

THIS MACHINE-MADE WORLD CONQUERS ONE MORE REBEL

Man Who Lived Long Without a Telephone Gives Up the Fight and Another Corner of Tranquility Is Invaded.

A SQUARE envelope comes in the mail. In the corner is the address of a shop. Inside is a card and on the card is printed: "My telephone number is—"

It is a defeat. The tentacles have reached into another little corner of tranquillity and grasped it and shaken it inside out into the hurly-burly. This man, saying so sentimentally "My telephone," was one of New York's vaillant few holding off the blessings of civilization. It was his pride that he could do his day's work without the help of operator as well as his predecessor of 1876 or even of 1898.

There are not many like him. Still there are a few rebels walking with conscious rectitude, with a spark in their eye at the mention of telephones and of even other machines that one thinks of in the same terms as the phone.

"Why," said this one, from whom the last concession has been wrung, "I have no telephone, but I have peace. Look at my next door neighbor. He comes in now and then from his shop to chat about business or about this and that; and can he? 'Mr. So and so, the telephone'—his clerks come running after him and he dodges back and forth till he forgets what he came to say in the first place. Yesterday I counted. Seven times he was called away and at last he gave it up. He went back, I suppose, to sit hunched up there over that telephone of his, waiting. But me—I am a free man."

Compelled to Capitulate.

Free and also favored. His is not one of the sort of shops to which a telephone is essential as the stock. It is a place to draw customers who appreciate tranquillity; a shop filled with the curious and the beautiful, on one of the avenues. There is no Old World pretense about it, but it is a ripe place, with half lights and shadows.

But ask him today. "Yes," he says; "I suppose so. I guess it can't be helped. Excuse me; there's the phone ringing."

For the present there is no joy for him. The city has won.

He and his kind (for inwardly he is still of them) belong to that most neglected of all minorities—the city folk who are in revolt against the mechanisms of the city. They are of another generation from those, more ignorant, who were merely awed by the wonders of invention.

Theirs is not the spirit of Mary, who took in washing as late as 1903 and would say triumphantly: "You can't make me believe the earth turns round, 'cause if it does, why don't the graves turn round so their headstones'll be where the feet was?" Mary leaped with fright when the telephone rang, and its voice was the voice of the devil.

Nor is it the spirit of those who come from a less insistent civilization. The Neapolitan, content at home with eight telephones to each one thousand of population, finds 182 in New York and is impressed. The little machine of rubber and black metal becomes a goal toward which he advances through all the stages of pack and pushcart, until at last the day comes when it is installed in the store he has acquired and his family gathers to do reverence to it, the elders murmuring, the children joyous and experimental till even central wearies.

No, this minority observes, weighs and gives its verdict—and for the rest of its life fights off mankind in an endeavor to go its own way. It is a story of compromise, yet on back-country ranches there are husbandmen who talk along barb-wire telephone lines and are more of the machine age than these.

The Philosophy of Tranquillity.

There is a philosophy in this which is not to be met with in all those who do

without phones and such things. It is a philosophy of tranquillity. The trouble with the hum of machines, the philosopher tells you, is that they do not hum steadily enough; there is the peace of the static and the peace of the spinning top, but the jagged city and its machines go by fits, forever speeding and slackening and speeding again, so that there is no certainty.

And of all the machines and instruments, he adds, the telephone is the most persistent and the most penetrating.

In a way, however, it stands to him merely as a symbol, for it is this which keeps guard at his bedside and follows him through the day with prongs of sound. The whole matter concerns itself not with the telephone merely, but with its ten thousand implications.

There are some who will not ride in automobiles, others will have none of subways, or something else. There are old business houses which have never yielded to the typewriter, but measure their year's business by the number of barrels of ink they have consumed. Ask in that quarter and the feeling is rationalized for you thus: "Quite so, and we do it in the interests of efficiency; if you use machines, you write a hundred letters where one will do, but not if each word is weighed against the labor of spreading out a drop of ink."

Such words evoke a placid and forgotten city, one in which steam engines haul the trains on the elevated, an even earlier city, perhaps, such as that which sometimes drove out Third Avenue and paused by a willow tree in the Thirties

NEW BEAR MOUNTAIN BRIDGE LEADS TO HISTORIC LAND

BEAR Mountain Bridge, now being swung across the Hudson River at the entrance to the Highlands, will give access to historic regions that have remained virtually undisturbed since the days of the Revolution. On the west bank the bridge tower rises from the ruins of Fort Clinton. Atop the surrounding mountains may be found the ruins of Revolutionary forts and camps in a remarkable state of preservation. From the driveway many paths, easily negotiated, lead to scores of points of historic interest. The great stream of motor traffic attracted by this route to the Highlands will find the pleasure of the trip greatly enhanced by familiarity with this famous valley. Much of the region remains to be explored.

Until the last few years surprisingly little was known of this region. Several of the old forts about West Point had been explored and relics collected and preserved by sympathetic hands. Some of the more inaccessible mountain tops, however, have not been visited in a century and a half. The location of several of the so-called "lost villages" or camps of the Revolution is still in doubt, though the work of investigation and discovery has been systematically carried on recently by the Field Exploration Committee of the New York Historical Society.

The new bridge, by a curious chance, marks the exact line of the American defense at the southern entrance to the Highlands. It is not generally known that a stout iron chain was carried across the river at this point to keep back the British ships. A second chain, more familiar to students, guarded the Hudson at West Point, linking it with Constitution Island. Several links of this chain are preserved in various historical museums.

The Highlands naturally played a stirring part in the Revolution. Since

and spent a leisurely cool quarter hour in an old tavern.

They are, in fact, a queer folk, these rebels to whom a telephone is only a disembodied complex with a glower as persistent as the smile of the Cheshire cat, till at length the thing itself is gone and only the glower remains. A scattered band, without plan and without hope, shunning some one thing and some another, unnoticed by the mass of the town save now and then when an isolated glimpse of one of them brings snickers.

But is that snicker an expression of mirth or of envy? How large, in truth, is this minority of oddities? All the pell-mell majority, breaking the day into dots and dashes, following the crowd and making the crowd—how much sympathy, unrecognized and unadmitted, is there here for the man who will not have a telephone?

"None!" a voice shouts above the chatter.

Not so fast. Here are little Charlie and Oscar and Elizabeth, the eldest 11. Perhaps they do not think specifically of telephones, and most likely they would be pleased with the idea of the machines which show plays on a silver-sheet, but anyhow they decide to withdraw from this machine city. They will camp out. So for three days, though within sight of their home, they camp in a near-by park, and all the flash and glitter and outcry of alarms sent over miles of wires fail to reach their fastness. The town reads about them and pretends to be amused. But at bottom the town envies the three youngsters. Camping out—away from all the din, from the autos and the phones! And the town takes to dreaming in the terms of Charlie and the man without a phone: "Peace, comfort, rest; leave the city behind you."

How much of the holiday habit's growth, so extensive these last few years, is the avowed desire to become fit again for coping with the machines, and how much of it is just blind revolt no different from the motive of the man

who was at last conquered by the telephone?

"You see," he says, commiserating himself in defeat, "it is the same thing." And all around him he points out signs, for instance, the stenographers of lower Manhattan, returning again and again at the lunch hour to the Aquarium. They know every fish by sight, and still they go, seeking the quiet coolness as tranquil as the bottom of the sea. He points upward to little homes built on the rooftops of great buildings, climbing as far as they may as if they would be cabins on a mountain. The crowd itself, scarcely aware that this is an age of machines, withdrawing into the dark movie house, making the machine itself an instrument of escape from the machine. Or college orators urging the young idea not to be content with "the cogwheel life" but to train for leisure as for a battle—following thus, in part, the teachings of a school regarded not long ago as precious.

"It's a revolt," says the man who has come at last to the telephone. "I'm whipped by this phone, I know, but still there are all these signs of revolt. You can meet the city on its own terms in most things, but each of us must have some point of reserve and some refusal; we must to hold our self-respect. It's all increasing in a geometric ratio. If I want to use the phone once I must use it twenty times, a hundred. But you can see mankind is coming to the limit. Escape. It's trying to find a way of life. It's * * * I say it's—"

But the radio across the street has drowned him out.

WHEELS OF JUSTICE REVOLVE FAST IN THE TRAFFIC COURT

THE Traffic Court of the Borough of Manhattan, said to be the busiest court in the world, has fairly outdone itself during the past week. Because of the three-day holiday, with its attendant crowd of motorists, the dockets have been stuffed—and likewise penalties have been swift and sure, not to say severe, as was to be expected in view of the recent statement issued by Magistrate Renaud. The Magistrate said that he expected to be even sterner than heretofore, and announced an increase in the scale of fines. All of which the general public views with satisfaction, although it is hard to have it applied to one's self, to judge from the air of crestfallen defendants.

Picture a room with capacity for perhaps a hundred and twenty people, but containing almost five hundred. They stand in aisles, lean against the wall, spill through the doorways into corridors. Every class of society is represented, although the majority appear to be truckmen and taxi drivers. Here and there one may find a well-dressed woman, or a stage star not averse to publicity, or a fat, perspiring individual ready to pay whatever fine may be due. Many are foreigners, whose pleas are difficult to understand and who are hot-tempered and impetuous. There is a liberal sprinkling of police officers.

The presiding Judge disposes of the milling crowd before the rail in comparatively short order, and money passes constantly from defendants to the clerk. Last Monday more than \$3,000 was taken in and 313 cases were handled by Magistrate Ryttenberg.

Really Two Courts.

Because of the great amount of work involved, the Traffic Court is not popular with city Judges. Accordingly, the sessions are divided among four Magistrates, who serve in turn. Even at that, these four handle only cases in which the defendant pleads guilty. Those who plead not guilty and who want a trial with witnesses are sent to Magistrate House, who has a separate courtroom, where the atmosphere is very different. It is not overcrowded, the proceedings are deliberate, and there one hears witnesses tell their version of the story.

Magistrate House says that so far this year more than 30,000 cases have been disposed of. Such a record is possible only by putting into use the scheme of dividing the sheep from the goats, so to speak—those who feel themselves to be injured and innocent being the sheep. The guilty ones are lined up eight or ten at a time and sentence is pronounced summarily. Among recent changes in the law is one which makes it obligatory for the Court to revoke the license of any driver who operates a car while he is intoxicated; heretofore imposition of that penalty was optional with the

Judge. The law provides a fine of \$500 or one year in jail, or both, and license revoked for six months, which is certainly calculated to make thoughtless drivers think again.

"New Yorkers respect their traffic laws unusually well," said Magistrate Ryttenberg, who was on duty in the "guilty" court last week. "During the recent visit of so many people from other cities much favorable comment was heard on that score. I attribute it to the severity of this court—to Magistrate House particularly, who has been on duty here ever since it was inaugurated."

Public Attitude Changing.

"A few years ago people did not realize the seriousness of breaking traffic regulations," said Magistrate House, "but with the immense number of vehicles in the streets these days the attitude of the public is changing. Why, I think I could safely have pronounced myself the most unpopular man in New York at one time; but I don't believe people regard me that way now."

"You see, this court is different, in that the cases brought before us involve the possibility of physical danger, or even death, to an entirely innocent person; it isn't simply a case of one man breaking a law and thereby getting himself into trouble. If two men come to blows over an argument about politics or religion and are arrested for disorderly conduct, it concerns only themselves; but if a man drives a car when he is drunk he may do any amount of damage to innocent bystanders. This court has to be severe—yes, can't be too severe."

In the "not guilty" court come the "homicide cases," which call for careful investigation and cross-examination of witnesses. One morning recently the following dialogue took place between the Judge and a 12-year-old boy called as a witness to an accident in which a child had been run over and killed by a wagon.

"Now, Louis, is it wrong to tell a story?"

"No, sir."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you go to church?"

"No, sir."

"Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, listen to my question: Is it wrong to tell a lie?"

"No, sir."

Whether Louis applied his principles to the case in hand is for the Magistrate to determine.

All kinds of strange incidents come up in this court. Many times an interpreter is necessary to worm the details from foreigners. An old man, an accomplished linguist, has that post, and straightens out many a tangle.

the British forces occupied New York and the northern region of the State, this section of the Hudson was a valuable strategic point. Could the British have kept the Hudson open and maintained easy communication between their forces, the war might have ended differently. The fact was appreciated by Washington and his military advisers, who made every effort to convert a rugged, narrow valley into the strongest citadel in the country.

One might say that the Revolution began, as it ended, in the Highlands of the Hudson. In May, 1775, Washington was appointed one of a committee to report on the defense of the Hudson River in this region. The first work of constructing fortifications was commenced on Constitution Island, at the northern extremity of the Highlands. Here a chain was carried across the river to guard the northern entrance.

To this day several of the timbers that held the chain in position may be seen at the water's edge. At the close of the Revolution most of the chain was sold as junk. The boat used to carry it to the nearest iron foundry in 1782 was later tied up beside a wharf at Cold Spring, and here its hull still lies.

The best preserved Revolutionary ruins in the Highlands are the old forts built at the summits of mountains on either side of the river. In all there were upward of a score of forts. The mountains are for the most part steep and precipitous, and the soldiers who laboriously carried the stone for the forts to the mountain tops must have had a hard time of it. Many of the paths used by them may still be clearly traced. Up these steep paths were also carried cannon used for defense. Ammunition and food for the garrisons were carried over the same trails. The old records show that cows were pushed and dragged up the mountain. The cows never returned, for they were killed and eaten by the soldiers.

The Forts at West Point.

The most accessible of these old forts will be found on the military reservation at West Point. Here the trails have been widened and in many places graded, so that the pedestrians can reach the forts with little trouble. The views from the mountain tops alone will repay one for the climb. The forts atop the higher and steeper mountains can only be reached by stiff climbing. In some places the mountain tops were so steep, and the summits so pointed, that foundations for the forts had to be built below the actual peaks and carried to the summit. It is believed that Anthony's Nose, which looks directly down upon the Bear Mountain bridge, was fortified, but the fact has not yet been proved. The summit still affords an interesting field for exploration.

During the greater part of the Revolution the American Army stationed in the Highlands comprised regiments from all the New England States, and from New York, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. The rugged, lonely valley must have presented a very busy scene. Hundreds of the huts or shelters used by the soldiers are still in existence. They invariably include a rude fireplace built of stone. The bunks were built on either side of the fire, and the structure was covered with timbers or perhaps only the old uniforms of the soldiers.

The woodwork has long since disappeared, but the fireplaces, when unearthed, show little change. About them are found the cooking utensils, and many camp relics, making it possible to visualize the life of the soldiers. In some of the camps continuous streets of these huts may be traced. The commonest relic discovered on the old camp sites are buttons from uniforms. Since these bear the regimental numbers they make it possible to tell exactly what troops were quartered in the camp.

Investigators have found clues to camp sites by consulting official records or letters written by Revolutionary soldiers. It is learned, for instance, that a camp stood near a stream, or between two mountains, on a particular road, or at a certain distance from the Hudson River. The archeologists thereupon dig and sift the earth at various points in hope of finding buttons or camp relics that will identify it. In this way the soldier's camps known as Hempstead Huts, Camp Robinson's Farm and Connecticut Village have been definitely located. Several other camps such as Putnam's, New Boston and Soldiers' Fortune, have so far eluded the searchers.

Stirring pictures are recalled in the Highlands. These mountains once echoed army bugles from a score of forts and camps and looked down upon spirited engagements. It was here that Benedict Arnold carried on his correspondence with the British forces and sought to deliver the Highlands to the British. One of the most picturesque scenes occurred when news arrived of the birth of the French Dauphin. Out of respect for Lafayette and France an elaborate celebration was arranged. Soldiers climbed laboriously to the tops of the mountains, carrying quantities of firewood. At a signal great bonfires were simultaneously lighted and blazed for hours from end to end of the Highlands.