# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

## *Our Valley.*

[By a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.]

Mentone—It is not yet dawn. The Pleiades are high in the east, and a few stars are visible, but the light of the gibbous moon dims their lustre. All is still, except for the sound of a rushing stream. Soon the morning star rises, over the dark shoulder of Bernardino,—the huge planet Jupiter, stately and serene. Daybreak is near, and, as the light increases, the mountains show themselves like colossal shapes of ebony. A cool, strong wind begins to blow, and now the sweet, warbling notes of the meadow-lark resound, and the answering note of the wakeful, vigilant mocker. The mists are swept away as the sun comes up, glorious, in a sky of crystal blue, without one cloud to mitigate its splendor; and so begins the representative California day.

About 7 o'clock a little railway train,—one of five that the Santa Fé sends, daily, to make the circuit of our valley,—bustles into the village, drops its mail, and, perhaps, a few travellers, and speeds toward Los Angeles. Four times every weekday the inhabitants of this remote hamlet can hear from the outside world; and yet this place is so lonely that a covey of quail is nestled under the hedge close to our cottage. Around us, on every side, are extensive sandy plains, covered with brush. In the east and north rises a magnificent mountain range,—the Sierra Madre,—distant about fourteen miles, but apparently within easy reach by a short walk. In the south and southwest there is another, lower, range of mountains, while westward the valley stretches away, many miles, to Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean. Southward is Crafton, a smiling concourse of neat cottages and blooming orange groves. Westward, within four miles, lies the opulent, handsome town of Redlands, and twelve miles distant, in almost the same direction, lies old San Bernardino, settled by the Spaniards of long ago, and one of the most storied cities of this Western world.

Between San Bernardino and Los Angeles,—the former being the gateway of Southern California and the latter being its capital,—old travellers cannot fail to notice an occasional striking similarity of the landscape to that of rural England. Far off, on either side of the spacious valley, there are walls of mountain. Near at hand there are green fields, yellow haystacks, numerous cattle cropping the herbage or reposing at ease, little villages, and an occasional church spire; and, over all, there is an air of lovely tranquillity. The distance between the two cities is about sixty miles. The scenery continually changes, and every prospect is fair. The pepper-tree, which somewhat resembles the weeping-willow of the East, except that it is more beautiful, is conspicuous and exceedingly ornamental in this part of the country. There are long lines of the luxuriant olive and of the blue eucalyptus, while aspens are numerous, and many fields are brilliant with clumps of the "brown-eyed Susan,"—a luxuriant shrub that blossoms into small sunflowers. The dense, dark foliage of the umbrella tree provides a grateful shade. Many pleasant vistas are discerned among the mountains, and here and there,—as at little places like Glendora and Monrovia,—your gaze dwells delighted on tiny settlements of cottages and villas bowered in flowers that are creeping up the foothills and nestling in the shadow of the mountains. Persons who wish to dwell in a region of lovely scenery and a climate that is perfection (aside from occasional days of extreme heat, which, however, is dry and therefore endurable) would indeed be hard to satisfy if they were not satisfied in some part of our valley.

A kind of desultory man, according to the poet Cowper (and he was a shrewd observer), is studious of change and pleased with novelty. In this vale he could find variety, at every turn. One end of it displays the enormous mountains called San Bernardino and Grayback,—the former eleven thousand feet, the latter fourteen thousand, above sea level. On the road to those giants, the peaks of which are seldom scaled, there are several summer resorts, much prized by fishers and hunters, and by such adventurous spirits as love the hardy life of the camp. Seven Oaks is one of those resorts, and another is Bear Valley, the location of the vast dam that supplies water for irrigation for a large part of our land. From the little village of Mentone a road winds away through the mountains to Bear Valley, practicable for travel, part of the way by stage and part by use of the sure-footed burro. The scenes along the route are both lovely and terrific, particularly after fording the impetuous stream called Mill Creek. Another path to the same point is the Fridalba Road, traversing the lofty ridge of the Sierra Madre chain; and this is practicable all the way by stage.

Still another charming resort, accessible by teams, is Oak Glen, a lovely little settlement, perched on the mountainside, about five thousand feet above the sea. The drive to Oak Glen is, first through the bounteous, fragrant orange orchards of Crafton, along roads that are amply shaded with luxuriant pepper-trees; then through a stretch of desert, over bleak, barren, rugged hills; then downward into the wide, fertile vale of Yucaipe, where there are great wheat fields, extending, mile after mile, toward the base of Mount San Jacinto,—thought to be an extinct volcano,—grim and frowning, on the horizon of the south. There are also fine fields of the rich green alfalfa, and on the adjacent farms the traveller will see many wells and pumps, industriously used to obtain water for the summer irrigation,—the chief necessity of this almost tropical clime. From Yucaipe the road winds up the mountainside, past great cherry orchards that supply, in their season, a large part of Southern California with one of the most delicious fruits that grow. Those orchards present a wonderful spectacle in springtime, when the multitudinous trees that deck the countryside are all thickly mantled with white blossoms, gleaming in the brilliant sunshine. A drive from Mentone to Oak Glen would fill the hours from morning till about noon, but at midday you would reach the heart of the glen, and, standing in the shade of massive, spreading oaks, among huge mountain peaks, would listen, enchanted, to the sound of rushing streams and the ripple of leaves in the cool, fragrant, bracing wind.

Another delightful resort, readily accessible from our valley towns, is Arrowhead, situated among the foothills, northward and not distant from Redlands. That resort derives its name from a colossal mark, in the shape of an arrowhead, pointing downward, that is blazed on the mountainside—the same kind of a mark, though much larger, as can be seen in the vale of Westbury, in England, where a white horse appears, cut in the stone, on a hillside (a battle emblem, assigned to the time of King Alfred the Great), and also in the neighborhood of Edgehill, where a red horse appears, cut on the face of a cliff—whence the whole of Shakespeare's country derives its name of the Red Horse Vale. An Indian legend declares that the arrowhead is a war, made by a prodigious arrow, that struck the mountainside in the course of a deadly fight ages ago betwen good and evil spirits—the Spirit of Rain and the Spirit of Drouth. That scar is 1,375 feet long and 550 feet wide, is perfect in shape: and, being at a lofty elevation, it can be seen from many distant parts of our valley. The substance of the mark is gray granite and gravel, on which nothing will grow,—except, in crevices, the white sage. It antedates the arrival of civilized man in this country, and its presence is explained,—if superstitious fancy be explanation,—only by the legend. It points to the place of a wonderful hot spring, where many forms of disease are relieved or cured, and where much suffering is changed to comfort and joy. There is a capital hotel, not a hospital, at Arrowhead, furnished with every appliance for the care of the invalid, and much is accomplished for the good of humanity,—for which reason it seems your pilgrim's duty here to say such words as might help to make its virtues still more widely known. Life at Arrowhead is quiet—as it should be; but if scenes of greater activity are required, the denizen of our valley can easily find them. The rich and beautiful towns of Redlands, Riverside, Ontario, and Pomona are comparatively close at hand; superb Pasadena, teeming with wealth and luxury, opens its arms to the lover of pleasure; and at the western end of the vale the beautiful city of Los Angeles offers every delight and comfort that could possibly be craved. Few summer resorts on the Atlantic coast are comparable with it, in natural beauty. The inhabitants are eager in enterprise; liberal in ideas of progress; alert in business; profuse in festivals; bounteous in hospitality; and (cheerily unlike the people of many older cities of this groaning world), emancipated from burdens of the past. If you wish for the seaside, the long, white, splendid beaches of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Redondo can be reached in a ride of about half an hour from Los Angeles. They form, indeed, the foot of our valley, and sometimes, when the wind is strong from the southwest, the scent of the sea is perceptible even at Mentone.

Residents of this immediate region seem not fully aware of the advantages of their situation,—the rich possibilities of development that exist on every side. The agricultural resources are almost boundless. Some day this hamlet of Mentone will become an objective point for a multitude of enterprising people. It is only sixteen years since the upper part of this vale became accessible to population. Less than twenty years ago a box-car stood in Redlands,—then called Lugonia,—where the railroad station is standing now. This valley has been opened to the world by the enterprise of the Santa Fé, and the managers of that system now control its traffic. Improvements are in progress, and, possibly, the boundaries of Redlands will, by and by, inclose this settlement,—to the manifest benefit of all concerned.

So much has been said about the climate of Southern California, and said with so many superlatives, that perhaps any mention of that subject now may seem tedious. Yet that subject continually prompts a traveller's enthusiasm, and the use of the superlatives is amply justified. In the course of the summer now closing periods have occurred of abnormal heat; but such extremes are altogether exceptional. The usual temperature is one of comfort; and, the sweetness of the clear air, the brilliancy of the sky, and the magnificent amplitude of surrounding space intensify physical life with the glow and ardor of health, and thus allure the mind to hope and joy. The close of the California day is inexpressibly beautiful. Words can only impart a suggestion of it. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a cool breeze begins to blow from the west, fragrant with the scent of the orange and the rose. Little by little, as the day declines, the shadows of the hills fall eastward, and a faint blue mist steals along the dark ravines among them, while all the intervening plains are bathed in a soft golden light. The drooping, fernlike foliage of the pepper-trees, waving in the wind, makes a gentle, soothing murmur; the graceful, spreading branches of the lofty palm-trees nod and rustle; the happy songs of the linnet and the meadow-lark fill the air with music; flocks of blackbirds take their homeward flight across the darkening plains; and when, at last, the western sun drops suddenly behind the huge rampart of San Antonio, and the lingering radiance of mellow golden light has faded from the bleak summits of Bernardino and Grayback in the east, the night descends upon the gigantic desolation and lonely majesty of these mountains; the evening star shows luminous in heaven; the whole wide scene is hallowed with holy silence; and, to every soul that can feel, comes Nature's benediction of peace. Often, on this wonderful approach of night, I have thought of Byron's pathetic apostrophe to the Rhine, and more deeply than ever felt its pathos and its truth:

And could the ceaseless vulture cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms it were here.—
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful but not austere,
Is to the mellow earth like autumn to the year.

WILLIAM WINTER.

# *TO FIGHT HAMMERSTEIN.*

## *Copyright Owners to Try to Stop Production of Puccini Operas.*

That the new Manhattan Opera Company, under the management of Oscar Hammerstein, will produce Puccini's two well known operas, "La Bohême" and "La Tosca," this season is very unlikely, it was learned yesterday. For some days Mr. Hammerstein has been endeavoring to obtain the scores of the operas, to begin rehearsals, from George Maxwell, the New York agent of Ricordi & Co., of Milan, the owners of the copyrights of the operas. He has been unsuccessful, and has learned that the agent holds that no contract has ever been entered into, and, therefore, the operas cannot be produced.

Mr. Hammerstein has openly charged that, while Heinrich Conried has obtained a contract, he has done so only to injure the new opera company. Mr. Hammerstein wrote to the firm of Dittenhoefer, Gerber & James, the attorneys for Mr. Maxwell, demanding the scores and insisting that there had been a verbal contract.

"We never replied to Mr. Hammerstein," I. M. Dittenhoefer said yesterday, "as we did not consider it worth while. As a matter of fact, we asked Mr. Hammerstein to produce any contract he had and end all the trouble, but he can't produce anything."

"Will you attempt to stop him from having the operas produced?" Mr. Dittenhoefer was asked.

"We certainly will, and will succeed. We are preparing affidavits now to be sent to Italy for Ricordi & Co. to sign. We have lots of time, and will not bring any action until the latter part of September, which would give Mr. Hammerstein time to substitute something else and not have his theatre closed.

"We will proceed against Mr. Hammerstein in an action of order to show cause why an injunction should not issue. He has no case at all, and cannot possibly produce the operas."

Mr. Dittenhoefer was informed that Puccini would probably be in New York to rehearse his operas for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Dittenhoefer said that was all right.

"Puccini has no more to say about his operas now than you have," Mr. Dittenhoefer continued. "Some time ago he sold the entire rights, production, copyright and all, to Ricordi & Co. Until recently Boosey & Co. were the New York agents."

George Maxwell, the New York agent, who differs from Mr. Hammerstein regarding a contract, said yesterday:

"There is no contract with Mr. Hammerstein, and there never was one. Mr. Hammerstein came to me and made some negotiations concerning the two operas, but never came to definite terms. When Mr. Conried came to me and wished a contract for the exclusive rights in this country this season he got it. Mr. Hammerstein would have had it just as easily if he had asked for it. He never made even a verbal contract."

Mr. Hammerstein refused to discuss the matter. He said he had not heard from the counsel in the case, and, until he did, would have nothing to say.

## NEW THEATRE AT ALLENTOWN, PENN.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Allentown, Penn., Aug. 27.—A new theatre, known as the Orpheum, built by Messrs. Wilmer, Vincent & Appell, was opened to-night. The structure, which cost upward of $100,000, will be devoted to vaudeville. Theatrical men who were guests included William Hammerstein, William Morris, Jo Paige Smith, Dr. Max Sautes, Charles Osgood, George Nicolla, A. L. Willer, Fuller Claplin, Mac Donlin, F. F. Proctor, jr., and Sam Harris, of New York.

## HAS MINIATURE MR. MORGAN WANTS.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 27.—A rare miniature, which the owner refused to sell to J. Pierpont Morgan, has just come to light in this city, and is now on exhibition here. The miniature was painted in 1797 by Jean Baptist Augustine, and is a portrait of the great-grandfather of T. S. Hawes, of Fort Worth, the present owner. It is the only one of three of its kind not in the possession of Mr. Morgan.

WHAT IS A THINKING MACHINE?
See Next Sunday's Tribune.

## THE HACKETT THEATRE.

### "THE LITTLE STRANGER."

James K. Hackett opened his new theatre, formerly Fields's, last night with Michael Morton's farce, "The Little Stranger," which had a long and successful run at the Criterion Theatre, London, last season. There seems to be no valid reason why the London success should not be repeated in New York.

The play, although the programme fails to note it, is founded upon Edward S. Van Zile's amusing story, "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby," which was first printed serially in a magazine, and afterward published with other tales based upon the transmutation of personalities, in a book entitled "Perkins, the Fakeer." The plot has been largely changed in order to "accord with the conventions of the drama," but the fundamental situations are the same, although the motive is different.

The central figure in the farce, as in the story, is the baby. He is the one-year-old infant of Captain and Mrs. Allenby, and the mother, not satisfied with the souls she has acquired by and through marriage, has become a "soul hunter." The soul hunters are a band of excitable dupes of a Russian imposter, named Vronsky, who pretends to occult powers. Captain Allenby's idea is to kick him downstairs, when, on the baby's birthday, he discovers that, contrary to his wishes, the soul hunters are to hold a seance in his house. His friend, Alec Howard, however, who has been successful in exposing the pretensions of similar fakers, prevails upon the captain to let him try his hand with Vronsky. He is inspired with a plan upon recognizing the close resemblance between the baby and his assistant, a dwarf. Allenby disappears with the real baby, and a message is mysteriously received by Vronsky that Allenby has thrown himself into the Thames on account of his wife's behavior, but that his soul will come back to her in some unexpected form. Tom Pennyman, the dwarf, then takes the place of the baby, and proceeds to set the household, mother, nurse, butler and soul hunters, by the ears. He demands roast beef and whiskey, smokes cigarettes, makes love to his mother and bedevils the Russian occultist. By the time that Captain Allenby returns with the real baby his wife is content to accept the souls she has already in their original forms.

The movement of the piece is brisk, as that of a farce should be, and the situations were amusing enough to keep up a continual ripple of laughter. Edward Garratt, who took the part of the dwarf—no assumption of a character in his case—won the hearts of the women with his looks and those of the men with his manners. While the play has been carefully fitted to his capabilities, these are sufficiently striking to carry off his impersonation of the baby endowed with the soul of a man with excellent spirit. The other characters, enacted by the company which originally produced the piece in London, were all cleverly rendered. A. G. Poulton as the baby's maternal grandfather and Dora Hole as the hysterical nurse had the best opportunities for funmaking, and were equal to their work. Helen Robertson as Mrs. Allenby and Athol Stewart as the captain were also effective. Welcome, "Little Stranger"!

## PLAY BY W. J. BRYAN'S DAUGHTER.

### Successfully Produced in Vaudeville House in This City.

"Mrs. Holmes, Detective," a one-act play by William Jennings Bryan's daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, is the headliner this week at Keith & Proctor's Union Square Theatre. It had its first public performance yesterday afternoon, and was applauded by a big audience. Miss Maude Turner Gordon, who played the woman detective, was called before the curtain several times. Miss Gordon was assisted by Nestor Lennon and William Gerald.

Mr. Bryan will see the play next Friday evening. It is based on the mysterious disappearance of jewels from a boudoir, the theft of which the woman detective ingeniously fastens on the butler. Mrs. Leavitt wrote the play this summer, while her father was abroad.

## MISS CAHILL AT DALY'S.

Daly's Theatre, for several years under its founder the home of the best in light musical farce, was opened last evening with a piece which measures up to the traditions of the house, Miss Marie Cahill appearing in "Marrying Mary," by Edwin Milton Royle and Silvio Hein. The book, which concerns the complications due to the frequent divorces of the heroine, suits admirably the peculiar style of humor which marks Miss Cahill's performances—and a very delightful style it is, too. The performance also serves to revivify Eugene Cowles, the Bostonians' old basso, whose big, round notes are heard to good advantage in one solo. It also serves to introduce William Courtleigh to the musical comedy stage.

Roy Atwell, who was with Miss Cahill last year in "Moonshine," appears in one of the leading comedy parts, and his song, "Old Noah Knew a Thing or Two," is one of the best features of the entertainment.

"Marrying Mary" is clean, amusing, bright and tuneful, and it deserves the success which it bids fair to achieve.

## MISS STAHL IN "THE CHORUS LADY."

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 27.—Miss Rose Stahl made her debut as a star under the direction of Henry B. Harris at the Academy of Music here to-night, presenting for the first time on any stage James Forbes's four act comedy, "The Chorus Lady." In Patricia O'Brien, of the chorus, Miss Stahl has a character new to the stage, combining humor and pathos. She appears in the play at the Savoy Theatre, New York, next Saturday night. Miss Stahl is supported by Miss Eva Dennison, Francis Byrne, Miss Maude Knowlton, Miss Alice Leigh, Giles Shine, Miss Amy Lessar, Miss Marguerite Wheeler, Miss Amy Lee and Miss Helen Hilton.

# NOTES OF THE STAGE.

## Big Advance Sale of Seats for Hippodrome Opening.

The advance sale of seats for the Hippodrome season, under the management of Shubert & Anderson, began yesterday. The box offices were kept busy until the closing hour, which, the management said, insures an unusually big audience next Saturday night, when "A Society Circus" makes its initial bow for the season. Advance orders poured in all day, some from as far as Philadelphia and Boston. One telegraphic order for one hundred seats was filed from Chicago, from which city a deputation of politicians is coming to visit the Hippodrome.

Harrison Grey Fiske has added to the Manhattan company supporting Mrs. Fiske Miss Ida Vernon, Leonard Shepherd and Miss Dorothy Dorr.

Entries for the coming baby show at Steeplechase Park are coming in so rapidly that Mr. Tilyou estimates that he will have 10,000 infants on exhibition. The prizes will range from a grand piano to an imported perambulator.

Rigo, who plays nightly at the Harlem Casino, 124th street and Seventh avenue, to demonstrate the individual worth of his musicians, is making a specialty of solos, two or three a night, by the various members of the Royal Imperial Court Tzigane Orchestra.

In Fred Irwin's big show at the Murray Hill Theatre, Miss Marie D'Oyle, Miss Susie Fisher, Mlle. Alexandra and Miss Josephine Barlowe find their songs well received.

Miss Hilda Spong will make her first appearance as a star in Harold Heaton's comedy, "Lady Jim," at Weber's Theatre to-night.

Miss Nellie McCoy, the dancing soubrette of "The Earl and the Girl" company, last season, made her debut in vaudeville yesterday at Keith & Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre in a new musical comedy. She was assisted by a group of "Gibson girls" in song and dance. At the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street house Steele Mackaye's four-act drama, "In Spite of All," was revived by the stock company.

The six clergymen sent to New York by a Southern newspaper saw "The Social Whirl" at the Casino Theatre last night, one of the ministers never having witnessed a performance of the kind before. They refused to comment on the merits of the piece.

Rice's "Girl from Paris" will continue at Manhattan Beach until September 9, with a special matinee on Labor Day. This is the sixth week of the production.

Tony Pastor's Theatre has a big bill this week. Miss Eva Mudge, "the Military Maid," in quick character changes and songs, and Smirl and Kessner, in their acrobatic sketch, "The Bellboy and the Waiting Maid," are the headliners.

At Hammerstein's Roof Garden yesterday the Fays continued to head the bill. With the exception of this act, there was an entire change of programme, including "A Night in an English Music Hall," presented by Fred Karno's English Comedy Company.

# RIO CONFERENCE ENDS.

## *Brazilian Foreign Minister Predicts Great Results.*

Rio Janeiro, Aug. 27.—The International Pan-American Conference closed to-night. The ceremonies were brief but impressive. The building was especially illuminated. General Rio Branco, the Foreign Minister of Brazil, made a farewell address, expressing the government's appreciation of having the conference here and saying that the results would be great toward a world peace. General Ramirez, of Argentina, followed, reviewing the work of the conference, predicting good results and expressing the appreciation by the delegates of Brazil's entertainment. Señor Riquelme, of Chili, read a message of thanks from the President of Chili for the conference's resolution of condolence on account of the recent earthquake.

A ball at the Foreign Office followed the session. The delegates are departing. The Americans, except Mr. Polk, will go by way of Europe, Mr. Polk sailing direct on Saturday.

## MR. ROOT NEARING CHILI.

### Minister of Foreign Affairs Will Start for Lota To-day.

Santiago, Chili, Aug. 27.—The Minister of Foreign Affairs announced in an interview to-day that, in company with Mr. Hicks, the American Minister to Chili, he would leave Santiago to-morrow for Lota, three hundred miles south of Valparaiso, to meet Mr. Root, the American Secretary of State, and his party. In accordance with Mr. Root's expressed desire the Chilian government will receive him without display. The Minister of Foreign Affairs added that no formal programme for the reception of Mr. Root has been arranged, and that if there is any demonstration it will be entirely spontaneous in character.

## THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| M. E. S., Brooklyn | $15 00 |
| Susan O. Hoffman, New Paltz, N. Y. | 10 00 |
| "In memory of C. F. A." | 3 00 |
| H. E. R. | 2 00 |
| G. M. S. | 10 00 |
| "Cash" | 5 00 |
| F. N. Hamilton, Mohonk Lake, N. Y. | 5 00 |
| T. B. B. | 1 00 |
| "A Friend of Children" | 5 00 |
| "Thank Offering" | 2 00 |
| "In memory of W. B. and S. B." | 6 00 |
| R. A. | 3 00 |
| H. K. C. | 5 00 |
| "A Green Mountain Friend" | 5 00 |
| "In memoriam H. H. V., Geneva, N. Y." | 50 00 |
| "In memory of my beloved mother" | 10 00 |
| Through C. D. Ryder, treasurer Union Savings Bank, Danbury, Conn. | 2 00 |
| "Do not give name" | 5 00 |
| E. G. | 1 00 |
| C. | 2 00 |
| H. S. W. | 6 00 |
| Previously acknowledged | 22,058 04 |
| Total August 27, 1906 | $22,211 04 |

Remittances, preferably by check, express order or postoffice money order, should be drawn to the order of and addressed to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, New York City.

[The Tribune Fresh Air Fund was the first movement of the kind in the country. Every other one, here or elsewhere, has been started in imitation of this pioneer. The Tribune cordially welcomes all co-laborers in the field, but, without wishing to depreciate in the least the work of others, thinks it its duty to remind readers that the Tribune Fresh Air Fund is, so far as known, the only one in which absolutely every dollar contributed by the public goes directly to the work of sending a poor child to the country, keeping it there for two weeks and bringing it back again. No collectors are ever employed, and all collections made for the fund are purely voluntary. All expenses for the organization, agents and general machinery of the charity are privately defrayed by The Tribune itself and by the trustees of the fund. There are no percentages to collectors to come out of the contributions of the public, and no payments to agents, managers, secretary or others. Every dollar goes straight to the benefit of a child.]

## SECRETARY BRYCE TO VISIT IRELAND.

London, Aug. 27.—James Bryce, Secretary for Ireland, has arranged to make a tour of County Donegal, beginning in September, to inquire into the congested districts, potato famine, fisheries and other problems.

## LITTLE EXCHANGE MAN SUSPENDED.

The suspension of B. A. Frank, a small trader, was announced on the Consolidated Exchange yesterday. It was understood that he was short of the market.

## WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

State Railroad Commission hearing on New York City Railway Company's service, No. 1 Madison avenue.

National Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World, seventh annual convention, Sumner Hall, No. 1584 Fulton street, Brooklyn, 11 a. m.

Anti-Hearst meeting, the Imperial, Fulton street, Brooklyn, 8 p. m.

Annual summer night's festival of the Mohawk Democratic Club, Sulzer's Harlem River Casino, evening.

Free day at the Museum of Art and the Zoological Park.

## PROMINENT ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS

BROADWAY CENTRAL—J. Robertson, Sydney, New South Wales. BRESLIN—Fred Z. Mills, Dallas, Tex.; Bishop Francis, Indianapolis. GOTHAM—J. S. Runnells, Chicago. HOFFMAN—Dr. Hugh E. Jones, Liverpool. HOLLAND—Jeff B. Brown, Democratic National Committeeman from Florida. BELMONT—H. H. Vreeland, New York. MAJESTIC—Dr. Paul Tradelius, San Francisco; Jorge Munoz, Minister to Guatemala. MANHATTAN—Captain T. P. Colcord, U. S. N.; ex-Governor T. C. Lounsbury, Connecticut. MURRAY HILL—Dr. Karl Kumm, Cartleburg, England. VICTORIA—J. H. Selkirk, London. WALDORF-ASTORIA—M. E. Ingalls, president of the "Big Four" Railway, Cincinnati.

## THE WEATHER REPORT.

**Official Record and Forecast.**—Washington, Aug. 27.—Much needed rains fell Monday in New York and Western New England and showers continued in the Middle and South Atlantic and East Gulf states. In the central valleys and thence to the North Pacific coast the weather was fair. Temperatures have fallen east of the Mississippi River and are again rising in the Western and Northwestern states.

Fair weather is indicated for the eastern half of the country during the next two days, with slowly rising temperature Wednesday. In the West and Northwest the temperature will rise Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fair weather is also indicated for the western half of the country, except in New Mexico and Arizona, where local showers will occur.

At Washington the rainfall for the present month, which up to 8 p. m. to-day has amounted to 18.63 inches, is the heaviest August rainfall on record for Washington.

During Tuesday the winds on the Middle Atlantic and New England coasts will be fresh northwest; on the South Atlantic and East Gulf coasts, light to fresh northwest, and on the Great Lakes, light and variable.

Steamers departing Tuesday for European ports will have fresh northwest winds and showers to the Grand Banks.

**Forecast for Special Localities.**—For New England, fair in west, showers in east portion to-day; cooler Tuesday; Wednesday, fair; fresh northwest winds.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, the District of Columbia, Delaware and Maryland, fair and cooler to-day; Wednesday, fair; fresh northwest winds.

For Western Pennsylvania and Western New York, fair to-day and Wednesday; warmer Wednesday; light, variable winds.

For Eastern New York, cooler to-day; Wednesday, fair; fresh northwest winds.

**Local Official Record.**—The following official record form the Weather Bureau shows the changes in the temperature for the last twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date last year:

| | 1905. | 1906. | | 1905. | 1906. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 a. m. | 62 | 75 | 6 p. m. | 65 | 77 |
| 6 a. m. | 58 | 75 | 9 p. m. | 64 | 76 |
| 9 a. m. | 62 | 79 | 12 p. m. | 63 | 73 |
| 12 m. | 68 | 78 | 12 p. m. | 63 | — |
| 4 p. m. | 68 | 78 | | | |

Highest temperature yesterday, 78 degrees; lowest, 73; average, 77; average for corresponding date last year, 64; average for corresponding date last twenty-five years, 70.

Local Forecast.—To-day, fair and cooler; Wednesday, fair; fresh northwest winds.

## USE AND ABUSE OF TRUST TOOLS.

From The Syracuse Herald.

The insincerity and inconsistency of the Hearst political propaganda are brought home to the people of Syracuse by a curious object lesson.

Down in New York Mr. Heart's newspaper is maintaining a steady fusillade against the trusts and monopolies and the politicians who are their servants. If we accept the authority of Mr. Heart's "American," every Democrat of state reputation, excepting himself, is a sycophantic tool of the trusts.

But, lo and behold, here in Onondaga County the Hearst people are down on their knees to a clever and loyal agent of a trust. They virtually admit that James K. McGuire is the only local Democrat who can carry the Onondaga primaries against the anti-Hearst opposition. Mr. McGuire is not only a high-salaried servant of the Asphalt Trust, but he enjoys confidential relations with its president. He is outspokenly for Hearst, and he is the main political reliance of Hearst in Central New York.

Was there ever a more grotesque exhibition of political humbuggery than this alliance between the roving commissioner of the Asphalt Trust and the aspirant to the Governorship, whose entire capital stock is hostility to trusts?

WHAT IS A THINKING MACHINE?
See Next Sunday's Tribune.

# *OBITUARY.*

## MRS. A. L. F. ONDERDONK.

Mrs. Annie L. Frost Onderdonk, wife of Andrew J. Onderdonk, a lawyer, with offices at No. 70 Wall street, died yesterday at her country home at Manhasset, Long Island. Mrs. Onderdonk, who was the eldest daughter of the late Samuel H. Frost, was born at Greenbridge, Staten Island, on a farm which was at one time considered the biggest in the state. Her father was the first importer of cattle from the Guernsey Islands. Mrs. Onderdonk was educated at Miss Haine's school, No. 19 Gramercy Park, in the same class with Miss Jerome, who afterward became Lady Churchill. For many years Mrs. Onderdonk was connected with the mission chapel of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, but during the last thirty years was a member of the Church of the Holy Trinity, where she was married by the late Dr. Charles H. Hall. The Onderdonks made their home at No. 171 Park Place, Brooklyn, for twenty years. She travelled much, both in America and abroad, and was among the first American tourists to cross the Mer-de-Glace. Mr. Onderdonk is a member of the St. Nicholas, Holland, Long Island Historical and the New York Genealogical and Biographical societies, the Riding and Driving Club, of Brooklyn, the Lawyers' Club and the Atlantic Yacht Club, and is a director of the Bangor and Aroostook Lumber Company.

## MRS. HATTIE KING HILTON.

Mrs. Hattie King Hilton, of No. 1047 Fifth avenue, wife of Albert B. Hilton, formerly a member of the firm of Hilton, Hughes & King, which succeeded to the ownership of the old A. T. Stewart store, died on Sunday morning from heart disease at her country home at Rangeley, Me. She was the daughter of Vincent C. King.

Mrs. Hilton possessed much literary ability and was considered an authority on bibliography. Mr. Hilton is a member of the Blooming Grove Park Association and the Democratic Club. Her husband, two sons and a daughter survive her.

## MRS. WILLIAM YATES MORTIMER.

Mrs. William Yates Mortimer, widow of William Yates Mortimer, who left an estate including the Mortimer Building, No. 11 Wall street, died on Saturday at her country place at East Hampton, Long Island, in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She was a daughter of Aaron Thorp, of Albany. Mrs. Mortimer leaves two sons—Richard and Stanley. The latter is an enthusiastic golfer and rider and a member of the Hunt Club of Rome.

## WILLIAM B. COUGHTRY.

William B. Coughtry, a specialist in customs law at No. 25 Broad st., died suddenly at Mount Pocono, Penn., on Sunday. Mr. Coughtry leaves a wife and two children, a son and a daughter. For twenty-five years he was a member of the 7th Regiment, and was vice-president of the veterans of that regiment at the time of his death. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution.

Mr. Coughtry was educated in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and received his legal training in the office of Alfred Douglass, with whom he was later associated in business.

## ROSALSKY TURNS DOWN GARDINER.

### Refuses to Accept Affidavit Reflecting on the Late Judge McMahon.

Judge Rosalsky, in the Court of General Sessions, refused yesterday to accept an affidavit sworn to by Asa Bird Gardiner, the District Attorney who was removed by Governor Roosevelt, because it cast reflections on the late Judge McMahon, of the Court of General Sessions, Judge Rosalsky's predecessor.

The affidavit was presented in the case of Herbert T. Beatty, who was ordered a year ago by Magistrate Wahle to pay his wife $10 a week, being placed under bonds to do so. An appeal taken to the Court of General Sessions was dismissed by Judge McMahon last January.

Yesterday Mr. Gardiner appeared before Judge Rosalsky to argue a motion for additional time to prepare an appeal and for a reopening of the case on the ground of newly discovered evidence. In connection with this motion Mr. Gardiner presented an affidavit in which he swore that on January 15, 1906, he was invited by Judge McMahon to sit on the bench with him, and that while there he mentioned the Beatty case. The affidavit went on to say that Judge McMahon replied that he had for some time been making decisions against those of Magistrate Wahle, and intended in this case to uphold him. Then, according to the affidavit, Mr. Gardiner protested, saying that the judge had not read his brief in the case, but the protest was overruled and the decision of the magistrate was upheld.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Kelly, who opposed the motion, was highly indignant when he replied, and said among other things that the man who presented such an affidavit should be thrown out of the courtroom.

Judge Rosalsky refused to entertain the motion as made by Mr. Gardiner and gave him until Thursday to present new papers in the case.

Beatty was recently released from the Mamaroneck Insane Asylum, where he was sent by the order of Justice Gildersleeve, of the Supreme Court, early in the year.

## THIEVES NOW USING MOTOR BOAT.

Sea Cliff, Long Island, Aug. 27.—Joseph Canning, a special officer on duty at the beach here, walked along the plank walk early Sunday morning toward the freight house at the steamboat landing. As he neared the house he saw two men inside. Being alone he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and walked back until he met two friends. They returned to the freight house, and the men immediately took to a motor boat and made their escape. Five men were seen in the boat, and a case of candy and some bottled beer, were found to be missing.

At the home of H. V. R. Kennedy at Hempstead it was said to-day that there was no truth in the story that burglars in an automobile attempted to rob the house on Saturday night.

## RIPLEY ESTATE OVER A MILLION.

Mineola, Long Island, Aug. 27.—County Treasurer Charles Lewis of Nassau County to-day filed with the Surrogate's Court an appraisement of the estate of Sidney Dillon Ripley, who died in New York on February 24 last. Under the will the widow will receive $848,505 47 and each of the four children, Henry B., Sidney D., Annie B. and James H. Ripley, will receive $74,641 78, making a total valuation of $1,146,072 59. All of this will have to pay a transfer tax of 1 per cent.

## CAPTAIN APPLETON'S ESTATE, $5,000.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Boston, Aug. 27.—The estate of Captain Appleton, the famous globe trotter and Panama Canal promoter, is appraised at only $5,000, instead of several millions, its reputed value. It is understood that he left his property to his fiancée and that his first wife will make a fight.

Superior to Lemonade

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A teaspoonful added to a glass of cold water, with sugar, makes a delicious summer tonic.

# *Married.*

**Marriage notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in The Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.**

HARPER—HYDE—On Saturday, August 25, 1906, in the chantry of Grace Church, New York, by the Rev. Walter R. Lord, Florence Emily, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Hyde, to James Philip Harper.

**Notices of marriages and deaths must be indorsed with full name and address.**

# *Died.*

**Death notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in The Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.**

Allen, Peter.
Breinig, Granville M.
Buek, Emily M. A.
Chase, Sarah W.
Comer, Anna E. P.
Conroy, John A.
Coughtry, William B.
Fogg, Francis A.
Fox, Edward P.
Gray, Harriet G.
Hilton, Hattie K.
Mead, Milo.
Mortimer, Anna E.
Onderdonk, Annie L. F.
Rodgers, Henrietta D.
Rollins, Mary H.
Stevenson, Cecilia H. G.
Train, Charles J.
Tuckerman, Elizabeth W.
Williams, Mary S. B.

ALLEN—At his residence, No. 81 Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, Peter Allen. Funeral service at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening. Funeral 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

BREINIG—Suddenly at his summer residence, Lake Waramaug, Conn., Monday, August 27, Granville M. Breinig, aged 53. Funeral at his late residence, in New Milford, Conn., on Wednesday, August 29, at 2 p. m. Train leaves Grand Central Station, New York, at 9:02 a. m.

BUEK—August 27, 1906, after a long illness, in the 81st year of her age, Emily M. A. Buek, the beloved wife of Herman Buek. Funeral private. Please omit flowers.

CHASE—Saturday, August 25, Sarah Wellington, wife of Louis Shirley Chase, Cambridge, Mass., daughter of Edward B. and Effie Hutchinson.

COMER—On August 26, at her residence