JERSEY CITY IS THE TWENTY-FIRST MUNICIPALITY TO SET FORTH ITS CLAIMS AS AN IDEAL COMMUTERS' HOME

EASY OF ACCESS.

JERSEY CITY CLOSE BY.

What This Neighborhood Offers in the Way of Homes.

Jersey City is the twenty-first municipality within seventy-five miles of Manhattan Island to take advantage of The Tribune's offer to publish free of charge a letter from its chief executive setting forth its claims to be considered an ideal spot for a New-York business man to make his home in. Mayor Fagan's letter follows:

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The importance of Jersey City as a railroad terminal and convenient station is apparent to everybody who approaches our city on the ferry-boats from New-York; but to secure an adequate idea of Jersey City's attractiveness as a place of business and a city of homes, more than a fleeting view of this his neighbor of Gotham must be had. The vast number of commuters who pass daily through Jersey City on their way to and from New-York see little of the real Jersey City. They get no opportunity to become acquainted with the numerous attractive features that help to make Jersey City a good place to live in. The railroads carry their passengers through the least attractive parts of the city. The trips on the railroad trains afford neither an adequate insight into the business district nor an ample view of the beautiful residential region on the Heights.

The Jersey City of to-day embraces sixteen square miles, and includes nearly a third of Hudson County, with the Hudson River as its eastern boundary, Bayonne on the south, the Hackensack River on the west and Hoboken and West Hoboken on the north. Its location at the head of the New-York Bay and opposite New-York has had the natural effect of making it the great railroad terminus of the East. Its future was clearly mapped out a century ago. First, one railroad hewed its way through Jersey City Heights to deep water, and then another cut its way by tunnel through the hilly backbone of Jersey City, until now the entire shore front is utilized by trunk lines, whose yards extend from Hoboken south to Bayonne.

The shore front, with the exception of a single city wharf at the head of Morgan-st., is now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley and New-Jersey Central Railroad companies. These corporations have already worked wonders in the way of shore front development; but there are still greater improvements planned along the Greenville front of New-York Bay, where the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is now building an immense freight terminal as an outlet for its stupendous traffic. The rapidly increasing business of the railroad companies has made it necessary for them to utilize their yards in lower Jersey City. Factories have been reared alongside these yards, and many enterprises have been started in downtown streets that not very long ago were inhabited by the leading families of the city.

There are about a hundred and sixty thousand lots in Jersey City, and of this number the railroad companies have about thirty-six thousand. There are now about thirty-six thousand upland lots still unimproved, but as the annual demand for new building lots is about a thousand, it will be seen that these thirty-six thousand vacant lots will also be utilized before long. If the sales continue to average a thousand a year, the available upland lots will all be sold and put to use before the end of thirty-six years. The demand for land and the constantly diminishing number of available lots are naturally causing a gradual rise in values, and in the Bergen part lots which sold at $600 ten years ago cannot now be secured for twice that sum.

A New-York real estate expert, who was engaged some time ago to appraise Hudson River shore front property, made the interesting statement that land on the New-Jersey side is worth more for docking facilities than land on the New-York side. He supplemented this with the assertion that there is not a railroad company on the New-Jersey side that would sell one foot of its river front for any consideration whatever. This seems natural, in view of the growing importance of the terminal yards along the Jersey shore.

The Hudson shore front has been wellnigh entirely secured by railroad interests, and the next step in the way of wharf development may be anticipated along Jersey City's western boundaries, the Hackensack River. It is inevitable that this now neglected waterfront must soon be utilized. The inclination must naturally be to make use of the vast area back of Jersey City, which is separated from New-York Bay by nothing more than the narrow peninsula of Southern Hudson County. When the Hackensack meadow region is once redeemed, and doubtless even before that time, ways and means of quick communication between the Hackensack Meadows and the Hudson River front will be provided.

The work on the old Hudson River tunnel has been resumed, and before long the first of the proposed underground connections between Jersey City and New-York will have been established. This tunnel will connect the foot of Fifteenth-st., Jersey City, with the foot of Morton-st., New-York. It will be devoted exclusively to trolley car traffic. It will form the connecting link between the Metropolitan Traction lines in New-York and the North Jersey street railway system and allied lines in New-Jersey.

As soon as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company secures from the New-York authorities its franchise for the proposed tunnel terminal in New-York, that company will begin the work on its proposed railway tunnel from Weehawken to West Fifty-fourth-st., New-York. The establishment of the Pennsylvania Railroad's big pier at the foot of Grand-st., Jersey City, is of much importance to the Jersey shore shipping district, in that it will mean the bringing of many persons to this side of the river. That Jersey is soon to be a greater shipping centre than ever is already evident.

The gradual expansion of the railroad and manufacturing enterprises in lower Jersey City a number of years ago led to a real estate boom on the Heights, where many residents who had moved from downtown sought new homes in the more secluded precincts on the hilltop. Hundreds of homes have been erected in the last few years, new streets laid out and other great improvements planned. At the same time no efforts have been spared to make the lower town as inviting as possible, in spite of the growing tendencies to devote large parts of lower Jersey City to business purposes. The Van Vorst and the Hamilton Park regions in lower Jersey City are still among the most beautiful portions of Hudson County.

The Boulevard, extending from Guttenberg on the north to Bergen Point on the south, traverses the residential quarter on Jersey City Heights and affords excellent driving for twenty miles, with scenery unsurpassed in any city. An asphalt roadway system has been provided to connect lower Jersey City with the Boulevard on the Heights and with the greater part of the city.

The Passaic River, which was made the source of Jersey City's water supply in 1854, was abandoned in 1896, and there is now in process of construction a new water works system, with the source of supply in the Rockaway River, at Boonton. The new water, it is expected, will be turned on December 25, 1903. The cost is to be $7,595,000.

The public school system of Jersey City is being developed in all directions. There has not been a year in the last decade that has not seen one or more new schoolhouses completed and dedicated. A new city hall, the finest structure of its kind in the State, was opened less than six years ago, representing a cost of $900,000. A handsome public library, occupying the east side of an entire Jersey-ave. block, was opened less than two years ago, and it is justly pointed out as one of the city's objects of pride. There are now 205 miles of paved streets in Jersey City. Of this number 105 miles are wholly paved, nineteen miles are partially paved and eighty-one miles of streets are unpaved.

Jersey City's proximity to New-York puts it in direct touch with the vast business world that centres in Manhattan, while the large expanse of attractive territory on Jersey City Heights and in the localities in the adjoining suburban sections furnishes excellent sites for residence purposes. Trolley lines traverse every portion of the city and place the various parts of Jersey City in direct communication with New-York, with Newark and with many other communities on every side. Every day 510 regular outbound passenger trains and 499 inbound passenger trains cross the city—1,009 trains both ways. About 275 freight trains pass in and out.

In 1850 Jersey City had a population of 6,856. The national census of 1900 showed a population of 206,433, or an aggregate growth of 199,577, or more than 3,000 per cent. Even these remarkable figures do not convey a complete idea of the surprising growth of Jersey City. A quarter of a century ago Jersey City comprised only the lower southeast corner of what is now the city. Then Bergen and Hudson City, separate municipalities on what is now Jersey City Heights, were united with Jersey City, and Lafayette and Greenville also joined the greater city. I do not believe the era of expansion is over. I look forward to the day when the entire county of Hudson, from Bull's Ferry to the Kill von Kull, from the Hudson River to the Passaic, will form the greater Jersey City of the twentieth century.

As long as the citizens maintain good government, keep the taxes down to a reasonable rate and authorize the improvements which the growing demands of an up-to-date city require, the city will grow and attract home seekers, business men and enterprises. I take my place in the ranks of that large army of Jersey City's citizens who have an abiding faith in the future of their home city; who firmly believe that it is destined to become even in a wider sense than it is now the main gateway to the western continent.

M. M. FAGAN, Mayor.

Jersey City, Dec. 13, 1902.

HOME OF M. LAUTERBACH, IN GIFFORD PLACE, JERSEY CITY.

MAYOR OF JERSEY CITY.

THE MAN NOW IN OFFICE

He Honors the Name of Fagan—Rise from Undertaker's Assistant.

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." —(Shakespeare.

"A man is not given a name. He makes it." —(Mark M. Fagan.

Shakespeare and Mark M. Fagan, the Mayor of Jersey City, agree that there is nothing in a name. Despite the black eye which Dickens gave the name of Fagin, the Mayor of Jersey City says that he would just as soon have his name as any other, and at the present time, in the opinion of many people of that city, the name of Fagan is one of honor.

The rise of Mr. Fagan from an undertaker's assistant to be the chief executive of Jersey City, with its population of 206,000, is as picturesque as it is remarkable. The man possesses certain striking characteristics which have won to him the majority of the people of his community and excited the admiration of all classes.

What has again brought Mark M. Fagan into public prominence is the way he is keeping his pre-election promises. After his nomination by the fusion forces to defeat the Democratic candidate Mr. Fagan promised that if he was elected he would look after the poor people.

"The poor we have with us always," he said once, "and for that reason they should be cared for always. They have not been treated right in the past. We talk about our great municipal improvements, costing millions, fine buildings, magnificent driveways, and all that, but what good do these do to the poor man. It is baths and hospitals and dispensaries and parks and such things that the poor need, and they will have them if they make me Mayor."

Mark Fagan meant what he said, and he has kept his word. The Board of Finance and Estimate of Jersey City, as a result of the Mayor's recommendation, voted an appropriation for a half dozen free dispensaries, and throughout the summer the Mayor has seen that there were free band concerts in the city's parks. An appropriation of $50,000 has also been made for a great free bath, with hot and cold water, where the people of the city can go all the year round and bathe. This appropriation was the result of the personal efforts of Mayor Fagan before the State legislature at Trenton.

A story which is told of Mr. Fagan before his election and which made him especially popular was that when the Union League Club of his city invited him to a dinner given in honor of the fusion candidates, he said:

"I'm terribly sorry, but I must go home and take dinner with Mary."

Inquiry was made, and it was learned that throughout his work of the campaign, no matter where he might be in the city, he always jumped on a car and rode home to take dinner with his sister, Mary. The brother and sister have for many years lived together at the family home, at No. 193 Mercer-st., and he has not missed a meal there for all that time, except when he was out of the city.

The other candidates asked him to forego his custom once and attend the Union League dinner, but he only said:

"I can't. Mary would feel bad to have me gone."

When the present Mayor was an assistant in the undertaking office of his uncle, John F. McNulty, he earned the name of "Honest Fagan." Living in one of the poorer wards of the city, he met in his everyday duties many a widow or orphan whom he could help without cutting into his salary of $1,200. He devoted himself especially to helping the widows of Grand Army men who wanted pensions, and he saw to it that they were not first fleeced by some agent. This bread cast on the water many years ago all came back a hundredfold when he was a candidate, for these women organized themselves and made a house to house canvass for him. It so chanced one day that the young candidate happened to recognize a Grand Army widow in one of the tenement houses talking to the housewives. When he asked one of the tenants what the woman's mission was this was the reply:

"Mark Fagan helped her once, and now she is getting votes for him."

While still an embalmer Mr. Fagan entered the political field, and was elected a Chosen Freeholder, and later in his candidacy for State Senator on the Republican ticket, when he was defeated by only 237 votes, he earned the name of a good vote winner. The Italians, whom he had often befriended, rallied around him on both occasions.

After the fusion forces had agreed upon Mr. Fagan as their standard bearer to down the Democratic machine, whose candidate was George T. Smith, it became known that young Fagan had long been preparing himself for just such a struggle. Stories were told how he spent long evenings at the undertaking parlors of his uncle in the study of law and jurisprudence. And all these years he had been making friends and binding them to him by kind deeds. Proof of his widespread influence is shown in the following incident:

The bootblack in the Commercial Trust Company's Building had a brother downtown who had planned to sail back to Italy the week before election. As soon as he heard of the proposed departure the bootblack went to his brother and asked him to delay sailing for two weeks so he could vote for Fagan. His brother said it was impossible, because it would cost him $10 more.

"Taka ta tena," said the bootblack, and he handed his brother a ten-dollar bill.

The Italian stayed and Fagan was elected.

Mark Fagan made his canvass from house to house. He did little stump speaking.

"I want to see these people myself," he said, and he did. He went up one street and down the next. He shook the hand of every man he met. One day he was greeting the longshoremen on the wharves, the next he was to be found in the residence part of the city, or in the office region.

"Mark Fagan is my name," he would say. "I want your help."

At one time in his canvass Mr. Fagan was asked by a certain citizen to sign his application for the place of letter carrier. Mr. Fagan signed the application. The applicant then said: "I am sorry, Mr. Fagan, but I'm against you this election."

"If I thought that by signing that application I would have got your vote," replied Mr. Fagan, "I would never have done so."

After election the Mayor, meeting the man, inquired as to how he made out with his application, and also informed him that he was at the City Hall every day, ready to do any favor in his power.

Mr. Fagan in his campaign visited the various factories and other establishments employing large numbers of men, at the dinner hour, when he would meet each voter personally. One day he happened upon a factory where women alone were employed. He did not discover his mistake until he had reached the workroom, but made the best of it, and, after blushing a little, shook hands with the women, who assured him that if they had votes they would surely cast them for Mr. Fagan.

There is one employe of the city to whom the Mayor causes a lot of worry. He is a lamp inspector. Mayor Fagan, believing that unnecessary offices should be abolished, vetoes the pay warrant of this official each month when it is presented for his signature, but the Street and Water Board, which is Democratic, passes the warrant over the Mayor's veto.

The Mayor is thirty-three years old, of youthful face and genial temperament. He is self-made in more ways than one, for he has built up his body as well as his character and his mind. At one time he was told by his doctor that he could not live; that he had run himself down from overwork, and that he would have to spend a year or more in the mountains. The young man went to work in a gymnasium, and slowly developed the muscular frame which he now possesses. He still keeps up his physical exercise.

"I take fifteen minutes every day," he said recently. "No, I don't use dumbbells or any apparatus. I just go through a lot of different motions of my own, which make the muscles feel tired. If they get tired, I know they are getting the good of it."

Mayor Fagan says he is not through with his work for the poor. He says he has only begun. Among the undertakings which he is now at work on is a new city hospital, ground for which has already been furnished. He is also urging the construction of a new $500,000 high school.

MAYOR FAGAN OF JERSEY CITY.

QUIET AT LAKEWOOD.

Cold, but No Skating—A Christmas Charity Sale.

Lakewoor, N. J., Dec. 13 (Special).—Lakewood is rounding out a quiet week—the lull between the holidays of Thanksgiving and those of Christmas, and while the daily list of new arrivals has not been large, the engagements made for the remainder of the month and well into the new year are satisfactory to those interested in the hospitable duties of entertainment.

The few days of intense cold reported from many other points were not severe in Lakewood, although comparing fairly with the coldest weather of last season, and although there were lively hopes of good skating on the lake among the young, they were not realized, and warm rains again brought open water. The skates which had been sharpened were put away for possible later need.

As in other matters, this place has been most fortunate in its coal difficulties, and though economic expedients have been adopted, there has been no suffering, and dealers have retained thoughout the bottom figures for what they had to sell. There is no great surplus now on hand, but coal is furnished promptly, if in small orders, and it is hoped that the worst is now over, and that it will soon be plenty.

The new speedway is to be formally opened for the enjoyment of those to whom privilege cards are issued on Christmas Day, and there are numbers of those driving fast horses who will no longer be obliged to brush them out on the public drives in and about the village.

The social event of the week, the Christmas sale in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was held yesterday at the home of Mrs. Jasper Lynch. The programme as arranged was elaborate, the sale continuing from 11 in the morning until 6 o'clock, with refreshment tables in the charge of Mrs. George Jay Gould, Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Herbert. Those serving at the sale were: Mrs. A. M. Bradshaw, Mrs. D. B. Plumer and Mrs. M. V. Willis, at the useful table; Mrs. E. E. Matthews, Mrs. W. R. Bynner, and Miss Cornelia Schwartz, at the fancy table; Miss Gertrude Leslie, Mrs. Charles L. Lindley, Miss Helen Spencer and Miss Eleanor Ferris, at the doll table; Mrs. Joseph J. O'Donohue, Mrs. Washington Disbrow and Miss Anna Beard, at the fan table; Miss Clara Marsh, Miss Annie Dashiell and Miss Child, at the cake table; Mrs. Frank M. Freeman, Mrs. Henry A. James, Mrs. Edward Morton, Mrs. Jasper Lynch, Miss Anna B. Miley and Miss Eva Glover, at the candy table; Mrs. Charles A. Bye and assistants sold pictures and baskets.

The new house of the Country Club of Lakewood has been completed before the contract term expired, and on Thursday was turned over to the club's building committee, Clarence M. Roof, Dr. C. L. Lindley and Henry A. James. The committees in charge are: House committee—Arthur B. Claflin, George J. Gould, Henry A. James, Clarence M. Roof and Jasper Lynch. Greens committee—Jasper Lynch, J. J. O'Donohue, Frederick P. Kimball, A. W. Black and Frank M. Freeman. Committee on sports—Frederick A. Potts, P. S. P. Randolph, Dr. Paul T. Kimball, H. Lloyd Herbert and J. G. Batterson.

W. G. Besler, general superintendent of the Jersey Central Railroad, with Division Superintendent Freck and several assistants, made a recent inspection of Lakewood conditions, listening to suggestions for the improvement of service, which is now better than ever before. The new vestibule train from Philadelphia has increasing patronage from that city, which in part accounts for the receipts at the Lakewood station, which in November were $1,000 in excess of the same month last year.

David B. Plumer, manager of the Laurel House and Laurel-in-the-Pines, has just announced his acceptance of the management of Briarcliff Lodge, at Briarcliff Manor, Westchester County, N. Y., and he will open that hotel next June for the summer season. The development of the Briarcliff locality as a resort upon a high plane and in a manner worthy the beauty of the country has been determined upon by its owner, Walter W. Law, of New-York.

A new and richly decorated whist room at the Laurel-in-the-Pines is proving popular among the visitors at that hotel, and is a decided addition to the house, with leather effect panels, color treatment of blue, gold and red, finished in mahogany and softly lighted.

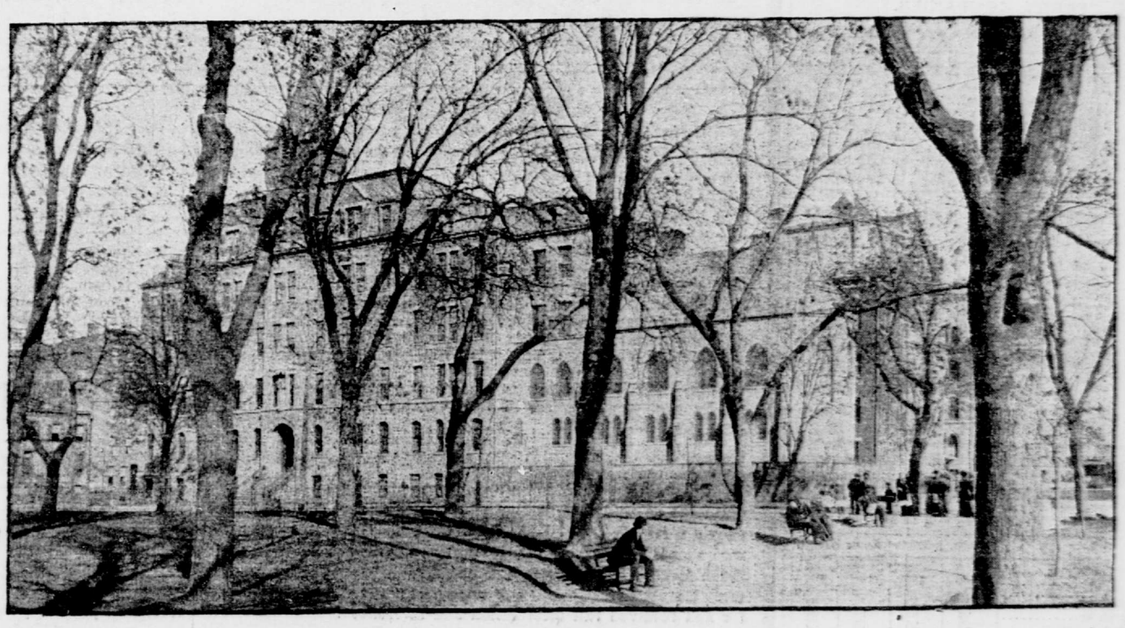
George J. Gould has extended to J. Hobart Moore, of Chicago, who is stopping at the Laurel House with his party, and whose string of twenty-six horses is the finest ever brought into Lakewood, the courtesies of Georgian Court's casino, and the horses are taken up almost daily for exercise in the tanbark arena.

Samuel D. Davis, Miss Agnes Helen Davis and Archibald D. Davis, of the regular cottage colony, have just returned from Europe and are at the Laurel-in-the-Pines. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood B. Ferris have had as recent guests Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ferris, of Montclair. The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. McClellan will not open their Madison-ave. cottage this season, but will spend the winter at the Laurel House. Mrs. Thomas C. Davis is at home in her First-st. cottage. James Parmalee, of Cleveland, has taken the Childs cottage, at Forest-ave. and Fifth-st., for the season. S. Minot Jones, of Washington, has taken the Rogers cottage, at Forest-ave. and Fourth-st.

New-York registrations this week:

At the Laurel-in-the-Pines—Miss Anna Anderson, Miss Kernochan, George E. Coleman, General Thomas L. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Diggs, J. J. Eakins, Raymond Howard, Mrs. K. M. Mabley, Edward D. Hosmer, John M. Bowers, Thomas A. Buckner, Aylette Buckner, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Slayback, Miss Kathryn Slayback, Mrs. Stephen B. French, Mrs. William C. Cox, Miss Dwight, Miss Carroll Macy, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ray, Mrs. J. F. Kernochan, A. M. Van Mamen, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert D. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crutkshank, Frank M. Knight, Mrs. T. D. Howell, Miss M. F. Reuter, Frank H. Simmons, Miss Edith M. Simmons and Mrs. Hasbruch Sahler.

At the Laurel House—Mr. and Mrs. W. V. B. Kip, Mr. and Mrs. J. Woodward Haven, Miss Good, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Lancaster, Nathaniel B. Coles, Miss Post, Miss Nash, Mrs. L. Fabbricotti, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Moon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Trowbridge, Dr. E. M. Kellogg, Henry B. Johnson, C. A. Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Abel T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wiley, Arthur T. Morey, C. L. Jones, R. Bertelli, E. H. Stedman, and Mrs. R. A. Donaldson.



ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL, JERSEY CITY.
Hamilton Park in foreground.

AT THE LAKEWOOD HOTEL.

Some of Those There—Interest in Pool Supplants Bridge.

Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. D. Jones Crain, of New-York, who have been at the Lakewood Hotel since the beginning of the season, left for Wooton, near Philadelphia, yesterday to visit Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel. Mr. Crain was for many years United States Consul at Milan, Italy. His eldest son, T. C. T. Crain, was appointed a Deputy Attorney General for New-York City last week.

Frederick Gerken, of New-York, formerly owner of The Monk, has joined the colony of horsemen here. He has brought several fast horses, and is staying with his wife at the Lakewood Hotel. J. Hobart Moore, of Chicago, whose horses won six blue ribbons at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show, is here with a string of twenty-six horses. C. J. Hamlin, of Buffalo, is another noted horseman who will winter some of his fancy bred horses here. He has engaged apartments at the Lakewood Hotel, and will be down here next week.

W. H. Coombs, who has a fine country place at Wakefield, R. I., gave a birthday dinner at the Lakewood Hotel this evening to a few friends. The dinner was served in one of the private dining rooms. Those who sat down to the table were Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Towle, of New-York; Arthur P. Clapp, of Brooklyn; James N. Berry and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coombs.

Den Watanabe and K. S. Otani, wealthy young Japanese who are studying business methods in this country, are staying at the Lakewood Hotel. Mr. Otani's father is the president of the Chamber of Commerce of Kobe.

Even bridge whist has given way to the craze for pool among the society women here. The women's billiard room at the Lakewood Hotel is crowded every day with richly gowned women, who are anxious to display their skill with the cue. The man who, up to last week, was instructor in bridge whist at the hotel, is now serving as billiard instructor, and finds it a more lucrative occupation.

Late arrivals at the Lakewood Hotel are as follows from New-York: John J. Delaney, Richard K. Maguire, E. Stern, Mrs. L. Stern, F. N. Van Riper, Miss Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hessberg, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mackin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Scheier, Mr. and Mrs. L. Plaute, Joseph D. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. P. Riley, R. H. Vaughan, M. S. Weil, George W. Seligman, William Rice Hochster, Carl M. Fishel, Leopold Stern, Mr. and Mrs. B. Englander, Emil Schweinburg, Mrs. Small, Mrs. P. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cassebeer, F. C. Cassebeer, Miss Gertrude Cassebeer, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Seligman, F. B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Seligman, Dr. Otto Maier, Julius Engel, S. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Macauley, C. J. Glynn, Maurice Shapiro, Mrs. I. Wormser, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Faller, J. Michaelis, S. Cass, Mrs. A. Trier, Maurice Fox, E. A. Rich, B. Bedach, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hahlo, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cahn, E. Maynz, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Levy, F. F. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Tighe, Miss Glennan, Miss Fannie Hirschorn, G. Rampsberger, E. Campbell Foot, S. Herzog, A. E. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Swan, Mrs. H. Schutzer, Mrs. Aaron Hecht, Mrs. Max Adeler, Philip F. Clark, Edward J. Dwyer, L. Ottman, Mrs. M. E. Berry, E. K. Kern, Miss Estelle Kern, H. R. Rogers, the Rev. Father J. F. Brophy, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Goetze and John M. Moser.

SPONGES PROTECTED.

Device by Which Divers Could Stay a Long Time Under Water Suppressed.

The sponge diver of the Levant will now have a new lease of life. The "skafander" has been suppressed by Samos, Crete, Cyprus, Tunis and Egypt. Turkey and Greece have decided to follow suit. The "skafander" is an apparatus which enables a diver to remain under water for an hour or so, in submarine garb, at a depth of ten or fifteen fathoms. It has been suppressed because the diver sweeps the bottom clean of sponges large and small, and destroys the seeds and germs. The law has simply put the finishing touches on this class of diver, however, as nearly all of his kind ultimately perish from palsy of the lower extremities, etc. Very few sponges have been produced of late because of such devastation, but they will now have a chance to grow.

G. Ble Ravndal, United States Consul at Beirut, Syria, has been making investigations of the sponge fisheries, and has sent some results and photographs on which to base a description. In addition to the "skafander," the natives resort to harpooning, primitive diving and dredging. The diver uses a wooden or zinc cone, shaped like a water bucket, open at the top and having a glass bottom. Through this water telescope he surveys the bottom at depths up to 180 feet, and locates the sponges desired. The diver then plunges, and is carried to the bottom by a heavy stone slab, or sinker, which he holds in his hands, attached to a cord. He hastily grasps as many sponges as possible, and places them in a net around his neck. Signalling by means of his cord, he is quickly yanked to the surface. It is largely a question of yank—the stone yanks him down and his associates yank him up. At greater depths along the coasts of Asia Minor, dredging is resorted to, especially in winter, when the storms have torn away the seaweed and left freer access to the sponges. Syrian waters grow the finest qualities of sponges. The Mediterranean also produces the cheaper varieties, but none like those found off Florida and Cuba. The Syrian product is gathered and conveyed to Tripoli and Latakia, where it is disposed of at sponge auctions for shipment to the commercial capitals of the world. New-York invests about a half million dollars annually in sponges. The trade has been generally wrested from Smyrna and Trieste by London and Piræus. The industry has been nearly ruined by use of the "skafander," but is expected to revive under the suppression now being enforced.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM, THE EAGLE.

HABITS OF THIS BIRD AS SEEN WHEN WILD AND WHEN IN CAPTIVITY.

By C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New-York Zoological Society.

From the time of Pharaoh and the sacred ibis of the Egyptians, many countries have adopted birds as their national emblems, and we are all familiar with the figures of these birds, generally in impossible "spreadeagle" positions, on coins and coats-of-arms. Although often provided with an additional head and made to grasp bundles of swords or arrows, the real prototypes of these birds are no less interesting for not possessing these advantages (?).

Our white-headed or bald eagle is becoming rarer every year, for our national emblem is being sacrificed to millinery. Before long that may be its only habitat.

When on some wild coast we see one of these birds rise from a cliff and begin to circle upward, then his mate, larger even than himself, and finally two full sized, brown headed birds of the year follow their parents, the sight is worth waiting many years or going a long distance to see. We follow them with our eyes until they become four tiny motes, then just the trace of one comes to our straining sight, and—they vanish and are lost from view.

The nests of these birds are built as far as possible away from the haunts of mankind, in tall trees, or on inaccessible cliffs. Few of us have had the honor of seeing the noble bird at home.

In New-York City, however, we may every spring see the "courtship gallop" of the bald eagle, watch its nest building, and observe the domestic economy of this bird—the male on guard, the female brooding her one or two white eggs. The first year in which the eagles nested in the New-York Zoological Park the female showed great inexperience in her housekeeping. In the large flying cage, where they spent the winter in company with crows and magpies, they collected a quantity of sticks and grass around a small hollow in the ground, and after lining the cavity with moss the nest was considered finished.

Both birds took part in its construction, and, from the continual chuckling and screaming, thoroughly enjoyed their work. Eagles often nest in trees, and these birds placed the nesting material around the roots of several saplings, the stems of which, protruding through the sticks and moss, looked not unlike the top branches of a tall tree. Naturally the next thing to be thought of was eggs, but this pair of birds had original ideas, and intended, for a time at least, merely to play at housekeeping. A good-sized stone was brought in the talons of the female from another part of the cage and placed in the nest, and the work of hatching began. The male and female eagles sat on the nest on alternate days, and the bird not so engaged was always perched on a log near by, on guard.

The following year two eggs were laid, bluish-white in color and about three inches in length.

The temperament of these birds undergoes a complete change at the time of the nesting season. At other times they are easily caught in a net, and are not difficult to overpower, seizing every opportunity of making their escape. But when they begin to plan for their nest one cannot approach within twenty feet without being attacked by one or both eagles. When they rush forward, one on each side, and strike with beak and uplifted feet, it is no easy matter to escape unharmed, as I found when trying to photograph them, their talons reaching the skin every time, clothing and shoes affording little or no protection.

BOOM DAYS IN ALABAMA.

A Bottle of Kentucky Whiskey Paved the Way for a Night's Lodging.

When the boom in the iron and coal trade first struck Birmingham, Ala., the hotel accommodations were extremely poor. There was only one house in the town where transient guests were regularly accommodated, and the sudden influx of visitors soon filled it to overflowing. This was an old ramshackle building, and the proprietor of the place all at once found himself in control of a virtual monopoly. As usual under such circumstances, he became extremely independent. After every room had been filled, and all the cot beds for which he could find room in the halls and other odd places were occupied, it mattered little to him that other visitors were compelled to walk the streets all night in lieu of a place to sleep.

Birmingham was the county seat, and when the courts were in session for a week each month the crush was particularly great. Two civil engineers from Louisville reached the place late one night in the early part of one court week and sought accommodations at the hotel. In answer to their inquiries the proprietor told them that he had absolutely no place for them.

"Can't you give us a 'shakedown' in the office here?" asked one of the men.

"I ain't done got nothin'," was the reply.

"But, look here," remonstrated the first speaker, "we are a long distance from home, and unless you put us away somewhere we shall be compelled to walk the streets all night."

The only response was an unfeeling yawn and a reiteration of the assertion from the proprietor that he couldn't help it, he "done had" no place to put them.

"Well," said the visitor, "I suppose we might sit down here awhile and get warm."

The proprietor gave a somewhat reluctant consent, and one of the men opened his valise and took out a bottle of Kentucky whiskey. The proprietor eyed it with some interest, and a request for some glasses, hot water and sugar was complied with rather cheerfully. When the glasses were brought by the proprietor himself there were three of them on the waiter. The whiskey was sampled and appeared to meet with instant approval on the part of the proprietor particularly. Several more drinks were sandwiched between a number of time killing yarns and the proprietor became enthusiastic in praise of the quality of the red liquor. It should be explained that little except white corn whiskey was seen in that part of Alabama in those days.

After the proprietor had become somewhat "mellow" from repeated draughts on the bottle, mixed with a reasonable amount of hot water and sugar, the owner of the bottle put it in his valise, snapped it shut, and, getting up, said somewhat disconsolately:

"Well, I suppose we might as well go out and walk the streets, as we can't get a place to sleep here."

The demeanor of the proprietor had greatly changed from what it was before the bottle was produced. Upon the announcement of departure being made he immediately got up and said with considerable dignity and warmth:

"Don't yo' do no such thing, sah. Yo' come with me, sah. I reckon we'll find a place for yo', sah."

He took a candle, and the two engineers followed him upstairs. He stopped at a door and began a vigorous pounding. At length there were some signs of life inside, and a countryman in his night clothes opened the door, while another sat up in the single bed which the room contained, and asked in a sleepy way, "What's the matter, sah?"

"Come," said the proprietor, in an authoritative tone, "it's co't week, and yo' done slept 50 cents' wo'th; git up and let the gen'men from Louisville sleep."

The former occupants of the bed seemed to think the practice was regular, and they were shortly walking the streets, while the "gen'men from Louisville" took their places in the bed.

POPHAM AND PLYMOUTH.

Settlement at Former Didn't Stick and at the Latter It Did.

"Did you ever hear of Popham?" asked the college professor of his friend the advertising man. The advertising man shook his head.

"Did you ever hear of Plymouth, then?" queried the professor again.

The advertising man looked as if he had been insulted; but he only said:

"Why, of course. I went to school long enough to know where the first settlers of New-England struck land."

"That's all right; that's all right," said the professor, as if to soothe the feelings of the advertising man. "But Popham is an older landmark in New-England than Plymouth. In fact, it was the first English settlement north of the James River."

"But where is Popham?" broke in the advertising man. "I never heard of it before, and I dare say only a few of you college bookworms know anything about it."

"Popham," said the professor, "is at the mouth of the Kennebec River, on the coast of Maine. I spent my last summer vacation up there, and it is a picturesque place. In the winter time the population dwindles down to about twenty persons; but it is quite a place when its three hotels and its half hundred cottages fill with guests.

"Now, the reason that you hear of Plymouth and you don't hear of Popham is that the people who landed at Plymouth stuck, and the Popham settlers didn't. The first symbolizes perseverance; the second, discouragement. Everything about Popham, except the summer boarding business, has been a failure.

"Plymouth, as you know, was founded in 1620. Well, Popham beats that date by thirteen years. It was in August, 1607, that two boats, the Gift of God and the Mary and John, commanded respectively by Captain George Popham and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, reached the mouth of the Kennebec, and landed their colonists thirteen miles from the present shipbuilding town of Bath. The winter which followed was so cold it almost froze the newcomers fast in the snowdrifts. In the language of one of these settlers, 'the frost was so vehement that no boat could stir on any business.' The colonists finally saw summer come again; but none of them dared to stay through another winter. So after a settlement of fourteen months they all went back to England.

"When the old fort called Fort Popham is another illustration of the spirit of discouragement which seems to brood over Popham. In 1861 the government began the erection of a granite fortification, but after the work had gone on for a time it was abandoned, and now its garrison consists of only one man. The Maine Historical Society was quickened by the talk of a fort by the name of Fort Popham, and arranged a great celebration in 1862. It was planned to place a memorial stone, telling of the settlement of the first New-England colony in a few chiselled words, in the arch of the fort's principal gateway. The celebration was held; but it was only ceremonial. The stone was never put in the arch, and it now lies out back of the fort, with the inscription turned toward the wall."

"H'm," said the advertising man, "we don't do things that way in my business."