Amusements.

AERIAL GARDENS—8:30—The Honeymooners.
ALHAMBRA—2—8—Vaudeville.
BELASCO—8:15—The Rose of the Rancho.
BRIGHTON—Brighton Beach Park.
BROADWAY—8:10—The Parisian Model.
CANARSIE—Golden City.
CASINO—8:15—Fascinating Flora.
CONEY ISLAND—Luna Park—Dreamland—Bostock's—Steeplechase Park.
EDEN MUSEE—The World in Wax.
GARRICK—8:30—Caught in the Rain.
HAMMERSTEIN ROOF—2:15—8:15—Vaudeville.
HERALD SQUARE—8:15—The Orchid.
HUDSON—8:15—The Lion and the Mouse.
JARDIN DE PARIS—8:30—Vaudeville.
KNICKERBOCKER—8:15—The Red Mill.
LYCEUM—8:20—The Boys of Company B.
LYRIC—8:15—The Road to Yesterday.
MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN—8—The Maid and the Millionaire.
SAVOY—8:15—The Man of the Hour.
ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN—8—Lohengrin.
WEST END—8—Fra Diavolo.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1907.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Marcelin Albert, leader of the wine growers' revolt, appeared suddenly at Paris and had an interview with Premier Clemenceau; it was announced that M. Albert had promised to do his utmost to induce his followers to return to work; Sunday passed without any serious disturbances in the South. ═══ The British Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, will introduce in the House of Commons to-day the motion to curtail the power of the House of Lords; the question is expected to develop into a great political issue. ═══ General Porter discussed the Drago Doctrine with plenipotentiaries at The Hague, and is said to have gained the impression that the leading powers will not oppose the American proposal. ═══ The body of Lieutenant Caulfield, one of the officers who made a balloon ascension at Aldershot on May 28, was found in the sea off Weymouth. ═══ The German Emperor again sailed the Meteor to victory over the Hamburg; Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were guests of Prince and Princess Henry at the castle at Kiel. ═══ Mail advices from Shanghai say that the native population is greatly excited over the electric streetcar system which will soon be opened and that riots are feared.

DOMESTIC.—The body of Walter Lamana, who was kidnapped in New Orleans two weeks ago, was found; there were fears of an attempt to lynch the five prisoners arrested on suspicion of complicity in the crime. ═══ The union telegraphers at El Paso, Tex., were ordered to strike to-day. ═══ Burglars stole about 350 pounds of silver from the home of W. B. Dinsmore, at Tuxedo. ═══ Democratic political leaders at Albany, it was said at the capital, were planning to submit a purely mathematical apportionment. ═══ Commencement exercises opened with baccalaureate sermons at Yale University and Bowdoin, Williams, Dartmouth, Trinity, Wellesley and Amherst colleges. ═══ John Winslow Ketcham, who has been serving a sentence for complicity in the wrecking of the Farmers' National Bank of Vergennes, Vt., was released from jail at Middlebury, Vt.; he disclosed plans of going on the stage. ═══ General W. W. Duffield, said to be Columbia's oldest graduate, died in Washington. ═══ Secretary Taft left Washington for New Haven. ═══ Bishop Potter personally presented a flag to the Masonic Home at Utica, N. Y.

CITY.—Arthur H. Masten made public his final report on the 80-cent gas question, finding that the Consolidated Gas Company could not be compelled to furnish gas at that rate. ═══ Two more soldiers, prisoners at Castle Williams, on Governor's Island, escaped. ═══ The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's criticism of Christian Science in his address at the West Side Y. M. C. A. was interrupted by a physician. ═══ Witnesses in the Scrugham case were instructed to be ready to testify before the grand jury to-day. ═══ A boy was discovered with five rows of teeth, with which it takes him three hours to eat a meal. ═══ Sicilians on the upper East Side caught robbing a market caused a riot. ═══ The Manhattan Single Tax Club persuaded the Central Federated Union to demand that the Public Utilities Commission, when it assumes its duties on July 1, advertise for bids for new subways. ═══ A man and his wife pulled the trolley off and thrashed the conductor of a Bronx car in a successful attempt to make the motorman stop. ═══ Fire in the Lion brewery yesterday overcame a score of firemen, besides doing considerable damage.

THE WEATHER.—Indications for to-day: Fair. The temperature yesterday: Highest, 83 degrees; lowest, 65.

We desire to remind our readers who are about to leave the city that THE TRIBUNE *will be sent by mail to any address in this country or abroad, and address changed as often as desired. Subscriptions may be given to your regular dealer before leaving, or, if more convenient, hand them in at* THE TRIBUNE *Office.*

See opposite page for subscription rates.

THE UNDER DOG.

One of the fine arts not lectured on in our colleges is that of under doggery. Under doggery, or the science of winning a losing fight by yelping loudly and long enough to enlist the sympathies of all bystanders, is not included in university curricula because it is exclusively a gift of the gods. Those who have it, have it, and those who lack it must take their drubbings like ordinary men—or dogs, as the case may be—in silence and with the resolve to do better next time. This is an unfortunate state of affairs, to be sure, for the under dog draws down upon himself by his whines many caresses and tidbits that he does not deserve, so easily do people let themselves be persuaded that a great hullaballoo betokens a grave injustice.

These are happy days for the under dog. Men are so acutely concerned with the enforcement of justice just now that the popular rule is, Better that a hundred upper dogs should be unfairly kicked than that one under dog should be bitten contrary to rules. And the under dog, who has the rare gift of making his defeats declare dividends, works this rule for all it is worth. If he is engaged in business, playing under the long accepted rules of the game of competition, he yelps until good natured folks rush in, kick off his vanquisher and draw up new rules for his benefit. Of course, the under dog is sometimes in the right and his howls accomplish a great public good, for which we are duly thankful, although we cannot forget that he frequently yelps, not for the sake of justice, but for private profit. What to do with the under dog who is simply trying to trounce his rival by calling in the public has always been a knotty problem. If you tell the creature he deserved his drubbing, he will howl all the louder, and draw the attention of others to your cruelty to helpless animals. If you ignore him, the same embarrassing result follows. In this dilemma it looks as though all the fairly whipped curs in Christendom were destined to secure the choice cutlets by playing the persecution game.

There seems to be only one escape from this lamentable outcome, and it is a costly one. Governor Hughes has adopted the plan of assuring the under dog that he shall have a fair show and then letting him fight his battles over again under rigid supervision. In the last fight over the large juicy steaks and other fine "pickings" of New York City politics the under dog, while trying the usual game of his craft, met with unexpected and—they now say—wholly undesired mercy and justice from the Governor's hands. The fight will be reviewed, if the under dog insists, and the loser will have every chance to prove himself a martyr and the victim of a gigantic swindle. It is a dreadful prospect, and the reports say that the under dog is more fearful of it than he ever was of his victorious rival. There is thus only one hope left to the loser—he must raise a howl over the injustice of being offered a fair deal.

THE NEXT BATTLESHIPS.

Several days will probably elapse before final action is taken in regard to the bids on the new American battleships. From the reticence of the Navy Department concerning the proposition made by the Brooklyn Navy Yard unfavorable inferences have been drawn, but it would be premature to conclude that neither of the 20,000-ton ships is to be constructed there. The principle that cheapness is not always a recommendation is too well established to justify discrimination against builders whose work has enduring merit. The Connecticut was built at the navy yard, and not a few competent judges believe that she is the best ship under the flag.

When Congress decided to sanction an increase in displacement from 16,000 to 20,000 tons fears were entertained by a few conservative lawmakers that the step would involve a great increase in expenditure. Accordingly, the appropriation bill which authorized the new policy prescribed that not more than $6,000,000 should be spent on either ship, apart from the armor. So far as heard from, all of the bids are well within that limit. The estimates of the Newport News company, for three or four slightly different designs, keep close to $4,000,000, and those of the corporation of which Admiral Bowles is president fall below $4,500,000. Only the Cramps demanded more than $5,000,000. On the face of the returns the offers in regard to the ships themselves are surprisingly low.

On the other hand, the demands for armor, which constitutes an independent item, show a conspicuous advance on recently prevailing rates. Three or four years ago the government paid upward of $440 a ton for armor. The Midvale company, which had previously demonstrated its ability to deliver its product on contract time and to manufacture a plate possessing exceptional merit, forced the price down to $345 last year. The patronage was divided at that time, and probably will be now, as a matter of policy, the minimum rate again dominating all of the awards. The Midvale company asks $410 a ton this year, however, or $65 more than it was willing to accept twelve months ago. For each of the new battleships 4,650 tons of armor will be required, or nearly one-fourth of their total weight. This will add $1,900,000 to the outlay for a single vessel, whereas $1,600,000 would have been enough had prices remained unchanged.

To some extent, perhaps, an increase in the charge for armor might have been foreseen. Even without having a secret understanding with the other bidders, the Midvale company might have deemed its action perfectly safe. Whether or not the step was fully warranted by economic conditions is another question. It by no means follows that because there has been a general advance in the price of other grades of steel in the last year or two the production of armor is any more expensive than it was. The cost of the latter is governed almost exclusively by the work expended on it and to only a microscopic degree by the cost of the material itself. A special commission appointed to study the matter reported last winter to Mr. Bonaparte that the government, if it had its own plant, could probably make the heaviest plate it needed for a trifle less than $300 a ton. Possibly some revision of that estimate might be necessary to-day, but if it still holds good the latest quotations guarantee to the contractors a profit of 35 or 40 per cent, or about half a million dollars for each big ship. It may be in the power of Congress to save this amount if it wishes to do so.

A PHILOSOPHER IN ACTION.

Ex-Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania had an embarrassing three hours on the witness stand at Harrisburg last Friday. He appeared to explain the part he had played in allowing the new state Capitol to be "furnished" with a profit to the "furnishers" ranging on various schedules from 200 to 2,000 per cent. While still in office Mr. Pennypacker stoutly defended the integrity of the work done on the building, commended the artistic achievements of Huston and Sanderson as "cheap at the price" and intimated that only penurious and philistine souls could grieve at the expenditure of $9,000,000 or $10,000,000 on interior decorations, since the state's treasury was full and a large share of the contributions made to it came from "aliens living in New York and Europe." On leaving Harrisburg last January he wrote a palpitating prose poem in celebration of the Pantheon which he had been so instrumental in bequeathing to the state.

Many things have happened since that literary masterpiece was produced. A prosaic and ruthless body of accountants and investigators has been at work, and the sad discovery has been made that the architectural and decorative splendors which so dazzled the Governor's imagination were a good deal like the glories of some popular shore resort "dream cities"—unable to bear the cruel light of day. Padded work was done on a padded contract basis and the monument intended to immortalize the æsthetic strivings of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings proved "monumental" only in commemorating the genius of the architect and the contractors for doing the jobs allotted to them at a minimum of efficiency and a maximum of cost. It was the ex-Governor's painful task to reconcile his former soulful appreciation of the great masterpiece which grew up under his eyes with the doleful conviction that that masterpiece was only phenomenal as a piece of skimped, fraudulent and overcharged work. Yet it must be admitted that in readjusting his point of view Mr. Pennypacker acquitted himself with characteristic fortitude. He made no meek and humble excuses for his rapt and absent-minded confidence in the integrity, capacity and unselfishness of every participant in the "furnishing" enterprise. The ex-Governor is both an optimist and a fatalist. Being himself non-mercenary and incapable of corruption, he could not bear to think that any one else would stoop to deceit or plunder. His equanimity seems to have been immovable. When another member of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings came to him and told him that $3,000,000 had been paid out on work which it had been understood would cost only $800,000 he refused to allow himself to become the victim of unworthy suspicions. Should he hold up the great work of "decoration" and throw a cloud on the reputations of the contractors? A thousand times no. As he quaintly and picturesquely described his mental operations:

> I was surprised, because I had the figures of the architect in mind. Now it may be said, "If you were surprised about it, what did you do?" There are various ways of treating a situation. I suppose I could have gone out and established a wonderful reputation, personal reputation, by saying: "Why, here, these gentlemen have been robbing the state." That might have been of interest to me, but what of the state? What would have been the outcome of it? Suppose we had not paid those bills which came in? If they had furnished the work or materials, and we did not pay the bills, that would have been a breach of contract on our part, and my training has always been that whether your contract be a good contract or a bad one honesty requires you to live up to it; and that is true of a state, as well as of an individual.

Rather than "make a commotion extending over the state" and stopping work on the Capitol, Mr. Pennypacker stoically held his peace, and continued to hold it while $5,000,000 more was rapidly paid out in order to forestall "commotion making" interference on the part of the incoming Democratic State Treasurer.

There is a good deal in habit, as the ex-Governor testified. He was "surprised" at first that "furnishings" should be so expensive. Yet after a while he became "familiar with the figures, accustomed to the figures." They began to look like old friends and no longer occasioned uneasiness and discomfort. Mr. Huston, the architect, told him not to worry; the work was "cheap enough"; and he ceased worrying. He is reluctant to worry now, for, as he said:

> And, really, after thinking about it a great deal and getting over the original feeling of astonishment, I must say that it seems to me, if we have a good building here, that the sum that this building has cost, as compared with other buildings, is not excessive.

If "the original feeling of astonishment" can be cured, everything goes along smoothly in these politico-architectural enterprises. Yet Mr. Pennypacker also admits that embarrassment may result sometimes from putting "astonishment" to sleep. Suppose the building is not good. Then the whole Pennypacker philosophy falls to the ground and the windows of the House of Optimism are darkened.

If we did not get good work, then I was deceived and we were all deceived, and the state has been defrauded and it is an especially wicked thing. It is, in my judgment, not only a fraud, but it is a species of treason.

Sanderson and Huston merely broke the laws against commercial dishonesty if they duped the state Board of Public Grounds and Buildings and took illicit profits on contracts. But a sympathetic world will agree that they committed a far more heinous crime when they stilled the "astonishment" of a great jurist, philosopher and statesman and delivered him defenceless to the "we told you so" recriminations of his critics and enemies.

THE FOULING OF THE HARBOR.

An apt retort was made the other day by "The Newark Evening News" upon some New Yorkers who with more animation than information or judgment rage against the pollution of New York Bay with "Eau de Passaic" from the proposed New Jersey trunk sewer, with the shrewd reminder that New York is itself already polluting those waters with "Eau de Battery," "Eau de Manhattan" and "Eau de Harlem", to a far greater extent than all the communities of the Passaic Valley are likely or able to do. The point must be regarded as well and truly made. New Jersey has just as good a right as New York to use the Hudson and the bay as an open sewer, and New York has no moral right to object. To do so would be an egregious example of the big pot's calling the little kettle black.

There is another point, however, which Newark ought to consider as specially affecting its own interests, and of which the United States government might well take cognizance. That is that the proposed sewer will be a grave menace to the commercial facilities of the New Jersey metropolis and will cause them injuries which will have to be abated at much cost. It will pour vast quantities of solid matter into the harbor. Of course, New York's sewers do that on a much larger scale. But these latter empty their contents into broad and deep waters, with strong tides and currents, so that their discharge does comparatively little harm—though it does some harm, as the need for dredging along the waterfront proves. But the Passaic sewer would pour its contents into narrow and shallow waters with feeble currents, where it seems certain the solid matter would largely be deposited. The channels would be made shallower and a serious obstacle to navigation would be presented. Now, Newark wants and ought to have a deep waterway from the Passaic to the Atlantic. It would be poor policy for her to fill up the channels of her own commerce, and it would be with poor grace that, having done so, she could ask the United States government to deepen those channels again.

Our Newark friends should distinguish, also, between those New Yorkers who so idly clamor against "Eau de Passaic" without appreciation of the facts and those who are intelligently and discriminatingly moving for general sewerage reform. The Merchants' Association of this city, which is leading the campaign against the pouring of crude New Jersey sewage into the Staten Island kills, has for a still longer time and with even more vigor been fighting against New York's own defilement of the harbor waters. It is earnestly opposing the Bronx sewer scheme, which in at least one important particular is worse than the Passaic scheme, inasmuch as it would bring into the Hudson a huge volume of sewage from an alien watershed, while, of course, the Staten Island kills are the natural outlet for the Passaic Valley. It has, moreover, with some effect urged a comprehensive system of redemption of New York Harbor from much of the flood of crude sewage from this city which is now so wastefully and filthily poured into it.

Our attitude toward the whole matter is perfectly simple. We do not for a moment question the urgent need of improved sewer systems in the Passaic and Bronx valley. They were needed long ago and should have been supplied long ago. But on sanitary and economic as well as æsthetic grounds we do not believe in pouring crude sewage into either potable or navigable waters if it is possible to do otherwise. In these two cases it is easy to do otherwise. It is probable that the construction of trunk sewers would be the best means of giving relief to the communities of the two regions in question. But those sewers should not empty directly into the river, the harbor or the Sound, but into sewage farms or rendering works, where the solid portions would be retained for industrial utilization and only the inoffensive and innocuous liquid part be permitted to escape into the water. That is what has been done by other communities far larger than these and far less conveniently situated for the purpose, and it has been done with ease and profit, and that is what the communities of the Passaic and Bronx valleys should do.

MONEY AND BUSINESS.

Instead of attributing last week's dulness in the security market to horse races and similar extraneous influences, a more reasonable explanation may be found in the apathy of the general public and a financial situation which does not encourage speculative purchases by professional operators. More new low records of daily trading were established for recent years, the only interest being aroused by an express company that announced a special dividend. A sharp rise occurred in the price of that security, but the average of the sixty most active railway shares did not show a net change of 10 cents a share for the week, and the market is now at about the low point for recent years, or $30 a share below the maximum. All the news, outside of monetary considerations, has an encouraging tone. Railway earnings steadily rise above all previous records, crop prospects have become much brighter, and general business revives under the stimulus of seasonable weather. Much disappointment followed the failure of the Reading directors to increase the dividend, that stock having received a large share of the small speculative attention on account of rumors that the rate would be increased.

High rates have prevailed in the money market, call loans ruling above 3 per cent for the first time in some months, and there was a disposition among the banks to advance term accommodation, especially on loans running over the end of the year. It is somewhat unusual to find the call money market hardening at a time when there is no speculative interest, but preparations for July disbursements and exports of gold combined to give a fractional advance. The outgo of gold that began on May 27 has now amounted to $18,500,000, and there is every reason to expect further shipments, as exchange rates remain at almost the highest point of the year and the Bank of England has followed the example of the Bank of France, remitting the loss of interest in transit to shippers. With Europe so importunate for gold, it is impossible to check the movement, and this nation is apparently in strong position to alleviate the foreign situation. When the crops call for money there may be pressure, and proposed issues of new securities will also need funds, but these matters usually adjust themselves automatically. It may prove that Europe has no permanent use for the gold now being secured here, and any rise in domestic rates above a parity with London or Paris may start a movement westward, although the recent ratio of imports to exports of merchandise has been most unfavorable and the normal trade balance can be restored only by a large autumn outgo of grain and cotton.

Settled summer weather was tardy in appearing, but its advent brought out the distribution of seasonable merchandise that had been expected. Dealers' stocks were reduced materially and a better feeling was generated in the entire commercial world. Activity was most pronounced at retail, extending from the big department stores in the cities to the small country dealers in the interior. A few weeks of sustained high temperature may bring retail stocks down to the point where duplicate orders will be necessary, and wholesale branches will in turn be busy. Drygoods, clothing and all forms of summer wearing apparel lead in activity, but staples have also felt the stimulus of normal weather. Outing goods find ready sale, and the summer resorts have started a season which will be short unless early losses are made up by a late fall. In some lines there is the quiet usual at this time of year, but, as a rule, there is much more activity in business than is customary at the close of June. Business at Western cities last week made an excellent comparison with the figures of a year previous, as indicated by gains in bank clearings of from 7.4 per cent at Cincinnati to 45 at San Francisco, with such intermediate records as 17 at Chicago, 27.5 at Minneapolis and 41.3 per cent at Kansas City. A new monthly record of immigration in May is also significant.

At the commodity exchanges option prices have become most irregular, speculators hesitating between large consumption and better crop prospects. Dispatches from the South are almost unanimous in telling of improved cotton conditions, but the market holds about $10 a bale above the price a year ago, which was $9 higher than that of 1905. Hence, the market seems to have discounted a considerable decrease in size of the crop and also to make a fair allowance for well maintained activity among spinners. It would not require much increase in general crop expectations to supply a normal year's needs, including the heavy stocks now on hand, whereas prices are beginning to affect the movement to Northern spinners. On the other hand, exports last week were considerably larger than in 1906. Grain prospects have improved rapidly of late, many tardy sections now reporting conditions normal, and early wheat harvesting is about to begin. As the weather reports became more favorable there was a downward tendency in prices, but export orders came forward so freely that losses were generally recovered.

Some contraction of industrial activity is customary at this time, many plants closing during the last week of June for repairs and inventories. The first half of 1907 has made a remarkable record at most mills and factories, and machinery is in need of overhauling. Had the crop outlook continued discouraging it is probable that the vacation period would have been prolonged, but the favorable weather of the last ten days has renewed confidence in liberal consumption, and there is prospect of another big six months' volume. Some labor controversies are pending, but fewer than usual, and the manufacturing outlook is bright. Cotton mills have ceased to take forward contracts because of the large business on hand and fear of speculation and cancellation, while the opening of the new raw wool season is attracting much better prices than had been expected, Eastern dealers being assured that mill stocks are light. In the footwear industry there is still a disposition to delay placing contracts until raw material prices become settled, hides having declined still further.

"The Atlanta Georgian" prints an attractive picture on its first page with the caption, "The Park Zebra Poses for the Georgian." Who can resist its accomplished editor, Mr. John Temple Graves? Where another paper would have contented itself with "snapshotting" the zebra, the creature smiles sweetly and "poses" for Georgia's most eloquent son.

Belated but welcome is the Secretary of War's intention to seek from Congress at its next session an appropriation for entertaining foreign visitors at military posts. American officers have for years been royally entertained while studying military conditions in foreign lands, and some governments have even been courteous and liberal enough to pay all the living expenses of our visiting officers, their guests. This country's practice has been to let the officers foot all the entertainment bills, save in extraordinary cases. A pleayune policy, indeed, and one which ought to be changed at once. Similarly naval commanders in foreign waters—and not infrequently at home also—ought to have an allowance to defray the cost of the hospitality which they are compelled to exercise by every consideration of personal courtesy and national credit.

Hope and pessimism mingle in the news that after a twenty-six year struggle the citizens of Morningside Heights have succeeded in compelling a street railway company to remove two superfluous tracks which have half ruined Amsterdam avenue. Perhaps the company is finally yielding only because its claim to franchise rights covering the disputed territory is not questioned by the terms of the compromise, but in any case the conditions under which this "people's victory" has been earned and the time taken in earning it are not highly encouraging to those who would like to see certain reforms consummated early enough so that the grandchildren of present day babes and sucklings may enjoy their benefits.

It is not a case for the Hague conference, to be sure, but the international issue raised by the Italian pick and shovel wielders of this city may well prove a serious one if contractors continue to ignore the protests against Irish foremen. Erin go Bragh! and all that, but the hard fact remains that Irishmen make poor bosses for Italians. The average Hibernian does not speak Sicilianese fluently save with his fists and heels; furthermore, he is too willing to impress his Latin underlings with the marvellous powers of the Celts by setting an impossible pace. This trick the Italians are vigorously objecting to, and we don't blame them. The truth is, a gang of Italians do, without urging, half again as much work as an equal number of Limerick men will.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Thomas Lord, an English Congregational minister, still conducts services, though on April 22 he was 100 years old. He has been preaching for seventy-five years.

Dr. Arthur Amos Noyes, educator and author, professor of theoretical chemistry and director of the research laboratory of physical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is to be named by the executive committee to act as president of the institute till the vacancy caused by the departure of President Henry S. Pritchett on July 1 is permanently filled.

The Rev. Edward Twichell Ware, Yale, '97, the new president of Atlanta University, is a son of Edmund Asa Ware, the first president of the institution.

Robert A. Smith, Mayor of St. Paul, Minn., was eighty years old last Thursday. He has held that place, with the exception of two terms, since 1887.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in spite of his seventy-three years, is as upright to-day as he was thirty years ago. He attributes this erectness to his invariable custom of writing at a high desk in a standing position. As a relaxation, Mr. Baring-Gould, like the late Mr. Gladstone, often spends a couple of hours chopping down trees.

The Rev. Dr. William H. Rice, pastor of the John Heckewelder Memorial Moravian Church of Gradenhütten, Ohio, was elected chaplain of the Department of Ohio, at the recent annual Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Canton. Dr. Rice served as chaplain of the 129th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, which belonged to Tyler's Brigade, of Humphreys's division of the Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.

Queen Alexandra's private library, says a London exchange, is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom. Her kindness to budding and full blown authors is as well known and genuine as her love of good works, and consequently few days pass unmarked by the arrival of a number of sumptuously bound and beautifully printed books and magazines, accompanied by requests for her majesty's acceptance. Her majesty always accepts, and sees that a civilly worded note of thanks is dispatched to the aspiring author.

John Oscar Sheatz, Pennsylvania's coming state treasurer, is of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, the Baldwin Locomotive Works and the coal trade. He's a great-great-grandson of the John Jacob Mickley who in 1777, when the British were moving upon Philadelphia, carried the Liberty Bell in his farm wagon to Allentown, where it was safely hidden in the basement of the Reformed Church.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A stock broker, whose office is not far from the exchange, is an enthusiastic bridge whist player, and by an arrangement with friends who are equally fond of the game interesting bridge sessions took place at his office every day, after business hours, for several weeks. A strict record was kept of the winnings and losses in the game, which began modestly with one cent a point and gradually advanced to a much higher figure, but no money ever changed hands. The closing session for the season was held last week, and when the books were balanced it was found that the accounts were so nearly alike that no more than a few dollars fell to the "plus" men, and the amount was promptly sent to a non-sectarian institution, with this note: "The bridge earnings of four brokers, who found bridge more profitable than stocks—sometimes."

Kind Lady—And are they good to you in the workhouse?

Tramp—Oh, no, ma'am, they're werry cruel; they makes us wash ourselves.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An ingenious method is employed to deliver letters to the islands of the Tonga group, in the Pacific Ocean. These islands, guarded as they are by dangerous rocks and breakers, are hazardous to approach, and would often, were the ordinary routine of delivery employed, have to go letterless. To overcome this difficulty the steamer which carries the mails is supplied with skyrockets, by means of which letters are projected across the danger zone to the shore. A floating postoffice, consisting of a painted cask, is attached by chips to the rocks at the extreme point of Tierra del Fuego, in South America. To this strange postoffice, which is under the joint protection of all nations, every passing ship sends a boat to post and collect letters.

"No, I don't care for English opera."

"Why not?"

"Because it bothers me to listen to what the singers are saying when I want to talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Last month's annual marriage fair at Ecaussinas, Belgium, resulted in twenty-seven matrimonial engagements, and it is said to be probable that about a dozen more bachelors will soon make up their minds to enter the state of wedlock. Every year this fair is held, so that instead of emigrating the young men may settle down at home. Maidens and bachelors lunch together, and opportunities are thus afforded for forming acquaintances. The young women wear their best dresses and the bachelors are encouraged by mottoes posted in the market place, such as "A bachelor is only half a man."

He—Are you good at conundrums?

She—Yes.

He—Well, here is one: If I were to propose to you, what would you say?—Illustrated Bits.

Sir William Garston has recommended that the great dam at Assouan, Egypt, be raised nearly twenty-three feet, which would more than double the present water supply. The dam now supplies about a quarter of the water which eventually will be needed in Egypt. With the proposed enlargement about 950,000 acres of land would be brought under cultivation. The change would cost about $7,500,000. Since the establishment of the Assouan reservoir the sale value of lands already provided with perennial irrigation has increased by about $122,500,000, and this figure, when canals now under construction are completed, will be increased to approximately $140,000,000. In addition to this the cotton crop, which last year amounted to $140,000,000, has been assured.

"Gerty says she's twenty-eight. Do you believe that?"

"Sure I do. To my certain knowledge she was all of that ten years ago."—Baltimore American.

The popular reference to coal as "black diamonds" is nearer to the truth than would seem possible on the surface, says "The Dundee Advertiser." Between the two there is, so to speak, a blood relation, diamonds being, in fact, crystallized carbon. According to the latest experiments, acetylene would seem to be viewed as the connecting link between the two. From acetylene there has been obtained by M. Huban, an engineer, a fine color of the tint known as smoke black, while two chemists, MM. Caro and Franck, pursuing research into the essential properties of acetylene still further by subjecting it to a temperature of 1,600 degrees, obtained hard graphite, which is "coal" of a highly superior order, and is thought to stand midway between ordinary coal and the diamond crystals, which they think can be obtained by further pressure.

Inquisitive Acquaintance—Have you ever thought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you are half a mile or more up in the air?

Daring Aeronaut—Often. I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT THE KING HAS IN HIS POCKETS.

From Tit-Bits.

Like every man who values the look of his clothes, King Edward carries very little in his pockets besides a handkerchief. In his waistcoat pocket he carries a gold pencil case, a cigar cutter, a little pass key, a gold watch, carefully regulated by Greenwich time, and half a dozen sovereigns. In his coat pocket he carries a tiny note book, and in the winter he puts his gloves in the pocket of his topcoat. The King never carries a cigar case, except a gold case which holds one cigar, but he almost always has a small box of lozenges. Unlike his nephew, the Kaiser, he never carries a fountain pen in his pocket.

CHINESE CAPITALISTS IN MEXICO.

From Modern Mexico.

Chinese residents in Torreon, headed by Foon Chuck and Dr. J. W. Linun, have secured a concession to build an electric street railroad beginning at the cemetery and ending at New Torreon, where they have large land holdings. They are the founders of the so-called New Torreon, which is the western part of the city. It is understood that the concession carries with it provision that it will hold good unless the old company there will build the proposed line, and in the event it will not build the Chinese can go ahead after four months. It is rumored that the company now operating has decided not to build the Chinese extension, as it will mean an expenditure of $200,000.

MONEY IN FROGS' LEGS.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Thanks to the perseverance of a number of prospecting youngsters, residents of Haddington and Overbrook may now have daily suppers of choice frogs' legs. A veritable mine of frogs was discovered a week ago by members of a juvenile baseball team who were playing near 63d and Market streets. A fly ball was knocked into a ditch, and the fielders who chased it found fully two dozen frogs holding a convention on the shore of the little stream. The game was stopped and the boys got busy in the ditch with their hats. More than half a hundred frogs were captured in the first raid. They were made ready for the market by the youngsters, who had little trouble in selling them at 50 cents a dozen. Since the discovery the boys have been prospecting daily, and hundreds of frogs have been gathered in during the last few days. Unfortunately for the discoverers, the news has spread and now the frog fields have been invaded by so many youngsters that the price has been cut down.

AT THE FRENCH RACES

Many Americans Go to Auteuil and Longchamps.

Paris, June 11.

The transatlantic invasion of Paris is the feature of the present season. Not since the world's fair of 1900 have there been so many Americans in Paris. Our countrywomen have taken the Rue de la Paix by storm, while their husbands, fathers, brothers or fiancés seem to have captured the Bois de Boulogne, with its open-air restaurants, and the racecourses of Auteuil and Longchamps. Over 200,000 persons attended the Grand Steeplechase of Paris at Auteuil on Sunday, and of these at least 6,000 were Americans. This and the mail coach meeting to-morrow are the smartest sporting gatherings of the year, for the Grand Prix de Paris, which will be run next Sunday, has become, like the English Derby, a festival of democracy, and the elaborate gowns of society leaders are no longer worn amid the rush and crush of the popular event at Longchamps. Racing will continue in the environs of Paris until the middle of July, and as thousands of American visitors will, perhaps for the first time, put in an appearance at the French meetings a well known New York patron of the turf whom I met at the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil suggested the utility of a cursory description of the way Parisians attend the races.

Long before the gates of the beautiful racecourse were open green, shady Auteuil was thronged by an eager, pleasure loving crowd drawn from every quarter of Paris. By road and by rail, by steamboat, tramcar, break or 'bus, they flocked in thousands to witness the great steeplechase of the year. The old hands brought campstools and they fell into orderly cues at the gates, prepared to wait as long as necessary to insure getting a good place within the fence. Not even a short, sharp thunder shower damped their ardor. The women put up their sunshades and remarked optimistically to one another, "It is a passing storm," and held their ground.

By 2 o'clock the long chestnut avenues leading from the Auteuil gates to the banks of the Seine opposite St. Cloud were lined with vehicles of every description. There were imposing motor breaks belonging to the different tourist companies which had brought foreign visitors to the race meeting; there were old fashioned two story omnibuses, which had been requisitioned for the occasion; there were enormous, high chars-à-bancs, drawn by four horses, which had brought all the factory hands of Belleville on the east and Montrouge on the south, and it appeared as though every cab in the capital had made its way to the pretty little suburb in the Bois de Boulogne.

At intervals the route was dotted with impromptu "buffets." Paris always indulges in a snack in the course of an afternoon, which it calls a "casse-croûte." The "casse-croûte" of the cabmen is apt to be a trifle solid, as a glance around these picnic tables will show. Loaves of bread yards in length were flanked by slices of garlic-seasoned legs of mutton and large Arles sausages. The white, shiny hatted "Urbaines" and their yellow cockaded rivals broke their crusts side by side and forgot professional jealousy as they discussed the chances of the favorite for the great event. Wherever two roads met, even in remote spots, where no racegoers could have been expected, one came upon ramshackle tables, their shaky legs hidden beneath red turkey twill and further covered by a clean white cloth, on which there stood a large glass barrel of some yellow decoction which should have been lemonade to judge by the slices of lemon floating on top. The sultry weather made everybody thirsty, and a lively trade was done in glasses of the mixture at two cents apiece. It looked cooler than it really was, thanks to the block of ice laid across the barrel.

By the time the gates were thrown upon to the public the "smart set" had begun to arrive in motor cars of the latest pattern. A contingent of Bourbon princes and princesses drove in from their palace in the neighborhood of the racecourse, the Parc des Princes, their handsome liveries, with gold corded footmen, conspicuous among the plainer liveries and tri-colored cockades of republican officialdom. The grandstands began to look like gigantic jardinieres, so flowerlike and many hued were the toilets of the women. Seen from these more favored places, the dense, seething masses on the other side of the course, in the 20-cent inclosure, were rather to be pitied, as they had to bear the full heat of the sun and were condemned to stand or walk the whole afternoon.

Judged from the grandstands, admission to which costs ten francs for women and twenty for men, Auteuil is as pretty a course as could be seen. There are bouquets of trees in exactly the right places to shield the stands from the summer sun and a pleasant breeze blows up from the river, from the fine woods of St. Cloud and Meudon. Then there are no noisy, shouting betting men. If you want to put your money on a horse, you walk around the offices of the "pari mutuel," and above each little ticket window is marked up the amount of the bet which will be accepted at each. These range from five francs up, and, having placed your money at the window, you receive an automatically punched ticket which may or may not bring you fortune. Whatever happens, however, you cannot be robbed, and even if you lose you have the pleasant knowledge that your stake has gone toward the upkeep of the Paris hospitals and other charitable establishments, and not into the pockets of some unscrupulous "bookie."

There is a good deal more emotion about steeplechasing, of course, than there is about flat racing. At Auteuil the excitement is intense when once the horses are off and are making their way along the figure of eight course, over, around or through the obstacles. None of these are very alarming. The water jump is comparatively insignificant and the hurdles are not impressive. Still, there is never a steeplechase without an accident, and when a horse leaves his jockey in the pool and continues his way through the intricacies of the track in the wake of