The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1887.

What it Will Do.

A square declaration like this enables the facts of the situation to be stated with great brevity and distinctness. Our esteemed contemporary the Chicago *Herald*, with the tariff plank lately adopted by the Virginia Democrats before its eyes, thus expresses itself:

"To demand the immediate repeal of the internal revenue system is to demand the continuance of the protective tariff."

To demand the immediate repeal of the internal revenue system is to demand the immediate abolition of the surplus which now encumbers the Treasury, threatens disaster to the country, and defeat to the Democracy.

Our tariff reforming friends may account for the motives of the internal revenue repealers in any manner they prefer. They may perhaps show that the majority in favor of the plan are protectionists, like the majority of Democrats generally. But the fact remains that the repeal of the internal revenue will abolish the surplus—something which any plan agreed upon by the Administration and the tariff reformers would totally fail to do.

And the interchange of criticisms from either side of the great tariff controversy will not diminish the truth of this observation.

Are the Women Learning Their Power?

A black cloud, hardly larger than a lady's hand, hangs over the Northwestern horizon of Prohibition. We learn from the *St. Paul Globe* that there is trouble between the Murphy Club of Minneapolis and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Every evening in the week these two organizations have been in the habit of meeting together in a common club room at 220 Hennepin avenue and working in harmony for the cause. Not long ago, however, Brother WHITE of the Murphy Club expressed in one of his speeches the hope that "the time would never come when it would be necessary for the pure, noble women of this country to go to the polls in order to free the land from the curse of intemperance."

This apparently harmless sentiment proved to be a firebrand. One of the sisters "announced that she was not at that moment prepared for the battle, but on the next Tuesday she would turn her guns against the assailant of her sex's cherished prospects." She kept her promise, and she has been ably supported by other ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The consequence has been that the subject of primary importance at these once harmonious gatherings is no longer temperance, but woman suffrage. The thoughtless remark of Brother WHITE has developed what threatens to be a chronic row in the Hennepin avenue joint meetings.

This circumstance is significant because of the prominent part which women are taking everywhere in the politics of the Prohibitionist movement, in its more recent phases. In the Texas canvass, for example, a large share of the practical work at the polls, the soliciting and obtaining of votes for the prohibitory amendment, was performed by women. If we are to believe the reports in both the Prohibitionist and anti-Prohibitionist newspapers of that State, the ladies proved themselves to be very efficient politicians, and the extraordinary vote thrown for prohibition was in a great measure due to their persevering and skilfully directed efforts.

Now, is it true that any considerable number of the ladies actively engaged in behalf of prohibition are at heart devoted to the broader question of extending the right of suffrage to their sex? If that is the case, the future direction which their political activity will take is not difficult to foresee. The experience which they are now acquiring by their association with men in the work of agitation, organization, and vote winning will be turned, sooner or later, to another cause. They will come to regard the restriction of the liquor traffic as a minor interest, a side issue, and they will devote themselves mainly to an effort to bring about the political equality of the two sexes.

That, of course, would be a serious disaster for the Prohibitionist party, as now constituted. It would be obliged either to become a Woman Suffrage party, and sink prohibition to a secondary place in its platform, or to lose the support of a large, active, efficient, devoted, and most interesting section of its present working force.

The Projects of Aggression Ascribed to Bismarck.

For some months the Belgians have been a good deal disquieted by rumors that their country, notwithstanding the inviolability assured to it by treaty, would again be made the cockpit of Europe on the outbreak of a war between Germany and France. But Belgium is not the only one of Germany's weak neighbors that has lately shown much anxious curiosity about BISMARCK's designs. In Copenhagen the feeling of national insecurity has impelled the Government to plan extensive additions to the city's fortifications, and such misgivings will hardly be allayed by the warning administered the other day through the Berlin newspapers that the defensive works of the character contemplated would be objects of suspicion to the German Chancellor, and might make the annexation of Denmark indispensable. The Hollanders, on their part, are no less alarmed at the preparations making on the German side of their frontier for the swift concentration of a large military force that might be used for purposes considerably broader than the settlement of the question of the Luxemburg succession likely to be opened on the death of King WILLIAM III., which now cannot be long deferred.

The one kernel of truth in the bushel of chaff telegraphed upon these subjects is BISMARCK's determination to neglect no precautions against a shock which would tax to the utmost his country's resources, the shock of a combined attack on the part of France and Russia. There is really not a trace of evidence that Germany, under his guidance, desires to absorb by any infraction of international law any of the three petty States to which we have alluded. It is Denmark's fault if the fortification of its capital is viewed with suspicion at Berlin. BISMARCK would be an unfaithful guardian of the empire he created if he suffered Copenhagen to be made a Baltic Gibraltar for the use of a Russian fleet—especially before the projected canal between Kiel and the North Sea has been completed. As to Belgium, the arrangements for massing troops in that quarter are measures of the most obvious expediency. It is France, and not Germany, that in the event of war is most likely to follow the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, made memorable in the history of the first French republic, for not only is this line of attack the least obstructed, but defeat upon it would be least likely to imperil Paris.

We have left Holland to the last, because the notion that BISMARCK thinks of annexing this kingdom by force under the existing circumstances is least worthy of serious consideration. No doubt the Dutch colonial empire, with its population of more than twenty millions and immense possibilities, is in BISMARCK'S eyes a plum, but he knows that Germany has only to remain impassive to have it fall into its mouth. For, if the Princess WILHELMINA, who under the organic law recently promulgated will succeed her father, marries at all, she will undoubtedly be influenced by her mother, the Regent, who is a German princess, to marry some one commended by BISMARCK. Should she die unmarried, the crown of Holland passes to her aunt, SOPHIE, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and the application of Holland to be admitted into the German empire on the footing of Bavaria or Saxony would follow as a matter of course. As to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which has no organic but merely a dynastic connection with the kingdom of the Low Countries, there is very little doubt that on the death of WILLIAM III., the last male representative of the younger branch of the house of NASSAU, it will pass without resistance on the part of the Hollanders to the ex-Duke of NASSAU, the head of the elder branch, and become a member of the federal body known as the German Empire. BISMARCK, in other words, is sure to obtain, without recourse to violent measures, the coign of vantage, the failure to acquire which for France was the real cause of the last Franco-German war.

Good Reason for Caution.

The conflict between HENRY GEORGE and the Socialists is having the effect of bringing out from their leaders some very plain speaking as to the practical and philosophic value of his much-vaunted land theory. In order that there might be a full demonstration of the political power of labor these men have hitherto refrained from expressing their real opinions on the subject; but now their tongues are loosened.

They have an utter contempt for the land nostrum of GEORGE, and treat as "comical" his pretensions that it is equal to the cure of the troubles of labor. They look on it as a mere whim of a man whom they followed because he was immediately useful in bringing together the scattered or discordant forces which they would consolidate in a Labor party. They know, as economists and social students better informed know, that it is farcical to propose Georgeism as the solution of the social problem, and they also understand that it had only a very insignificant influence in bringing out the Labor vote of last autumn. That vote was simply the expression of a widespread dissatisfaction, not of any belief in the land theory of GEORGE. The Socialists cared nothing about it, and the rest of the workingmen and their allies who voted for him were either indifferent to it or had never comprehended it. They merely wanted to make a political demonstration.

As it is now, the Labor party are willing enough to hear him talk, but they will not read his paper. If they were greedy for instruction in his doctrines it would not be necessary to pass around the hat at Anti-Poverty meetings to get subscriptions for that wearisome periodical. They have no real faith in his plan, and the more they think of it the less will be their respect for it. As a rallying cry for a Labor party it is absurdly ineffective. What brings workingmen together for organized action, political or otherwise, is their desire for more wages, and they are too sensible to see any prospect of these in a mere project for putting up the taxation on land. Again, GEORGE is a rank free trader, and the great body of the workingmen are stoutly on the other side. They believe that free trade would involve lower wages and meaner living, the degradation of labor, and the enormous multiplication of the army of the unemployed.

Therefore, the more GEORGE undertakes to make himself the embodiment of the Labor party and the more obstinate he is in imposing his theories on it, the more certain is it to break asunder. He did very well as a figurehead in the initial struggle for political consideration, but when in his inordinate self-consequence he assumes to be more than that, and to demand that the party shall swallow his economical nostrums also, the day of his downfall approaches. That is not what they wanted of him.

There is also a strong suspicion that there is about GEORGE a gang of fellows who are merely after boodle. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet they wear good clothes and seem to be in no want of ready cash. The workingmen do not wish to be sold out, and they had better beware of that gang.

The College of Hairdressers.

The Paris correspondent of our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, sends news that an *Académie de Coiffure* or Hairdressers' University is to be established in that town. As in the case of the French Institute corresponding members will be elected from foreign countries. In the absence of details it seems safe to suppose that the academy will be a union of the most eminent barbers in the world. The function of the hairdresser as distinguished from that of the beard mower is perhaps of more importance in Latin than in Anglo-Saxon countries, the male inhabitants of the latter being somewhat shy of the curling iron and the odorous oil. The purple pomp of the artist hair dyer, the grand decorative effects of the hair arranger are, indeed, known as importations in New York, but they have not yet driven out republican simplicity. Short hair, plain in its neatness, is the mode of the American man, at least in the North and East. He needs the barber more than the hairdresser.

The profession of the hairdresser will become extinct before many centuries, when complete baldness will be the mark of the civilized man. The barber came before the hairdresser, and will survive him. It would seem, therefore, that the new academy should have been called the Barbers' College. There is a College of Physicians and Surgeons in almost every great city, and the barbers, who in former time used to be the surgeons also, deserve to have an institution of their own. If they choose to call themselves hairdressers it is nobody's business but their own; still, the mystery, craft, or profession of the barber is more ancient and honorable than that of the mere specialists, the landscape gardeners of the hair.

Whatever fault may be found with the name of the new Paris academy, there can be no doubt that its sessions will be full of brilliant conversation and beneficial to tonsorial science or art. The barbers of this country have, perhaps, little to learn from their brethren in France, but in the interests of their profession as well as for philanthropic reasons they will hope that the new foundation may do something to improve the wretched condition of the barber's art in England. Mr. ROBERT GARRETT of Baltimore asserts that there is one barber in London who knows how to shave. If there is such a barber the American millionaires will soon make a millionaire of him. For the skilful and easy touch of the barbers of America is not to be found in England. A shave in England consists of two scratches, a scrape, and a dig, all inflicted with an obtuse razor. It occupies about one minute, and the victim washes his face and replaces his chin at his own expense. An American barber would faint away seeing such carnage. There is a town in Cape Breton where the village butcher, by a happy instance of poetical justice, is also the village barber. The transplantation of English institutions has never been more triumphantly illustrated.

The first work of the Hairdressers' Academy should be the appointment of missionary barbers to England. The second might well be the compounding of an international preparation for the hair. This would relieve barbers of the disagreeable task of recommending their particular mixture as the best in the market.

Volunteer Probabilities.

The run from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead resulted in the Volunteer arriving first and the Mayflower second, the difference in time being two hours thirty-one minutes and fifteen seconds. Without considering time allowance, which would not be great, let us make a little calculation. The length of the run and the time occupied in making it prevent the conclusions from being infallible, but as they are decidedly enjoyable, why shouldn't we make them?

The distance is 126 miles. By a rough calculation that would be three courses of forty miles each. A further analysis of the schedule will show that the Volunteer beat the Mayflower over each course about fifty minutes, and the time allowance would not amount to more than a minute or two.

British calculations make the Thistle about fifteen minutes better than the Irex or Genesta over a forty-mile course. That would still leave a margin of thirty minutes for the Volunteer over the Thistle.

In rather a slow run of 126 miles there is bound to be more or less luck; and with this warning we leave the patriotic American public to make their own conclusions and be correspondingly happy.

We beg Mr. Inspector CONLIN and Mr. Inspector WILLIAMS to accept the assurances of our most distinguished consideration. Theirs is a case in which the first were not last. It has been a hard pull, but Mr. WILLIAMS has got there. His General Intelligence will not be detrimental to him in his new duties.

Yet it is not without a certain regret that the town bids farewell to Capt. WILLIAMS.

Fancy the gloom which the Hon. JOHN H. REAGAN of Texas will carry with him into the Senate, where he is already well known and highly esteemed. Mr. EDMUNDS advances with outstretched hand and a friendly welcome shining in every feature of his expressive countenance. "Why, REAGAN, old fellow, how are you? Glad to see you at this end of the Capitol. Let's go and cold-tea." "No, thank you," replies REAGAN, with a dismal smile. "I can't cold-tea any more. I'm a Prohibitionist now, don't you know?"

There are martyrdoms for the sake of principle worse than the axe, the hemlock, or the stake.

We should like to know whether there is any good reason why the Hon. JAMES F. PIERCE should not be renominated and reelected State Senator from the Second district? We have heard of none.

We hope that when a Democratic National Convention makes out a ticket THE SUN will buckle in and help elect it.—*Troy Press.*

Everything points to such a contingency in 1888, but THE SUN would say beforehand that if the next National Democratic Convention should nominate DORMAN B. EATON, for example, then all the Democratic journals in the country could not pull him through. The humbug of a competitive-examination-non-partisan candidate on a Democratic ticket would be too much for a large majority of the Democratic party.

Beauty always triumphs.—*N. Y. Times.*

Yes, JONES, she gets there every time.

The tendency of the annual meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has been to popularize science by giving the public lucid summaries of scientific progress. Not a great many people have time, for instance, to read, or the training needed to understand fully the voluminous reports of the Challenger expedition. The public needs exactly what one of these annual meetings has supplied—a concise, clearly written paper summing up the great additions that this and other recent expeditions have made to oceanography. The American Association thus endeavors not only to edify professional men of science, but also to stimulate a love of science and extend the knowledge of its truths among the people.

There is no doubt that within the past few years the sciences have made a most important advance both in the position they occupy in our schools and in the growing popularity of scientific reading and study among the people. Our scientific men are working among the richest fields of study with results that are commended by the greatest scholars. Some anthropologists tell us there is no field like America for the study of prehistoric man. Our schools of technology are admitted by English authorities to be superior to their own. The scientific work which our Government is carrying out is for the most part in excellent hands, and some of the expensive publications in which the results of their labors are recorded are the envy of foreign scientific men.

Mr. V. LAMANTIA, the newly appointed Consul of the United States at Catania, Sicily, is an Italian-American citizen of Louisiana. A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* informs that newspaper that Mr. LAMANTIA "kept a peanut stand in New Orleans a few years ago, and speaks English with a heavy discount." If Mr. CLEVELAND'S favorite idea of extending the competitive examinations to consular appointments had been carried out, it is not likely that Mr. LAMANTIA would ever have gone back to Sicily to represent the United States Government and illustrate one of the most striking features of a truly democratic system. In that case we have no doubt the country would have lost the services of an intelligent, energetic, and useful Consul.

The Cautious Cornell.

From the Denver Tribune.

Ex-Gov. A. B. Cornell of New York is in Kansas City on his return journey from Dakota.

"How do the various Presidential candidates stand?" asked a reporter.

"It is a little doubtful whether Blaine is as strong as he was in 1884, and I would not be greatly surprised if Sherman would develop enough strength to prevent the nomination of Blaine. Among the people of our State Gen. Hawley is very favorably known. He was educated in one of our interior towns and has been before the people a great deal in political campaigns. If he gets the strength of his own State I expect he can have some of the delegates from New York."

The Merry Cabinet.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Bayard is at Rehobeth Beach; Mr. Garland has gone to Arkansas to remain until October; Mr. Vilas is making preparations to visit his family in Wisconsin; Mr. Whitney goes to Bar Harbor on Wednesday or Thursday for a month's vacation; Mr. Endicott will soon go to New England, and Mr. Lamar will take his hay fever with him to the mountains. There will be no material in town for a Cabinet meeting, though, as Col. Lamont is on hand the Cabinet might be dispensed with.

The Fatal Name.

From the Washington Critic.

Rutherford B. Hayes Riley, a white boy, was arrested yesterday on complaint of his mother, who charges him with stealing 25 cents from her.

THIS IS REFORM.

The Secretary of War Must Pay for his Own Horses or Go on Foot.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Another issue has been raised by the accounting officer of the Treasury against the Quartermaster-General's office. The officers of the War Department have always claimed and insisted that the orders of the President and the Secretary of War are to be obeyed, nolens volens, and are not to be questioned in any quarter. Second Comptroller Butler and Third Auditor Williams have, however, taken a contrary view. The accounts of Col. Batchelder, late Depot Quartermaster in Washington, are now in course of settlement by the accounting officers. Among the vouchers is one for $500 for two horses for the use of the Secretary of War. It is accompanied by a letter addressed to Col. Batchelder in his official capacity, dated Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1886, and bears the signature of John Tweedale, chief clerk of the War Department. It is as follows:

I have the honor to inform you that the team of horses used by ex-Secretary Lincoln are unserviceable and no longer useful for the purposes of the department. The Secretary directs me that they be turned over to you for the customary disposition, and that a pair of good, sound horses be purchased for the use of this office. He prefers bay horses, but does not desire the purchase of any expensive pair.

This voucher was disallowed by the Third Auditor and Second Comptroller Butler on the ground that money appropriated by Congress for army transportation cannot be used legally in purchasing horses for the Secretary of War, the necessary expenses of the War Department proper being provided for in the legislative appropriation. To this Col. Batchelder replied that the order of the Secretary of War was the supreme law to him, and conclusive upon the accounting officers of the Treasury. In support of his proposition he refers to two decisions of the Supreme Court. Third Auditor Williams, in a letter to the Second Comptroller in regard to this case, says:

The theory that an order from a superior, or even an army regulation, could warrant a disbursing officer in making a disbursement of public funds in direct contravention of a statute finds no countenance in any judicial decision or in any opinion by any recognized authority. No thing can be lawful which the statutes expressly prohibit. Congress may commit to the head of a department a wide discretion in the use of public funds, and courts have repeatedly held that in the exercise of that discretion he is not subject to review by the courts, but no court has ever said that he is at liberty to go beyond the discretion committed to him by the statute, or to use public funds for any purpose different from that prescribed by law. When a statute is specific in regard to the extent of the funds and the use to be made of it, no discretion is given to any authority to do anything more than to carry out the plain requirement of the law; and in that case no disbursing officer can shield himself by pleading the order of a superior. He is bound to recognize that a statute has full force, though it contravene an order or regulation, while an order or regulation, conflicting with the statute, is utterly destitute of force. If an officer elects to follow an order, though knowing that he thereby violates the law, he must be prepared to accept the legal consequences.

BACK FROM ALASKA.

A Distinguished Party in Raptures Over the Wonderful Scenery.

TACOMA, Aug. 9.—The steamer Olympian has just returned from a trip to Alaska, bearing back Senators Cameron of Pennsylvania, Vest of Missouri, and Farwell of Illinois; Govs. Swineford of Alaska and Houser of Montana; Elliott F. Shepard of New York, President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University, Prof. Dyer of the Howard University, President Abbott of the Wisconsin Central Railway, Attorney Bliss of Washington, Miss Edwards of the Mount Holyoke Seminary, President Butler of the New York Mining College, and many others of distinction from all parts of this country and England.

They say the scenery was something wonderful. The gold mountains of Douglass Island were particularly astonishing. Alaska's Indians they found far advanced in civilization and Christianity. Liberal contributions were made by the excursionists for the Indian schools, and the Senators promised cooperation in still further enlarging them. The party witnessed the departure of an Indian fleet of six sailboats from Metlacttla, British Columbia, for Port Chester, Alaska, being an advance division of a thousand Indians who seek better homes in our country.

TRADE UNIONISTS IN FRANCE.

The Saddlers and Tailors of the French Army at Odds Over Wages.

From the London Daily News.

The army saddlers of Paris are drawing attention upon themselves. The workmen of Lecerf & Sarda, who are military saddlers, called upon the Minister of War to interfere on their behalf in order that they might obtain a rise of wages of 30 per cent. This increase they got, but it proved disastrous to them, for shortly after the firm turned off 134 hands out of a total of 250. The workmen of the rival saddle makers, the Société Générale (late Godillot) having failed to obtain better pay, struck. They and the men of Lecerf & Sarda sent a delegation to Paris, which was received at the Palais Bourbon by MM. Camelinat, Gaulier, Lafont, Mesureur, and other Deputies.

The claims of the trade union were set forth as follows: First, the War Office shall not allow its contractors to give orders to any but Paris workshops; second, the men dismissed by Lecerf & Sarda are to resume work, as the firm, according to the delegates, has enough work on hand to keep 250 men employed until the end of the year; third, the saddlers of the Société Générale shall be placed on an equal footing regarding wages as those of the other firms. M. Raison, head of the Stores Department of the War Office, was present at the interview, and replied to the delegates in behalf of Gen. Ferron. As regards the first question, about the readmission of 134 dismissed workmen, M. Raison thought the War Office could not interfere. It has a contract with the firm concerned, and, measured as it will require the strictest fulfilment of all the articles of that contract, it is not in a position to ask for a favor. As regards the second question, the delegates said the firm of Lecerf & Sarda could not possibly do the work to be done with the remaining hands alone. To this it was replied that contractors knew their own interest best and would not run the risk of forfeiting their contract. However, an inquiry would be made to meet the delegates' wishes.

As regards the third question, of increased wages to workmen of the other contractors, M. Raison remarked that the result of a similar effort on the part of the War Office was that 134 men had been thrown out of work. He was persuaded that any such application to the Société Générale would be rejected. In taking leave of the delegation he promised to lay their views before Gen. Ferron.

In the afternoon there was a demonstration of army tailors before the War Office. About 400 persons assembled, including many women and children. The tailors came to protest against the claims of the saddle makers, which they said were detrimental to them. A delegation of them was received by the Minister, after which the assembly broke up quietly.

A LETTER FROM LIEUT. HENN.

He Gives the Britishers Some Very Interesting News about American Yachts.

From the London Field.

SIR: I suppose you have seen the accounts of our last race with Mayflower. I am now quite satisfied that Mayflower can beat us in any weather, in light air to a whole sail breeze. I am of opinion that Mayflower is ten minutes faster than Galatea over a forty-mile course, in such weather as the last race was sailed in; in light weather, if Galatea was canvassed to the extent she can carry since the lead keel was put right, the difference might not be so much. The ballast being wrong the first year, undoubtedly misled us as to her sail-carrying capacities; then she could not carry the original sail plan, and we reduced her all round. The second season the original sail plan was restored, and it might have been augmented considerably, at all events for sailing in these waters. I have been sailing her this year with two tons of ballast less, and she is still as stiff as a church. The New York races were all more or less fluky, and fluky finishes did not come our way. When the breeze was true, and had weight, she did well enough with Atlantic and Priscilla, both of which are supposed to be improved since last year. During the New York Yacht Club race the scoop advocates had to allow that the narrow cutter stood up better than Atlantic or Priscilla.

I think the Americans are still ahead of us in the matter of sails, and I am not sure if the material they use has not something to do with it. I have had a look at the new Volunteer, and, as far as I can judge (for she is not yet down to her load line), she ought to be a very powerful and fast vessel. She is deeper than Mayflower, and I think will be faster, and will therefore give Thistle a good race.

I don't think I shall race Galatea any more. I only wanted to have a good square race with Mayflower for my own satisfaction, and I have had it, and am satisfied. We will wait out and see Thistle through, and then up stick and home again some time in October.

The modern Yankee sloop (?) is to all intents and purposes a beamy cutter with a board; the rig, even to the smallest details, is cutter. Housing bowsprits and longer topmasts are coming into fashion, and heavy lead keels are all the rage. There is a little keel sloop (?) lying close to us called Pappoose. Surgeon's latest—S. W. L. 12; 8 ft. draught, with 12 tons on the keel. She has only sailed one race as yet. On that occasion she beat the hitherto invincible C. R. sloop Shadow ten minutes. Pappoose is a beamy cutter pure and simple, and a pretty boat, too. The days of the old death-trap skimming-dish are over in America, and moderate beam and depth have won the day. I hope Thistle will do the trick; she appears to be a marvel in light weather, but do you think she will be as good a sea boat as Irex and Co., carrying such canvas, and the freight of a timber ship aloft?

WILLIAM HENN.

Don't All Go At Once.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

There are no tailors in Shasta.

The hot weather has gone, but we fear there has been little decrease in crime. Toughness is still the distinguishing feature of the day.

Boettel, the Tenor, Coming.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—Manager Amberg has secured a contract with the tenor Boettel to appear ten nights at the Thalia Theatre, New York, beginning Oct. 16.

Made a Mistake.

Visitor (to "boodler" in penitentiary)—You realize now, my friend, what it is to have gone wrong?

Boodler (bitterly)—I do indeed, sir. I should have gone to Canada. Then I would have gone right.

FALLING A THOUSAND FEET.

BALDWIN'S GRACEFUL DESCENT FROM A DIZZY HEIGHT.

He Cuts his Balloon Loose and Goes Up Like a Shot—A Mere Speck, he Leaps from the Basket—For a Few Terrifying Seconds the Parachute Does Not Open.

If you can imagine a little streak of pink away up in the sky, which has no visible means of support, and which circles gently toward the earth until you make out that it is the motionless figure of a man with arms extended straight above his head and his hands clutching a cobweb, you can get some idea of how Mr. E. T. Baldwin looked as he dropped from his balloon at Rockaway yesterday afternoon. It is true that away up above Mr. Baldwin's head there was floating what seemed a great white sun umbrella, but at the first glance, and during several seconds of the descent there was nothing to show that Mr. Baldwin and the parachute were in any way connected, save the fact that they circled and swayed hither and thither in unison. It was not until the earth was nearly reached that the gossamer-like threads which connected the man with the curious white thing above him could be made out, and even when they were made out their airy lightness gave little suggestion of support.

This is the third descent from a balloon in a parachute which Mr. Baldwin has made, and it was in all ways very satisfactory and successful. The actual height that he dropped was probably something less than a thousand feet, but it as fully demonstrated his ability to drop two miles as would the actual accomplishment of that feat.

The ascent in the balloon was made from near the pier, in Jamacia Bay, where the big Rockaway steamboats land. It was like an ordinary balloon in every particular as it swayed to and fro in the light southerly wind, save that from the netting at about its equator there dangled a crumpled mass of muslin. This was the parachute. It was attached to the netting by a light cord, easily broken. When spread out it was the counterpart in appearance of an umbrella, save that it had no ribs, cord being sewed into every seam instead, and at the top there was a hole or funnel, through which the air passed in the descent. Without this the rushing flood of air would have to spill itself out at the sides of the big umbrella, giving it a swaying motion, which would not only be dangerous to the aeronaut's grip, but which might fling the umbrella itself so far to one side as to empty it entirely of air, and thus bring it down in a state of collapse to the earth. The cords which ran along the seams dangled many feet below the umbrella itself, and were attached to an iron ring two feet in diameter. To this ring the aeronaut clings in his descent. Above this ring, and a little way below the muslin of the parachute, is another iron ring ten feet in diameter. This keeps the cords apart, and makes the spreading of the umbrella a certainty.

It was just 5:10 o'clock P. M. when Mr. Baldwin, arrayed in pink tights, with blue spangled trunks, got into the basket. Fully 8,000 people were looking at him. The big steamboat Grand Republic, which lay at the pier, was black with them, and they filled the pier itself, and all the standing room about the hotel. It was the idea to have the balloon a captive, and pulleys and tackling and several thousand feet of rope had been provided. At 5:17 Baldwin gave the word and the balloon was let loose, the rope being reeled slowly out, and up it went. It was like the ascent of a grand kite, and it looked like a very tame affair at the start, but a great cheer from the crowd and the hoarse roar of the Grand Republic's whistles followed it. The wind bore it straight out over the bay toward Little Egg Harbor, and it passed directly over the Grand Republic's bows. It was not then more than 200 or 300 feet high. As the rope was paid out it became evident that its weight was too great for the balloon.

Baldwin saw this at about the same time the crowd did. With two strokes of his knife he severed the rope and shot up like a rocket. The balloon went almost straight up, drifting only slightly in the light wind to the southward. The network of ropes holding the basket disappeared, the basket itself shrank to a speck, and Baldwin became a mere bit of pink in the sky.

Then the basket was seen to sway away over to one side. A pink speck appeared for a moment on its edge, and then shot out into the air. A white, cloudy mass tore itself away from the balloon's side and followed the pink speck in a mad plunge downward.

For fully 75 or 100 feet of the drop the parachute refused to work. The velocity of the descent became frightful, and people were just beginning to feel that they were about to witness a terrible tragedy, when suddenly the white mass, which hung over the falling man, shot out into the shape of a great giddy dome which seemed to be suspended in midair. A groan of relief ran through the crowd, followed by a great cheer and a wild waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

It was actually one minute and twenty-four and a half seconds between the time that the aeronaut left the balloon and the time he struck the earth, but it seemed an age to those who watched his descent. As he got closer to the earth his form was distinctly outlined in the bright sunlight against the clear blue sky, and it made a picture which those who saw it will not soon forget. It seemed to be moving gently eastward, free from all support, the light cords reaching up to the parachute being barely visible. Circling gently downward, and now and then rocking and swaying violently to and fro, the aeronaut at last alighted gracefully and lightly on his feet in about two feet of water near the shore of the Little Egg Marsh. There was only a slight splash of water. The crowd received and cheered itself hoarse, and the Grand Republic's whistles again roared. Two rowboats, one of which was manned by Edward Tracy, who is known all about Rockaway as an expert swimmer, and the other by James Griffen, had been stationed near where Baldwin fell, and they started to his assistance. They found him standing calmly up to his knees in the water with the parachute floating beside him.

In the mean time his brother stood out in the hotel yard, looking mournfully after what seemed a little white ball, which was some two miles or more up in the sky, and floating gently off toward the Atlantic Ocean.

"That balloon's a goner," he said. "I guess we had too stiff a spring to the safety valve. Just before my brother leaped from the basket he pulled the cord that opened the valve, and fastened it to the edge of the basket. The spring was so stiff that when he jumped out it dragged the basket down a little. I guess that balloon is gone, and it was a good one, too."

Later in the evening Mr. Baldwin talked with a few of his friends, though he had made up his mind to keep quiet and not be disturbed.

"If I had known," he said "that I was going to lose that balloon, I would not have made the jump. But the wind was so light I thought surely she would be caught. The sensation of coming down on the parachute was delightful; just like that of coming down on a swift elevator. There was no shock whatever when I landed—well I suppose you would call it watered, but there were not more than two feet of water. I looked up for my balloon the first thing. At the instant I jumped I pulled a cord which should work a knife on the line holding the parachute to the balloon. That machine got out of a gash anyway, and my weight does the rest.

"I came down like lightning at first. The parachute, when full open, measures 25 feet in diameter, but there were two folds which did not open for a time, and that made it oscillate a great deal. There is always a swift pace at first. You have got to count on that; but the parachute gradually picks you up. It is impossible for me to tell how high up I was. It seemed to me to be about a mile; that is my estimate. If my estimate is wrong I'd be glad to take anybody up with me and let them estimate for themselves after I have jumped. I feel a little sore from clinging so long to the iron, that is all, and I was a little out of breath from the swift descent."

Mr. Baldwin's brother estimated that the parachute descended at the rate of from ten to twelve feet per second, the actual time of the descent being one minute and twenty-four and a half seconds. There should be some allowance, however, made for the fact that his first dash into space was much above the average in velocity owing to the fact that the parachute did not open to its full extent promptly.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, Aug. 9.—The balloon, after making itself a very small speck in the blue sky over Rockaway Beach, drifted slowly toward the ocean in a direction apparently southeast. At a distance calculated to be about eight miles from the beach it began to descend rapidly. About that time the nearest thing to the balloon was a fishing party from Sheepshead Bay in the sloop yacht R. K. Fox, owned by Capt. John Miller, Hotel Keeper Anton Hinsman, and four others. They sighted the sinking air ship, and turned their boat in its direction. After much troublesome tacking in a light wind they came alongside of the balloon just after it reached the water.

There was considerable gas left in the bag yet, and it drifted, dragging the basket car after it clumsily. After much maneuvring the party got in position for a struggle with the awkward catch. Ropes hastily drawn through the network of the bag secured the monster to the sloop, and then the six men set to work cutting away the cording that held the net. This was soon accomplished. Next came the arduous work of getting the soaked and still partly inflated bag aboard. After two hours of toil this was accomplished. Then the basket car was dragged aboard and the Fox headed for home. At 9 o'clock the party arrived in Sheepshead Bay, and astonished the natives first by exhibiting an unusually large catch of fish, and second by the startling news that they had the big balloon on board. Up to a late hour to-night parties in all kinds of boats were visiting the sloop to look at the limp remains of the sensation of Rockaway Beach.

BUFFALO BILL'S BARBECUE.

His Noted Guests Learn from the Red Man to Use Fingers Instead of Forks.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—A feast was given here to-day which afforded a novel sight to the astonished Britishers. A long table was stretched under a big tent on the grounds where Buffalo Bill is giving his Wild West show. The table was surrounded by a distinguished party. In the middle sat the veteran Simon Cameron, with his keen eye fixed on the huge pieces of ox ribs which were hanging on three sticks over a large fire which had been built on the ground. A young Indian squaw, clad in a bright red dress, occasionally raised her daintily moccasined foot and gave the ribs a kick to keep them swinging back and forth in the flames.

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew sat beside Mr. Cameron and also watched the ribs and the comely squaw; and so did Lawrence Jerome, Senator Hawley of Connecticut, Editor Murat Halstead of Cincinnati, Justin McCarthy, the Parnellite member of Parliament and author, and forty other gentlemen, nearly all of whom are celebrated personages. Each guest was engaged in the same occupation, and divided his attention about equally between the roasting bovine and the dusky aborigine. Mr. Buffalo Bill Cody, in all the gorgeousness of his alleged frontier attire, was the host. The guests, or at least the Britons among them, had come to see what a real American rib roast was like. The ground before the table was covered with an abundance of fresh straw through which fifty sharp-pointed stakes were sticking up.

While the guests were watching the fire, and the ribs, and the maiden, a band of gaudily painted Indians appeared on the scene and squatted down upon the straw, one by the side of each stake. In a minute each stake had a huge rib of beef fastened to it, and a like huge rib was placed on the table directly in front of Simon Cameron, another before Lawrence Jerome, a third rested in front of the President of the New York Central Railroad, and so on, until each guest had a rib all to himself. The Indians set the example to their white brothers by taking the ribs in both hands, and Gen. Hawley, Mr. Depew, Mr. Cameron, and the other celebrities did just the same thing, and the nimble waiters were kept busy carrying away the denuded ribs. Hominy was eaten in various ways. So were salmon and pickles. The savages looked to see Mr. Depew and Buffalo Bill and Gen. Cameron to instruct them how those emblems of American civilization, apple and cocoanut pie, should be consumed. Mr. Depew gave them a lesson full of grace, but it was wasted, for the red men all agreed upon one manner of pie eating.

Each absorbed the contents of his section of pie on the palm of his hand, and in two bites it was gone. The rapidity of its disappearance amazed the distinguished gentlemen who were present. It is evident that the savages take kindly to certain elements of civilization. Red Shirt ate two pieces of pie, Little Horse consumed three pieces, Files Arrow devoured four sections, and the less distinguished warriors as many pieces as they could get. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew ate only one big piece of cocoanut pie, and the other distinguished white men showed the same inferiority to their red brothers. No fire water was served, as an example to the red men, but there were speeches just the same. Gen. Cameron's health was drunk. He answered and spoke to Red Shirt, who was introduced to the company.

He said he was glad to witness at his great age the queer mixture of civilization and Indian life—a rib roast within a stone's throw of the underground railway system. Each of the notable persons present made a speech. Many of the talks were worthy of reproduction. Especially were the remarks of Mr. Depew. He was in a particularly felicitous mood. He boomed Buffalo Bill and told a story of Christopher Columbus and the primitive Indian, which reminded all the old gentlemen present of their youth. He praised old Simon Cameron in a way that made the old Emperor of Pennsylvania look very happy.

Mr. Cameron was the greatest man in America, he said, and he had made and unmade pretty nearly all the Presidents. Mr. Jerome was mean while offering to bet a friend $2,000 to 3 cents that Mr. Depew would be the next Republican nominee for the Presidency, but nobody offered to take the bet, for Mr. Depew was talking at the time.

Those who listen to the great railroad President somehow get an idea that he can have almost anything he wants, and there is a general impression among Americans here that he wants the nomination for the Presidency. In the forcible language of a gentleman who was eating roast ribs close by him, the Presidential bee in his bonnet is rapidly assuming the proportions of a partridge. A few more of the speeches, in the course of which friendly personal attacks revealed the sad fact that almost every distinguished American present had been seen by his friends in the front row at the Alhambra Theatre, where the wicked ballet, and lots of it, draws many patrons through its doors, an adjournment was taken to another tent.

Every kind of firewater was there, and every gentleman made at least one more speech. Lawrence Jerome said that he once killed seventeen buffalo. Other shooting stories followed, but to send them to you under the ocean would cause the fishes to lose all confidence in the veracity of the human race, and I forbear.

Big Men Attending to Monument Business.

SARATOGA, Aug. 9.—The annual meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association was held this morning at the United States Hotel. Among those present were John H. Starin, J. W. Peyster, Warner Miller, Edward Wemple, Gen. Newton, A. A. Patterson, A. B. Olmstead, and E. J. Iuling. Letters and telegrams of regret were received from George William Curtis, the Hon. S. S. Cox, the Hon. J. W. Drexel, the Hon. A. S. Sullivan, and others. The Board of Officers of the last year were re-elected.

A resolution was passed asking Congress to appropriate not less than $25,000 for the completion of the monument. A committee consisting of John H. Starin, Warner Miller, James A. Marvin, Edward Wemple, S. S. Cox, and George William Curtis was appointed to further this intention. Another