TRILBY PARTY AT ASBURY.

TWELVE WOMEN COMPETE IN A BENCH SHOW OF FEET.

Judges Were Men and Spectators Were Allowed to Examine Exhibits Before Prizes Were Awarded—Founder Bradley Is Down on the Shirt-Waist Man—Went Last, He Says.

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 19.—Mr. Bradley—and there is never any mistake at Asbury Park as to whom you mean when you say Mr. Bradley—sat on the boardwalk this afternoon and discussed shirt waists, triple-reefed bathing suits and the general subject of seashore morality. He took his text from a new placard which he has caused to be put up on the pavilion at the foot of Cookman avenue. It—the placard—has a quotation from a letter written by an indignant matron on the subject of improper bathing suits worn by men. "Disgusting" is the term the matron applies to some of the surf costumes which youths, and even elderly men, are in the habit of putting on when they go in swimming before folks and then disport themselves on the sand. Below this ringing protest, which is quoted in full, there is Mr. Bradley's official indorsement that there is weight in the complaint and his official direction to the boardwalk police to see to it hereafter that the improprieties complained of are discontinued.

"It's all of a piece with this shirt-waist business," said Mr. Bradley reflectively. "The shirt-waist men are on the increase all the time. Why, even one of my officers here got touched with the disease and appeared right here on the walk about his duties in a shirt waist. I don't like the shirt-waist man. I told the officer to go and put on his coat and wear his badge on his coat. Yes, this shirt-waist business is spreading amazingly. I predict that it will spread even more. I think it will go on and on to such extremes that it will kill itself, wear itself out by its own extravagance, before the season is over. The newspapers help to spread it. Here one of our local papers only the other day announced that at such and such a hotel the landlord had let down the barriers on shirt waists and that shirt-waist men were now permitted in the dining room. What was the consequence of that? Why, another fresh impetus to the fad, of course, and more shirt-waist men breaking out all over the place.

"Well, this thing the lady complained of is a fad in the same line—but worse of course. It has broken out at the bathing places all along the shore. I had a letter from a lady on the subject only the other day. Members of her family were here and she wanted to know if the disgusting costumes were permitted here—the kind, I mean, that are mentioned on the placard there. The objectionable things are the trunks. The trunks are short enough anyway, but the young men make them shorter. They take the legs in them and roll them up—that is, those do who think they have got a fine set of underpinning. It is just as it is in Scotland. In Scotland when a young fellow thinks he has got a good pair of legs the first thing he wants to do is to get into kilts. Kilts are a relic of barbarism, anyway. Well, this barelegged business got to going too far, and the bobtail jersey business got to going too far likewise. Now, a jersey ought to come down as far as the policeman's tunic there. But they got to having them shorter and shorter. So for a week or so back we have been holding a stricter rein on things. We have had no trouble about the bathing suits of the women, it has all been with the men. We have called down a number of them and told them their bathing suits were not what they should be. They knew well enough what was the matter. As soon as we spoke to them they commenced letting out the reefs that they had taken in their trunks.

"I have been accused of being Puritanical and a crank and all sorts of things. Now I have just got one thing in mind and that is to keep this place decent, so that a man can have his wife and daughters here without letting them exposed to exhibitions that are offensive and degrading. I shut down the bathing on Sunday at noon. I do this because I believe in the American Sunday for one thing and I do it also in order that the people going to and from church may not be annoyed by the crowd and confusion on the board walk. I don't believe in being too sectarian but I do believe in recognizing that there is such a day as Sunday as we Americans of the old school were brought up to know it. I was brought up a Methodist but I have got broader views than I used to have. I love a Sunday service of any kind that is moral. I go to the Catholic service, to the Episcopal service and I go to hear Mr. Allen. He is an agnostic, but he preached a sermon here that would have done credit to a Methodist pulpit.

"Yes, I am in favor of having the Sunday trains stop here, and they will, I think, next year. It amuses the place to have a notice on the time tables that the trains don't stop here Sundays."

Mr. Bradley's views on "Trilby Parties" were not gathered. "Trilby Parties" are a new thing at Asbury and it just possible Mr. Bradley may not have heard of them. A "Trilby Party" might be otherwise described as a bench show of feet. H. A. Stiles invented them. He was called upon by the guests of the Grand Avenue Hotel to get up something new. Donkey parties had begun to pall, progressive euchre had lost its charm, the Saturday evening hop had become stale, flat and unprofitable. There was a demand upon Stiles for something new. Stiles rose to the occasion. He boldly proposed the bench show of ladies' feet. There were gasps at Stiles's rashness; there was even a holding up of hands in horror on the part of some of the matrons. But, on the other hand, there were arguments. Even Mr. Bradley, it was advanced, admitted the existence of feet. He went even farther and allowed exposed feet on the boardwalk. The uplifted hands were lowered, but still there was a dubious shaking of heads.

"It don't seem right," said one of the married women, "but I don't know. If I were to go into the thing I think I'd wear those new clocked silk stockings. I've never had them on."

And so it was settled. The "Trilby Party" was approved. There were to be three prizes—first, second and third. R. B. Bernard, civil engineer of the Long Branch Railroad, and Charles R. Shantz, a manufacturer, were chosen as two of the judges, and they agreed upon Mr. Stiles to act with them as the third.

For several hours the three judges pored over books on foot anatomy. They did not stop there. One of them, it is said, visited a local physician and obtained from him the necessary requirements of a perfect foot. In another case a chiropodist was consulted. The result was that before the contest began the judges were deeply versed in foot lore.

The contest took place in the dining room of the hotel. Several sheets were sewed together and these served as a curtain. Behind this screen on a platform were the contestants, twelve in number. At 9 o'clock, with the dining room thronged with guests, Mr. Schroeder, who acted as master of ceremonies, announced that the contest was open. Twelve dainty ankles protruded from a profusion of lace skirts and the spectators were invited to come forward and examine the feet. Familiarities with the contesting feet were sternly barred by the master of ceremonies. Up and down the line, several times, walked the spectators passing judgment or criticism on the feet. One of the onlookers had the audacity to raise the curtain in an effort to find out to whom one of the feet belonged. The judges sat down on him heavily. After five minutes review Mr. Schroeder announced that the judges would now take their turn, and determine who were the prize winners. Muffled laughter came from behind the curtain at times, as the examiners picked up some particular foot in order to study its anatomy more closely. It was observed that the extensor brevis digitorum of one contestant's foot was not sufficiently developed and that there was a depression in the plantar region.

The tarsal bones of another were all right, but the sesamoid bones did not come up to what Trilby possessed. In the case of still another the dorsal cuboides were too small, and the metatarsal ligament of the fifth toe did not show up well. One foot was thought by one of the judges to be entitled to first prize, but it did not pass muster with the others because the internal lateral ligaments of the phlanges were not full enough. When the judges came to one foot that seemed at first glance faultless they studied long and earnestly. They noted that the abductor minimi digiti was all right; that the os cuboides were of the proper size and that the os naviculare was perfect. To the owner was awarded the first prize, a gold necklace. After this the determination as to where the second and third prizes, a breastpin and a pair of silk stockings, was an easy matter. It was the privilege of the judges to tie the blue, red and yellow ribbons, representing first, second and third prizes, on the ankles of the winners, and this they did while the orchestra played "Ben Bolt."

The curtain was drawn aside after the contestants had donned their footwear. In the excitement one contestant lost one of her slippers, but it was afterward recovered. The winner of the first prize is a young woman very well known and very popular here.

Justice Smyth's Funeral.

The funeral of Justice Frederick Smyth will be held at 10:30 o'clock to-morrow morning in St. Gabriel's Church in East Thirty-seventh street. Mgr. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of New York, and pastor of the church, which was a life-long friend of Justice Smyth, will officiate.

The pallbearers will be Justices Van Brunt, Beach, F. Gerald and Patterson, Judge Cowing, ex-Justices Cohen and Donohue, and William Clarworthy, David McClure, J. Edward Simmons, Richard Croker and Francis Higgins.

THE SOUND LOBSTER WAR.

Fishermen Taking Up Gear—Crippling an Important Industry.

NOANK, Conn., Aug. 19.—In compliance with the demands of the New York State Fisheries law, as applied to the five lobster fishermen of this port who were arrested last week for setting their traps in the "Race" and nearby waters of the Empire State, the remaining Connecticut lobstermen are removing their apparatus from all New York waters as fast as possible. The ten days' time limit given by Oyster Protector Overton of New York to effect this expired on Saturday.

The lobstermen alluded to, C. Fowler, Oscar Chester and S. B. Wilcox of the sloop Florence, Capt. A. V. Morgan of the sloop Bo Peep and A. P. Brown of the sloop Lena, paid with three men from other parts of the State $320 in fines into the general fund of the New York Game Commission in Justice Terry's court in Greenport, where they were arraigned. The charge against them was the violation of the prohibitive law against non-residents taking shellfish in New York waters.

The enforcement of this law, which was not known of here, has made not a little stir in the fishing villages of southeastern Connecticut. In this place alone the lobster-catching industry will be crippled and the large amount of gear now used by the fishermen will be rendered practically useless. It is calculated that about $150,000 is invested in the business by the Noank lobstermen alone, and this amount will be virtually tied up unless the material can be sold elsewhere. It is a question with many of the fishermen as to what they will do now, as they have always been interested in this calling. Some of the fisherman had as many as 200 pots and had been catching 200 pounds of the fish per night.

The Stonington and Mystic lobstermen are indignant over the arrest of the Noankers, and allege that the officials' treatment of their victims while in Greenport was shabby in the extreme—the assertion being made that a pistol was drawn upon them in one instance. The lobstermen have engaged counsel to look after their interests in the difficulty.

The young lobsters brought from the Woods Hole lobster hatchery to be liberated in this region are turned loose on the Connecticut side of Fisher's Island Sound. As the crustaceans increase in size it is known that they go directly to the deeper waters on the New York coast. It especially irritates the Connecticut lobstermen to feel that under the statute as it now appears to stand Connecticut territory aids in the development of the lobster crop while the harvest belongs to New York.

EXPENSIVE NAP FOR O'KEEFE.

Dozed in a Saloon and Lost His Money—Thinks a Pretended Brother Got It.

Thomas O'Keefe of 641 Sixth avenue went into Flannery's saloon at 114 East Forty-first street on Saturday and fell asleep there. Over the saloon lives Charles McGuinness, who frequently has errands which take him into Flannery's place. One of the errands took him in there while O'Keefe slept. He noticed the recumbent O'Keefe, his head pillowed on a table, and spoke of him to the bartender, Thomas Gallagher.

"He's my brother," said McGuinness. "I guess I'll stand him for a touch."

Gallagher asserts that McGuinness went over to O'Keefe, fumbled about the sleeping man a moment, and then walked out. When O'Keefe awoke an hour later he cried loudly that he had been robbed of $18 in bills. Then the bartender told of McGuinness and his brotherly act, and O'Keefe said he never had a brother and that he didn't know any McGuinness who would be guilty of so mean an act. The bartender advised him to wait a minute before he got excited, and presently they saw McGuinness come in at a door at the side of the saloon and go upstairs to his room. O'Keefe put his finger at the side of his nose, after the manner of a story-book sleuth, and hurried over to the East Thirty-fifth street police station. He told Detective Van Delft of his expensive nap and the detective hurried with him to McGuinness's rooms. They found their quarry sitting there apparently quite unconcerned. He stoutly denied having taken anything from O'Keefe.

"I wouldn't steal from any one," he protested. Then he dropped on his knees and said, "You can search me. I haven't even got a postage stamp on me."

He was arrested, but the missing money was not found and he continued to protest his innocence. Magistrate Brann in the Yorkville police court yesterday held him for examination to-day on a charge of larceny.

MASS FOR AUSTRIA'S EMPEROR.

Sung in Celebration of Francis Joseph's Seventieth Birthday.

The Church of St. Joseph at First avenue and Eighty-seventh street was filled at the 11 o'clock service yesterday when a solemn high mass of thanksgiving was sung in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Emperor Francis Joseph I. of Austria. Alexander Nubey, the acting Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in this city, issued invitations on Monday to prominent Austrians here and to the members of the different legations to attend the mass. The church was decorated with the standards of the old kingdoms of Austria and Hungary, the royal banners of the Hapsburgs, the imperial standard of Austria-Hungary and the Stars and Stripes.

When nearly all the worshippers had been seated acting Consul-General Nubey, in the uniform of his office, entered the church, accompanied by four of his secretaries, John Nyiri, Julius Stern, Rudolph Yesterick and Rudolph von Beechy. Secretary von Beechy is a Lieutenant in the Reserve Artillery of Austria-Hungary and was in uniform. The other secretaries wore evening dress, after the foreign fashion. Consul-General Karl Buenz of Germany, Consul-General Giovanni Branchi of Italy, Consul Sadanuki Nehidi of Japan and consular representatives of other countries were present.

Prof. Emil Reyl, organist of St. Joseph's, provided an elaborate programme. The solemn high mass of Mozart was rendered by an orchestra and a mixed choir of fifty voices. The mass was celebrated by the Rev. E. Lamell, pastor of St. Joseph's, with the Rev. G. B. Weber as deacon and the Rev. O. F. Streck as sub-deacon. It was followed by a short address in German by the Rev. F. Schumack, eulogizing the Emperor Francis Joseph. At the close of the service the Austrian national hymn was sung.

BROKE INTO A MINERS' MEETING.

Idaho State Deputy Seizes Records and Gets Out Despite Twenty Men.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 19. State Deputy Samuel Findlay of Idaho broke the door down and entered a meeting of the miners' union at Gem, Idaho, on Friday night, and took possession of the books and papers of the union. Secretary A. S. Balch attempted to retain his records and was assaulted by the deputy. Balch was struck on the head. During the confusion the deputy made his way out of the hall.

Meetings of miners' unions are prohibited in the Coeur d'Alenes by the State authorities, but they are being held. It is part of Deputy Findlay's instructions to prevent such gatherings. Findlay heard of the meeting and knocked on the rear door, which was opened a few inches. He demanded to know what was going on and was told it was none of his business. He is a powerful man, 6 feet, 2 inches tall, and weighing 254 pounds. He threw his shoulders against the door, which gave way. Entering the room, where twenty members of the union were gathered, he seized the records and departed.

MRS. KOTHE IN DISTRESS.

Thirty Years Ago She Was a Belle in Cincinnati and Was Rich.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Mrs. Cynthia St. Clair Kothe and her invalid son, strangers in Chicago, are being cared for by the police. Mother and son were found at the Dearborn street station in an almost helpless condition. The son was sick and Mrs. Kothe was prostrated by worry. The mother is 58 years old and looks older. The son is 30 and sickness has made him well nigh helpless. Mrs. Kothe is the daughter of Samuel Matson, once a boot and shoe manufacturer of Cincinnati and in his lifetime the wealthiest man in the Middle West. When a young woman she was one of the belles of the Ohio city and married William Kothe, a well-known composer and musician. He was the author of many popular songs of thirty years ago, among them being "Cynthia's Dream," which he named after his young wife.

The Sixty-ninth Will Not Be Represented at the Long Branch Military Show.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment will not be represented at the military tournament at Long Branch on Friday and Saturday. Company G won glory for the regiment last year, and, incidentally, had a good time. It is said the soldiers are much disappointed because Col. Duff has decided that no company of his command shall take part in the show. Col. Duff said he didn't care to have the regiment represented and that that was all there was to it.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

On the desk of the secretary of one of the oldest copper manufacturing firms in this city is a steel die which has served as a paper weight for thirty-five years, and the coins struck off by it are now, for the most part, in the hands of collectors. This die was used for striking copper tokens which symbolized the contest between President Andrew Jackson and the old United States Bank of Philadelphia in 1832. The engraving on the die represents President Jackson, sword in hand and apparently standing in a money chest. Around the central figure is stamped Jackson's expression, "I take the responsibility," which arose out of his controversies with the bank. When this die was made the predecessors of the present company not only manufactured copper wire but also made a special feature of copper coins, chiefly for South American countries and for private business firms which made a practice of issuing their own copper coins to be redeemed by them afterward. During the Civil War and just preceding it many private corporations issued tokens which circulated as pennies and some of them are now worth a great many times their original value to collectors.

One of the serious problems in many households each summer is how to take care of the cat while the family is away in the country, and a son of a janitor of a big apartment house on the West Side has solved it this year to the satisfaction of every cat owner on a certain block. Mature cats do not take kindly to summer migrations, and in cases where the family are going to a hotel it is impossible to take the cat along. Not a few women who are spending the summer within easy distance of New York come to town two or three times a week to feed their cats. This janitor's son canvassed a block of houses early in the spring and offered to assume the care of cats during the summer for a modest compensation, which was much less than the cat owner's expenses would be to travel to town and look after the animal herself. He had references to establish his honesty and he secured the cat job from every woman who was compelled to leave her cat behind. Twice a day he makes the rounds, leaving water and food for each cat.

If ships had ghosts one office down on Front street would be haunted. Years ago a big ship ran ashore just where this office now stands. The city did not extend as far out into the river as it does now and Front street did not exist. The wreck remained where it was and the sand drifted around it. When the city moved out toward the river no effort was made to remove the wreck. It was buried by the refuse and dirt dumped on it. When the office building was erected the wreck was so far below the surface that it did not interfere with the foundations, and there it is to this day. The man who owns this building says that it is the only one in this city which is built over the wreck of a ship, and apparently the old boat is stanch enough to stand the burden.

Grass is not a very common sight on Fifth avenue even in the summer time, but it is growing now on one corner not far from the top of Murray Hill. This particular corner was at one time the centre of New York's fashionable life and every one of the four residences situated on it was occupied by a prominent family. Now business has taken possession of the residences and one corner still retains a residence. That is for sale and has already been selected by rumor as the home of several clubs. But it is still unchanged in appearance and has never been occupied since the death of its last owner. Grass has grown in the spaces between the flagstones and in the thin lines of earth next the iron fence.

The peculiarities of actors are usually excused, as are the peculiarities of all geniuses, and however marked they may be, most persons are likely to be indulgent to them. Actors show their eccentricities of temperament in various fashions. "One of the best known actors on the American stage and one of the most prosperous, for he rarely makes less than $50,000 a season," said a manager who was discussing this question, "shows his peculiarity of temperament in a most singular way. At the same time this method is very profitable to him. He will never pay more than $4,000 for the use of any play, however successful it may be. Sometimes he pays considerably less, of course, but his limit is always $4,000. I don't know how came to settle on that purely arbitrary limit, but he has. Persons might suggest that lawyers and contracts could bring him to terms, but so far he has always come triumphantly out of any attempts to make him disgorge. In one case he got acting a play made from a novel. He paid the author $4,000 in royalties and then wrote to his home in London saying that he had decided on consideration to pay no more to him, as the play had been so much altered and improved as to be practically his own. The astonished dramatist, who had never before heard of this actor's peculiarity, brought a suit against him which is still pending. In another case he paid a foreign author whose play was not protected by copyright, after having made public his great generosity under the circumstances. He stopped short, however, when the $4,000 limit was reached, although the play made a fortune for him."

The destruction of a hotel in a Southern town, popular as a winter resort, left the place with no appropriate quarters for the fashionable men and women who are accustomed to go there every winter. The hotel had never been a very luxurious establishment in its best days, but it was sadly missed. Rather than have it rebuilt and conducted as it had been, several of the residents of the town bought the property and made it into a new hotel when it is completed. They have made it known that the hotel will be as comfortable as it is possible to make it, and that it will be conducted in accordance with the best standards. But there will be absolutely no attempt at the magnificence and splendor that have been characteristic of so many recently built hotels. Merely good taste and elegance are to be sought for in the decorations of the building, which is destined to house a public to whom these qualities are expected to appeal.

The theatrical season in New York begins this year earlier than usual, presumably that the managers may get the benefit of the few weeks that precede the exciting period of election interest. Last spring theatricals came to a sudden stop here much in advance of the usual time and the summer was less fully supplied with indoor amusements than any preceding term had ever been. The conclusion that New York is not a city for summer theatres has impressed itself decidedly on local managers and futile efforts to make summer profits have finally been abandoned. But it took some time to make this clear. It is usually possible for managers to succeed in the belief that particular one frequently led to a number of summer productions which usually resulted in loss to their managers. Satisfied that the venture is not worth the struggle, managers close their theatres which at least increases them against loss. It was thought to be a growing belief among managers that the early fall weeks were likely to be unprofitable. That opinion is still entertained by many managers, and the early openings this fall mean rather the desire for the patronage in the weeks before election than any belief that the first nights of September are likely to yield large profits. These early pre-notions are patronize chiefly by the resident of other towns passing through New York on or their way homeward from the Eastern watering places or those here on business. But the paying local theatre-going public is not seen in the city until the first of October.

It is possible to say at last that the popularity of the so-called "coon song" as a means of entertainment has begun to wane. On most of the roof gardens and in the variety theatres the "coon song" is no longer the offering with which an entertainer introduces himself, but is more likely to be the final song intended to bring the number to the noisy climax possible only with the untrained shouting that does no damage to the melody of ragtime ditties. As a feature of the ragtime music's waning vogue, the decline of the negro performer's favor is to be expected and probably there is as much cause for congratulation in one case as in another. What the successor of the ragtime tune will be nobody has yet attempted to prophesy. Good Irish songs are scarce, but there is a belief that public taste might turn to them. The languidly sentimental seems just now to be struggling with the patriotic for temporary supremacy in the music halls. Whether or not the winner is to survive as the successor to the ragtime epidemic it is not possible to say. But it is quite certain that the sentimental "mother" songs are now altogether a taste of the past.

Orange Horse Show.

EAST ORANGE, Aug. 19.—The Riding and Driving Club has decided to hold another horse show at the clubhouse, Halstead street, this city, on Oct. 25, 26 and 27. Already a large number of owners of fine horses have signified their intention of making exhibits, and the committee is doing all in its power to make the show a success. Supt. John Fulcher, R. F. Bryson and Ira Rip, Jr., are arranging the details.

LOST HIS ROLL AT CONEY.

VICTIM'S SAD STORY OF TWO WOMEN, A MAN AND A CLUB.

Three Boys Arrested for Picking Pockets—One Taught the Others and Was to Get Half the Profits—Woman's Gold Watch Taken—Twenty Men Arrested on Suspicion.

James Ralle, 32 years old, Sarah Jarett, 23, and Sadie Perry, 28, of West Second street, Gravesend, were before Magistrate Voorhees in the Coney Island police court yesterday charged with stealing $121 from Henry Lesser of 28 Bowery, Manhattan Lesser, according to the story told by him in court, went to Coney Island on Saturday night and about 2 o'clock yesterday morning met the two women in William Barton's restaurant in West Third street. He afterward accompanied them home. Ralle then appeared and demanded what money he had. He refused to give up his money and Ralle, he said, felled him to the floor with a club and took the money. Lesser reported the matter to the police, and the arrest of Ralle and the women followed. Magistrate Voorhees held the three prisoners for further examination to-day on the charge of grand larceny.

Herman Goldberg, 16 years old, of 11 Eldridge street, Samuel Cohen, 13 years old, of 198 Madison street, and Isadore Goldstein, 12 years old, of 122 Madison street, Manhattan, were arrested at Coney Island last night while trying to pick the pockets of two women on Surf avenue. When searched at the police station a silver watch was found on Cohen which he confessed was stolen. He said that Goldberg had brought him and Goldstein to the Island early in the day to pick the pockets of visitors, and they were to receive half of whatever they could manage to steal. Both Cohen and Goldstein said they had been taught to pick pockets by Goldberg, and had robbed people on several occasions. Goldberg also confessed that he had taken the lads to the Island to rob people. All were held for examination this morning.

John Shepp, 74 years old, of 246 Chrystie street, and Henry Golden, 22 years old, of 26 East Twenty-sixth street, Manhattan, were arrested at the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad terminal last night by Detective Harrington of the Central Office, Brooklyn, charged with stealing a gold watch from Mrs. Emma Schultz of 29 Eldert street, Brooklyn. The theft was committed while Mrs. Schultz was about to board a trolley car for the city. While Shepp jostled her Golden twisted the watch from the chain. It was afterward found in his possession.

The Coney Island police during the night also gathered in twenty men on suspicion of being pickpockets.

ENGELS HAVE A MASCOT.

Good Luck Perches Once More on the Banner of the Association.

The Martin Engel Association of "de Ate" Assembly district, which has been pursued by a hoodoo for several years, has at last found a mascot in the form of one of the homeliest dogs ever seen in the district. Up to two weeks ago the animal belonged to the army of canine hoboes; now he is living in affluence. A reception was given in his honor yesterday by members of the association and a silver collar was presented to him in recognition of the part he is credited with playing in steering the organization back into the realms of prosperity.

"I had some doubts as to carrying the district for Bryan," said Rosey the Lawyer, yesterday, "but since we got this dog all my fears have been swept away. Free silver and anti-imperialism arguments are good enough in their way, but I was in despair until the pup showed up."

The dog, which bears the name Robbery, drifted into the saloon of the late Silver Dollar Smith in Essex street about two weeks ago. He has the body of a brindle bull and the head of a pug. The head is jet black and the under jaw protrudes, displaying a fine set of teeth. He made himself at home at once and attracted the attention of the ostracized set of the Martin Engel Association, who were waiting for free lunch to be served, by suddenly running out to the sidewalk, taking a cracker from the hand of a little child and carrying it into the office of a lawyer who is a rival to Rosey.

"A new steerer in Essex street," shouted Rosey. "We will name him Robbery," and the name has clung to the dog since. This display of intelligence on the part of the animal made him popular with the members of the Essex Market Bar Association. The following day the dog went across the street to the Essex Market police court and made friends with Roundsman Con Casey, who gave him the run of the court. Every day since then the dog visits the court and goes to all the rooms in the building. If the gate leading to the Magistrat's room is locked he scratches on it with his paw until it is opened, and then pushes up to the Magistrate and wags his tail. The Magistrates know the dog and always give him a welcome.

Early last Tuesday morning when the members of the Martin Engel Association who stayed up all night so as to make an early start on the annual outing of the organization looked at the sky they shook their heads dubiously and muttered "hoodoo." Two years ago the excursion was marred by a heavy storm, an explosion on the steamboat on the return trip and by a runaway accident in which Engel's carriage ran over the leader of the band. Upon their return the members of the organization met and decided that it was hoodoo. Last year it rained on the day of last year's excursion and in addition a crowd of card sharps and shell-game men cleaned out the affluent members of the party. Then there were mutterings about the Engel hoodoo on the occasion of the excursion this year the clouds cleared away just as the steamboat which conveyed the excursionists to the grove left the pier. Robbery, who had followed the procession, ran down the gangplank. One of the crowd agreed to put him off when the Hon. Max Hochstim in a hoarse voice shouted: "On your life don't touch that dog. The sun is shining on us at last. Do you want to hoodoo the party?" The dog was taken into one of the cabins and his back was gently stroked by the Hon. Martin Engel, the Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, Capt. "Diamond" Charlie Solomon and Capt. Kramer. By order of Engel a committee of three was appointed to guard the animal during the day and see that he was not kicked or fed on chicken bits and petted by those who came prepared to play the different gambling games which were running in the grove. Everybody in "de Ate" knows the wonderful luck the Engelites had on this day. Several of the banks were put out of business and a number of gamblers who went to the grove expecting a rich harvest hurried back to New York early in the day.

"At last, at last!" exclaimed Rosey the Lawyer in an ecstasy of joy that night as he threw his arms around Engel's neck. "we have found a mascot."

Robbery was taken in charge that night by Edward Schneer, janitor of the Essex Market police court and was allowed to sleep on the rug under the Magistrate's chair. The following day it was decided in view of the change of luck ascribed to Robbery to send a delegation of the organization to Saratoga. The Hon. Martin Engel, Capt. Charles Kramer, Capt. "Diamond" Charlie Solomon, the Hon. Max Hochstim and Pinochle Myers were selected. They left on Friday on the midnight train, loaded down with the winnings they made on the excursion. Before they went each of them fondled the dog and ordered Janitor Schneer to feed him on the best in the land. The party arrived in Saratoga early on Saturday morning and immediately paid their respects to Mr. Croker. On Saturday afternoon Schneer received the following telegram from Kramer:

I played Jade in the first race and won $1,200. Give Robbery a tenderloin steak. I am going to plunge. KRAMER.

Shortly afterward Schneer received another telegram which read:

Rub Robbery and give him some broiled chicken. SOLOMON.

Schneer, who is a dutiful Tammany Hall man hastened to obey orders and Robbery who is blessed with a good appetite had all the chicken he could eat. Another telegram received by Schneer read:

The gang cleaned up $3,500. Hurrah for the mascot. We will be back Monday with nothing but money. Take good care of the dog. HOCHSTIM.

At the regular meeting of the association yesterday Rosey informed the crowd of the great luck of its representatives at Saratoga. "Boys," he said, "it is fitting that we follow instructions and take good care of Rob ery. His value to us in this campaign must not be underestimated. I know that our leader will be pleased to learn that this little dog has received the recognition due him. I have arranged to bring him in on, give him a good dinner of fried chicken and fixings and then present him with this silver collar," and Rosey held up to view the collar.

The surprise then was received with cheers from all but the ostracized set. "Were do ye come in?" asked Fiddles Finkelstein: "I only hatt cheese for dinner."

"You fellows are hoodoos," replied Rosey. "What blouse have you to eat chicken?"

Robbery was then brought into the room and a well-filled plate was placed in front of him. Fiddles reached over to the plate for a small piece of the chicken and the dog promptly bit his hand.

"I tell you one thing," shouted Rosey to Fiddles, "if that dog catches hydrophobia I can see your finish in this district."

"Vat am I, a dog or a Tammany mans?" replied Fiddles.

"Both," replied Rosey.

The collar was then placed on the dog and the crowd cheered enthusiastically for Bryan, free silver and Robbery.

ROWING.

Oarsmen Hard at Work for the Middle States Regatta.

The activity of the Harlem River oarsmen yesterday indicates that the Middle States regatta on Labor Day, which will wind up the open events in this vicinity, will be as successful as the other rowing fixtures of the season. Entries will not close until Aug. 27 with D. Brown, Secretary, 100 West 130th street, but the crews which will compete are now nearly all organized, and in most instances the coaches took advantage of yesterday's ideal weather to put the men through hard rows in the morning and afternoon.

The Bohemians, who have captured a large share of the honors this season under the coaching of George Van Vliet, intend to make a big bid for additional glory at the Middle States. The senior eight let up for a while after the National regatta, but its practice is now in full swing. Two changes have been made which will probably increase the speed of the boat. Chrastil, an old member of the eight who stayed out of the early races to practise sculling, has been reinstated at bow, and Behensky, another good sculler, has been put at 7. Chrastil has much improved in his rowing and the crew now includes four scullers, as Budre and Vesely are both clever at that branch of rowing. VanVliet is now coaching Vesely with the idea of his taking the junior singles at the Middle States, while Behensky will try for the intermediate. The latter will also have Chrastil for a partner in the intermediate double event.

The Dauntless eight, which is considered the only dangerous rival of the "Bohoes," has been slow in getting to work, and, in consequence many admirers of Davy Roach's boys are inclined to pin their faith to the Bohemians for the Labor Day event. The Dauntless boys did not make their appearance on the water yesterday, but Roach says that he will surely have the crew out this evening. He expects to make the aggregation stronger than the eight which won the intermediate at the National by putting in two men who had previously won their seniorship. The Dauntless also expects to develop a junior eight in time for the Middle States.

The Harlem Rowing Club will be strongly represented in the junior and intermediate doubles on Labor Day. For the former event the following four crews are training: Hirsch and Rooney, Schultz and Scofield, Borchart and Holton, and Scannell and Hoffman. The men have all shown good form in practice, and a trial race will take place, before the entries close, to determine which of the doubles shall represent the club. M. Davis and S. Dolan will carry the Harlem colors in the intermediate event. At the Harlem clubhouse yesterday it was said that an effort might be made at the meeting of the Middle States Association to-night to have a senior double inserted in the programme, as Maher and Vought are scarcely satisfied that they were defeated on their merits in the Hoboken gig race on Saturday, by Mehrhoff and Crawford of the Vesuvius. The Harlem men claim they had the worst water and were also out-boated. They think they can reverse the order in a race rowed in shells.

Goepfert and Blozen of the Metropolitans, who are training for the pair-oared race for the Middle States, have had to stop work temporarily. They were practising in an old boat bought from the Atalantas and put so much power in their stroke that they pulled the boat apart. In case they fail to procure a new one in time for the regatta, the club will be represented any way in the same event by John Ormsby and George Sackett. These men are members of the police bicycle squad.

The Union Boat Club senior four will start training to-day as Capt. Kemp has at last secured a suitable boat. He purchased it from Ed Smith, the K. A. C. coach, and the shell is said to have been used by the noted Atalanta crew that went to England in the 70s and of which Smith was a member.

Each Plaisted of the Clifton Boat Club, Staten Island, was at the Harlem R. C. house yesterday afternoon making arrangements for the accommodation of the four and eight-oared crews of the Cliftons, who will shift their training quarters to Harlem to-day. The four is the crew that defeated the Staten Island B. C. in a match race on Saturday and Plaisted is almost sure it will make a good showing in the Junior gig race at the Middle States regatta. Plaisted will be coach for King King and Scofield and Quigley and McDougal for the junior double sculling race. They will row a trial and the winning crew will be entered. The above four men will also come to Poughkeepsie to compete for junior singles prior to the closing of entries and the best man will be selected to carry the club colors at the Middle States.

The Wyanokes are fairly active. The four-oared crew that won the junior gig race at Hoboken will be entered in the intermediate event of that character at the Middle States. Al Wolf, the volunteer coach, is also trying to get a junior eight together. The club is getting along well with its new shell, a meeting held last Thursday the dues were increased.

The Wachusetts single and double shells, over which so much fuss was made when the American oar-men sailed for France, have been taken to Poughkeepsie from the Atalanta house. The four-oared shell was not shipped and it is now for sale, so that the noted Wachusetts four may be put down as disbanded, especially as James A. Ten Eyck, the father of the Wachusetts sculler, is quoted as saying that he will never let his boy row in another sweep race.

H. H. Brown and Richard Bard, Jr., of the Columbia B. C. of Pittsburg, visited the clubs on Harlem River yesterday looking for entries for the regatta to take place at Pittsburg on Sept. 14. They expect the regatta to be a big affair, and hope to get entries from New York for some of the following events: Junior, intermediate and senior single sculls, junior intermediate and senior doubles, four-oared junior and four-oared intermediate shells.

The Hudson Boat Club, which has a four-oared crew training for the Middle States regatta, will be represented at the Pittsburg Association at to-night's meeting. The Friendship B. C. is also up for membership.

Raymond and Kroll, the Nonpareil junior double, did good work yesterday. Hoffman and Crawford, the pair-oared entries, also satisfied Capt. Canavan in their spin.

There will probably be three or four entries for the spectacular centipede race at the Middle States regatta, as word was received yesterday that the New York A. C. has a junior four in training for the event.

Knickerbocker A. C. Carnival.

Nearly all the athletes who took part in the Par s Exposition sports have promised to compete at the Knickerbocker A. C. athletic carnival on the club grounds, Bayonne, on Labor Day. It is also expected that the noted Irish shot-putter, Dennis Horgan, the world's record holder, will be over in time to compete in the shot-putting competition.

Aside from the athletic portion of the programme there will be bicycle races under the sanction of the N. C. A. and an exhibition of fancy trick and bicycle riding by Morven Hovendon. There will be football, baseball and swimming races. The athletic events on the card are as follows:

Track Events—100-yard run, handicap; 300-yard run, handicap; one mile run, handicap; 880-yard run, handicap; 440-yard run, handicap; pole vault for height, handicap; putting the 16-pound shot, handicap.

Seventy-five yard open swimming race; 200-yard open swimming handicap; one mile open bicycle handicap; two mile open bicycle handicap.

Entries close with J. E. Sullivan, 16 and 18 Park Place, on Aug. 27.

Corinthian Sailors of the Canarsie Yacht Club at the Tiller.

The annual regatta of the Canarsie Yacht Club for the Corinthians of the organization was sailed on Saturday off the clubhouse at Sands Point, Jamaica Bay. The wind was light from the southeast, and it died away after half the course had been covered. The boats went over the course in the time limit, however. I. Wolff, a member of the club, who was on the flagship Arrow, was knocked overboard while the boom was being gentlemanly put at the last mast buoy off the Canarsie pier. He was soon rescued. George E. Winters's Irene won in the sloop and cabin catboat class on time allowance. F. X. Corl's Cadile was first in the open catboat class over 20 feet, and W. Sampson's Ideal in the class of open catboats under 20 feet.

To secure listings in
THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
to be used during October, November, and December—New York's most active season—contracts must be made before
SEPTEMBER 1, 1900
Contracts may be made now for service to begin on or after September 1st, if desired.
New York Telephone Co.
Contract Offices:
MANHATTAN { 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.
THE BRONX: 148th St. and Third Ave.

COOK'S FLAKED RICE
May be eaten for breakfast or luncheon in a variety of ways without cooking. Prepared as usual and served with stewed fruit or berries, it is refreshing and satisfying. A little powdered cinnamon or grated cocoanut sprinkled over it, pleases the children and is a pleasant change from cream and sugar.

"GOOD FOR BABY, TOO."
Have it to-morrow. Every one will enjoy seeing it prepared on the table.
ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING.
All Grocers. Large package, 15 cents.
COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO., 1 Union Sq., N. Y. City.

GOLFING AT CAPE COD.

PLANS FOR THE WEEK'S TOURNAMENT AT THE CUMMAQUID CLUB.

A Programme That Bristles With Novel Features—Entries Will Close To-morrow for the Women's Championship—Busy Season Ahead for Amateur and Professional Players

Cape Cod has been captured by the "Royal and Ancient" from end to end. The loungers along shore no long