of pipes and conduits that very careful and detailed charts of every section of the sub-surface of the city are maintained by the Board of Transportation, the New York Edison Company, the Consolidated Gas Company, the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph companies and by other agencies and concerns responsible for certain services. These charts are indispensable.

For example in the building of the Eighth Avenue subway—as in the construction of all former subways—it was necessary for the contractors engaged in various sections of the work to obtain from the Board of Transportation copies of charts showing precisely where lay all the conduits, pipes and wirings that had to be removed or safeguarded during the work of excavation and subway building. Without such knowledge subway building could not have proceeded. Or, if it had proceeded, whole sections of the city would have been thrown into darkness, deprived of power and without water.

Perhaps everyone is not aware of the fact that the telegraph companies in recent years have gone below the surface to install tubes for the quick transmission of messages. In a department store a clerk shoots a small container through a pneumatic tube to the cashier's office, and in a jiffy returns with your change. A somewhat similar thing happens when the telegrams are filed at more than 500 Western Union offices equipped with Pneumatic tubes running more than 2,000,000 feet under the surface of a number of streets. The clerk accepts your message, electrically time-stamps it, places it in a small cylindrical container, and drops it into a pneumatic tube under the counter. Before you have reached the door the container has sped under the city streets and dropped into the main operating room. There the tube attendant takes the telegram from the container and either hands it to a girl on skates or else

drops it upon a rapidly moving conveyor belt, so that a few seconds later, an operator is flashing the message over the wires to its destination. And one glancing into an open manhole near a New York city telegraph office might be amazed at the maze of cables and wires and pneumatic tubing revealed by the open hole and spreading out under the street in all directions. The pneumatic tubes which carry the messages under the ground are of copper and two and a half inches in diameter. The largest, continuous tube is 12,500 feet long, linking the telegraph headquarters building at 60 Hudson street with the Flatiron Building at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. The fastest tube connects 60 Hudson street with the central telegraph office in the financial district, the one at 40 Broad street. Containers speed through it at 3,500 feet per minute, over a distance of 8,300 feet. It can handle a container every two seconds, and has a capacity of 14,400 messages an hour.

The tubes are great time savers. They are operated from a tube control room which is worth the attention of the sightseers of New York. This room is a bewildering maze of tubes and swiftly operating automatic receiving and dispatching apparatus, with a group of compressors going at 30,000 revolutions per minute to supply the necessary air pressure to the underground tubes. Flash, flash, flash go the messages, never pausing in their flight to their destination—all testifying to the speed of modern life.

Gaining Time

Frank Irving Fletcher, book collector, said the other day: "How many of today's writers will leave behind them books worth collecting?"

"Today's writers think too much about output, fast and abundant. It reminds me of the chap with the new watch."

"Is your new watch any good?" they asked him.

"Any good?" he said. "Why, it gained enough time last week to pay for itself."

Mrs. A—"How can Mrs. Bromley afford to keep three servants?"

Mrs. B—"Oh, she plays bridge with them every Saturday evening and wins all their wages."—Boston Transcript.

"COCKTAIL PARTY" MURDER TRIAL TAKES A NEW TURN, WOMAN FACES SECOND CHARGE

London, June 14—An additional charge was revealed today against Mrs. Elvira Dolores Barney, daughter of a knight and divorced wife of an American singer, when she was re-arraigned on the charge of murdering Michael Scott Stephen, victim of London's "cocktail murder."

The second charge was that of shooting at Stephen for the purpose of grievously wounding him.

The second charge concerned an alleged shooting at Mrs. Barney's residence May 19, while the murder charge pertained to the fatal shooting of Stephen at the same residence May 31.

Mrs. Barney collapsed in the dock when she was arraigned a week ago and remanded to Holloway Women's Prison. Police cleared a large crowd away from Westminster police court today but many women hid in doorways nearby waiting for the court to open.

Party Described

Stephen was found dying at Mrs. Barney's residence in fashionable Knightsbridge Mews, in the West End. Neighbors told police of a cocktail party which began in the late afternoon and ended the next morning with the sounds of a quarrel and finally gunfire.

Mrs. Barney was calm today, although very pale. She entered the dock unassisted. On her first appearance she appeared obvious of her surroundings and had to be assisted in and out of court.

Mrs. Barney smiled at her parents,

Sir John Mullens and Lady Mullens. Sir John is a government broker and director of the London Stock Exchange. Mrs. Barney wore a long black coat and a black dress and a small black hat, fringed with white flowering, from which her blond hair peeped in curls.

Prosecutor Charles Wallace read a statement from Mrs. Hall, wife of a chauffeur living opposite the Barney residence, describing a quarrel between Mrs. Barney and Stephen early in the morning of May 31.

Mrs. Barney shouted, "Get out of my house. I hate you. Get out or I will shoot you," the statement said.

Stephen was said to have replied: "I will get out!" Later according to the statement, Mrs. Hall heard shots and somebody crying, "What have you done?"

Mrs. Barney then cried, "Chicken, Chicken, come back, I will do anything you ask," the prosecutor alleged.

Wallace said that Dr. Durrant told police that Mrs. Barney telephoned him early on May 31, that "there has been a terrible accident. Jump in a taxi and come at once. A gentleman has shot himself."

Dr. Durrant told the police that he found Stephen dead, with a revolver lying near one hand.

According to the prosecution, Dr. Durrant found Mrs. Barney hysterical, kneeling over Stephen and kissing him and moaning, "I love you, I love you."

Mrs. Barney asked the doctor, "He isn't dead is he? If he is dead I will die too," the prosecutor said.

SCREEN OWES STARS TO CHANCE, ONE TO A COUGH AND A BLUSH

Hollywood, California, June 14—An emperor died thousands of miles away, and because of his death a young American Army officer began a successful career on the screen. A clown in a circus showed a lumbering telephant trainer a few dance steps, and the latter thereby was started on the road to fame. A timid "extra" girl coughed while a director was explaining a scene, then blushed in embarrassment when he looked at her. That's the reason she's a star now.

These are not fables. They are facts, unearthed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. They are taken from the stories of Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery and Norma Shearer. And there are many other similar incidents in the lives of famous players. In many cases screen folk owe their present luster to apparently trivial or remote incidents.

Lewis Stone was a young Army officer just after the Spanish-American war and about to be discharged from service. He was looking around for a job in Los Angeles, where he had played in stock. At the Alexandria Hotel he met General Homer Lee, meteoric figure in international politics, who was hiring army officers. The young Emperor of China wanted American officers to train a modern army. He offered high pay. Stone accepted a job as a major of Chinese cavalry.

Then the young Emperor died. The old Dowager Empress did not believe in modern armies—(men with masks shooting firecrackers would scare off the devils that menace the household gods). So Stone hunted a job as an actor. The new moving picture industry beckoned, the pictures got an actor and the Chinese lost an army.

A lanky elephant trainer in the Ringling shows was idly watching a clown do a few dance steps in the sawdust.

"Gotta be kinda light on your feet to do that," the trainer remarked.

"Aw, I dunno; come and try it," suggested the clown.

He showed the youth the technique of the heel-and-toe movement and the elephant trainer found it was not so hard, after all.

The clown was the late ("Silvers") Oakley. The elephant trainer was Wallace Beery. When the show ly tell whether he was replying or closed, Beery was a pretty god dancer, so he got a job playing a Swedish line.

servant girl in an old Embassy comedy.

Norma Shearer was a timid girl from Canada, working "extra" in pictures. A director was explaining to a line of girls when Norma interrupted by coughing. The director glanced at her and she blushed with embarrassment. That made the director notice her because blushes are rare in Hollywood. He gave her a "bit" in the picture and she worked hard.

Buster Keaton tried to ride "Fatty" Arbuckle's bicycle and fell off. The fall put Buster in pictures. Ramon Novarro played a role in a Ferdinand Pinney Earle picture with the understanding that he would be paid if the picture made any money. It didn't. But it drew the attention of Rex Ingram, who sought him out and gave him a role in "The Prisoner of Zenda" which gave him a reputation.

Reginald Denny became boxing champion of the Royal Air Force during the World War. His boxing ability brought him stardom in Witwer's "Leather Pushers", filmed by Universal. Polly Moran was singing in vaudeville when she stopped over to see her old friend, Charlie Murray, who was making a picture scene. He suggested that she appear in it, and that landed her a job. Madge Evans happened to be the baby in a boarding house where Jack Spratt was staying when a child was needed in a film. She got the job. Jean Harlow was ridiculed by schoolmates in Kansas City because her hair was almost white, even though she was a child. She now is internationally known as "the platinum blonde."

Little quirks of fate make the screen stars.

Dad's Crashing Reply

The lovers met at their favorite trysting-place. He was trembling with excitement.

"Darling," he murmured breathlessly, "did you tell your father we were engaged?"

"Yes, dear," replied the girl. "I rang him up on the telephone and told him."

"What did he say?" went on the young man eagerly.

The apple of his eye looked pensive.

"Well," she replied, "I couldn't really tell whether he was replying or whether it was a breakdown on the line."

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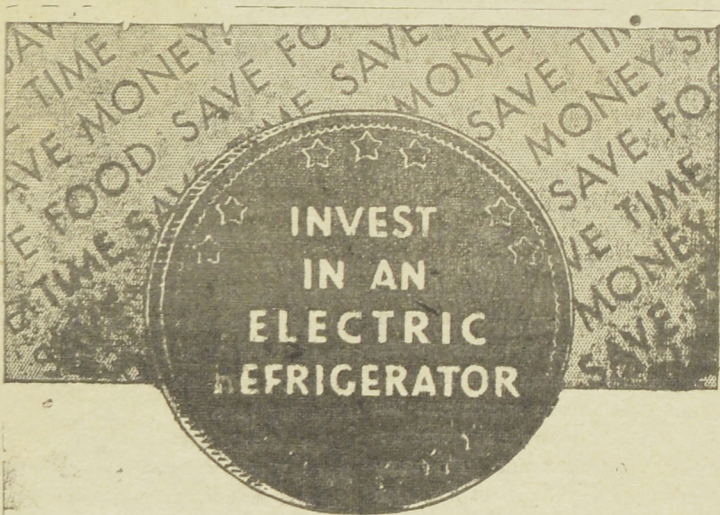
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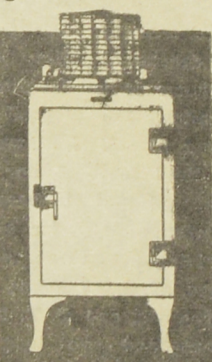
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