

MANUFACTURERS THINK THE PHOENIX CITY OF NEW JERSEY CAN HARDLY BE SURPASSED FOR FACTORY SITES.

OREGON SEA LIONS AND THEIR ODD HABITS. SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF A NATURALIST'S PICNIC UPON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Our camp was pitched inside an old stockade, our campfire lit at the foot of a huge maple tree and for sleeping quarters we took possession of a rude old granary, says Woods Hutchinson, writing in "The Contemporary Review" about "A Naturalist's Picnic on the Oregon Coast." Although it was June, the sea winds were very cold and the rain almost incessant, so that we reluctantly abandoned the romance of tent life for the advantage of a moderately tight roof above us and a dry floor beneath. The price which has to be paid for the magnificent evergreen vegetation and superb forests of the Pacific Slope is an almost incessant downpour. One of the natives informed us that it rained nine months of the year, and was "apt to be showery" the other three. I can cheerfully corroborate the absolute correctness of his assertion, for during nine out of the ten days we spent on the coast there were hardly two successive hours during which rain was not falling. Fortunately, the rain, though chilly, was not exceedingly cold, and we rapidly got into a sort of amphibian frame of mind, so that, although we were wet to the knees all the time and to the waist nearly half the time during our stay, and the only way to dry off was to go to bed in our wet clothes and sleep them dry, none of us caught any serious cold, and in a short time we came to regard a condition of permanent water-soak as part of our normal environment. One of the local authorities solemnly assured us that whenever it refrained from raining for more than two weeks at a stretch his feet began to crack. We began to believe in the existence of those mythical ancestors of ours, the ancient Britons, who, according to the veracious chronicles of the times, used to crouch down in water up to their shoulders, to keep themselves warm and allay the pangs of hunger.

Our first inquiry was what time next morning we should be able to go out to the rocks. At once a derisive howl went up from the entire wagon party. "You had better ask what time next week or how early in July," and then it was borne in upon us that when you once enter the woods you must revert to the frame of mind of the savage who does his time thinking in minutes and even months, instead of in hours and weeks, as in our railroad ridden civilization. The Pacific Ocean, it seems, is what the French call an "extremely difficult" old lady. Not that she can be described as fickle; on the contrary, she is persistently and far too consistently unkind. In spite of her bright blue smile and the velvet curves of her green land lips, she

backward and forward from rock top to water or stood at rigid "attention" beside their nests and eggs. Myriads of snowy and silvery gray gulls dotted every notch and cranny of the brown rock walls with splashes of white, like feathered snowdrifts, or flitted swiftly and silently about on various thieves' errands. Wisps of piled surf ducks, crimson billed gulls, terns, gulls, delicately pencilled darters and pearly tinted terns filled in the kinetoscope picture. It was the sight of a lifetime. I can shut my eyes and see it with me.

In the midst of our enjoyment, ere we had been on the rock three hours, which seemed scarce thirty minutes, Captain Joe suddenly signalled to us. No breeze had risen, but the whitecaps rippled a sea, raised by some 8000 ft. half way to Honolulu, had slipped in under and passed us, and the sweet surf was roaring defiance to our landing. Hastily collecting our precious specimens, we started down, only to find the waves beating over the ledge along which we had worked our way round the point of rock from the landing place to the foot of our cliff gully. There was nothing for it but to drop our rope straight down the other side of the shoulder and swing ourselves down it, hand over hand, forty feet sheer on to the rocks below. This with the lowering of our gear, the guns, camera, etc. took some little time, and we couldn't imagine what made Indian Joe so anxious to hurry us on board.

It may be stated in conclusion that Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen is one of the most eminent scholars of modern Greek in Germany, and has translated into the Hellenic language a number of German dramas which have been produced with much popular success at Athens. His father, the old Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, has for years past abandoned all intercourse with the court of Berlin, owing to the affronts placed by the Kaiser upon his third and youngest wife, the actress Helene Franz, created Baroness Heiberg.

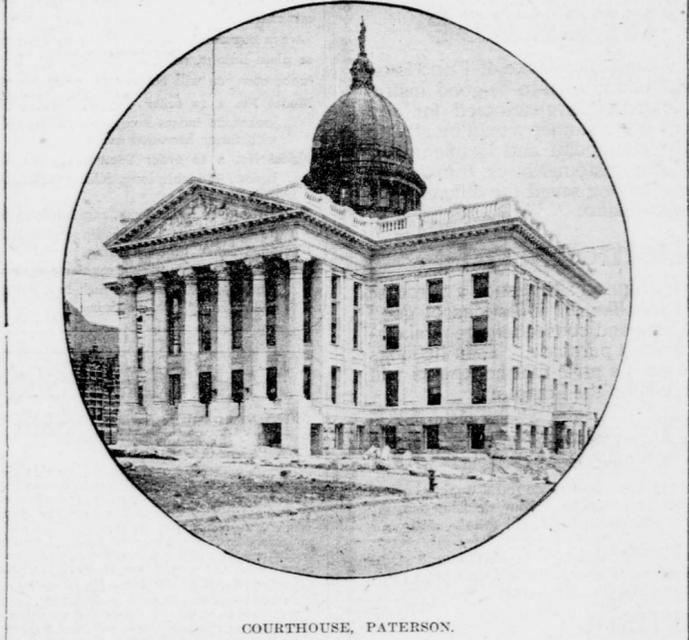
KANO AND SOKOTO. Centres of Trade in New English Territory in Africa.

The other day Colonial Secretary Chamberlain officially announced in Parliament that King Edward's dominions in Western Africa had been augmented by the annexation of a tract of over one hundred thousand square miles of territory; that is to say, of a district as large as the States of New-York, Pennsylvania and New-Jersey combined. This addition to the British Empire has been accomplished by means of conquest, and with comparatively little loss of life to the English forces, which consisted entirely of native troops commanded by white officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned.

KAISER AND PRINCE.

Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen Forced to Resign Command by Emperor.

Emperor William's action in virtually driving his brother-in-law, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, out of the army is not precisely calculated to increase his popularity either with his subjects or even among the rank and file of his troops, for, inasmuch as it was the public condemnation by the prince of the brutality to which non-commissioned officers are apt to subject the soldiers, and especially the recruits, under their orders, the Kaiser is made to appear in the light of indorsing and approving the maltreatment of the men.



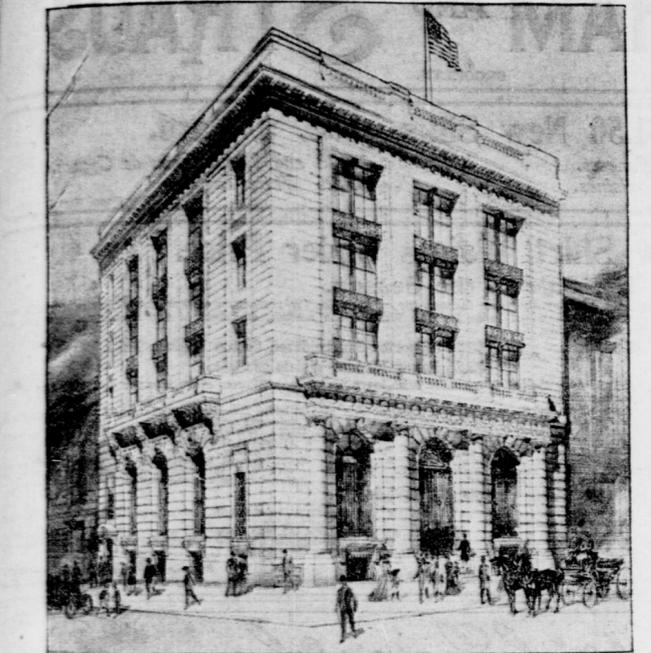
COURTHOUSE, PATERSON.

is about the most utterly useless and unmanageable old baggage in the shape of salt water that lies outdoors, for the oarsman and the yachtsman. In the first place, she has a steady surface pulse wave one hundred miles long, with the whole distance from Japan to set up its swing in. This never ceases day or night, but throbs incessantly, like the pulse of a sleeping world, and provides a superbly responsive basal for the blandishments of the local winds. In the winter southwest gales are wellnigh incessant, while in summer the high westerly "sun wind" is of daily occurrence; scarcely has the disturbance fomented by one subsided than that of a new day springs up, so that the would-be boatman or yachtsman finds himself constantly confronted six days out of the week, and even seven, by a surf from four to fourteen feet high. Even the floods of great rivers, like the Columbia, can make little or no headway against the incessant hammering of this wall of living water, but have to deposit their silt in the form of a bar, which makes a most serious impediment to the entrance or exit of craft of any description, and which usually only seagoing vessels and tugs can manage to pass, at the most favorable stages of the tide. Even after you have worked your way out through a four foot surf, a storm, which has been racing all the way from Honolulu, may slip in under and past you, and before you can get back to shore at your best speed, be tossing up whitecaps ten feet high.

throat of the young, just as is the case in the whale and in certain marsupials. At last, after days of waiting, we woke one keen, bright morning with a curious sense of something missing. A moment later it dawned upon us that it was the roar of the surf that was gone. There could be no mistake about it. We threw our ears up the wind, and could catch only a dull, drowsy growl in place of the loud, snoring snarl which had become a part of the substratum of our consciousness. Before the griddle was fairly hot, down came a messenger, hot foot from Captain Indian Joe to say that our chance had come. Camas were loaded guns given a last smear with oil, egg boxes piled into the wagon, and in less than half an hour we were off up the beach to the hunters' hut.

As our enterprise involved the landing upon a rocky shelf at the foot of a precipitous cliff in midocean, it was necessary to wait until all the conditions were favorable to have a reasonable possibility of success. Every night we lay awake, listening to the wind and trying to imagine that the roar of the surf was fainter than it had been, and the gray of morning saw us each day taking our march up the beach to our fisherman's hut in the hope that his watchful eye might have detected some gaps in the furious ranks of our enemies the breakers.

The rocks were bound for were three huge "haystacks" of basalt, with abrupt cliff sides from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet high, and our six oars, with Indian Joe at the tiller, undulatory stream, those nearest the edge just "wabbled" over, about as one would have expected to see sausages do if suddenly increased with life; but the momentum gradually increased in ratio to the distance, until those highest up on the ledges were executing a superb, undulatory toboggan slide, which ended in the water with a splash that sent the spray flying twenty feet in the air. The first to plunge off were the pointed witticisms of his clever and brilliant eldest sister. It was, indeed, because they found it impossible to agree with the Kaiser that the prince and princess gave up their charming palace at Breslau to establish themselves at Breslau, where the prince was given command of the Sixth Army Corps. The prince and princess have made themselves as popular there as they were at Berlin, where, indeed, the princess was the acknowledged leader of feminine society, and not only the territorial nobility of Silesia, but also the people of Breslau, the soldiers, and especially the poor of the place, keenly regret their departure. Under any circumstances, however, their stay at Breslau would have been brought to a close ere long, as the prince would have been forced to resign his command on succeeding to the throne of his father, the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who is very old, and so alling and infirm that his death may take place at any time. When that occurs Prince Bernhard will become a fellow sovereign of his brother-in-law, and an ally, and as such it would be impossible for him to continue to hold the active command of a Prussian army corps.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK, PATERSON.

roll the history of the locomotive in this country is interesting to note, extension between the first locomotive it turned out (in 1827) and the distance devourer of to-day—the first having weighed about 15 tons, and had driving wheels of 24 inches in diameter, the 5,322 locomotives turned out up to March, 1903, the last weighed 94 tons and its driving wheels were 84 inches in diameter. A tremendous stride! And, incidentally, these works have advertised Paterson the world over.

SPINS EXTENDED TRADE WEB.

Thirty-six years ago the firm of F. A. Straus & Co. (which comprises Mr. F. A. Straus and his son, Mr. Lionel A. Straus, both skilled and experienced manufacturers) established a silk yarn industry at Paterson, which has grown to be one of the city's most important businesses, the present great factory being one of the largest of its kind in the world. So have the concerns' interests expanded, it now does business with every State in the Union, and may fairly be considered the exponent in this country, of this particular line. It has also now great mills, for the manufacture of worsted yarns, at Chester, Penn., and Trenton, N. J., the latter being a very large new one, and equipped with all of the latest machinery and appliances.

In these mills are employed some seven hundred hands, turning out yarns of all kinds for manufacturing purposes. But even this does not comprise the plan and scope of the business of this great house, for it imports largely of yarns, for textile and knitting purposes, not otherwise to be had in this country.

WITHSTOOD FINANCIAL STORMS.

Throughout its long and honorable career—it first opened its doors for business during the stormy days of '64, ere the war cloud had lifted from the land—the old First National Bank has been an ever ready help and stay to the, at times, sorely tried citizens of Paterson; staunchly backed and efficiently managed, always, it has triumphantly withstood the financial storms and the financial difficulties which have so hardily tested their civic courage.

It began business on September 21, 1864, with John J. Brown as president, at No. 238 Main-st., then known as "Colonel Garrison's residence"; was removed to the old Congress Hall Building in February, 1866, and later (April 27, 1871) was installed in its fine building, at Washington and Ellison sts., which was destroyed by the late fire.

Its new home is a masterpiece of bank building, an effective example of that class of architecture. Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, the eminent architects, have adopted the Italian Renaissance as being appropriate, substantial and elegant for a bank building, and when completed it will stand conspicuously as the finest architectural monument in the city of Paterson. The first, or bank floor proper, is approached through the main vestibule on Ellison-st., and will be one of the most complete and admirably arranged banking houses in New-Jersey. This room, which has a height of 22 feet, expresses grandeur by its simple and dignified treatment. The main floor space—2,560 feet—exceeds that of many New-York bank buildings, while the upper floors are devoted to offices.

Since its organization the bank has paid out in dividends a total of \$1,490,000. Its loans having exceeded \$150,000,000. Its capital stock is \$400,000 (and surplus \$450,000, average deposits \$2,500,000). These shares are now quoted at \$50, a fact that speaks volumes for the solidity of the institution and the enterprise and business acumen of its management. At a recent meeting the board of directors recommended an increase in the capital stock from \$400,000 to \$500,000.

MAN OF ACTION AND USEFUL CITIZEN.

In 1862 John W. Ferguson engaged in his present business of builder and contractor. That he has made a distinguished success of it the many fine and imposing structures he has erected in Paterson and elsewhere amply attest. Indeed, his single agency was an important factor in the marvelous up-building of the new city. He has reconstructed the Hamilton Club Building (pictured here) and he built that fine specimen of Greek architecture, the Hamilton Trust Company's building; the six story United Bank office building, the lower floors of which will be occupied by the Paterson National Bank of which he is a director; and the Paterson Safe Deposit Trust Company's building; additions to Colgate & Co.'s plant in Jersey City; the large sugar refinery in Long Island City; the Kings County power house, Goldenset, Brooklyn; the last extension of the Clark Thread Works at Newark; the great works of the Alsen Cement Company, near Catskill; and the fine "flint" building at Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, New York city, besides the new shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Wilmington, Del.

Rolling Mill Company, and retired, Mr. Meyer is of Mr. W. B. Brewster, proprietors of the great Boston Store, Mr. Williams is an attorney-at-law and ex-State Senator, Dr. Rogers is a prominent and highly esteemed physician, Mr. Gourley an attorney-at-law and counsel for the Jersey City, Hoboken and Paterson Railway Company, as well as being a director of same. The cashier and assistant cashier of the First National Bank are, respectively, Mr. Robert A. Nelson and Mr. Willfield W. Smith. It is needless to say they have been chosen for these responsible positions by reason of their discretion no less than for their business acumen.

A STANCH FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

It almost seems as though the handsome building erected for the Second National Bank in 1896 proudly held itself emblematic of the corporation it houses, for it was, with the sole exception of the Paterson Savings Institution, the only bank building that withstood the fiery assaults of the devastating conflagration that so recently laid Paterson in waste. The building was so slightly damaged by the late fire that the bank was not only able to continue the transaction of its own business, but to take care of other Paterson banks until they could find quarters. The upper floors of this imposing structure are devoted to fine offices for rental purposes.

The excellence of the Second National Bank management is demonstrated by the fact that it has paid dividends of 10 per cent on its stock for the last eighteen years. Its capital stock is \$150,000, its surplus and undivided profits \$150,000, and it carries a line of individual deposits, subject to check, of \$1,000,000, according to its last statement. Its directors are Francis C. Van Dyke, a retired merchant; Samuel Nathan, treasurer of the Gould-Mercereau Company, of New-York City; Peter Doremus, retired merchant, Louis A. Pinget, retired merchant, Peter Quisenberry, proprietor of a large department store; J. Albert Van Winkle, retired merchant; John R. Lee, railroad contractor, and William D. Blauvelt. The latter, in the service of the bank in 1881 as a junior clerk, and has filled every position up to that of cashier. He has been active in the management of the Second National Bank for a number of years. Mr. James Jackson, the president of the Second National, who died March 14, 1903, was a most valued citizen of Paterson. A man of great attainments in literature and science as well as in finance and commerce, his death was a severe loss to Paterson. Besides his bank connection, he had been for twenty years the president of the Gould-Mercereau Company. His father, James Jackson, was the father of real banking in Paterson. He organized the Passaic County Bank in 1823, subsequently changed to the Passaic County National Bank and by act of Congress to the Second National Bank of Paterson. Mr. Blauvelt's intimate knowledge of the bank's affairs and his prominence in its management mitigate the loss to the latter of its president, whose place will be filled by Mr. Blauvelt, in whom he had the utmost confidence to the day of his death, and with whom, in their long intercourse, he had the closest friendship. Mr. Blauvelt was elected president of the bank on March 26, 1903. Mr. Edwin N. Hopper was appointed cashier to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Mr. Blauvelt.

HAS LIGHTED PATERSON LONG.

The Paterson and Passaic Gas and Electric Company supplies gas and electric current for the cities of Paterson and Passaic and adjacent districts. Gas has been made and sold in Paterson for over fifty years, as in 1822 street lamps, lighted by gas, were first placed in Main-st. The first electric station was built in 1850. From this it can be seen that Paterson appreciated and secured improvements as they came along, and has also been considered a good field for investment. The gas and electric plants of this company are modern and thoroughly up to date, and the prices low, facts which are thoroughly appreciated by consumers. The company maintains a liberal policy and aims to serve its patrons and welcome new ones that its operations may tend to the good and development of the city. Gas is used largely for domestic fuel, as well as for light, and to some extent through gas engines for power. Electricity is also liberally used for both light and power.

The officers of the company are as follows: President, William Harbour; Vice-Presidents, E. T. Bell and Bird W. Spencer; Treasurer, Lewis Little; Secretary, H. H. Rogers; Assistant Secretary, R. R. Young; Superintendent of Gas Department, W. C. Williams; Superintendent of Electric Department, Wm. M. Brock.

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THE CITY HALL AND SECOND NATIONAL BANK, PATERSON.