

# PLAN TO PLACE A GIGANTIC MOVING PLATFORM OVER BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The Latest Device to Facilitate Passage Across the East River and Get Rid of the Dangerous Crowding That Daily Imperils Life and Limb.

The Times Special Service.

NEW YORK, Saturday, Aug. 16.—Twelve years or more ago Arthur Field in his "Story of the Millennium," a book of the character of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" first developed the idea of the moving platform. He described in detail how the future city would be built, and worked out mathematically a system of moving streets centering at the great town hall and emporium which was to be the public meeting place for all business purposes. The idea of movable platforms was not a new one, but had never been elaborated in this way before, and extracts from the story with a diagram of the street plan were reprinted in thousands of newspapers.

Subsequently at the Chicago World's Fair a movable platform scheme was exhibited and also at the later Paris International Exposition.

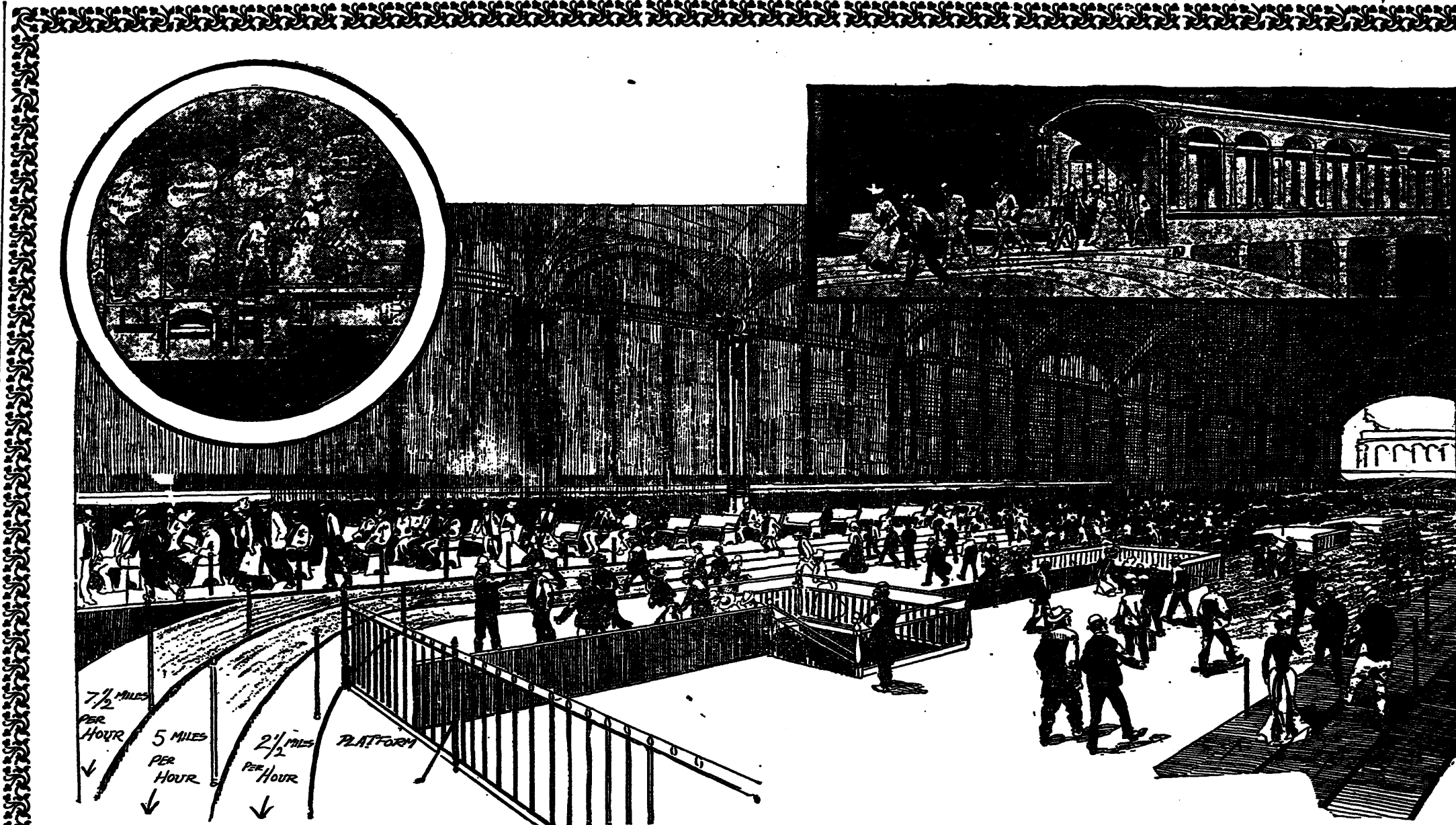
In New York one of the leading mammoth dry goods stores has for two years or more past been fitted with a wide movable staircase at one of the elevated railroad stations. Both of these appliances have been found in the highest degree utilitarian and satisfactory, and it is not surprising to find that a demand for an application of the idea on a wider scale has been made.

For months past the Commissioner of Bridges for Greater New York has been puzzled to find a plan to alleviate the pressure caused by the enormous passenger traffic across the Brooklyn Bridge. Numerous plans have been proposed, all of which have been found lacking in the power to handle the enormous and constantly growing crowds compelled to use the bridge until new facilities by bridges and tunnels are provided.

Finally Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal has hit upon what seems to be a plan capable of securing at least a temporary solution of this most important problem.

In fact the novelist's dream of little over a decade ago is now the pet investment of such practical capitalists as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Stuyvesant Fish, S. S. Palmer, E. P. Ripley and George W. Young.

The moving platform system as it has been worked out for the big bridge is simple enough. According to the plans of the company, passengers will approach them from the floor up through large holes of wells, around which will run three platforms, moving at different rates of speed. Arriving from the entrance the passen-



Various schemes have been proposed to relieve the dangerous congestion that occurs daily, morning and evening, at the Brooklyn and New York ends of the Brooklyn Bridge across the East river. The latest is to span the bridge with a moving platform, such as is seen above, and is described in the accompanying article. It meets the approval of Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal and it is believed may be adopted by the New York City authorities.

gers will step on to a platform moving at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. From this they will get on to another moving at a speed of five miles an hour. Next they will pass on to another moving at a speed of seven and a half miles an hour, from this finally reaching the main platform which moves at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The latter will be fitted with seats with ample room, but only about for four people sitting abreast and with liberal space between them. Outside of these seats will be a wide space left open for those who do not care to be seated, and if these choose

to walk of course they will reach the other end much quicker, accomplishing the trip across the East River in about four minutes.

A fare of one cent is to be the charge for travel on these movable platforms if they are installed.

The great point of advantage with this arrangement will be its immense capacity, which naturally depends upon its speed and width. At ten miles an hour 70,000 persons can be easily transported, and if a higher speed becomes necessary the demand can be met with the same machinery, ten miles not being the limit, but the mean figure.

Another great charm for the traveler in a hurry or otherwise will be that a seat on a moving platform is accessible the moment a person reaches the station. The jostling crowd and the waiting will therefore be dispensed with greatly to the increased comfort of everybody.

The capacity of one track of a moving platform will be equal to that of four tracks for crowded trolley cars, and with this difference, that while on the moving platform every passenger may have a seat, there will be two-thirds of those on the trolley cars standing.

These cars will run in a train

forming a continuous line and moving, as stated, at a proposed speed of ten miles an hour.

There will be an oval-shaped loop at each terminal, access to the cars to be obtainable from these platforms, each three feet wide, circulating inside the loops. Incoming and outgoing passengers will be kept separate, these platforms connecting naturally with the regular ones which cross the bridge.

The only objection to the movable platforms yet raised is that they might constitute a difficulty for invalids and for cripples who might want to need them, but even in this particular there

would not be so much risk to life and limb as now exists from the fight that comes daily with rush hours.

An expert engineer says in reference to the matter: "The platforms can be operated with perfect safety. No passenger can be run over or run into. There can be no falling off between cars, no collisions, and therefore, most important of all, no danger of a breakdown."

Some, particularly nervous people imagine that there will be difficulty in stepping from one platform to the other, but the difference will not be noticeable. If the platform is moving at the rate of

ten miles an hour the passengers will have to overcome a disturbance equal to the speed of about two and a half miles an hour. The level of the platforms will differ only two inches, so that to mount from one to the other will not be more difficult than getting on a trolley car when it is moving very slowly."

The company organized to build and operate the movable platforms are willing to have the system ready in a year from the present time. They also ask for control of the trolley cars which they might run over the bridge between rush hours if preferable to the public.

## DRIVING THE JAPS OUT OF ATLIN



Some of the Japs Preparing for the March Out of Atlin.

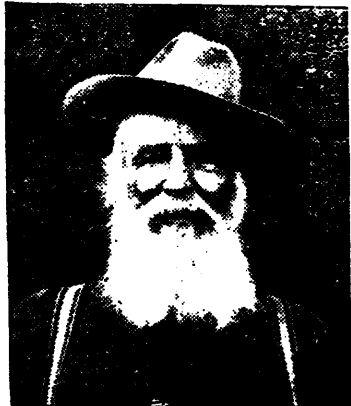
Special Correspondence.

ATLIN, B. C., July 15.—Even in the month of March, in this northern country, including Atlin, the weather is not so cold as it is now. The weather had become quite tropical. There were hushed rumors that there was imminent danger of a great influx of Orientals which would in time turn this famous camp into what is called "China diggings," and which would prove as disastrous to us as the coming of Buller and Methuen was to Boerland.

There were Marlboroughs and Cromwells, Marlburys and Dunsmuirites, all pledged as one against the common foe. The dauntless men of Atlin, backed by the brave women, en masse, assembled, passed resolutions of the strongest terms, asking for an amnesty, and willing to sacrifice their pockets and the stuff that rusts. After several futile attempts, all hope of settlement was abandoned, and each party was left to itself to maintain its own right.

Capital on one side, armed with all the good laws of Britain, sought aid from Federal and colonial police; telegraph wires were red-hot between Atlin, Victoria and London for three days. More capital sorely needed, more protection for the slant-eyed Jap, with a good official to read the riot act, when danger threatened, and to take summary steps to place one hundred and fifty miners in our three-coiled coils!

The news that the Japs had left Caribou had startled the mining center, and the law was aroused to protect. Guns



JAMES WARD  
Leader in the Anti-Jap Movement.

and ammunition were seized and specialists sworn in, when the unholy mine hove in sight from up the snowy slopes.

But behold! The Japs had outmarched their white brethren and were at the time at McKee Creek shoveling snow. On the other side the miners in their might armed with their tobacco knives, their

double-barreled rifles, protected by all the laws of British Columbia, decided on prompt action under their old friend, the patriarch, Mr. Ward, faithful to the Marching two deep they arrived in Atlin at 11:30 a. m. with him at their head who had weathered the storms of the frontier for some twenty years. The third attempt at settlement proving futile, a halt was made for dinner, scouts and intelligence officers were set to work to size up the enemy, his position and numerical strength.

One P. M. saw the whole force on Atlin Lake heading for the McKee Creek, fourteen miles off. At 6 in the evening they came face to face with the Japs' position, which was securely entrenched and guarded on Discovery claim.

The situation at this time looked favorable, as the Japs yielded at once and consented to go, but this was impossible, as darkness came on.

In the meantime excitement became intense here and in Discovery. Our opponents thought of striking at the miners with all their strength, aided by pressure from the police, the cold night and short rations. But those who were not in the line of march were busy at home.

Dog teams were pressed into service, likewise the double team which had been captured by the police earlier in the day, and these started about midnight with all kinds of "chuck," which raised the hopes of all.

It was not until daylight that a combat seemed imminent. The Japs, with the 40-B's and 40-W's, together with Long

Toms, showed great reluctance to coming out of their canvas post, fearing that some enraged Irishman would eat them. Ho, soldier. Ho! A flag of truce was raised and the jig was up!

A capitulation was made, and it was promised that as an indemnity all expenses to Vancouver would be paid, the Japs agreeing to disappear forever.

By noon the First Brigade of Atlin volunteers returned with the captives.

After all had eaten and drunk their fill and cheered to their hearts' content, the Japs hit the trail, headed by our guide.

The Japs are gone; white bass rates are lowered; old and young are looking for pensions; stamp mills and refrigerators are daily promoted; subscription lists are always open to defray war expenses; conditions are getting down to their normal state and weekly dances are given as usual.

I danced with a five-foot eleven. How she smiled when I told her I had acted as recruiting sergeant in the late unpleasantness, and was now awaiting the Victoria Cross!

Every woman wished she were a man that day, and every man wished he had something more to eat.

JOHN KIRKLAND.

The Passing of the Horse Fly.

"Some writer says he feels awfully sorry for the poor horse fly. What is he

to do when there are only automobiles? What can a horse fly get off an automobile? Varnish only. And the writer says varnish is disappointing in the beginning and deadly in the end. It does seem too bad, doesn't it?"

"It does. Poor old horse fly. But I suppose somebody will be moved to do something for the unfortunate wretches. Think of a Home for Indigent Horse Flies. Perhaps one of our big hearted millionaires will establish a park for them, and save from extinction a few equine examples for them to feast upon. If the horse fly is doomed his exit should be made as easy and comfortable as possible."

INSURANCE FOR MOTORMEN.

Trolley Company Protects Itself From Possible Damage Suits.

The company operating the trolley lines of Baltimore has completed arrangements for insuring the lives of all its motormen and conductors. The amount is \$1,000, all the premiums being paid entirely by the company without deduction from the wages of its men. In return the employees insured agree to accept the insurance payment in settlement of all claims brought against the company by their heirs.

## LABOR LOST

"WHAT on earth are you doing?" demanded the tall girl with the fluttery veil, pausing in amazement on the threshold. The young woman with the flushed cheeks looked up a trifle wildly from among the heap of summer lawn and organdies. "Come in," he said, shortly. "I'm just sorting these things over before I send them to the wash."

"The tall girl sat down suddenly. "What do the bratthen want with these brand-new clothes? I thought they always got red fannels!"

"Don't know," responded the busy one. "At any rate they're no good to me. Just discovered the uselessness of these yards of lace and ribbon, and besides they're so hard to do up. It's a mistake our slaving to get pretty summer clothes—the men don't appreciate them."

She waved the scissors forcefully at her astonished visitor. "Look at this pale-blue organdie—did you ever see any daintier effects from ruffles and lace and tucks. It is a perfect feast of foam and airiness and cost a mint of money. I saved it on purpose till George got back from the East, because I counted on it to finish him. He has been hovering on the brink for so long you know. I wore it to the garden party and was so satisfied with myself that my joy made me particularly good looking. The girls were struck with envy the minute I appeared—there wasn't one who could touch me. When George came up I greeted him with the gracious gentleness befitting my belatedness and waited for the dress to hit him between the eyes, so speak. He looked right over my shoulder all the while we were talking and I grew amazed. I turned around and if he wasn't staring at that Gregory girl—he has got grave brown eyes, but no more style to her than a mince pie—and she had on one of those shirt waist suits you buy at the stores for about \$1.50."

"Say, who is she?" George asked with the ease of old acquaintance. "Her get-up strikes me—so beautifully simple and doesn't the pink suit her eyes?" Then he dashed off and attached himself to her for the rest of the afternoon. Now he has called on her every evening since. He didn't know whether I was dressed in a coffee sack or the king's coronation robes!"

"That was hard," admitted the tall girl.

The owner of the dresses rose to her knees and grew dramatic. "Listen!" she proceeded imperiously. "I've a white lawn here that my cousin brought me from Paris. It's like all French rocks—apparently simple, but with a cut and air to it which stamps it a block off as perfect and unapproachable. It is one of those soul-satisfying things which are exactly all right, and you know it. When I wear it I love all my enemies devotedly. It never cost a cent under \$75. I had

it on the other night and Margery Grey was sitting in the double rocker with me. She wore a white frock that she told me she made herself and it was very dainty and sweet, but of course any woman could have told the immense difference between her 15-cent home-made dress and my imported gown. The talk turned on clothes and the men got excited. That splendid Harvey West was emphatic. "Extravagance is useless," he said, beamingly. "A girl can look just as stylish in some little simple gown if she carries herself well. Don't these two right here—Miss Grey and Miss Helen—in their modest white gowns support my statement? Could they appear any better if they were Paris gowns that cost all kinds of money?" and all the men smiled tenderly at us—and said of course we couldn't." She folded a skirt viciously.

"Dear, dear!" sympathized her friend.

"I've quit," said the savage one. "I go down town today and buy some shirt-waist suits at \$2.50 each, perfectly plain, a 10-cent lawn and a mercerized foulard, and with the money I save I shall either go to Europe or buy a city block, or else I shall feed it to the birds. At any rate, I shan't expend it for the benefit of any more blind, blundering, obstinate, snooty servant men!" She slammed another dress on the pile.

"Maybe you're right," admitted the tall girl with a sigh. "I guess I won't buy that \$15 sunshade after all."

"Get a 25-cent one," snapped the injured soul, "and buy chocolates with the \$14.05."

PROGRESS TOWARD COLD LIGHT.

Recent Patents Granted for Inventions in This Direction.

The Electrical Review says: There is much satisfaction to be derived from the knowledge that the question of an improved form of electric light is engaging the attention of some of our best engineers. Of this and that of the Normal lamp some progress has been made, in the direction of cold light. Since at present the light efficiency of an incandescent lamp is only 6 per cent, and that of the arc about 10 per cent, it is to be hoped that we will soon be realizing the benefits of the work of these engineers.

Iowa to the Fore.

It turns out that Iowa beats all the states in the number of rural free delivery routes it has cordoned. Iowa takes a back seat for none—Omaha Box.

Cook Books have come.



Some of the Men Who Declared That the Japs Must Go.