

LIKE THRILLS: HARK TO JUNGLE STORIES OF THIS EXPLORER!

"Tales of Hamilton" Have "Tales of Hoffmann" Beaten to a Frazzle! HERMIT IN WILDERNESS. White King of Natives, Elephant Cemetery and Battle with Gorilla in His Yarns.

From the wilds of the upper reaches of the Congo there came into New York to-day J. St. Clair Hamilton, a strapping Britisher, tanned to an old oak finish, who brought with him, besides skins of snakes and wild beasts a cargo of rare tales—on which he had to pay no duty—of the wild land through which he had tracked his way for the last year.

TALE NUMBER ONE.

"We were traversing a marigold-smelling river, slow and sluggish of current, in Angola," said Mr. Hamilton, "when the attention of my canoe-men was attracted by what appeared to be a most black mountain in the jungle, which grew thick and close up to either bank of the river. I decided to investigate and discovered that what had appeared to be a black mountain was really a herd of elephants. They all lay supine on the ground and it did not take long for me to discover that they had been overcome by the sleeping sickness.

"I thought it might be a good idea to get out before they woke up. So we re-embarked. The sleeping sickness is very common in that country. We passed through whole villages where every one was wrapped in lethargy. When the disease reaches a certain stage the victims carry out the duties of the jungle. Wild beasts soon end their sufferings.

TALE NUMBER TWO. "One day we came upon a tiny village in which the natives were in terrible distress. A giant gorilla had been harassing them for days. Its last outrage had been to carry off a woman, one of the wives of the chief.

"The natives in the village were very good to us, giving us roams, chickens and other offerings. I decided we would hunt the gorilla and avenge the friendly chief. Two nights after we arrived there came from the jungle a dull, throbbing sound like the beating of a huge drum. The men declared it was the gorilla. I summoned my bearers and the natives and we went into the jungle.

"Suddenly the drumming noise ceased and before we knew it the foremost of our party had almost stumbled over the immense, hairy beast. The gorilla leaped at the unfortunate man with a savage roar that reverberated through the forest. It seized the bearer, and before I could interfere had buried its teeth in the man's shoulder. I raised my rifle and fired twice at the monster, and then with a terribly human-like cry it relinquished its hold and dashed off. No, we never saw it again nor did the chief ever see his wife any more, but as he had six others perhaps this didn't vex him unduly.

TALE NUMBER THREE. "Possibly the most remarkable thing that occurred to me," said Mr. Hamilton, "was the discovery of a white hermit of the jungle. He was an Englishman, but long exposure and his manner of life had made him appear almost like a native. He was almost as hairy as a chimpanzee and his locks and beard hung to his waist. He took us into a rough hut he had built outside the village. In which he resided a sort of ruler. I imagine my surprise to find that inside the poor fellow had pinned up with thorns pictures of Queen Victoria taken from an English illustrated paper of many years before. Theodore Roosevelt? No, I don't think he had one of him; but he had many ancient graphic pictures pinned all about the place. He had lived the same sort of life for forty years and had lost ambition for any other. He happened to become a hermit when his companion (they were both ivory hunters) died of fever. He took us to his comrade's grave, above which he had erected a rude cross. He had a rusty rifle, but no ammunition, and had not had for many years. He hunted with spears and bow and arrow. Like the natives he would not tell us his name or anything about himself, so we called him Ben Gann, after the wild man in 'Treasure Island,' you know.

TALE NUMBER FOUR. "While in the country I heard of a vast elephant cemetery where the big tusked go to die. You know a dead elephant is as great a rarity to see as a dead donkey. Well, I was told that in this great graveyard of the tusked there are millions of dollars' worth of ivory. But the natives with their wretched weapons have never dared to attack it because it is guarded night and day by savage old 'rogue' elephants. From what I heard a well armed party of white men could go into the jungle and locate the elephant cemetery, wipe out the guards, raid the ivory and return rich men.

TALE NUMBER FIVE. But take Number Five will have to be told in the smoker on the Toronto train, which Mr. Hamilton had to hurry off to catch, leaving his ship news irregular all aglow.

THE LENTEN LOOKING GLASS Eleventh Article of a Series.

Endowment of Motherhood the Solution of Money Problems Surrounding Wedlock

Increasing Cost of Living, Lowering of Men's Wages by Employment of Women and Girls' Desire for Financial Independence Threaten Marriage and the Home Unless Radical Steps Are Taken.

A Contented Wife Declares That Women's Foibles in Dress and Manners Are Due to Husbands, Who Like to See Wives in Latest Styles, No Matter How Freakish They May Be.

BY NIXOLA GREBLEY-SMITH.

A great many parents who have focussed their attention upon the Lenten Looking Glass seem to believe the girl who earns her own living is the most important vision reflected upon its surface. Some of these observers view her sympathetically and admiringly, others say they consider her a menace. A wife tells us to-day that her family has not enough to live on because of the competition in industry of women with men. But she is broad minded enough to add that the women work because they have to live, and that the solution of the problem lies, not in keeping the women at home, but in equal pay for equal work, so that men may not be displaced as they are frequently to-day by the employers' argument that he can hire three \$6 a week girls for the price of one \$18 man.

Another wife protests against the general use of the word parasite as applied to women who live at home. A feminine reader in Arkansas informs us that the greatest evil of modern life is the tendency of young girls to rush into marriage merely to avoid being called old maids. This young woman is nineteen, earns a better salary than most of the young men she knows, has saved \$1,000, learned to cook, keep house and sew, and says she does not intend to marry until she is twenty-two.

"I am thankful," she adds, "that I will have something to offer the man I marry besides a big doll to admire. None of my friends who married within the last two years had ever saved a penny, none of them know how to sew, keep house or cook, and to my personal knowledge, all of them married men who are not able to keep servants, so they have had to do all their learning since marriage, and it is much harder to learn all alone than when you were at your mother's knee."

Peering over the shoulders of these various students and observers of the self-supporting young woman, as she appears in the Lenten Looking Glass, I am sure that whether her influence be for good or ill, it is a permanent influence, that we are going to have more and more of here. Eventually, when a girl finishes school or college, she will look for a job or adopt a profession as inevitable, as her brother does to-day.

number of young girls with whom I have been closely associated have married at between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, and not one in the entire ten can cook, do a decent meal for her husband. The idea that girls are old maids and are sneered at when they go down the street is the one thing that drives many a poor vain girl to the altar when she knows nothing of housework, and if she only had sense enough to realize it there is no greater honor in a young girl's life than to be called an old maid who can do things.

HAS \$1,000 INVESTED AND IS EARNING MORE. I am a young girl of nearly nineteen, and have never entertained the idea for one moment that I could marry before I am at least twenty-one. I am a stenographer and get a better salary than many young men do when they take some one under their wing to care for. I have been working twenty-six months, and have invested around \$1,000, which is today drawing 6 per cent semi-annually. I can cook and do housework of all kinds except sewing, which I am not learning, and do not think I am doing more than any other girl should know how to do before she even entertains the idea of marrying. None of my chums who have married within the last two years has ever saved a penny, none of them know how to cook, keep house or sew, and to my own personal knowledge they have all married men who are not able to have servants; hence, they have had to do all their learning since, and it is much harder to learn all alone than when you have a kind, patient mother to teach you. I am a strong, healthy girl, and am thankful that I have something to offer the man whom I marry, something besides a big doll to admire, for I am very ambitious and hope to have and know even more than I do now when I take into consideration the subject of matrimony. It is my intention to be a helper to my man I marry instead of a little helpless waifling that has to have the doctor about three times a week. The helplessness of the modern woman is her greatest fault. I intend to avoid it.

COMES TO THE DEFENSE OF MUCH-ABUSED WOMAN. Dear Madam: Among all my acquaintances I find women are wretchedly made. If the husband is good the wife is anxious to save him in some way or other. Some men expect their wives to do in plain words, throw a bluff. If you ask them why they do it the answer is, "My husband wants me to." In classing women as a parasite do men stop to think that she



"OLD MAIDS ARE SNEERED AT WHEN THEY WALK DOWN THE STREET FOR ONE REASON THAT DRIVES VAIN GILTS TO THE ALTAR." WRITER "SUNSHINE."

"I'D RATHER DO MY HUSBAND'S WORK THAN MY OWN." "CONTENTED"

works just as hard as some men. She is the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to sleep at night. In case of sickness it is she that sits up.

Women are called lazy, but I feel in a way that I would rather do my husband's work than my own. Of course, we can't do both—go out to earn money and keep house. Women are considered extravagant. I will state my own case. My husband is very good in every way, yet he wants me to paint and powder and wear whatever happens to be the style. My dress must be very short and narrow, so much so that I often feel embarrassed, as people naturally think it my own fault. So you see men are as bad as we. You will find them pretty evenly matched.

THINKS BIG STORES SHOULD PAY HIGHER WAGES. Dear Madam: There are women who work for pin money, for I know some of them. Still, I agree with you that the majority need the money and some need it badly. Yet I also agree with S. J., who says they lower the wages and deprive men of work. As an instance, during the holidays, one of the best stores in the city laid off men in many departments and kept girls because they said they could have three girls (at \$6 per week) for one man. Many girls there get only \$4 or \$5, some cashiers who have other work to do, and when they make a mistake their entire wages are kept. Few men get \$18, many get \$10 or \$12. Most of these men are married, and many of the single ones have others dependent on them, besides needing more pocket money than the married ones. All of them have to dress well to keep their jobs.

Yes, the women need work. But here labor is a two edged sword that cuts both ways. They need work because they work and lower the wage of father, brother and son. But what are they to do? Starve? S. J. is on the wrong trail for the remedy. The remedy is to compel employers to pay equal wage for equal work. No man can give the best in him on a standard wage of \$12 or \$14. He cannot get proper nourishment in these high priced times unless he is pulling up daisies. Of course, he must be worried and discontented, and a discontented employee is not worth his pay. A man not sure of his job doesn't take much interest in it. So the bosses themselves are shut to their own interests and should be made to see straight. Then things will right themselves, men will give better service with better encouragement and will then be able to keep the women at home. Get after the bosses.

FIFTY SUFFRAGISTS SICK AFTER WASHINGTON PARADE. Miss Noyes and Miss Anderson, Barefoot Dancers, Threatened With Pneumonia. WASHINGTON, March 2.—Fifty women, many of them prominent, are reported to be seriously ill as the result of exposure to the chill wind during the suffragist parade on Sunday. Some of those who took part in the parade were a feature of the demonstration and who danced in their bare feet among the sufferers. Miss Noyes and Miss Mary Anderson are declared to be threatened with pneumonia.

EXILE FAIRAH FONG, BEAUTY FOR WHOM TONGS WAGED WAR

Queen of Chinatown Deported, to Stop Bloodshed Among Her Suitors.

DOZEN OTHERS GO, TOO

Group of Thirteen Starts for China as Celestial Colony Mourns.

Thirteen Chinese in the loose colorful dress of the Orient huddled together on the after deck of the Southern Pacific steamship Mokus this morning, sniffling a bit in the cutting blast that swept up the North river, and stolidly watched the receding shores of Manhattan Island. It was their last look at the great city of the Western world, for they were en route to Hong Kong, China, whither they had been ordered deported by United States commissioners because they entitle none of their race to dwell within our borders.

If they felt badly at leaving a new world to go back to the poverty and starvation of a land that is seven thousand years old, they did not show it. It was all part of a pre-ordained fate for them that in for all but little Ah Fong, who cringed off in a corner, crying into her convulsed sleeves. Ah Fong is the first Chinese woman ever deported from this port.

With little Ah Fong, dressed in her richly embroidered tulle and palm-leafed pants, with the heavy overcoat lined with lamb's wool, it was different. To be sure, the order for her deportation read like those of the men—a Chinese laborer here without a permit—but behind it all lay a vivid romance between the Hip Sings and the On Leong tongs hovering ominously in the background.

When the steamship finally pulled out bearing Ah Fong with it, United States Inspector Albert H. Wiley and detectives from Police Headquarters heaved a sigh of relief.

"There's a source of trouble in Chinatown gone," they declared. WAR IS WAGED OVER FAIR AH FONG.

Ah Fong came as near to taking the place of little Bow Kim, the slave girl whose murder started the bloodshed of all the wars between the Tongs, of any Chinese girl in recent years. She declared she lost her first husband in the San Francisco earthquake. Later, in Los Angeles, Lee Lum, treasurer of the Hip Sing Tong, and acting president while the president was in prison, bought her for \$1,000.

When he brought her to the inner colony about Chatham Square she created a furore, she was more beautiful, the Chinese would, than Bow Kim herself. With Lee Lum sprang up, Leo Ng, one of the leaders of the On Leong, fell madly in love with her, and finally induced her to elope to him.

The revolvers of the hatchet men began to spit. A member of the On Leong was shot; he was a friend of Leo Ng, and it was said the hatchet men mistook him for Leo. Then a member of the Hip Sing Tong, and acting president while the president was in prison, bought her for \$1,000.

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The plot once matured, Ah Fong attracted the attention of all downtown one day by tottering down to the Federal Building, on her tiny found-up feet, and so to the office of United States Commissioner Shivers, where she presented a charge of White Slavery against Lee Lum. The treasurer of the Hip Sings was at once arrested. Various hearings in his case have been held, but the Commissioner has arrived at no decision, sending a rat he detailed Inspector Wiley to investigate. What the inspector discovered caused the Commissioner to set up with a start.

"Here's where we nip a tong war in the bud," he said, and accordingly ordered the deportation of Ah Fong as a laborer, for she had admitted that, from time to time, she had sewed buttons on Chinese garments in the United States Marshal Henkel turned her over to Daniel E. Miller of the Immigration Bureau, to-day, at Pier No. 48, North River, where she was taken in tow by a matron from Ellis Island, assigned to see her safely to San Francisco. In charge, Marshal Henkel also had Leung Quay, Chin Dooy and Louis Chin. From Detroit a deputy marshal brought six more Chinese, a deputy from Chicago contributed two, and Plattburgh, N. Y., contributed one more.

QUEEN OF CHINATOWN DEPORTED TO PREVENT TONG WARS OVER HER.

DAHLGREN PLANS TO FIGHT DIVORCE IN HIGHER COURTS

If Wife Is Granted Decree Millionaire Is Expected to Seek Court of Appeals.



Neither Mr. or Mrs. Dahlgren appeared in court. Mrs. Dahlgren being represented by William K. Gicott, who moved to confirm Mr. Klein's report. When the case was called both lawyers submitted briefs. The utmost reticence was observed by the attorneys. Both declined to state what points in law or fact they had called to the attention of Justice Blair. There was placed in Justice Blair's hands a great volume of testimony.

If Justice Blair sustains the referee, it is said that Mrs. Dahlgren's intention is to carry his fight to the Court of Appeals, if necessary. The testimony adduced at the trial, which was held behind closed doors, is said to be far from an conclusive as is usually offered in divorce actions. In rendering his decision, it was stated, the referee relied entirely on cases which awarded divorces to plaintiffs after "opportunity" and "the situation"—terms of wide discretionary latitude—had been established.

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