"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1897.—COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

GREEKS IN THIS COUNTRY.

OVER 12,000 OF THEM ARE SEEKING THEIR FORTUNES AMONG US.

They Have Largely Supplanted Italians as Fruit Sellers—Good, Honest Cigarettes Are Among Their Manufacturing Specialties—Some Greeks Who Have Won Success Here.

During the last fifteen years the number of Greeks in this country has been increased from 2,000 to 12,000 or 15,000, who are distributed as follows: Chicago, 2,500; New York and San Francisco, 1,500 each, and smaller numbers in Lowell, Mass., Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Savannah, and Galveston. The majority of the Greeks in this and other large cities are engaged in the fruit, flower, and confectionery business. Next come those employed in the manufacture of cigarettes and the importation of sponges, and most of them make a comfortable living. There are a few whose social and commercial standing is equal to that of men of any nationality. But the majority are men of small means, and are engaged as flower and fruit peddlers, in which capacity they have largely supplanted the sons of sunny Italy, as can be seen by their carts standing in Park row and around the Post Office at all hours of the day and night.

The Greek fruit vender's life is not an easy one. He is on his feet from early in the morning till late in the evening, in all kinds of weather, and that experience is a trying one even for a hardy Spartan. But what is more trying than either long hours or the inclemency of the weather is the frequency with which he is compelled to answer a charge of obstructing the street. Nothing exasperates a Greek fruit vender so much as a peremptory order from a policeman to "move on there, and be quick about it."

A desire to better their condition is the inducement which has caused so many of King

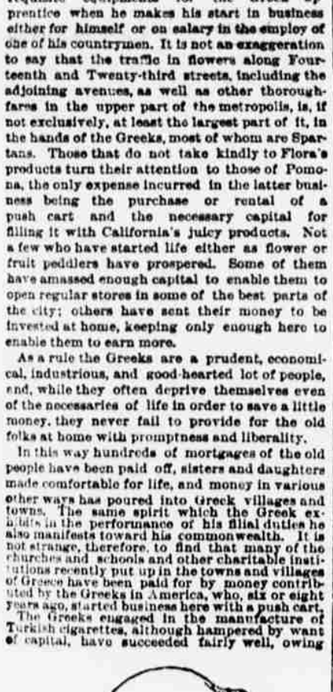
CONSUL-GENERAL BOTASSI.

George's subjects to leave their home in a land "where every season smiles." Most of the new arrivals start business as street flower peddlers. A few bunches of cut flowers, a sonorous voice, a pair of strong legs, a sharp eye for the policeman, and a mastery of the flower peddlers' abridged business vocabulary, consisting of a few sentences, such as "Five cents a bunch, ladies," "Ten cents apiece," "A dozen for a quarter," are all the requisite equipments for the Greek apprentice when he makes his start in business either for himself or on salary in the employ of one of his countrymen. It is not an exaggeration to say that the traffic in flowers along Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, including the adjoining avenues, as well as other thoroughfares in the upper part of the metropolis, is, if not exclusively, at least the largest part of it, in the hands of the Greeks, most of whom are Spartans. Those that do not take kindly to Flora's products turn their attention to those of Pomona, the only expense incurred in the latter business being the purchase or rental of a push cart and the necessary capital for filling it with California's juicy products. Not a few who have started life either as flower or fruit peddlers have prospered. Some of them have amassed enough capital to enable them to open regular stores in some of the best parts of the city; others have sent their money to be invested at home, keeping only enough here to enable them to earn more.

As a rule the Greeks are a prudent, economical, industrious, and good-hearted lot of people, and, while they often deprive themselves even of the necessaries of life in order to save a little money, they never fail to provide for the old folks at home with promptness and liberality.

In this way hundreds of mortgages of the old people have been paid off, sisters and daughters made comfortable for life, and money in various other ways has poured into Greek villages and towns. The same spirit which the Greek exhibits in the performance of his filial duties he also manifests toward his commonwealth. It is not strange, therefore, to find that many of the churches and schools and other charitable institutions recently put up in the towns and villages of Greece have been paid for by money contributed by the Greeks in America, who, six or eight years ago, started business here with a push cart.

The Greeks engaged in the manufacture of Turkish cigarettes, although hampered by want of capital, have succeeded fairly well, owing



MR. VLASTO.

mainly to the purity of the article which they put on the market. It has been often said that the American people like sometimes to be humbugged. If that be so, then the frequenters of some fashionable clubs are never so much humbugged as when they pay a ridiculously high price for a package of "imported Egyptian cigarettes," making themselves believe that there is nothing like the imported article. It is impossible to tell how a "Canadian cigarette" would commend itself to the average American smoker, but an invitation to smoke an "Egyptian cigarette" would bring a smile to the lips of the natives of the land of the Pharaohs, because there is no such thing as Egyptian tobacco. The brand of tobacco which Egyptians import for the manufacture of "Egyptian cigarettes," generally from certain districts in Asia Minor and Macedonia, is also used by the Greeks in New York in the manufacture of their "Turkish cigarettes," the only difference being that one has to pay 40 cents for a package of "imported Egyptian cigarettes," whereas for half that price one can have the same article and much fresher as manufactured in this city. An important advantage enjoyed by the Greek cigarette manufacturers is that they are masters of their trade. They are not novices in the business. They have pursued this line of business since their infancy. With their friends and relatives in the tobacco-raising countries in Turkey they have all the facilities for supplying themselves with the best brands of tobacco. The same may be said also as regards the Greeks engaged in the sponge trade, some of them being practical divers who followed the business at their native islands in the Ægean Sea, and their progenitors, for generations past, were engaged in the same business.

The Greek, be he from Peloponnesus or elsewhere, is gifted with a keen aptitude for business. Be he ever so poor, his sole ambition is to become master of himself, and for this purpose he devotes the best energies of his youth. He disdains anything like servitude; he would much rather be the sole owner of a push cart selling fruit or be the owner of a corner flower stand than be bossed by others, and it is on this account that very few Greeks are employed as servants or waiters at hotels, where their tireless energy and their ability to converse in several languages would be highly appreciated and liberally recompensed. It is true that a few Greeks have started life in this country as waiters in some of the fashionable restaurants, but they have only followed that occupation for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the language and to familiarize themselves with American customs and habits,

DEMETRIUS POLIMERI.

which experience they turn to advantage in the future. Thus equipped, after a couple of years' service, plus a thousand or more dollars of savings, with a light heart and a pleasant smile they bid their employer an affectionate adieu and start out to seek their fortunes, which they seldom fail to find.

There is nothing more comforting to a Greek fruit or flower peddler after his day's work is over than to go and spend the early part of the night in one of these restaurants, to partake of a plate of "Greek dish" and discuss home politics over a quiet game of casino. The average Greek always takes a deep interest in all matters relating to home politics, no matter how far off he may be from old Hellas.

One of the topics which has engaged the minds as well as the tongues of the Greeks in this country for the past six months was the prospective selection of a prelate to fill the position made vacant by the death of Metropolitan Germanos of Athens, and President of the Holy Synod of Greece. There were three candidates for that exalted ecclesiastical office, and the plum fell into the stole of Archimandrite Procopius Œconomides. He was born at Doumena, province of Kalavrita. Having finished his first theological studies at the theological academy, he entered the University of Athens. After graduating he went to Russia and entered the Spiritual Academy at Moscow. Having finished there, he pursued his studies in Switzerland, France, and Germany. Returning to his native country he wrote his famous book, "The Son of Man," abounding in philosophical and theological thought, for which the Spiritual Academy of Moscow bestowed upon him the title of doctor of theology and the Golden Cross of the Savior, which is given only to those excelling in theology. In 1883 he was appointed Secretary to the Holy Synod and at the same time he was called to the palace as tutor to the royal scions of Greece. In 1891 he was appointed regular professor of patrology and history of dogmas at the University of Athens, where he taught until a few weeks ago, when he was elected to his present position.

One of the best-known Greeks in this city is Consul-General D. N. Botassi. For thirty-five years he has represented Greece in the United States. As a linguist Consul Botassi has few equals. His long researches into the origin of Albanians, the topography, history and language of their country have rendered him almost an exclusive authority on matters

PROCOPIUS ŒCONOMIDES,
Metropolitan of Athens.

relating to that country. Consul Botassi is 69 years of age, a native of the heroic island of Spezzia, and a direct descendant of the hero who did so much for the liberation of Greece during the struggle for independence. In his manners Consul Botassi is noticeably unassuming, and though of a very nervous temperament, is extremely agreeable to those around him, and has the faculty of making strangers feel at home either at his offices or at his residence. Most of his evenings the Consul spends in his library. He is a regular attendant at the Sunday services at the Greek chapel, and often takes a leading part in the choir, when his tenor voice lends additional melody to that of the Byzantine style of singing.

The Greeks in the city worship at the Greek chapel, Holy Trinity, in the basement of a German Presbyterian church at 354 West Fifty-third street. It was the first Greek Orthodox church organized in this city, about five years ago, by the Greek society, Athena. Its first priest was the beloved Father Ferendinos, who, after serving two years, was obliged by failing health to retreat to his mother monastery, on the island of Patmos, followed by the good wishes of his congregation. His successor is materially assisted in caring for his flock by Mr. Livierato, a gentleman of culture and means, a merchant and superintendent of the Greek Sunday school. The Greeks of Chicago are talking of building a temple of their own, and it is more than probable that they will succeed, thanks to the tireless efforts of their pastor, the Rev. Father Fiamboli.

Another prominent Greek figure in the mercantile circle of this city is Mr. Solon J. Vlasto. He is the husband of an American wife, and with their son, a robust young man, 19 years old, they live at the Gerlach. Mr. Vlasto is also the owner of a weekly Greek paper, the *Atlantis*, published in this city, and the only one of its kind published in the United States. Mr. Vlasto launched the *Atlantis* as an experiment, for the purpose of advocating the introduction of the modern Greek pronunciation in American schools and colleges, but it seemed to have supplied a need, and the demand for the paper has steadily increased during the three years of its existence. An amusing incident occurred in the office of *Atlantis* during the last Presidential campaign, which goes to show to what extent political factional hatred is carried by the descendants of Pericles. The *Atlantis* espoused McKinley's cause, and the proprietor handed the chief compositor, a young Athenian, an article to be set up. The Greek compositor, though only three years in this country, was an ardent admirer of Mr. Bryan. Upon perusing the copy, he handed it over to one of his assistants, remarking that he was a Bryan man himself, and under no account would he lift a finger to help set up an article that spoke against Bryan. The article was set up by his assistant, who had been only a few months in the country, and his political preferences were still undeveloped. On election night the grief and disappointment of the Athenian foreman were painful to witness as the returns told the story of the defeat of his candidate, and several days elapsed before he regained his usual equanimity.

Among the foremost Greek restaurateurs in the United States is the firm of Polimeri & Renga, which caters largely to Americans. But while their establishment is patronized by the higher classes of Greek bachelors, the majority of the modern Demosthenes and Platos have their almost exclusive dining places in the lower part of the city. Roosevelt and Oliver streets are to them what Mott street is to the Chinese or Mulberry street to the Italians. There are no fewer than a dozen small Greek restaurants in those two thoroughfares. The name of Roosevelt street has already become as familiar to the villagers in the remotest hamlets of Sparta as Broadway of New York is to an American.

The Greek is a patriot and is always ready to give evidence of his love for his race in a more substantial way than mere words. The $2,000 Greek fund raised by *Atlantis* among the Greeks in this country is an instance of this spirit. Two thousand dollars may not sound large, but when it is considered that the amount thus raised is contributed by men whose earnings are counted by cents, not dollars, it can be seen that patriotism is as alive to-day in the breasts of Greeks as it was in the days of old.

THE CUBAN FILIBUSTERS.

FEATURES OF THE GAME THAT IS PLAYED AT JACKSONVILLE.

Openness with Which the Expeditions Are Planned—The Two Famous Filibustering Tugs—Good Feeling on Both Sides—Profits in the Business for the Tugboat Men.

JACKSONVILLE, March 5.—Everything is filibuster here. The city and woods are full of filibusters—literally and figuratively. All the people of the town talk filibuster and, with few exceptions, all are in favor of the cause of Cuba and hope the expeditions for the assistance of Gen. Gomez will elude the United States authorities and get away on their perilous trips.

One peculiar thing about the state of affairs is the openness with which the matter is discussed by everybody. The people who attempt the trips are perfectly well known, as well as those who try to stop them. Both sides to the game are the best of friends, as a rule, and talk matters over with the best of feeling. The Cuban agents tell the United States authorities that they will do their utmost to slip out a steamer, and discuss the possibilities of doing it in a legal way and the chances of doing it in an illegal way, and the punishments that may follow if an illegal manner be attempted, the size of the fines that would be imposed, the term of imprisonment if caught, and the possibility of the authorities attacking the members of the expedition, and of libelling the boat.

Everybody you meet on the street, in the hotels, or on social occasions is an admiralty lawyer, and will discuss willingly and with vigor and good nature the arbitrary acts of the Government in stopping a steamer before something is proved against her. All have a word to say as to what the Judge of the District Court let out casually on the subject, and predict that next Saturday, or some other day, there will be music in the court room and the District Attorney will go to the wall, and the famous filibuster Dauntless will be allowed to go out about her work.

"What right has Capt. Kilgore of the revenue steamer Boutwell to stop the Dauntless?" you are asked. "Here the owners of the tug want to send her to Fernandina for ten days of towing to replace a tug that has been laid up, and the Captain of the revenue steamer toots four whistles and the Dauntless stops, and her Captain is informed that he must return to the dock. What right has he to do such a thing? The owner of the Dauntless even promises to take a United States Marshal on board on the trip, and even then Capt. Kilgore says she cannot leave the wharf. Why, it is an outrage and clearly against the law. The United States Government has no right to prevent the owners of the tug from earning a living, and Capt. Kilgore will be sorry when he has to pay that $40,000 that he is sued for. Of course he gets his instructions from the District Attorney, and he, too, will sweat when he has to pay his $40,000. The Attorney gets his orders from Washington, of course. What a rotten Administration it is! It is the rottenest Administration I ever saw. Grover Cleveland had better go into private life. He had better not come down here. We would tar and feather him."

And so it goes on. Everybody has the same kind of abuse for everybody in authority, meanwhile being on the pleasantest terms with jovial Capt. Kilgore and the officials in the offices of the District Attorney and the Collector of the Port. The members of the Junta yarn daily with these officials and say they will get the Dauntless out some way, and the officials tell them that they will not get her out if it can be prevented, and all is as pleasant as possible. The owner of the Dauntless is the brother of the Collector of the Port and writes him official letters with regard to the Dauntless. These letters are answered in kind, and the letters are handed from one to the other with a joke. At the same time all is business, and not a soul doubts in the least that the brother who is Collector is watching the one who owns the Dauntless just as carefully as if they were enemies instead of the best of friends.

At present the Dauntless seems to be the only steamer that needs watching, as the Three Friends, the other famous filibuster, is in charge of a Deputy Marshal, who remains on board all the time. The Three Friends runs up and down the river to the bar constantly, and seems to require no watching, but the Dauntless is restrained only by the presence of the Boutwell and the United States steamship Vesuvius, the officers of which vessel keep a constant watch day and night on the active little craft, and have several times brought her to with four whistles and sent her back to her moorings.

These two filibustering craft are ocean tugs, such as may be seen at the entrance of any of our rivers waiting to tow vessels from the bar at the river's mouth to the city and back again when business is ended here. The Three Friends is painted white—that is, she was white when new. She is a tug that can go on a spurt possibly twelve or thirteen knots an hour, and can keep up regularly about eleven and a half knots. The Dauntless is a little faster. She is painted black on the hull and a sort of grained color on the deck and pilot houses. Both are fine sea tugs and are safe to go anywhere. They have excellent machinery, and are good steamers for the purpose of filibustering. They have large hold spaces for cargo, and carry enough coal for a trip of fourteen or fifteen days and draw only eleven feet of water; so they can slip around the Florida keys in shoal water and evade any craft that dares venture out of the way. It is stated that the Three Friends has made six trips and the Dauntless four or five. It is common report that the owners of the tugs get from $5,000 to $8,000 a trip, and, of course, they are anxious to make all they can. These trips last from five days, when they have good luck, to ten or twelve, and it pays the owners well when a trip is successfully accomplished. The amounts paid to the crews are from $100 to $500 each, the $100 going to the darky deck hand or fireman and the larger amounts to the more important men, the Captain and chief engineer. The regular crews consist of about fourteen men, and these men are constantly being changed, which seems a very dangerous proceeding, but somebody explained to me that the owners do not fear the evidence of these men, as no jury here would convict a filibuster, no matter what the testimony was brought before the court. So the owners take on new men and go on their way rejoicing. One of a crew on a certain expedition became a newspaper reporter here directly afterward, and knew the ropes so well that when the next expedition started he hid under the car from which the arms were taken and reported the whole transaction, with details of the people who went and how the authorities were fooled, &c., after the expedition had gone and it was too late to catch them. In fact, the filibuster people here say they want everything they can get put into the papers after a trip has been fairly begun and pursuit is useless, and they encourage the crews to talk when they return from a trip so that the cause of Cuba may have more friends. They say that after a successful trip they receive telegrams from all over the world telling them to draw on the sender for a certain amount for future work.

Many men are met who say with pride that they have been on trips, some one, some as many as half a dozen, and most of them have heartily enjoyed the fun of it. The element of danger is a great attraction, of course. They openly say, however, that they have no fear of the Spanish navy. It is only of our ships that they have fear and they take care to give any of Uncle Sam's navy a long berth. None of the expeditions has been caught, but one of them on the Three Friends had a tight squeeze, as was related by one of those who went. He said that the steamer arrived at a harbor about sundown, and was about to discharge cargo when they saw approaching one of the small coast guard vessels of Spain. These are small affairs. So they decided to land the goods in spite of her, and opened fire with the deck rapid firing gun and knocked the pilot house off the Spanish vessel. They were proceeding to sink her, when a rocket was fired from the little craft, and in a very few moments two Spanish men of war appeared from opposite directions, and the Three Friends had to hustle away under fire to escape. They were chased all night, but managed to escape, and they landed their arms on an island and returned, leaving the Dauntless to pick them up and carry them to their destination.

One of the questions asked of the leaders of the Junta representatives here is: "Why do you not clear with a cargo of arms, since it is not contrary to the laws of nations to carry arms alone into Cuba? You would then be safe so far as our Government is concerned. It is only the men you insist on taking with you that cause all the trouble."

"There are two reasons for that," is the reply. "First, we cannot depend on the regular crews to take the arms to Cuba. They might leave them somewhere else, and we could never know whether they arrived or not. Second, we have to send men to land the goods and conceal them while communicating with the Cuban Generals. It is not safe to let them know where we intend to land, as somebody might inform the Spanish authorities and they would be captured. Also, we are not able to depend on landing anywhere, and may have to cruise along the coast and try two or three places before we are able to get the arms on shore. Then we put them into the boats with the men and scoot. The men that land conceal the arms, and sometimes hunt for several days before finding the forces, when an expedition is sent for them."

One of the men who had been on several of these trips said that they once landed arms right within sight of the lights of Morro Castle. It was ticklish work, but they were successful.

They take with them on their trips two pilots who know the coast of Cuba well and also the secrets of the shoals around the keys. These men have no especial interest in the cause, but go simply for the money consideration.

On a trip down the river to Mayport, the small town at the mouth of the stream, several places were pointed out where arms had been stored for expeditions. Some had been successful, and in other cases the arms had to be reshipped to other places. One of these places was within four miles of Jacksonville on the railroad route to a summer resort on the coast. The car containing the arms was quietly run down there one night and opened, and all the stores put on one of the small side-wheel steamers here and carried out to sea and down the coast. So far all was well; but this small steamer could not take them to Cuba. This craft was met by the Dauntless, which was to receive the stores and men and proceed on her way. Spies had informed the District Attorney, who sent word to the United States steamer Raleigh, lying off the bar at the mouth of the river. The Raleigh went south in the night, and appeared off the meeting place of the two steamers and threw her searchlights around, and discovered the Dauntless off the mouth of the river there, and just coming out with the load of men and arms was the other craft. This side-wheel steamer immediately returned to the harbor, and the Dauntless was seized and brought back to Jacksonville. Thus the expedition was foiled, but nothing could be proved against the Dauntless, as none of the men and arms had been put on board. The Raleigh was unable to go inside the bar to catch the other craft, and just missed the best chance so far presented of catching a filibuster by being a little too rapid. An hour later and a perfect case would have been made out against the Dauntless. Uncle Sam's navy is too rapid.

There are unlimited chances for a filibuster if only he can clear and get outside of the river without a deputy marshal on board, but the latter is difficult. The Dauntless, which seems to be the one most depended on, is in hard luck and it seems as if the authorities here are instructed to hold her, by legal means if possible, but to hold her anyway, and she is held. She is likely to make an attempt any dark night, but will have a hard time to evade the watchers on board the Boutwell and Vesuvius. The searchlight on the Vesuvius is an added trouble to the Dauntless, as it is thrown at a moment's notice in her direction, and the slightest movement on her part means a thorough lighting up of the dry wharf where she lies. But she will keep on trying it whenever the night is dark and foggy. Capt. Kilgore of the Boutwell has prevented her departure on one or two nights by sending on board one of his officers to stay there all night. It is queer, too, that under these circumstances the owner of the Dauntless places a bunk at the officer's disposal and is as friendly as possible. Everybody seems to consider it as a game where the smartest will win, and to take defeat as a good joke.

Many are the suppositions and queries with regard to what would be done under certain circumstances. One of the fire-eating Cubans put two or three cases.

"Suppose," he said, "I clear with a cargo of arms for the province where Gen. Gomez is supreme, and have the arms consigned to Gen. Gomez. I can do that, can I? If? Well, I take the arms there and deliver them, and get a receipt from Gen. Gomez, and clearance papers from Gen. Gomez in the name of the Government of Cuba."

"There is no recognized Government of Cuba, unfortunately."

"Well, what will they do to me? Will they declare me a pirate and hang me? I'd like to see them try it here in Jacksonville. The crackers would tear the jail down.

"Guess not."

"Well, they would. You don't know the Florida cracker. Well, what else could I do to clear from a province that Gen. Gomez dominates. I could not get clearance papers from Spanish officials, because there are none there. I would like to do it, just to see what the Government would do, anyhow."

"Pretty hard to tell."

"Well, what are they going to do with us about the Three Friends? Are they going to condemn us for pirates and hang us? They must either do that or turn us over to the Spaniards to hang us. I'd like to see a Spanish man-of-war come up to this river to get us. They would never get down again."

And so on. This is merely a sample. If only they could get the United States in a row with Spain they would do it in a minute.

Another man says: "Look at that Spanish spy that the Government of the United States is paying to watch us. He was forced on the District Attorney by the Washington authorities, and Spain forced the Washington people to pay him to watch Americans. It is outrageous."

In the mean time, rumors are thick in the air about the steamer Bermuda, as mentioned in the morning papers here, and the Dauntless unwillingly waits and chafes at the delay, while twilmly on the two ships watching her, and the District Attorney is collecting his information and the Junta people are fretting.

NOT AN ANARCHIST.

But There Was an Alarm Before the Young Man Discovered What Was Loaded.

A sedate looking young man strolled in an abstracted way into Delmonico's on Thursday evening. He carried under his left arm a little square package done up in light wrapping paper, and tied with a pink string. He was apparently a man of methodical habits. The hotel detective mentally noted this for future reference. Methodical men are sometimes as dangerous as those who work "without a purpose or a plan." There was nothing about the aspect of the young man that might lead the casual observer to suspect him of being an Anarchist. His hair was of ordinary length and his linen was faultless. It is on record, however, that there have been Anarchists who have defied the traditions of their kind, and have become addicted to the bath and fine apparel.

The young man set his package down on the table with a carefulness that was remarked by the waiter who took his order and did not recognize him as a steady customer. After wiping his eyeglasses and adjusting them, the young man leaned back in his chair and scanned the bill of fare. He startled the waiter by remarking:

"I think I will take a plate of beef and——"

Then he realized where he was, and called for a bottle and a bird. Then something happened that threw the restaurant into turmoil. The young man got up as if he had sat on a tack, and examined the seat of his chair. There was a muffled clatter that sounded to the waiters like the electrical buzz of an infernal machine. They regarded the movements of the young man as somewhat suspicious. The young man himself seemed to be in almost as much of a state of mind as the waiters. He could not imagine where the whir-r-r-r came from. He peered under the table after inspecting his chair. Forty persons in the restaurant had concentrated a startled gaze upon him. He was unaffected by their scrutiny, but was much puzzled by the muffled whir-r-r-r.

Sixteen waiters gathered around him, looking pale and apprehensive. The hotel detective stalked toward the young man trying his best to look as if he were not afraid. The stolid expression of the young man changed to one of joyful relief. He picked up the pink-corded package, and the sound that came from it convinced even the hotel detective that the young man had bought an alarm clock. All the waiters smiled and returned in a hurry to their respective places. The young man did not know that the alarm clock was loaded.

MARTIAL LAW IN URUGUAY.

The Liberty of the Press Suspended and the Army Mobilized.

The liberty of the press has been suspended in Uruguay because of the insurrection that was begun there last month. The first disturbers of the peace, acting, it is supposed, under the direction of adversaries of the Government, came into the country from Brazil. At the beginning the movements of the malcontents were not regarded as of great importance, but soon all the military forces of the country were called out to oppose them. Information from the seat of the disturbance is slow in coming at best, and may be slower now.

Private advices yesterday from Montevideo informed THE SUN of the suspension of the liberty of the press, and conveyed the further intelligence that the revolution was much more serious than had been anticipated.

News reached Buenos Ayres from Montevideo on the last of February that the Uruguayan Government had been informed of the presence of large companies of insurrectionists within the republic who had come from Brazil. It was the belief that their expedition was the fruit of intrigues of the White party, a body which had been opposing the administration at Montevideo. On March 4 despatches sent to London and this country from Montevideo brought word that a state of siege had been proclaimed, and that the mobilization of the army had been ordered. Nothing more had been heard here, so far as publicly known, until yesterday's news reached THE SUN.

A LYNCHING IN OREGON.

WESTERN JUSTICE FOR "JIMMY NO GOOD, JIMMY HI-YU TOUGH."

How a One-Eyed Rooster from Sawmill Camp Played Havoc with the Egg Crop of the Wilson Hens—Why the Eatons Kept No Hens—Red-Headed Jimmy Wilson Revenged.

The Wilsons kept hens. The Eatons did not, although they took a lively interest in poultry just the same. The Wilson hens were known and esteemed in the little Oregon village for their regularity and prodigality as layers. The Wilsons' hens' eggs bore a reputation as enviable as Mrs. Wilson's fried chicken or raised cake.

Little red-haired Jimmy Wilson, the 10-year-old, knew not only all the hens, but all their nesting places. He had figured out the extent of the egg crop on the Wilson place, and when his mother or sister Mary called for fresh supplies, it was Jimmy's proud privilege to act as egg purveyor to the household.

No better behaved hens could be found in all Oregon than those of the Wilsons. That is, until the Eaton folks moved into the neighborhood. The Eatons came from somewhere down East, a few years after the Wilsons moved up from California. Old man Eaton, so all hands agreed, was mighty close, and the other Eatons, big and little, trailed right along after him. The Eatons lived a short distance from the Wilsons, on the school house road. As has been said, they kept no hens. Mrs. Wilson had broad Western ideas of neighborliness, and a justifiable pride in her hennery and its crop. One morning, shortly after the arrival of the Eatons, Mrs Wilson made a neighborly call. She carried with her a basket heaping full of selected Wilson eggs, and tendered this as a gift to the newcomers.

Mrs. Eaton returned the call—but not the basket—some days later. "Them eggs of your'n," she said to Mrs. Wilson, "was so good Pap allowed he'd never eat nothin' that so raised the spirit of covetousness in him."

Jimmy came home from school one afternoon with this bit of news:

"Mom, Bill Eaton's folks 've got a rooster. Bill told me at recess. His pop got it for nothin', he said, from a man who was quittin' Sawmill Camp. Ain't it funny? Just one rooster, and if they lose him they ain't got none."

Still the Eatons kept no hens. That rooster was a queer bird. Perhaps he was lonesome. He couldn't have been proud of his personal appearance, for, to put it mildly, he was ragged, homely, and had lost one eye. But to this day the Wilsons believe that rooster was a trained capper for a clever game run by old man Eaton, aided and abetted by flinty-faced Mrs. Eaton and the pop-eyed little Eatons from down East.

The one-eyed rooster from Sawmill Camp had not been in town more than a week or two when he began daily visits to the well-kept Wilson place. He would strut up and down in the dooryard, scratch gravel, and crow. Gradually he seemed to hypnotize the Wilson hens. As they say among chicken farmers, the Eaton rooster "tolled" those hens to his own barnyard. Singly, in couples, or in groups, the hitherto faithful Wilson hens meekly followed the one-eyed rooster and made visits of varying length to the henless yard of the calculating Eatons.

Day by day and week after week the egg crop on the Wilson place shrank perceptibly. At first Mrs. Wilson blamed little Jimmy and accused him of shirking his duties as nest hunter. Sister Mary ventured to say:

"Mam, perhaps some of our neighbors are ashamed to borrow any more eggs, and so they just sneak around here and rob the nests."

This insinuation against the integrity of her neighbors was not tolerated by good Mrs. Wilson, who contented herself by administering large doses of patent egg food to her hens and admonishing Jimmy to search the barn, the woodshed, and the field for the new nesting places which she was certain her feathered treasures had established.

Meanwhile the Eaton rooster continued to exert his mysterious powers of fascination upon the Wilson hens. Their feet followed in his footprints in the yard of the Eatons, and the Eatons no longer borrowed eggs from the diminishing store of the Wilsons.

Red-headed Jimmy, boy-like, did considerable fretting and some tall thinking about this time. One day he confided to his sister Mary that he didn't like "that scrubby Bill Eaton."

"Mary," said Jimmy, "I'll lick that Bill Eaton first chance I get. He told me in the school yard to-day that his folks had named their darned rooster Jimmy, after me, because it's got a red top. And what's more, I think those Eaton boys are robbing our hens' nests."

The very next day, as luck would have it, old man Eaton took all his family for a day's outing in the woods beyond Sawmill Camp. That was Jimmy's opportunity. His experience as egg chaser at home stood him in good stead. He got into the Eaton place over the back fence and searched under the house, in the woodshed and barn, along by the fences, and in every nook and corner where the barnyard fowl might make a nest. He found no hens, for the Eatons kept none, but he found eggs in surprising numbers.

That night Jimmy, his brother John, sister Mary, and Jimmy's chum held a whispered conference at the dining table in the Wilson place. In that conference the fate of the one-eyed rooster was settled. Long before daybreak sister Mary stole into her brother's room and awakened Jimmy, Johnny, and Jimmy's chum, who had spent the night at the house. In a few moments sister Mary and the three boys were on the outside, legging it to the Eaton place up the road. Jimmy took the lead after they had got in the Eaton yard.

"Now, fellows," he whispered, "I'll climb on the roosts on the woodshed roof. I'll climb up on the woodpile. You boost me, and I'll catch him asleep."

Barefooted, and with heart thumping, Jimmy climbed after his namesake. One-eyed Jimmy, the hypnotist, was oblivious to danger. An outstretched arm, a quick grasp, a convulsive choking sound, and the Eaton rooster was no more. His strutting was over. The Wilson children and Jimmy's chum made their way home, bearing their booty proudly. At the Wilson gate Mary said:

"It'll never do to let mam know this. You boys pick that rooster and clean him. I'll make a fire and put the big iron pot on the stove and we'll cook him and eat him, too."

"Gee, that's great," ejaculated Jimmy. "He won't tell any more of our hens up to the Eaton yard, will he?"

When Mrs. Wilson descended to the kitchen that morning she found Mary, Jimmy, and Johnny, Jimmy's chum, and Wah Lee, the Chinese boy servant, glumly peering into the iron pot. Mary, to divert suspicion, quickly told her mother that being unable to sleep and feeling hungry, she had told the boys to kill a chicken for breakfast.

Just here the boys and Wah Lee sneaked. Johnny alone returned. While his mother was trying the chicken with a basting fork he tacked a piece of paper to the door leading to the dining room. Mrs. Wilson remarked in surprise:

"Why, Mary, my child, how on earth do you expect to eat this chicken? It won't cook through for hours and hours. I can hardly get a fork in it. Whatever is happening to my hens and chickens?"

As Jimmy entered, his face ready to break into a grin, Mrs. Wilson saw the paper which Johnny had tacked on the door. It read just as the Chinese boy had expressed his view of the Eaton rooster:

Jimmy No Good; Jimmy Hi-Yu Tough.

The Wilson egg crop never failed after that episode, and up to the time the Eatons left the Oregon village they kept no hens.

DR. GROSSMAN INSTALLED.

He Becomes the Rabbi of Temple Rodeph Sholom in Lexington Avenue.

The Rev. Dr. Rudolph Grossman, formerly assistant rabbi of Temple Beth-El, at Fifth avenue and Seventy-sixth street, was installed yesterday as rabbi of Temple Rodeph Sholom, at Lexington avenue and Sixty-third street. He was inducted into his new office by the Rev. Dr. K. Kohler, rabbi of Beth-El. The ceremonies began at 2:30 in the morning and lasted until nearly 1 o'clock in the afternoon. In the large congregation were Otto Irving Wise, one of the trustees of the temple, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of Madison Avenue Temple, both sons of the late Rev. Dr. Aaron Wise, the rabbi whom Dr. Grossman succeeded.

The installation procession was led by Dr. Kohler, followed by the President, School Inspector Benjamin Blumenthal. Then came Dr. Rudolph Grossman, escorted by Vice-President H. M. Goldfogle and the Rev. Dr. Louis Grossman of Detroit, brother of the new rabbi, escorted by Treasurer Jacob Freund.

Rabbi Grossman is 33 years old and a native of Austria. He has lived long in this country.

HEARN

West Fourteenth Street.

This Advertisement Represents both

NOVELTIES AND BARGAINS

All, both Novelties and Bargains, are

NEW GOODS!

All Wool Fancy and Shepherd's Checks in Black, Heliotrope, Blue and other colors—splendid quality	.25
New two-toned Fancy Checks and Mottled Mixtures—36 and 44 inch	.39
All Wool Check and Mixtures were .39 and .49	.19
Flowered Organdies in all beautiful light Summer colorings with white Embroidered stripes not found elsewhere under .19	.12½
Linen Etamines—French Printed Novelties—light and flimy yet strong in weave—elsewhere 40 cents	.27
Marguerite, Pansy and Persian Organdies sheer, fine texture; French styles	.8½
Silk Ginghams—fancy cords—Beautiful styles for shirt waists; worth .36	.15

IT MAKES US SAD

to see some folks, who should know better, split chiffons in half and sell them as full width to meet a cut.....They really ought not to brag that they have a million to lose and cry every time they put their hands in their pockets....."Oh my! Where are we at? This beautiful world is coming to an end and all our lovely ducats are going to the sweet bye and bye."

Ladies' Chemises—cambric ruffle lace edge—all sizes	.21
Ladies' Empire Night Dresses 2 rows Inserting and Embroidery	.39
Ladies' Cambric Corset Covers Pompadour and V—2 inch Emb'y	.13½
Fancy Trimmed Cambric Corset Covers sizes 32, 38, 40 and 42 inch—were .59	.29
Children's Muslin Drawers—all sizes, tucks and worked buttonholes	.10
Ladies' Gingham Aprons large and small checks—fancy border	8
Children's Corset Waists odd sizes of 49-cent grades	.19
Ladies' Fine Sateen Corsets some of the best makes—odd sizes	.50
Babies' Short Lawn and Nainsook Dresses—emb'y and lace—new spring styles	.49
Babies' Colored Lawn and Percale Dresses—pointed collar—lace and emb'y	.49
Babies' Emb'd and Plain China Silk Caps—Blue, Pink and White	.49
Babies' Long Nainsook Slips pleated and hemstitched yoke and front	.49
Children's Cloth Reefers emb'd and braid trim'd collars	1.39
Girls' Long Coats of fine Imported all-wool Cloths—12 and 14 years	2.98
Ladies' Black Brocade Silk Waists tucked yoke—new sleeves	3.49
Elegant Tailor-made Coat Costumes Taffeta silk lined throughout	13.50
Ladies' Fancy Eiderdown Dressing Sacques Best colors—Best styles	.59
India Silk Tea Gowns—deep collar deep lace and Insertings; all colors	6.98
New Boucle and Crepon Dress Skirts colors and Black—very latest shape	3.98

New Waists, New Dresses,
New Jackets, New Capes,
New Tea Gowns and Wrappers.
Every day adds to variety!

HOW TO WRITE AN ADVERTISEMENT.

According to

new methods lately imported.

Take big space in a prominent newspaper, fill it with pictures and a lot of talk which is not particularly interesting to anybody but the writer, but do not publish any bargains, or, if you do, be sure that they are "just sold out" early in the morning.

This style of advertisement

is especially recommended to those who have no bargains to offer, and those who think that bluster takes the place of value.

AND NOW TO BUSINESS:

Following items shortly described

Can be found in our stores

All Day long.

Black All Silk Surahs 24 inches wide—strong, firm weave	.39
Handsome Novelty Brocade Taffetas—new changeable effects; large variety	.49
New Changeable Silk Foulards—Satin finish—light and dark effects	.29
White Silk Habutais—full yard wide—extra quality	.39
Black Satin Brocade Indias all silk—new designs—24 inches wide	.39
Lonsdale Cambrics—yard wide also Forty inch Victoria Lawns	7½
White Summer Blankets ten-quarter size	.49
White Turkish Towels—50 inches long—worth .25	.15
Check Glass Towelling—Half Linen—24 inches wide	9½
Quadruple Plate Soup Tureens—hand burnished—rococo edge	3.98
Hand burnished Tea Sets—Quadruple plate—4 pieces	9.98
Best Steel Bread Knives—Straight and curved blades; were .59	.39