DARTMOUTH MEN DINE.

ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE COLLEGE'S LOCAL ASSOCIATION.

Speeches at the Waldorf Hotel by the Rev. William J. Tucker, Henry E. Howland, Dr. John L. Hildreth, Congressman Barrett, George Fred Williams, and Others.

The thirty-second annual banquet of the Dartmouth College Association of New York followed the election of association officers at the Waldorf last night. The officers chosen are: President, Charles F. Mathewson, '82; Vice-Presidents, N. H. Clement, '63, Charles H. Beckett, '81, and George S. Edgell, '70; Secretary, Robert N. Fairbanks, '88; Corresponding Secretary, J. C. Ross, '89; Treasurer, O. P. Conant, '79; Musical Director, Walter P. Carleton, '91; Executive Committee—Gen. Charles A. Carleton, '57; Dr. Charles E. Quimby, '74; Philip Carpenter, '77; John J. Hopper, '77; W. W. Niles, Jr., '83; Edward T. S. Lord, '91, and Jordan J. Rollins, '92.

About eighty members of the association and friends were at the dinner, where Mr. Mathewson presided. The toasts were: "The College," the Rev. William Jewett Tucker, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College; "Luck or Grit," Henry E. Howland; "College and University," Dr. John L. Hildreth, '64, of Cambridge, Chairman of the Alumni Executive Committee; "The Puritan Conscience," George Fred Williams, '72; "Dartmouth and the Nation," Congressman William E. Barrett, '80, of Boston; "Militia and Bench," Justice Augustine V. Barker, '72, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Tucker recalled the motto with which his class had been sent out into the world by Prof. Hubbard, who had said to its members: "Gentlemen, as you go into the world you will see a great many doors over which will be the sign 'No admittance.' Don't you pay the slightest attention to it. You will never know anything if you do."

Dr. Tucker asked: "What is a college man worth in his relation to the national life and the national spirit?" And he went on to show that in him and his work was the national wealth. "The sources of national wealth have changed," the speaker said, "since England piled up her magnificent debt in the Napoleonic wars and looked to the inventions of Watts and Arkwright to pay it. France is paying her debt to Germany by the results of the experiments of M. Pasteur. Huxley estimated that Pasteur's experiments had been worth to France the cost of the Franco-Prussian war.

"I have seen the statement of the engineer of the East River Bridge that at the time the Brooklyn Bridge was built such a span could not have been built and would not have been thought of. What does this mean? It means that there have been more mathematics since then, more study, more experiments. The sources of national wealth to-day lie in the great laboratories and the schools that maintain the great laboratories."

Mr. Howland, who was introduced as "in fact as in face the Prince Bismarck of Yale," said, touching upon the benefits of college, that there were not a great many self-made men in this country. There were a few conspicuous examples. But ordinarily when such men made a success they bragged about it until they were simply unendurable. He said: "Dr. Mary Walker is the best specimen of a self-made man I know of, but even she has her limitations."

Mr. Howland turned his attention to the Senate, apologizing to the member of the lower House (Mr. Barrett) for mentioning the upper House in his presence, and said: "Never was there a greater need for men of character and distinction and of common sense than there is in that body to-day. Their standards are so various that the outcome of their statesmanship is very like that of the man who, pointing to a clock, said: 'When the hands of that clock are at 12 then I know it is 20 minutes to 7.'"

Mr. Hildreth, who spoke from the standpoint of a man with one son a graduate of Dartmouth and another a student at Harvard, said that he had some years ago dismissed the notion that the years from 17 to 21 or 18 to 22 should be spent by a boy in midnight oil in acquiring so many pounds avoirdupois of book knowledge. "I think," he said, "that the boy should have then some conviviality, some hilarity, some of that spirit that wakes up a boy and does not belong to the man. Such, I think, belongs to a boy, and it appertains more to a college life than to a university life."

He would say in derogation of Harvard for the men who wanted to grind, that it was not the place for the boy from 17 to 22 who was not doing professional work and needed the companionships that four years of college life provided.

Mr. Williams, who was introduced as the Benjamin of his class, talked about his ancestors and said: "I am convinced that the Puritan conscience is, after all, the foundation of our American success." Then he went on to confess that religion and politics were very near together with him, and that as he sat in the stiff-backed seats of the little Congregational Church at Dedham he dreamed of politics, considered the great political problems of the day, while listening to the orthodox sermon.

Congressman Barrett and Judge Barker followed Mr. Williams.

FRENCH BALL IN FULL SWING.

'romised Least Night to Be Really More of a Ball Than a Riot.

For the first time in a good many years there was a suspicion of Frenchiness about the French ball held, at the Madison Square Garden last night. In the first place, one actually heard the Gallic tongue not only in the boxes but on the floor, and spoken by people to whom it was the mother tongue. Then, too, there was more of the element that ten years ago made the ball an event, not alone a display of tawdry costumes and vulgarity.

The Garden was decorated tastefully. Last year it looked like a barn. This year there were long rows of pavilion-like boxes draped in red and white, and other decorations on roof and wall.

The grand march brought out a gay array of women in brilliant costumes, and there was a parade and ballet dancing by a special corps. Two bands kept the air full of music. At the hour of going to press there was no boisterous revelry, and the crowd seemed to be making its own acquaintance, the men somewhat surprised at finding their partners representing a higher plane than in former years, the women, who seemed to be in the majority, a little at a loss, perhaps, at finding the tough element rather scarcer than they had expected.

At midnight there was a good-sized crowd, and the influx from the theatres was increasing it rapidly with every succeeding minute. Word had gone abroad that it was to be a quiet ball, that there would be dancing on the floor, not rioting, and that the football rushes which swept the floor clean in the final hours of last year would be checked by the police. All in all, the prospects were for a French ball which should redeem the fallen reputation of the fraternity.

MAYOR WURSTER DREAMS OF THEM

The New Bridge and the Schools Constantly in His Mind.

Mayor Wurster of Brooklyn announced yesterday that there would be no delay in furnishing all the money required to build the new East River bridge. He said that if the $500,000 appropriated for this purpose was not sufficient more would be forthcoming.

"Brooklyn," he added, "is well able to supply all the money that will be needed for that bridge. There are just two things I have in mind constantly, and they are the new bridge and Brooklyn's new schools. They are the two things I dream of. They will receive all the aid I am able to give them."

Mullins Declines to Play Foss.

The news got abroad yesterday of the unsuccessful outcome of negotiations to bring together in a public match Wilson P. Foss of Haverstraw and Martin Mullins of St. Louis, who are regarded by professionals as the strongest amateur billiardists in the country. George F. Slosson was willing to pay all the expenses incurred in holding the game at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, where Foss and Schaefer played their last match. He also was willing to donate a $500 prize. Foss quickly consented to play, but, so Slosson says, Mullins declined at the last moment. Amateurs have been anxious for years to see these two nervy and skilled players meet in cue battle, and the failure of the project has caused the keenest regret.

Acquitted of Murder on His Third Trial.

The third trial of Frank Burger for the murder of John F. Engelbrecht, a Secaucus saloon keeper, on May 6, 1895, was finished yesterday afternoon in the Over and Terminer Court in Jersey City. The trial opened on Tuesday and was hurried along by Justice Lippincott at the request of the jury. Night sessions were held on Wednesday and Thursday, and all the testimony was in when the court adjourned on Thursday night. Lawyer Otto Crouse summed up for the defence. He was followed by District Attorney Winfield, and Justice Lippincott gave the case to the jury at 2:30. Ten minutes later the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. On the first trial the jury disagreed. The second trial was interrupted by the illness of a juror, and then Prosecutor Winfield asked for a struck jury, and his request was granted.

JERSEY CITY TUNNEL WAR.

Junction Men Will Dig To-day—Pennsylvania Men May Fight.

Both sides are ready for the battle, which is expected to be fought to-day near the Point of Rocks, Jersey City, if the New Jersey Junction Railroad Company attempts to cut a tunnel under the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. Contractors F. C. O'Reilly & Sons, who are to construct the tunnel, have a large force of men ready to begin the work of digging away the embankment. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has an equally large force of men prepared to throw rocks and broken stone from gondola cars at the top of the embankment down into the excavation. The third large force will be policemen under the command of Chief Murphy, Inspector Lange, and Capt. Farrier. The police will not take any part in the affair unless there is a breach of the peace, and then the peace breakers will be arrested.

The Pennsylvania Company intends apparently to ignore the injunction granted several days ago by Vice-Chancellor Reed prohibiting any interference with the Junction Company in the prosecution of the work. It was said yesterday afternoon that the Pennsylvania Company had taken, or will take, an appeal from the Chancellor's decision to the Court of Errors and thence to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

SQUADRON A'S HOUSE WARMING.

The Cavalrymen's Bright Uniforms Set Off by the Civilians' Black Coats.

Squadron A was at home to its friends last evening in its new armory at Ninety-fourth street and Madison avenue. The reception was in the nature of a house warming. It was an official one, for the officers of the Seventh were there in full uniform, and it is against the traditions of the Seventh to wear their gray coats at any purely social affairs.

The scene in the big armory was a gay one. Officers from nearly all the local military organizations were present in full uniform. Gen. Fitzgerald, Gen. Ruger, Gen. McAleer, and Gen. McAlpin were on hand with their staffs, and some fifty members of the Essex County Troop in wonderful white skin-tight breeches, with long boots and spurs, vied with a few gorgeously attired cavalrymen of the Philadelphia City Troop, and the Squadron A men themselves, all gay in yellow and blue.

Besides these, there were hundreds of women in light evening clothes. Against all this brilliancy stood out in marked contrast the black coats of a few disconsolate-looking civilians who had brought their wives, daughters, and sisters to see the soldiers. After the formal reception dancing began.

SUICIDE IN A BOWERY HOTEL.

Shot Himself When the Gas He Had Turned on Brought the Clerk to His Room.

Henry Neubert, a German machinist about 30 years old, committed suicide about 4:55 o'clock yesterday morning by shooting himself in the head in the Equitable Hotel at Grand street and the Bowery. Neubert registered shortly after midnight, and called for the best room in the house, for which he paid $1.50 in advance. He was assigned to room No. 2, which is above Davoren & Kerwick's saloon.

About 4 o'clock Night Clerk Murphy detected the odor of gas. He finally located it in Neubert's room. He opened the door with a pass key and found Neubert lying on the bed with all his clothes on. The gas burner was open. Murphy opened the windows to clear the room, which was filled with gas.

Suspecting that Neubert had tried to asphyxiate himself, Murphy told him to leave the hotel. Neubert replied that the gas must have been blown out, and that, as he had paid his bill, he did not intend going away until later in the morning. Just then Murphy turned to walk away from the man. The next instant there was a report of a pistol, and Murphy saw Neubert clutching in a death grasp a .32-calibre revolver, which he had evidently held concealed under the pillow. The blood was streaming from a wound in the suicide's right temple.

From letters found on the body Neubert is believed to have come from Seneca Falls. He had been looking for employment and had been unable to find any. There were also $1.38 and some keys in his pockets. The body was removed to the Morgue. Unless claimed it will be buried in the Potter's Field.

A SERVANT GIRL WANTED TO DIE.

Took Laudanum After Receiving a Chiding for Carelessness.

Minnie Jordan, 18 years old, a domestic servant in the family of Mrs. W. H. Smith of 36 Lee avenue, Williamsburgh, attempted to commit suicide yesterday by drinking two ounces of laudanum. When the girl failed to appear in the kitchen yesterday morning Mrs. Smith went up to her room. The girl was lying stupified on her bed. On a table near the bed was an empty two-ounce bottle which had contained laudanum. Under the bottle was a note written by the girl before she took the drug. The note read:

I live at 228 Suydam street, near Hamburg avenue. Try to tell the news easy to my mother, as she has heart trouble and might get a shock.

A surgeon of the Eastern District Hospital resuscitated the girl. When he asked her why she had tried to kill herself, she cried, and said that she was determined to die. She was taken to St. Catharine's Hospital, and will probably be arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court to-day on the charge of attempted suicide.

It was reported that the girl had been scolded by her employer for carelessness in handling dishes, and that after the chiding she became melancholy.

THE GAS WAS TURNED OFF.

So When Gilroy Tried to Asphyxiate Himself He Didn't Succeed.

Alexander Gilroy, a clerk out of employment, turned the stop cock of the gas burner in his room at 320 East Forty-second street, after stopping up the cracks, yesterday afternoon, and lay on the bed waiting for death.

As the landlord, Walter Baldwin, turns the gas off at the meter every morning and does not turn it on again until night, not enough gas escaped from the burner to do him much harm.

He was, however, removed to Bellevue when his ineffectual attempt at suicide was discovered. He will be well enough to be arraigned in court this morning.

Tallahassee Passenger Jumps Overboard.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31.—Frank E. Hughes of Gainesville, Fla., a first cabin passenger on the steamer Tallahassee, from Boston for Savannah, by way of New York and this port, jumped overboard this morning when the vessel reached her dock here, and was drowned. Hughes was 40 years old. He boarded the steamer at Boston on Wednesday afternoon. He had been drinking and the effects of his debauch became evident during the trip. This morning he was in an excitable condition and leaped into the Delaware River. Life preservers were thrown to him, but he made no effort to save himself. The body was recovered.

OBITUARY.

Judge Harlo Hakes died last evening at his home in Hornellsville, N. Y., aged 73 years. He was elected a member of Assembly from the Third district of Steuben in 1856 and District Attorney in 1862. He was appointed Register in Bankruptcy in 1867 and trustee of the Soldiers' Home at Bath in 1880. In the fall of 1883 he was chosen Judge of Steuben county, which office he held until his age limit expired three years ago. Mr. Hakes was always a stanch Republican. He leaves a widow and three children.

Mrs. Celeste E. Carleton, mother of Will Carleton, the poet, died at the residence of her son, 420 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, on Friday morning. She was born in Allegany county, New York, in 1815, and spent her girlhood there. At the age of 18 she married and went to Michigan. In 1872 her husband died, and his widow had since made her home with her youngest and only remaining son, at whose house she died. She was a member of the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Tabitha Sherck died yesterday morning at her home, 228 Hudson street, Hoboken, aged 72 years. She was a member of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, and was President of the Frauen Huelfs Verein. She leaves two sons and one daughter, all of whom are married. Her husband died several years ago.

Charles P. Luckey, one of the oldest business men in Poughkeepsie and Vice-President of the First National Bank, died of heart failure yesterday morning. He was the head of the house of Luckey, Platt & Co., the leading dry goods dealers in Poughkeepsie. He was about 65 years old.

Ulysses Warner of Orleans, Ontario county, died on Thursday night, aged 84 years. He was elected member of Assembly from the Eastern district of Orleans county in 1859. He had served as Justice of the Peace for thirty years, and was several times elected Justice of Sessions.

Ferdinand J. Herpers, a jewelry manufacturer in Newark, who was Commodore of the Newark Yacht Club a few years ago, died at his home in that city yesterday of pneumonia. He was 47 years old. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Policeman Joseph Campbell of the Brooklyn force died yesterday at his home, 295 Hicks street, in his 52d year. He had served for more than twenty years, and was long attached to the Butler Street Court.

Joel Leduf, one of the wealthiest lumbermen in the Province of Quebec, died in Montreal yesterday of heart disease, aged 72 years. He was connected with several business firms.

PANHANDLERS' ROW IS SAD.

HOBOES UP IN ARMS AGAINST THE LATEST POLICE REFORM.

Pinkwhiskers Blake and the Mayor of Wilkesbarre and Others Prominent at the Rest Would Like to Know Where They Are to Sleep if the Police Lodgings Are Firmly Closed Against Them.

Bad times are ahead for Panhandlers' row. All the beggars and free lodgers who for years have been sure of getting a night's lodging at the city's expense if worst came to worst, are up in arms, and for the best of all reasons, from their point of view. The station house lodgings are to go, and President Roosevelt has added the entire confraternity of panhandlers and hoboes to his list of foes. Middle Park Row is in mourning. There is weeping and wailing with the invariable concomitant toothful gnash whenever two beggars meet to talk over their wrongs. Where are they to find lodgings when broke? How shall they exist through a long winter with no police refuge but a cell to hie them to? Must they court arrest and risk the oft-repeated journey to that bourne from whence no panhandler ever returns until his sixty days are up every time misfortune lays them by the heels and they have no spot whereon to lay their weary heads. These are some of the questions now troubling brains whose toughest problem has hitherto been the wisest way to win the adhesive nickel from the pocket of the reluctant but possibly philanthropic wayfarer.

In search for opinions on the subject of the proposed closing of the station lodging houses, a SUN reporter made the rounds of some of the panhandlers' resorts and interviewed a number of the more prominent representatives of the gentle art of touch and go. As he came out of THE SUN office the reporter saw floating in the gentle breeze that blew across City Hall Park the unmistakable hirsute adornments of Mr. Pinkwhiskers Blake, a veteran of the Row. Behind these adornments, as usual, was Mr. Blake himself, slumbering sweetly on one of the benches.

"I ain't asleep," he yelled, leaping up as the reporter touched him on the shoulder, and then he added as he sank wearily back into his seat: "'Scuse me; I t'ought yer was one of them sparrer cops."

The reporter explained his mission.

"I have saw a ar-tickle about that lor you mention," said Pinkwhiskers, speaking slowly and carefully, for he long ago became accustomed to being quoted in the public prints and realizes the necessity of accuracy; "an' I consider it a damn outrage, but if you t'ink that damn's too strong you can leave 'er out. Is it come to a condishin o' t'ings that a gent of my standin' in ther community has gotter go ter roost under ther bridge along with the noosboys? A gent's all right if he's got a nickel t' pay fer hangin' out at ther Rest, but wot if he ain't got ther nickel? Wot does ther police t'ink us fellers is goin' ter do? Go without sleep all winter? If I could do that I'd be makin' a play fer a museum job. Wot's ther use of closin' up ther joints, anyway?"

"It has been said that they breed typhus fever and small-pox," suggested the reporter.

"Breed nath'n'," retorted Pinkwhiskers in deep disgust. "I been a steady customer at all ther down-town lodgin' houses, and I ain't never seen nothin' worse than a good case o' jim-jams now an' then, barrin' Shivers Murphy, wot use ter chuck a dummy fer practice every night before he went ter sleep. Wot's chuckin' a dummy? W'y, havin' an eperleptical fit. He was a corker, Shivers was. He could chuck a dummy that'd freeze an ambulance surgeon stiff, but he got it in ther neck at last.

"What happened?" inquired the reporter.

"He got took to er horspital w'ere they give him ther col'water cure; a bath every six hours fer a week. Poor ol' Shivers! He wasn't never fer same man afterward. W'en he come outer that horspital he went ter work. Say, you'll 'scuse me, but here comes a mug wid a face that looks like he might give up a nickel to a deservin' an' unfortnit' survivor of the Chicago fire. Business is business, you know, and this is my busy time. Watch me touch him. Say, come up to ther Rest if yer lookin' ter information. Ther circle is up there."

A moment later he was ambling along beside his prey, with a crippled gait, and projecting through the tangle of his whiskers a tale of woe. As they went there goes in night from Park row the burly form of Pegdot, stumping along on the wooden leg made famous in many a sidewalk fight and saloon fracas. Peg, who is the orator of the row, and has a mighty gift of speech, for once hadn't very much to say.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that the shutting up of the station lodgings will be a misfortune to many of the gents who do business here, but I never was much on free lodgings myself. I generally got the price. I got a new restyrent game now which got wrote about in The Sun. Maybe you seen it. I'm working that for fair. Still, there has been times when the old Oak street station was a good thing to fall back on, but things is changed and them times has went into the past."

Pegdot sighed reminiscently and continued: "If you want to hear some language just go up to the Rest. They bees talkin' about this lodging business ever since it come out, and the Mayor of Wilkesbarre was making a speech when I come away."

At the Rest the reporter found a choice congregation collected in the back room, where one may, if known, slumber all day or all night on the benches after paying for a drink. "A bench and a ball for a nickel," is the Rest's motto. The Mayor of Wilkesbarre had finished his speech and couldn't repeat it, not having spoken from manuscript, but there were plenty of opinions flying. None of them was complimentary to the Police Board. It was evident that the lodging houses were endeared by the memory of old times to the panhandlers, and their resentment at the prospect of losing them was deep and earnest.

"Many's the night I slept round in th' ol' Oak street lodgin's," said Pinkwhiskers, scratching his head, "sometimes I'd be there near alone, an' cold it was too; an' agin there'd be twenty of us packed in clost an' warm an' comforterable for winter weather. I was there the night old Lump Jones got dreamin' into his sleep an' kicked Walter Walley in th' neck. D'yer remember that night, Cork?"

"Ah, I remember him goot," replied Cork Scheinholm, the one appealed to. "Afder dey all got tightin' mit dierselfs some veller step on me by der mout' an' I ain't never got dree deadly things."

"That was a scrap fer fair," put in Pearl Street Jake. "We was all tumblin out inter de hall an' all de golls in d' odder lodgin' room hearn de row an' dey come tumblin' out ter help along. Chee! but dat Canary Moll got me by de wig an' pulled till I was t' ferfull fer dan I ever was before! I'd t'ink dat yet only fer de cops comin' in ter stop de scrap an' clubbin' me back ter me foist size."

"One mont' agoes all roun' in court pex' day," murmured Gottemagain Lendrigan dreamily. "It was me foist trip."

"Come down," interrupted Fishball Jenkins. "The rest of us got t'irty days, but you was on th' diggers again an' got t'ree mont's for accusin' the Judge of bein' a t'ree-horned toad wit' a glass eye, an' leggin' him not t' jump outer yer neck."

"Say, if yer wanter see th' feller that knows all about all th' lodgin's," said Gottemagain to the reporter, passing over his friend's corrections, "yer wanter see Jimmy Onelung."

"Where can I find him?" asked the reporter.

There was a long silence; then the Mayor of Wilkesbarre spoke up.

"He's spendin' a year in retirement. Th' doctors foun' out he was gettin' too much air t' breathe, so they gave him a comfortable home in a quiet spot up nort' of here. Poor ol' Jimmy; he had tough luck. It was thus here Brooklyn Bridge done him, wot done Jimmy dirt. He was goin' to Brooklyn to work Fulton street, an' in the crowd he got jammed aroun' an' his hand got pushed inter some mug's pocket an' some other mug joggled his elbow an' his fingers got hooked aroun' a gal's watch wot was in a t'ird mug's pocket. W'en he removed his hand th' watch was inter it. Some guy seen 'im, an' instid of tippin' him a quiet t' divvy, like any white man would 'a did, he gives a whoop, an' Jimmy git's pinched. He won't be back till t'ree years.

"But wot poor Jimmy is suffrin' to put in th' pape, ain't it? Well, you say that the Rest has got enough Ree-form. We're agin it. Here's twenty of us here as'll all vote agin Teddy solid, an' that's sixty votes an' maybe seventy-five if it's a cosy day next year."

Not only the men, but also the women lodgers, of whom there are quite a number, will be affected by this reform. On the occasion of the big fight in the Oak street lodging house of which the regulars of the Rest spoke, there were here besides twenty women lodgers, and THE SUN reporter went looking for some of them. It was not easy to find them, for most of them used to hang out in the stale beer dives of Mulberry Bend, now things of the past. Maggie Murphy, the reporter learned, is in the hospital, and Mary Ann, who was graduated from the Salvation Army into the mission of Mollies, giving up the tambourine for the growler, was not to be found either, as it is her month on at the Island.

Information came, however, that O'Toole's widow had moved up into quarters in a Mott street beer basement, and thither the reporter went after her. As he turned into Mott street the first thing he beheld was a terrified Chinaman sprinting up the street with O'Toole's widow in hot pursuit. It was anybody's race until the angry pursuer tripped; then the Chinaman rushed into a comfortist's shop, banged the door after him, bolted and barricaded it, and was beyond reach. Foiled of her prey, the relict of the late O'Toole was retracing her steps when the reporter ventured to condole with her.

"That squint-eyed, yaller-faced, snoob-nosed, flat-eared wurrum ov a blaggard Chink, he insoolted me, he did, the dirty villyan."

"What did he do?" asked the reporter.

"Sure, he was a standin' in his dure-way, whin I kem along an' ast him wud he help a lady to a drink, an' what did t' haythin baste do but fetch me a cuvv av wather outer his dirrty landry shop. An' I ast him, I'd made him wanly a wather, coon an' all."

Having duly sympathized with the widow over the outrage to which she had been subjected, the reporter introduced the object of his visit.

"Sure, that wudn't have nothin' to do with th' lady lodgers," said O'Toole's widow.

The reporter said that it contemplated the doing away with all the police station lodgings. An ominous light burned in O'Toole's widow's eye.

"Who done it?" she demanded, advancing upon the reporter with such fierceness that he hastened to assure her that he didn't.

"Tell me th' name av th' felly that started th' idee," demanded the widow, to which the reporter replied that Mr. De Forrest of the Charity Organization Society was indirectly responsible for it.

"De Forrest, De Forrest," said O'Toole's widow; "I'll have that name by mimory, an' th' saints help De Forrest av iver I git nigh to him. I'll fix him like I fixed O'Toole."

"How did you fix O'Toole?" asked the reporter with lively interest.

"Him an' me we had a bit av a fam'ly difference five years back, an' his side av it was th' stove poker an' mine was th' growler that we just drank our own health in mixed ale out av. It's little healt was in O'Toole to be argyin' wid me. After it was all over, an' a good t'irty cint growler of sulphurreens over his t'ree cint head, he wint out an' slid down stairs on his face. He lived at th' hospital a week, an' then he went t' live under a 'We mourn our loss' in green letters, barrin' that he was dead whin he got there. After O'Toole was gone I seemed be livin' at th' ol' Oak street lodgin' whir iver I cud walk there. An' now its goin'! Och hone! W'at's that name? De Forrest? I'll remimber it," and the widow of the late, if not lamented, O'Toole borrowed the price of a beer and departed, muttering deadly things."

It was late that night when the reporter found Brock. Brock is known by the proud title of the King of the Lodgers. There isn't a police lodging house in town—in fact, there is hardly a six-foot space in any one of the thirteen police lodging houses—that has not felt the pressure of Brock's sleepy form. He is equally at home in all of them, but his particular haunts are up town, and as rule he sticks to the up-town places. When the reporter asked him what he thought of the proposed change he turned purple with suppressed emotion.

"D'yer want me opinions t' put in th' pape?" he asked.

The reporter replied in the affirmative.

"Wait a minute," said Brock, and lifting up his voice he swore with scintillant and kaleidoscopic brilliancy for five minutes without stopping. Then he drew a long breath.

"Them's me feelin's," he remarked; "them ain't for publication. Now, I tell y' wot. Here's Teddy Roosevelt goes an' springs this here game onter a long suffrin' public. W'a's he livin' at, anyhow? Did he ever sleep under th' Bridge in winter? Did he ever do five-minute stunts on a Park bench wit' his feet up under him t' keep th' cop from hammerin' th' socks offer him? Did he ever blow in his las' red on a t'ree days' jag an' walk a mile to a lodgin' house, an' mighty glad to git there? I guess nit! Say, termorrer I goes t' th' Pearl an' th' Rest an' th' other joints an' gets up a 'sociation.

"Every member has t' camp one night a week on Teddy Roosevelt's front steps an' recite 'cat'dap' night there'll be twenty of us there, all lined up on th' steps, poundin' our ears an' snorin' like horses. If he turns us outer our proper lodgin' places we'll come an' enjoy his hospit'lity. That's wot I call an' objik lesson," and Brock, full of his purpose, tumbled off to the West Thirty-seventh street station to taste delight of its soft wooden planks once again.

Wants $5,000 for the Bite of a Dog.

The suit of Letter Carrier John J. Duffy of Brooklyn against Julius Cottle, who has a tin factory at 493 Flushing avenue, for $5,000 damages for the bite of a dog, is on trial in the Supreme Court. In June, 1894, Duffy, after delivering a letter at the factory, was attacked by a bulldog belonging to the defendant.

The dog seized him by the calf of the leg and held on until dragged off by its master. Duffy was treated at the Pasteur Institute and was incapacitated from work for several weeks. The trial was concluded yesterday and a sealed verdict will be handed down this morning.

The Late Walter Langdon's Estate.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 31.—The appraiser of the estate of the late Walter Langdon, the philanthropic millionaire, who resided at Hyde Park, filed his report to-day. The total value of his estate exceeds a million, which is subject to an inheritance tax of $43,679.87. The legatees of the estate are well-known society people in New York city.

32d Annual Statement

OF THE

Brooklyn Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1ST, 1896.

ASSETS.

By bonds and mortgages (secured by properties nearly double their value)	$429,605 00
By city and other first mortgage bonds	434,438 00
By loans on call	18,000 00
By real estate in the cities of New York and Brooklyn	600,075 00
By cash in Trust Co., banks, and office	69,321 80
By loans on Company's own policies	144,591 02
By interest accrued but not due	12,508 53
By deferred and unpaid premiums, less actual full cost of collecting	80,773 21
By agents' balances	906 10
Total	$1,784,208 66

LIABILITIES.

To reserve (by new standard of N. Y.)	$1,510,544 00
To death losses and endowment (awaiting completion of papers)	12,000 00
To various actuarial obligations, including liabilities on lapsed policies, etc.	6,248 95
To surplus by new standard (4 per cent)	105,826 71
Total	$1,784,208 66

To Surplus by former standard (4½ per cent.), $280,000.

During 1895 the Company increased its Assets, Income, Surplus, and its Insurance in force.

ertificate of the Auditing and Finance Committee Attached to the Annual Report.

We, the undersigned members of the Auditing Committee of the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company, hereby certify that at the annual meeting held this day, we examined the deeds of the properties owned by the said Company, in fee, the bonds owned secured by mortgages of real estate, the city and other bonds, and the certificates of deposit with banks, as submitted by the President, and we find them as stated in detail in schedules A, B, C, and D.

FELIX CAMPBELL, WM. H. WALLACE,
DAVID A. BOODY, H. J. LAMARCHE,
D. BIRDSALL, WM. H. FORD.

We, the members of the Finance Committee, have been present with the Auditing Committee at the annual meeting, and concur in the above certificate.

FELIX CAMPBELL, MICHAEL CHAUNCEY,
BRITON RICHARDSON, ALONZO SLOTE.

OFFICERS:

WM. M. COLE, President.
FELIX CAMPBELL, Vice-President.
GEORGE F. HADLEY, Secretary.
WILLIAM H. FORD, Counsel.
D. PARKS FACKLER, Con. Actuary.

DIRECTORS:

WM. M. COLE, President of the Company.
HON. FELIX CAMPBELL, President People's Trust Co., Brooklyn, and Vice-President of this Company.
GEN. WILLIAM H. LYON, U. S. Indian Commissioner.
MICHAEL CHAUNCEY, Retired.
ARNOLD A. LEWIS, Broker.
JACOB K. OLWINE, Retired.
ISAAC CARHART, Retired.
WM. H. WALLACE, Iron Merchant.
BRITON RICHARDSON, Silk Importer.
ALONZO SLOTE, Merchant (Tredwell & Slote).
CHARLES T. BARNEY, Banker and Capitalist.
E. W. MASCORD, Merchant.
ALEX. FORMAN, Merchant.
DANIEL BIRDSALL, Real Estate.
WM. H. FORD, Counsel of the Company.
HON. DAVID A. BOODY, Banker.
HENRY J. LAMARCHE, Metals.
GEO. F. HADLEY, Secretary of the Company.

OFFICES:

BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE CO.'S BUILDING,
LIBERTY AND NASSAU STS.,
NEW YORK CITY.

DISAPPROVE OF THE WAR.

Italian Deputies Want to Put a Stop to the Abyssinian Campaign.

ROME, Jan. 31.—Forty-five members of the party of the Left in the Chamber of Deputies have subscribed their names to a resolution condemning and calling attention to the illegality of the war in Abyssinia, in the prosecution of which, they declare, vast sums of money are being squandered. These protesting Deputies demand that the Chambers shall immediately be convened for the purpose of taking action in the matter to the end of putting a stop to the war.

Despatches received here from Gen. Baratieri, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces in Abyssinia, say that when Col. Galliano's column arrived at Baratieri's camp the men were clad in rags, and completely encased in dust and dirt. For twenty-five days they had not been able to wash, owing to the scarcity of water at Makalle, but their ardor was not a whit abated, and they were unanimous in their expressions of anxiety to take part in an engagement with the enemy. Col. Galliano explained that King Menelek did not wish to release him and his command, but that Ras Makonnen, commanding the Abyssinian army which besieged the Italian fortress at Makalle, insisted that they should be allowed to proceed to Gen. Baratieri's camp.

King Humbert has sent a telegram to Gen. Baratieri instructing him to express to Col. Galliano his Majesty's congratulations and admiration of his gallantry.

Premier Crispi has ordered Gen. Baratieri to send immediately to the Government proposals looking to the bestowal of some reward upon Col. Galliano and his brave column.

QUESTIONING BERLIN EDITORS.

Trying to Find Out Who Gave the Vorwaerts the Kaiser's Proclamation.

BERLIN, Jan. 31.—Ten of the editors employed upon the staff of the *Vorwaerts*, the leading Socialist organ, were examined in the Criminal Court to-day in an endeavor to ascertain who it was that supplied the paper with the advance sheets of the Kaiser's proclamation of amnesty to certain offenders, which the *Vorwaerts* recently published. Each of the editors declared that he knew nothing whatever of the matter. Herr Stadthagen, who appeared as counsel on behalf of the *Vorwaerts*, protested against the procedure as illegal, and the examination was adjourned without date.

Germany's Naval Problem.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—This morning's London newspapers reproduce Berlin rumors of impending changes in the German Ministry owing to resignations because of differences among the Ministers in regard to increasing the strength of the navy, but none of them attaches any importance to the reports. The Berlin *Post* of Jan. 29 contained an emphatic denial of the suggestion that plans for an extensive increase of the navy were being formulated, and also denied with equal positiveness a rumor that Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, and others of the Ministers were about to resign. The Berlin representative of the United Press learned upon unquestionable authority on Jan. 22 that the Government had sounded the leaders of all the political parties, except the Socialists, upon the question of increasing the strength of the navy, with a view of asking the Reichstag for a large loan for that purpose, and that the leaders were unanimous in giving a negative reply to the proposal. The matter was thereupon dropped by the Government.

Rumor Regarding Ambassador Runyon's Successor.

BERLIN, Jan. 31.—The *Lokal Anzeiger* publishes a special despatch from its correspondent in Washington saying that Mr. Charles De Kay, United States Consul-General in Berlin, has been promoted to the post of United States Ambassador to Germany to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. Theodore Runyon.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—There is nothing known at the State Department to indicate a likelihood of Mr. De Kay being raised to the rank of Ambassador. The incident, in charge of diplomatic affairs in Berlin, Mr. John B. Jackson, Secretary of the Embassy, who comes from the same State (New Jersey) as the late Ambassador, having full control of all the business until Mr. Runyon's successor shall be appointed.

Paris's American Miser.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—The name of the supposed American picked up in the street yesterday in a dying condition and found to be possessed of 2,000,000 francs in American securities is ascertained to have been Peters. His lodgings, where he died and where the securities were found, were in the Boulevard Montmartre. The man was a miser, and during the twelve years of his occupancy of the lodgings in which he died he hoarded himself upon a franc and a half less than 30 cents a day. It is believed by the police that he was connected with a large commercial house in America, which he had ceased to direct personally, and that his partners permitted him his share of the profits of the business.

Cyrus A. Stevens Wants to Get Back.

Ex-Assistant Appraiser Cyrus A. Stevens, who was removed by President Cleveland two years ago, is a candidate for the vacancy created by the death of Henry W. Hart. Mr. Stevens is busy getting up a petition to the President asking for reinstatement. Appraiser Walter H. Bunn, it was said yesterday, will have something to say about this at the proper time.

Notes of Foreign Happenings.

The Dominican republic has concluded a commercial and navigation treaty with Germany.

WRONG QUONG IN JAIL?

Arrest of a Chinese Stool Pigeon for the Police—He Says It's a Trick.

Quong Yick Nam, Chinese interpreter, police stool pigeon, and liquor dealer's agent, lives at 28 Henry street. Last night he went over to Chinatown and was pounced upon by two deputy sheriffs, who took him away to Ludlow street jail. The Sheriff's men said that they made the arrest on an order of Court, the plaintiff in the suit being Ah Jing, who alleged that Quong Mow owed him $555.

"That's not my name," protested Quong, "and I don't owe anybody a dollar. I never heard of Ah Jing."

"You were pointed out to us as the man," said one of the deputies, "and you'll have plenty of chance to prove that you are not the man wanted."

"Then this is a job of the Mott street ring," said Quong. "I am the complainant in the case against Chu Fong, proprietor of the Chinese theatre, whose place was recently raided by the police on a Sunday night. Enemies are behind this plot to put me in prison."

Charles Gall, a wholesale liquor dealer of 29 Broadway, succeeded in having Quong released from jail three hours after he had been arrested. Gall is Quong's employer. He got a friend to put up $700 cash as bail for Quong's appearance in court.

Inquest in the Pinto Murder Case.

Coroner Townsend held an inquest last night in the case of the murder of Mrs. Pinto of New Brighton, S. I., who was choked to death in her home last Sunday night. The jury declared that the woman's death was due to strangulation.

The evidence against Ant