

NEW HOME THIS FALL FOR THE JUNGLE MONSTERS

Gunda, the Elephant; Pete, the Hippo, and the Rhinoceros Talk It Over.

"Well, I see the new elephant house will be ready for us in a few days," said Gunda, the financier of the New York Zoological Park, counting the pennies in his bank with trunk's end.

"It's the sweetest building in the park, too," observed Pete, the hippo. "I just love those friezes and facades."

"Quit showing off, Pete," grunted the two-horned African rhinoceros. "You heard those sculpture fellows talking. They said they were modelling our high brows for posterity to look at, but you don't know what they mean."

"I beg your pardon. My head is certainly in the frieze," said Pete coldly.

"And where is it?" retorted the rhino. "Along with the tapir, where folks don't much notice it. They couldn't put a face like yours in a prominent position, like they got me and my distinguished side partner from Indiana. We're plumb in the centre above the main north and south entrances."

"You chaps make me laugh," said the African elephant, scratching his ear with his hind foot. "The house is built most specially for our elephants and they got two sculptures of our heads, trunks and tusks on the sides of both entrances."

"My heads were done by the celebrated sculptor, A. P. Proctor, who sculpted the monkey house and birdhouse and lionhouse," said Gunda.

"Yes, he has the name," admitted the African. "But I say that Charley Knight has put more action into my trunk, which looks like it was reaching for a bag of peanuts, and my ears is certainly exquisite."

"Director Hornaday tells me the building cost the city \$147,500, without the yards and fences, which will be \$50,000 plunks more," said Gunda, the financier. "It is a monumental structure, built entirely of brick and Indiana limestone, dominating the other houses and set in a splendid grove of oaks and hickories. If we didn't know that the bunch of us are valued at \$50,000, which is more than the same number of average human beings are worth, alive or dead, we'd feel shy about living in such a palace."

"No apologies from me," piped Congo, the African baby elephant. "The scientists call me a 'type specimen,' and I'm written up in the books as the rare small-eared West African. They used to make fun of me when I had a spell of bolts and had to wear patent boots for weak ankles, but now that I'm healthy and strong, thanks to 'Doc' Blair, and my pedigree has been discovered, everybody treats me right, and you bet I'm not too modest to move into the new shack."

"Roosting is a detestable habit of wild beasts," said the one-horned Indian rhinoceros, gravely. "yet I feel it my duty to tell you all that I'm about the rarest bird in this outfit. Until they got me, last year, there hadn't been one of my kind in the market for ten years. His royal highness the Maharajah of Nepal got up a special hunt with thousands of shikaris, and captured just one of us of whom I have the honor to be which."

"Give us some details about the new house, Gunda," said Pete, the hippo. "You're good on figures."

DETAIL OF CARVING SHOWING HEADS OF RHINOCEROS AND TAPIR.



"I hear they got a safe deposit vault for Gunda-haw, haw," chortled the African rhino. "He takes so many pennies from babies he can't spend 'em all."

"Go on, you're jealous of a legitimate business success," replied the financier. "The architecture of the new structure, as far as I can make out, is of the zoological renaissance style. It is one storied, 155 feet long and 78 feet wide, with a lofty rotunda in the centre. You call it a rotunda on the inside and a dome on the outside. The dome is 76 feet high, composed of solid tiling and outwardly adorned with ornaments of blue, orange, green and white glazed tiles. Perhaps they call this a frieze. There are ample window spaces around the dome to let in light, while the spoked stack of an independent heating plant is cunningly concealed in a slender cupola. The cages, or I should say apartments, are extraordinarily spacious, and ranged around the sides of the interior. Each one has a useful as well as ornamental dado of chilled steel upon walls of Roman mottled brick. It would be a waste for us not to kick the dado. A skylight, 8 by 12 feet, insures each apartment plenty of illumination. The double doors leading into separate yards are of four-inch oak.

lined with quarter-inch steel plate, fastened by three steel channel bars sliding into wall grooves. The doors weigh 250 pounds. I wouldn't advise any of you to try to butt through them. And you needn't duck your heads when the doors are open, because they're more than eleven feet high. We shall enjoy the luxury of being heated by a hot water system, though I don't know whether bath tubs will be provided, except for the hippo and the tapirs. Pete has a swimming tank 22 by 24 feet and 5 1/2 feet deep, with a flight of concrete steps leading into it. Thank goodness, this isn't Asbury Park, so he don't have to worry about the cut of his bathing suit. All the cages have iron bars two and a half inches thick, and each one weighs 175 pounds. I wish we had screens so we could shut out the fool visitors sometimes and get a little privacy. But we elephants at least are protected from doing anything rash by getting attached to anchors that are imbedded in four feet of stone and concrete. There are four large elephant cages on the south side, two small ones on

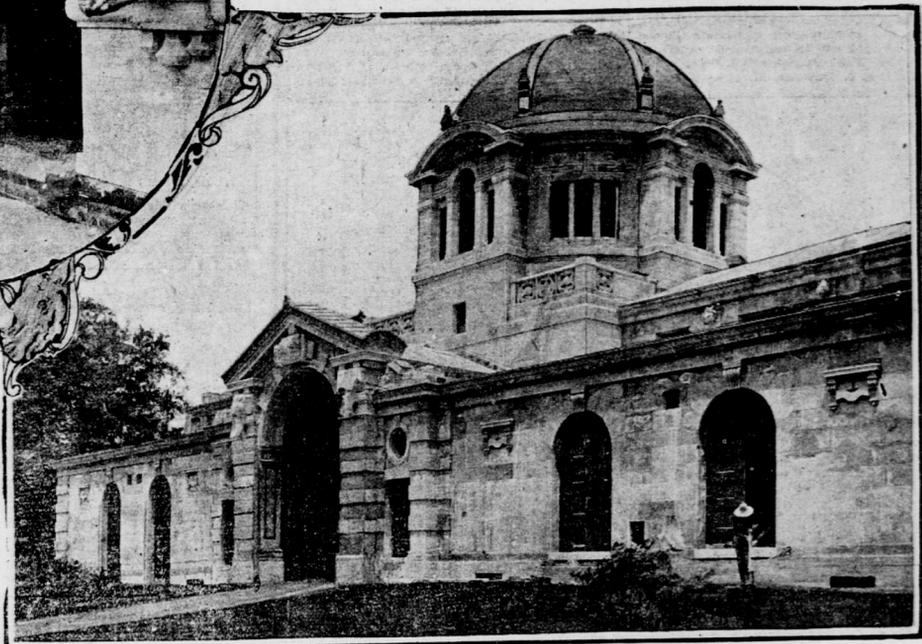
the west, the tapir tanks on the east and the hippo and rhino quarters on the north. When we get tired of the people we can look up and admire the lozenge effect of the lofty tiled arches and the falence work."

"Is there going to be any ceremony when we move into the new flat?" asked Congo.

"Yes; a prod in the back," grunted the two-horned rhino.

"No; on the level, I heard there was going to be a banquet and speechmaking."

"I believe they're going to spring some sort of a glad surprise," said Gunda. "This Professor Hagerly, of Harvard, who's living in the monkey house coaxing the monks to trade parts of speech for bananas, I hear he's going to train Dohong, the orang-outang, to give us a spell of felicitation when we march into the building. I admire Dohong for his astuteness and his table manners, but he don't seem to me large enough or dignified enough to do the Chaucery act. We'd ought to be welcomed by a gorilla."



THE NEW ELEPHANT HOUSE AT NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

DANGERS OF CARING FOR WILD ANIMALS

MANY HIGHLY COLORED TALES EXAGGERATED.

Keepers of the Bronx Zoological Garden Tell Some of Their Experiences.

What are the dangers of handling wild animals in the Bronx Zoological Park? So many tales of high color have been printed regarding deadly conflicts between men and snakes, tigers and bears, that the modest keepers hesitate to say anything on the subject. Perhaps some of them don't want their families to be frightened, and others feel the injustice of libelling harmless reptiles and four-footed beasts. It is generally the wrong animal whose ferocity is exploited in the public prints. Moreover, danger is a comparative term. A mechanic ignores the peril of whirling machinery in a power house, and an animal keeper doesn't think much of what might happen if he gave too good an opportunity to claw or fang. There are precautions of habit. The ugly or tricky beast is watched in routine. If a keeper relaxed his usual care he might be seriously hurt. The life occurs with extreme rarity.

When Keeper Toomey, in the presence of a Tribune man, opened the back door of a rattlesnake cage and gently prodded the diamond-backed reptile with a shovel until the creature raised itself to a striking position and the dry volley of its rattles sounded like two dozen crickets in chorus, there seemed to be a lot of danger in the neighborhood. Mr. Rattler's eyes had the finest fiery, his pink tongue shot out with nervous longing, and perhaps in another second he would have lunged forward at the human enemy. The visitor did not feel at all comfortable, for he was not a war correspondent nor a volunteer of science to try out a snake antitoxin. It appeared to be a dangerous position—a foolhardy experiment. Yet the keeper evidently had judged the amount of peril to a monkey, and only touched the rattler as far as it was safe to do. He knew where and how far the snake would jump. Just before that point was reached he shut the door. The rattling died away in a buzz like a run down alarm clock.

"Come on—we'll touch up the cobra," said the reptile handler.

The visitor declined to stand at the back this time. There was, perhaps, a moral thought that it was cruel to tantalize the cobra, and besides Curator Cushman had labelled this reptile as mostly responsible for twenty-five thousand deaths a year in India. True, there was the Pasteur anti-venom serum available in the curator's office, along with knives and other instruments to cut out wounds, permanganate of potash, whiskey and other antidotes, but the view was good enough through the glass front of the cage. The cobra showed himself to be an even more sensitive and high strung spirit than the rattler when the cold iron of the shovel tickled his back. He rose up, expanding his yellowish spotted hood that seemed to contain glaring eyes of hatred. The long fleshy bonnet became taut. His tongue played like a rapier as he darted forward repeatedly at the keeper. A furious hiss, loud as that of an able bodied cat, sounded with each forward lunge. He came closer to the man, doubtless expecting to reach him somewhat unawares. But the keeper ended the duel at the right moment, knowing the cunning of the cobra. He had not opened the door until he had seen through a glass peephole where the snake was lying.

Not for mere amusement are the inmates of the reptile house constantly handled by the keepers. One of them lack appetite and must be forcibly fed at intervals, while most of them need assistance every six weeks in the process of shedding their skins. The great reptile of Borneo, twenty-four feet long and thick as a man's leg, with yellowish brown markings and beautifully iridescent scales, has never eaten voluntarily during the four years of his captivity. Once in ten days occurs his scheduled feeding time. Two keepers enter his cage, throw a blanket over him and fall flat on his squinting folds. Then one of them feels for his head, gives it a gentle nudge only to a line of ten men in the corridor. The great reptile is pulled out slowly like a length of hose, and the dozen men have all they can do to hold and carry him into the dining room. The head man has the hardest job, for the python is most powerful in the neck. He is always writhing, and the strain on the wrists of the men is intense. He must be held in an absolutely straight line, so his dinner will go down without meeting any resistance. At the end of a twelve-foot pole, is rammed down his throat. The pole must be shoved all the way to reach the stomach, because his throat alone is six feet long.

It was some time ago that the big python managed to release himself during the feeding opera-

tion enough to coil around the legs of Keepers Snyder and Toomey. He might have crushed their bones if they had not been speedily rescued. Once the snake actually escaped from the keepers' room around the dining room until the keepers took breath and nabbed him again all together. It takes less muscle and more care to handle the poisonous snake. Two men are generally enough to feed the eight-foot rattler, or assist the water moccasin shed his old skin. A forked stick catches the reptile behind the head, then one man seizes the dangerous end and the other keeper calmly ticks the dead skin by hand. Sometimes a snake doesn't know enough to soak itself in water for skin shedding and has to be dipped in a pail. The intelligent reptile, after soaking, climbs through the crochets of a tree set in his cage and thus rubs off the old epidermis. The Brazilian lancehead viper, which secured so much notoriety recently, is being regularly "milked" of his poison and forcibly fed with a live frog every three or four days. The dark colored water moccasin also has the honor of being "milked." The gopher and king snakes are large but harmless reptiles who appreciate the attentions of their keepers and seem to enjoy being massaged of their dead skin. The boas and rock pythons, favorites of snake charmers, behave nicely when they are frequently handled; otherwise they become wild. There is some treachery in the make-up of the eighteen-foot royal python, who lies in wait in his cage ready to lunge at the keeper when the back door is opened. He can't poison, but he could knock a man down with the impact of his horny snout.

"Yes, the deer are more dangerous and treacherous than people think," said John Quinn, the deer keeper. "It's the males that are bad in the breeding season, when their horns are full grown, and

strayed in to get a drink at the pond. The entire herd of deer chased the dog and stamped on him with their sharp hoofs, so that he barely escaped with his life. Not far from this enclosure the visitor was introduced to the champion of all dangerous and ugly deer, a seven-year-old horned Sambar from India. This buck has never shed his antlers, which consist of two small and two large sharp prongs. His horns are regularly sawn off and he is kept in solitary confinement most of the time. His horse tail and coarse brown hair filled with mud gave him an untidy, disreputable appearance. The mere sight of human beings caused the long hair on his neck to rise, his ears flew back, he gritted his teeth with an ugly jaw twist and a very audible snarl. He snorted wrathfully. As soon as the chance seemed good to hurt some one he quickly jabbed his prongs through the wires of the double fence. The keeper was unable to empty the watering trough and give the animal fresh water until the visitor had decoyed him some distance away. The buck was glad to follow anybody in the hope of impaling him through the wires. In the breeding season the bucks not only fight among themselves but sometimes injure the females. It was an Alibi buck who in a fit of jealousy ripped a doe up the stomach. Dr. Blair, the zoo veterinarian, took fourteen stitches in the wound and saved the patient's life.

"The bears are all right if you watch 'em," said "Al" Ferguson, the bear keeper. "Two of us go into their cages twice a day to clean 'em out, and we don't carry anything for protection except a pair of pick handles. One man always keeps an eye out for the other man's back, because the brutes walk soft and you'd never hear them behind you. If they're asleep in their dens and you come into their cage and go too near their dens

THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Crowds Still Arriving—Sports to Receive Much Attention.

Thousand Island Park, N. Y., July 4.—The summer crowds continue to flock to the St. Lawrence shores, where nights are delightfully cool, no matter how hot the days may be.

The golfing and motor boat enthusiasts are much in evidence just now, in preparation for the mid-summer tournaments and racing at Frontenac and the Thousand Islands Yacht Club, near Alexandria Bay. Several tennis tournaments will also be held in August, for which valuable prize cups will be offered. Mrs. Alfred Graham Miles, of New York, daughter of George C. Boldt, owner of Heart Island, at Alexandria Bay, is one of the clever amateur tennis players of this region, and is always entered for the Thousand Island Yacht Club singles and doubles.

New York motor boat owners who belong to clubs in the American Power Boat Association will leave Albany about August 15 for a cruise to Chippewa Bay, near here, where on August 19-21 the gold cup contest will take place. The contest this season will excite widespread attention, on account of its being of a more open nature, no restrictions existing as to rating statistics. All craft of 40-foot waterline or under may compete, with any style engine.

The following New York arrivals are noted this week at hotels within the Thousand Island region: Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay—S. J. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hagen, J. H. Blum, Mr. and Mrs. R. Willis, W. J. Richardson, C. C.

BAR HARBOR.

Formal Festivities Begin with the Fourth—Many Arrivals.

Bar Harbor, Me., July 4.—The first real start on the summer's festivities began to-night, when the first boat of the season was held at the Swimming Club. The Fourth of July, according to an unwritten tradition, is supposed to begin formal festivities, and a pleasant dance marked the occasion. Decorations in keeping with the occasion and the affair were displayed at the clubhouse, and the affair was successful in every way.

The last week has had various kinds of happenings, from a sneak thief down. The butler at Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop's cottage found a suspicious looking individual in the yard, who dropped his plunder and ran when questioned. Several valuable clocks and other articles, plunder from cottages and hotels, were found on him, and the thief was arrested by a policeman. Last year the cottage of A. Howard Hinkle, of Cincinnati, was entered while the family were at dinner and several thousand dollars' worth of jewels carried off, the first robbery here in a number of years.

The Building of Arts has announced a second series of concerts during the months of July and August, similar to those of last season, which proved so popular. The first is to be given by Mme. Louise Homer on July 26, and the Adamowski singing and developing in heart as well as in head. Much of this, of course, may come from the home, the Sunday school and the Church, as it ought to, but I believe also that it is in a large measure supplemented in the school, whether secularized or not. I have never taken any statistics on the subject, but have frequently sought to observe, with a view of forming some opinion, and I believe just as late a proposition of boys from parochial schools get into the kind of juvenile troubles which we call crime as those from the public schools.

I am strongly inclined, however, to believe that more religious training, more real education of the human heart, is needed in all of our schools. I have come to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in our application or teaching of ethics in the schools, parochial or public. Answering the fourth question, I am a part of those who lay much stress upon immigration as a cause of crime in this country, whether adult or juvenile. My own investigations of police records (and I have investigated those of nearly all the large cities) have rather startled me by showing how few of our juvenile criminals are of foreign parentage. Perhaps more children of immigrants get into court, but my judgment is that this is largely because of poverty and ignorance.

I am coming more and more to the conclusion that the causes of crime must be searched for among those evils that afflict our social, economic, industrial and political conditions. The prayer most repeated is that one containing the supplication, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"; but many of the conditions in this civilization of ours gainsay the prayer.—Charities and the Commons.



MERRymAKERS AT THE OUTING OF BLOOMINGDALE BROTHERS' EMPLOYEES.

the females when they have young. Between the two sexes, each ugly about half the year, it makes a man jump to get along with a whole skin. There's a male deer from British Columbia, not a big fellow, but he knocked me down right in this yard and kept me there for several minutes trying to run his horns through me. Then Keeper Toomey came along and grabbed him by the horns, and we both clubbed him into temporary submission. Nothing can really cure 'em when they have the ugly fit on.

"The elk are bad customers. You can see how that tin water pipe was ripped off the stable roof—it was done by a crazy buck. Stanley, a six-year-old elk, acts very pleasant now, but once he turned on me behind that gate, and I smashed a heavy pine club on his skull without stopping him. I had to beat it to the stable. We have to put Stanley in solitary confinement from October to March. He'll even wreck a tin water pail if you leave it in his stall. The bucks would kill one another if we allowed them together in the breeding season. The females have no horns, but they stick together in attacking what they consider a common enemy. I was chased around a tree by three females at once, and, though I had a club, I was glad enough to reach the fence and get over it."

Mr. Quinn blew a blast on a child's wooden bugle to summon the herd of elk that were clustered around the shady hillside. Some of the bucks came slowly forward at the food signal, while the females moved only to get between their young and the approaching visitors. The bucks were still in a fighting mood, for their antlers were not in "velvet," but the mothers of wattle-legged little elk made up for it by their militant suspicion and pugnacity. The mothers even tyrannize over the males at this time of year, said the keeper, taking revenge for masculine brutality in the mating season. When the keeper closely approached the wire fence on either side of the range, a large eyed, innocent looking mother followed his movements and made a startlingly sudden dash at him. Only the heavy fence stopped her valiant attack.

The enclosure of the European red deer resembled the kennel of an unfortunate dog who

they may rush out at you. They don't like to be disturbed when taking a nap. We go into their dens to clean 'em out after seeing they're not inside. They're in their worst temper in the breeding season, the months of May, June and July. The fathers mostly kill the babies. We haven't had any serious trouble since 'Zip' Slusher, who works in the small deer house now, was crippled three years ago by a Syrian bear he had. The bear grabbed his leg and tore it. Bears fight a lot among themselves, especially the European and Asiatic brown bears, which are together. Now watch that big Alaskan stand up about seven feet in his stockings and make believe to box. Some folks think he's a ball player, but he got that from imitating me throwing leaves of bread and meat into his cage. He makes that for a grub signal."

There was excitement in the outdoor alligator pool at this time. A six-foot 'gator caught a little one in his jaws, and would not let go, although harried by a keeper's spiked pole. There was such a mix-up of scaly tails and monstrous jaws that the tragic finish of the little one could not be told until most of the water had been drained from the pool. The keeper in hip boots fearlessly stood amid the congregation of hideous saurians, washing down the rocky walls of the pool with a hose. They marched past him and in front of him by twos and threes, like a Noachian procession. When the dead body of the little one was found the keeper gave the murderer a few kicks of moral purport. The unrepentant reptile answered with a threat of ghastly teeth, whereupon he received a prodding with the spiked pole. He might easily have grabbed the keeper by the leg, and when a 'gator once grabs he doesn't quit, but the animal decided to be good. The oldest and biggest alligator, who is blind in one eye, seemed to be on friendly terms with the keeper and allowed himself to be petted on his ridged tail as he slowly clambered out of the pool. A big 'gator in the reptile house is shy one foreleg, which he lost in combat with another of his kind some time ago.

Willie (studying geography)—Say, pa, what is a strait?
Absent Minded Pa—Nina, get back, you're kicking Chicago Sierra.

A GROUP OF MAY DAY MERRymAKERS.

The above is a photograph of a randomly selected group of some of the junior assistants and their chaperons from the store of Bloomingdale Bros. on the occasion of the annual outing recently extended them by the firm. The party was given on the East Green of Central Park, at 72d street, and comprised all the younger people employed in Bloomingdale's department store, at 89th street and Third Avenue. The day was passed in games of all sorts and feasting, unlimited quantities of sandwiches, fruit, cakes, ice cream, etc., being supplied by the firm. The chaperons in direct charge of the party were Miss Jennie Bellman, Miss Twist, Miss Becker, Miss Larkin and Miss Bartels.

HOTEL GRAMATAN TO BE ENLARGED.

Plans completed for a large addition to the Hotel Gramatan will this summer give Bronxville the largest job of construction work the Lawrence Park section has had in several seasons. The new building will take the place of the wing burned about three weeks ago. The Lawrence estate intends to make a record for dispatch in reerecting buildings as labor and materials are abundant. It will therefore be possible to have the new structure ready for occupancy late in the fall. An increase of fully one-third in the number of rooms will be afforded in the new addition, while there is to be a proportionate increase in connected baths. In the new building there will be rooms on both sides of the hall.

PUBLIC SCHOOL AND JUVENILE CRIMES

JUDGE LINDSEY, OF DENVER, DISCUSSES SUBJECT.

Poverty the Chief Cause—The Home More to Blame than the School.

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver.

A letter came to me the other day from a superintendent of schools in New England asking the following questions:

In your opinion, to what extent is the public school system responsible for juvenile crime? To what extent are those crimes due to a lack of co-operation between the home and the school? To what extent is the increase of juvenile crime due to the secularization of schools? How far does immigration contribute this unfortunate condition? His questions and my answers may be suggestive to others.

I cannot say that the public school system is in any particular responsible for juvenile crime. The public school system represents education, and education has done more to reduce crime than almost any other cause. Of course, I recognize that there are some shortcomings in the public school system. For instance, in my judgment, if we had more of that kind of training which would equip children for industrial efficiency through the more direct teaching of trades or the furnishing of some kind of a commercial training it would make of the children breadwinners, and everything that increases the opportunities to earn a livelihood to that extent reduces the temptations to crime. I am convinced that poverty is the chief cause of crime in this country—that is, the crime that is generally punished by the courts, for the people who get into the courts are usually poor and ignorant. It is only occasionally that the crimes of the intelligent and wealthy are punished.

To hold the public school responsible for what it fails to do and might do to equip morally the future citizen would shoulder upon it the responsibility for any crime resulting from that failure. We can only urge upon the school the great importance of neglecting no opportunity to make as perfect a citizen as it is possible for it to make within the reasonable scope of its purposes and functions.

As to the second question: I would say always that the home is infinitely more responsible for juvenile crime than the school. It must come first in responsibility. An ideal condition in my judgment would make the home almost entirely responsible for the moral character of the child; but since we are face to face with the fact that so many children are homeless, without parents at all, or what is equally as bad, without parents who understand their responsibilities and endeavor to live up to them, it follows that the school must be responsible more or less for the character of the child. But where the parent has utterly failed it is frequently difficult for any school to make up the deficiency.

I think that any failure of the home or the parent in this respect, a lack of co-operation with the school, such as the interest of the parent in the school and the work of the child while in school, there is undoubtedly much child crime due to the lack of it. Habitual truancy is one of the chief causes of crime in childhood, and this condition is frequently due to a lack of effort on the part of the home and co-operation with the school. In fact, it is the duty of the school to stimulate the child in its school duties and in respect for the school and the authority in the school is responsible often for children who are backward in school, and I find that most school children who drift into crime are backward, which might, of course, have been avoided had the home done its part throughout the school period of the child.

I find the home always more to blame than the school. There is a disposition upon the part of thousands of parents in every city to shirk duties because of the idea they seem to have that it should be all performed by the school. Such parents are certainly dangerous citizens.

As to the third question, it is not free from difficulty. I think that the education of a child in a school, though secularized, must nevertheless involve a certain amount of moral training. For I feel certain that the great majority of American public school children are honest, law-abiding and developing in heart as well as in head. Much of this, of course, may come from the home, the Sunday school and the Church, as it ought to, but I believe also that it is in a large measure supplemented in the school, whether secularized or not. I have never taken any statistics on the subject, but have frequently sought to observe, with a view of forming some opinion, and I believe just as late a proposition of boys from parochial schools get into the kind of juvenile troubles which we call crime as those from the public schools.

I am strongly inclined, however, to believe that more religious training, more real education of the human heart, is needed in all of our schools. I have come to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in our application or teaching of ethics in the schools, parochial or public. Answering the fourth question, I am a part of those who lay much stress upon immigration as a cause of crime in this country, whether adult or juvenile. My own investigations of police records (and I have investigated those of nearly all the large cities) have rather startled me by showing how few of our juvenile criminals are of foreign parentage. Perhaps more children of immigrants get into court, but my judgment is that this is largely because of poverty and ignorance.

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EDGEWOOD INN.

Greenwich, Conn., July 4.—July ushers in the season of full house at the Edgewood Inn and of continual activity in all forms of social diversions. The kindness given in the auditorium by Miss Stewart and her assistants has been the main attraction this week. Among the guests at the inn taking part were the Misses Eaton, Harvey & Ladew and Charles Sabin, of New York.

This week the inn nine defeated the Glenville in a ten-ten game, the score being 8 to 7. On Wednesday they crossed bats with the Belle Haven, a team composed of boys from Brunswick School and friends, defeating them, 15 to 6.

Among the arrivals from New York were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wenman, Alexander Frazer, C. W. Crosby, Mrs. Wellington Crosby, Dr. A. Fanoni, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Meldrum, Miss Meldrum, Mrs. Joseph Marie, Miss Marie, Isaac P. Smith, Miss Juliet Smith, Miss Benedict, F. Horner, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parke, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Seth E. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Geer, W. H. Geer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Tinsley, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gilmore, Harvey S. Ladew, P. Shannon, P. J. Walsh, James A. Foley, Joseph W. Keller, J. Parker Sloane, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Gillman, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Carrington, Henry S. Carrington, W. C. Byrd, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Constable, the Misses G. and D. Constable and H. J. Barrett.

Other arrivals were Mrs. D. B. Young, Brooklyn; G. M. Noyes, New Haven; E. H. Coy, J. B. Bully, G. M. Noyes, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bully, Philadelphia; the Franceses Boyles, Miss M. Touleman, E. C. Fuller, E. R. Williams, I. M. Philadelphia; John A. Branch, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Austin, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bullen, M. D. Parker, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Voorhis, Miss J. Voorhis, Nyack, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Well, Southbridge, Mass.; Miss Alice M. Fowler, Miss Gertrude C. Tower, Brookline, Mass.; R. S. Weed, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sinclair and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis, Palmyra Manor; Mr. and Mrs. Elias Pomvart, Cuba; Mrs. S. Smith and Miss Van Anden, Brooklyn.