

THE NEW YORK POLICE.

IN THE GYMNASIUM, WHERE APPLICANTS ARE EXAMINED.

Boxing and Wrestling Which Sometimes Becomes Earnest—Civil Service Reigns Now—But Still the Boy With a Fall Gets In.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, March 9.—No doubt if you were to mention the subject quite accidentally to a New Yorker, he would say, with an innocent assurance which partakes of the sublime: "Oh, yes; the police of New York are the finest in the world."



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

But if the New York officers are appointed and drilled strictly according to the rules of the New York civil service law, it will not be more than a year or two till they rival in appearance and usefulness even a London Fleet street constable.

First, the applicant for a place on the force must be of a certain height and weight. He must be at least 5 feet 8 inches high. It is said, too, that the examiners test his weight by seeing that he weighs not less than two pounds for every inch in height. At any rate, that is a very good test of proportion. He must be of good moral character, and not over 35 years old. To try their muscle they must wag dumb bells, raise themselves by a horizontal bar till their chins touch the bar, and finally must run a race of a quarter of a mile. "A policeman," said a New York editor, "ought at least to be able to run away from a thief."

The running test is the severest of all. None but trained athletes can run a quarter of a mile without being blown. Their literary qualifications are limited to reading and writing English. A policeman is not expected to know how far it is to the planet Saturn, or the exact degree of the cyclonic intensity with which a mule's heel hits a barn door. His muscle, morals, and his knowledge of streets, lines of horse cars, public buildings, railway stations, ferries, etc., are the chief points taken into account.

Once in, the new policeman must practice and train to bring up his physical man. This is an excellent requirement. The patrolmen have a gymnasium of their own, where, under the eye of masters and inspectors, they go about the acquirement of muscle. Candidates must try themselves here, too. Boxing, wrestling and running are among the principal of the athletic exercises. The first illustration shows in a graphic manner two of the would-be "coys" boxing in competition, under the critical eye of an inspector, who stands off and sights them.



POLICE WRESTLERS.

In the wrestling match a chalk circle is drawn around the two at a certain distance. They grip, and endeavor to push each other outside of the chalk line. The one who can do so is the victor. It is thus a brave patrolman is supposed to grab and down a thief.

Police gymnasium secrets will leak out, in spite of fate. Laughable incidents happen among the boxers and wrestlers, especially the latter. They are, of course, usually strangers to one another. A pair of them will struggle and tug to throw each other out, till occasionally the fun gets to be desperately earnest. The men become angry, and things begin to look like a prize fight. Then the inspector forces them apart, like two snarling dogs. They scowl blackly and shake their fists, and each vows to pay off the other fellow when he gets him outside.



THE RUNNING MATCH.

This shows the running test. The fat fellow in the advance looks tolerably well blown.

The officers are paid well, comparatively. They get \$1,000 the first year, \$1,100 the second, the third and thereafter, \$1,200. Those who are disabled in performance of duty, or who grow old on the force, after ten years' service, get a pension of \$300 a year. If one dies or is killed in service the same sum is allowed to his widow as long as she remains unmarried. This is plainly discouraging matrimony and putting a premium on wid

owed blessedness. The dead man's minor children also get a pension. This is as it should be. A man who spends his best years protecting other men's families for no large pay should have his own taken care of after he is dead.

The New York policemen are made up to a great extent of large, rosy, good-looking Irishmen. Though the civil service regulations are so strict about getting on the force, it is whispered nevertheless that the boy who has "pull" or "flood" still stands a fair chance. For instance, if the boy with the "pull" is half an inch shorter than the regulations require, he may be examined over again, and by some mysterious influence the "pull" lengthens him out.

A. J. BOTHWELL.

A JOURNALIST ANSWERS INGERSOLL.

A Few Extracts From "Nym Crinkle's" Lecture, "Skyarks and Daises."

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, March 9.—The latest and possibly the best antagonist whom Mr. Robert Ingersoll will have to meet in the future promises to be Mr. A. C. Wheeler, a New York journalist, who, as a dramatic critic and feuilletonist has long been known under the name "Nym Crinkle." In a lecture which he recently delivered, entitled, "Skyarks and Daises," he replied to Mr. Ingersoll's "Myths and Miracles." He commenced his lecture by stating his reason for it. He said he spoke not as one charged to defend the evangel, but as a man of the world, a man of the Nineteenth century, depending on the foundation of the civilization in which he was protected in life and in property, educated and refined. He did not question the sincerity of Mr. Ingersoll. He simply denied that gentleman's omniscience. He simply believed that that gentleman's faith in himself and his own errors was sufficient to remove mountains. He quoted from the infidel's lecture on "Myths and Miracles" as follows:

"All these old fellows were sun gods. There was Samson. He was a sun god. When his hair was cut off he lost his beams of light. There was Apollo, another sun god. He shot the demon of darkness with his rays of light. There was Little Red Riding Hood and there was Christ, another sun god. It won't do. They say he raised people from the dead. Well, why didn't he raise somebody we knew? If you was to go around trying to start a religion by raising people from the dead, you would raise somebody of some importance, wouldn't you? Why didn't he tell us something of importance? Wouldn't you? Why didn't he tell us something about slavery when he was on the cross? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, 'Liberty, equality and fraternity?' I tell you it won't do."

Mr. Wheeler simply burlesqued this to show its shallowness. He said that in another year, if agnosticism succeeded in getting up a class of pupils, this style would undoubtedly be adopted with effect by the infidel teacher. He could then say: "There was the Goddess of Liberty; she was a sun god. She shot the demon of bondage with her shaft and men worshipped her. There was a Hall Columbia and Uncle Sam, another sun god. There was the man who struck Billy Patterson, and there was George Washington, another sun god. They said he was the father of a free country. Well, why didn't he abolish slavery, if he was? If you were going round trying to start a free country, you wouldn't own slaves, would you? Why didn't he tell us, in his farewell address, about Mormonism and rail transit? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, 'Be sure you are right, then go on and'?"

The effect of this satire of Mr. Ingersoll's method of mixing up historical and mythical personages was, to say the least, hilarious. He poured all his sarcasm upon Mr. Ingersoll's statement, made in one of his lectures, that he could write a better book than the Bible himself. "If," said he, "you can only get that sentence into the heads of the people they will never bother much with what Mr. Ingersoll thinks of the Bible. They will be too completely overwhelmed with what he thinks of himself." Mr. Wheeler's closing tribute to the spirit of Christianity was worthy of the best pulpit. It was fervid, pictorial, eloquent. He told what a newspaper man in the great metropolis, who had spent the greater part of his life in active journalism, knew about it. He spoke with earnest reverence of that Master whose mission opened with a benediction of peace and closed with a prayer for his own murderers, and then said:

"During twenty odd years of eventful toil in the great city I never found a depth of misery so deep, a poverty so rank, a crime so atrocious, a despair so black, that some humble follower of that Master did not find it out. Into all the holes and corners of wretchedness, where vice and poverty, like twin wolves, had hunted down their prey, the policeman and the reporter always found the hooded sister or the missionary ahead of them. They were the first to come. They were the last to go. They stayed and put up their supplication when all else of earth had forsaken the wretch. They followed him to the prison cell, and they never forgot in all the obliquity of sin and the cry of human vengeance the eternal brotherhood of man. And they wanted no pay, and they got no praise. They were doing that Master's work. True, it was 1500 years ago when he called them and bid them go out and bid up the broken hearts and dry the tears, and bid, with tender tones of love, they carry out His mission; and in that time empires have fallen and races have become extinct, but these little streams have widened and deepened till they encircle our globe like its atmosphere and sweeten myriads of arid hearts."

These extracts will give an idea of the lecturer's style. In appearance Mr. Wheeler is a quiet gentleman of just 50 years. He speaks earnestly but with admirable control. His new departure is considerable of a surprise to his friends, who acknowledge him to be the most brilliant of writers and considerable of a philosopher, though unaware before that he was an admirer of the meek and lowly Nazarene. S. H. H.

THE UNTAMED COWBOY.

HOW HE GOES "RIDING AFTER CATTLE ON THE PLAINS."

How He Looks in a Picture—"Roping and Cutting Out"—"Dinner at a 'Round Up'"—His Idea of Fun—Selling a Peanut Vendor's Stock in Trade.

[Special Correspondence.]

SANTA FE, N. M., March 15.—When the cowboy who chases the festive Texas steer comes to civilization he gets on the rampage and becomes no less a holy terror than the Texas steer himself. My first sight of the cowboy was on the train coming out here last spring. A band of them were returning home after a visit to the states.



THE COWBOY AT HOME.

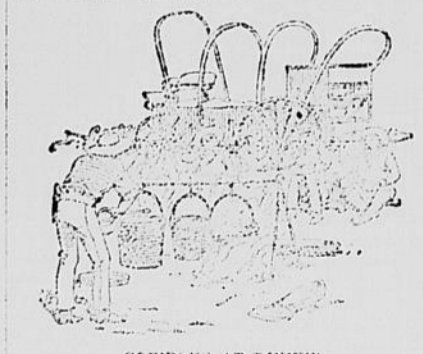
They were winding up with one gorgeous lark. Their idea of fun was to prance through the train with loaded revolvers, firing out the windows. A train boy passed through the cars with a basket of peanuts for sale. The cowboys studiously took it into their heads to sell out the peanut vendor's stock for him. They drew in their pistols from firing out the window, and brought them to bear on the passengers instead. They pointed the cold, persuasive barrel successively at every man in the train and ordered him to buy or be shot. There was one tall, thin, dyspeptic gentleman in black, evidently a nihilist, who was plainly outraged with this treatment. He raised his hands and lifted his eyes towards heaven, protesting, but it was no use. He was ordered to snarl out and stop his row. He did it. So they went through the train till every peanut was sold. You will see from this what the cowboys' idea of a joke is.

In a civilized region he is an uncomfortable creature to have around. But out on his own plains he is a picturesque looking object enough. He rides the wiry, bucking, tough scrubby, untamed little Indian mustang pony, as if he and it made a centaur. Fixed in a coil to his saddle is the lasso or lariat with which he catches the wild cattle. The mustang, the cowboy and the Texas steer are all nearly equally wild. The cowboy wears his hair long and a slouch hat upon his head. What he wears his hair long for nobody knows. A high Mexican saddle is girded around the shaggy pony, and the cowboy's blanket is strapped on behind. There is one thing about which I cannot make up my mind. That is, whether the cowboy is an imitation of the ideal figuring in the literature of Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, or whether there ever was a real, rip-roaring, wild man of the plains whom they described. To me the cowboy seems rather trying to live up to his blue china, as it were, and his blue china is a sort of dime novel hero.



"ROPING AND CUTTING OUT."

In winter the cowboys have not much to do. The entire range over the plains at will, "hunting" for their living, as it is called, that is, picking it up through the snow. They run down to skin and bone, and many freeze and starve to death. During these months the herder is in winter quarters. With the appearance of the grass in spring his activity begins. All the cattle are branded with their owner's mark. It is the work of the boys to select each man's out, less than as shown in the picture, and gather them in a herd to themselves. It is a work of dexterity and danger, with the wild, long-horned cattle; but the horses are trained to it. The rop is twenty to thirty feet long. The end of it is in a slip noose. This must be aimed and thrown exactly around the cow's horns. As the animal struggles and tries to pull away, the noose only tightens, and the little horse drags the captive to its own herd. All are then driven to their seasonal owners' ranches or herding grounds for the summer. The herder must remain with them night and day the season through. Watchmen must stay up with them in the night, to prevent stampedes from thunder storms or other causes of fright. A stampede of a drove of cattle is a serious business.



COWBOYS AT DINNER.

It is from lassing of cattle that the expression "to rope in" comes. Another great occasion is the "branding up." This is the process of selecting and capturing the animals chosen for market. The picture shows the cowboys dinner at a round up. Yet another great time is when the calves are branded.

The life is full of wild excitement and danger. Some of the huge herds mount far up into the thousands in number. Six months in the year the herders are quite away from any of the influences of civilization. It is not strange that they become just what an un-

would make them. When they are paid off the first thing many of them do is to go and spend every cent of their earnings in gambling, and for the chain lightning fire water, that is the staple in the western border towns.

This is said to be the beginning of one of the untamed cattle man's melodies, though I never heard him sing it:

"Oh, I'm a jolly cowboy, my age just twenty-three,
My home is in the saddle, my life is wild and free.
There is no happier life, my boys, as you all well do know,
Than riding after cattle, on the plains of Mexico."

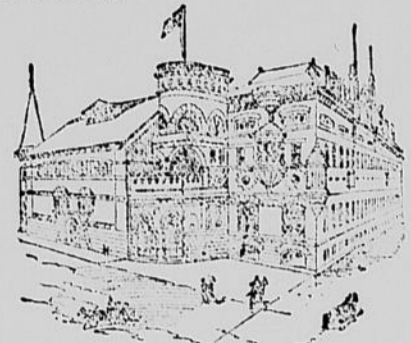
PAUL HARRINGTON.

CHICAGO'S PROPOSED ARMORY.

A Gigantic Military Home to be Built for the First Regiment.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, March 17.—This is a city of big buildings, big ideas, big capitalists and big danger to capital if some of our active toned Socialists are to be believed. It is nevertheless chiefly for this last reason that it is proposed to erect for the First regiment an armory that will be the grandest in the United States.



THE PROPOSED BUILDING.

The sketch, which was made from the architect's plans, does not give an adequate idea of the immensity of the proposed structure. It is to be erected north of Fourteenth street, between Michigan and Indiana avenues. The large ball or drill room, shown on the left in the picture, will be 200 by 300 feet, with two galleries and a stage 100 feet wide by 44 feet in depth. The floor at one end will be raised by hydraulic power, so as to give a gradual incline to the stage when this hall is used for concerts and other purposes. The main building, or armory proper, will have a frontage on Lake Michigan of 250 feet. It will contain besides the rooms necessary for the various military purposes, reception and billiard rooms, a gymnasium, dining room and immense kitchen. The First regiment was only organized twelve years ago, but it has already become Chicago's pride and pet. STRAY LAND.

A Well Known Railroad Man.

[Special Correspondence.]

CLEVELAND, O., March 17.—Gen. J. H. Devereaux, president of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis railroad, and vice-president of several other enterprises, was for a year past in failing health. A trip to Europe last summer proved of little benefit, so he returned to his residence on Euclid avenue and to his post until he was compelled to relinquish work. Gen. Devereaux was while in health without doubt the hardest working railway manager in the United States. He was born in Boston in 1822 and entered the railway service when but 16 years old. He was assistant engineer in the construction of many railroads until the outbreak of the civil war, when he became superintendent of the United States military railroads of Virginia. The wonderful ability he displayed here brought much demand for his services in the busy railroad building period since the war. He was connected at different times with the principal railroads centering in or crossing the state of Ohio. So absorbed did he become in his duties that it was only when overpowering illness overtook him that he relinquished them. W. M. C.



GEN. J. H. DEVEREAUX.

While Jay Gould and his family are off on a pleasure trip on board his yacht Atalanta, George, the eldest son, has been left at home to look after his father's affairs. He is a well built, handsome fellow of about 30 years. Now Dame Rumor has it that he has been paying considerable attention to an actress of Mr. Daly's theatre, and the couple are engaged. George has been for ten years very much sought after by the young ladies in upper ten, but he seems to have cautiously kept aloof from them. He has always taken a fancy for theatrical matters. His father recognizing this, gave him Jim Fisk's celebrated theatre, the Grand opera house, which he still owns and manages. So it was not a surprise to any of his friends to learn that he had fallen in love with Miss Edith Kingston, one of the prettiest and most refined of the belles upon the New York stage. She may yet be one of the wealthiest women in America. Mr. Gould's one now is over 250,000,000 a year. This will increase to a millions amount in time, and in the natural order of things George will inherit the bulk of it.



EDITH KINGSTON.

How Fast the Hand Travels. Somebody says he has discovered that the hand of a penman who writes thirty-five words in a minute travels over sixteen feet of space in that time, providing he dots all his i's and crosses all his t's. It is hard to see how there can be any tolerable rule in such a matter. The hand of John Hancock in writing two or three of words must have traveled several thousand times further than the hand of the man who engraved the Declaration of Independence on the smoothed side of a fifty cent piece.—Harper's Weekly.

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