HAD J. S. ROGERS A CHILD?

STORY OF HIS LIFE IN A VILLA IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

Also of a Suit He Brought to Get Possession of a Child After His Estrangement From Its Mother—French Law, It Is Said, Gave the Child to Its Mother—Anecdotes.

PATERSON, N. J., July 7.—A great deal of speculation is being indulged in by the people of this city about an alleged illegitimate child of Jacob S. Rogers and its probable standing now in the contest over the will of the dead locomotive builder. Mr. Pennington, Mr. Rogers's lawyer and one of the executors, says that he knows nothing of the matter, but there are a number of persons in this city who say they know that Mr. Rogers fell in love in France. Charles A Shriner, the editor of the *Chronicle*, a Sunday paper here, says that during the panic of 1873 and for about ten years thereafter Mr. Rogers spent his time in a charming villa in southern France. He did not occupy the house by himself, but few knew who his partner was. Perhaps no one knows in this country.

It is known that a girl was born, a child to whom all of Mr. Rogers's heart went out. He became estranged from the mother after some years. He then attempted to get control of the child and he spent large sums of money with that end in view. He fought the case through several courts and until there was no longer any hope for him. His lawyers argued that the child would be better situated with her father, who would bring her up in luxury and make her heir to all his possessions, but all these arguments failed to overcome the French law, which, it is said, gives an illegitimate child to the mother, without admitting any claim on the part of the father. Convinced that the aim of his life could not be attained, Mr. Rogers returned to New York and his friends never heard what became of the child or its mother. The probabilities are that Mr. Rogers himself never heard from them.

It would seem that the child in France can have no claim whatever on the fortune of the locomotive builder nor any standing in court to break the will. By the law of New Jersey an illegitimate child has no father as recognized by the law. The very fact that the case was litigated in the courts of France would establish the illegitimacy of the child and prevent it from now coming forward and offering proof that her mother was married to Mr. Rogers, which is the only ground on which it could break the will.

Mr. Rogers had as much love for animals as he was generally supposed to have dislike for his fellow men. He was particularly fond of collies and Jersey cattle. On general principles, he believed in the utmost freedom for all things in nature. He would not put a collar on a dog or a halter on a cow unless compelled to do so by necessity. He was a firm advocate of proper laws for the prevention of the extermination of American wild animals. When the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association was strated a good many years ago in Paterson the first contribuion came from Mr. Rogers without solicitation by any one. When J. L. Tooker, Jr., a few years ago, while a game warden, killed a man at Haledon, Mr. Rogers sent him a $100 check, stating that the man was in trouble after having done a great deal of good. He also subscribed liberally but secretly to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Despite his general reputation for parsimony, those who knew Mr. Rogers best say that he was really very generous, and that beneath his brusk exterior he had a kind and sympathetic heart. That Mr. Rogers contributed considerable funds to charity annually was known to all his friends, and they also knew that these gifts were made with the understanding that the public should not know who was the donor. He liked to give in his own way, and he would brook no interference or suggestions from others. At one time he had been sending $100 a month to the St. Joseph's Hospital in Paterson. Some person connected with the institution who did not understand the kind of man that Mr. Rogers was, wrote to him that it was a shame that a man of his wealth should contribute only $100 to so noble a charity. He suggested that Mr. Rogers ought to send monthly the price of one of his engines. After that the hospital never got a cent from him.

In the matter of giving no one could drive him. If a man went to him seeking a contribution for a worthy cause it was necessary for him to make up his mind beforehand to stand a pretty harsh dressing down if he hoped to be successful in his mission. At one time the Paterson General Hospital Association wanted Mr. Rogers to give them a strip of land fourteen feet wide and 200 feet deep on the edge of a block which the association had secured for building purposes. None of the members was anxious to tackle the old gentleman save one, a pious deacon, who thought that he could handle the locomotive builder. He called at Mr. Rogers's office and told him what he wanted.

"So you want me to give you that land," was the brusque response. "Well, I am not in the business of giving away real estate. I do not owe Paterson anything and I do not see why I should give away my real estate for the benefit of Paterson sick people. I have no use for your hospital. I have money enough to keep myself out of your hospital and money enough to keep my friends out if I choose to do so. No, sir, you are mistaken when you think that I am going to give you that piece of property."

The deacon, instead of permitting Mr. Rogers to continue and then mollifying him became exasperated, as most good deacons would have done under the circumstances. Arising from his chair, he cried out:

"Mr. Rogers, do you know that you are on the direct road to perdition?"

Mr. Rogers sprang from his chair, upset a chair and a table in his attempt to reach the good deacon, at the same time crying out with such illuminary remarks as the reader may well supply. "You come here and because I don't shovel out deeds to real estate to you, you tell me I am going to hell? Get out of here!"

But the good deacon had got out before Mr. Rogers had finished his remarks on the subject.

A newspaper man went to him to get a subscription for a book devoted to the interests of the city. The old gentleman jumped him vigorously. The newspaper man kept perfectly quiet and let the object of his angling talk himself out. Before he left, however, he had a check in his pocket for $625, whereas he had only asked for $125.

Here is a story which it is said Mr. Rogers related in his own home but a few weeks prior to his death. It shows just how blunt he was and how he cared for the opinions of others, for he enjoyed relating it greatly:

I went to answer the doorbell one afternoon a few days ago when a rather comely middle-aged woman presented herself and said she wanted to see Mr. Rogers. I told her that I was the individual and she said:

"Oh, you are Mr. Rogers? Well, I came here to have some business with you. I presume you want to know my name?"

"I have not the least curiosity to know your name," I replied, "so you can go right ahead and tell me your business."

"I presumed," answered the woman, "that before you had any dealings with me you would like to know something about me. I am a married woman——"

I interrupted her, assuring her her family affairs were not of the slightest interest to me and asked her to go on and tell her business. To this she replied that she had come for $5,000.

"Oh, you want $5,000?" I inquired.

"That is what I am after," replied the woman.

"And what makes you think that I will give you $5,000?" I asked.

"The good God," was the answer. "He appeared to me and told me to come here and ask you for $5,000 and to tell you that he had said you were to give it to me."

"Where did you see the good God?" I asked.

"I just left Him a short distance down the street here. I frequently see Him," the woman assured me.

"By the good God you mean God Almighty, I presume?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Well, sissy," I said, "you just go back and tell God Almighty that for once He made a mistake. Mr. Rogers is not going to give you $5,000 on any such collateral. Now get along out of here."

A citizen of New York, who also has a home in Paterson, went to see Mr. Rogers not long ago, on a begging mission for a New York charity.

"I'm going down to Mr. Rogers's office to get hell and a thousand dollars," he said before starting. Half an hour later he came back.

"How did you come out?" asked the friend to whom he had made the remark.

"Oh, I got both," was the reply, and he showed the evidence as to the $1,000 by displaying a check.

A friend once asked Mr. Rogers if he received many begging letters.

"If I were to answer all the begging letters that come to me," was the reply, "I should be compelled to keep at least two private secretaries. As I attend to all my own business, I simply leave such letters unanswered, and the people who write can guess what I mean."

Mr. Rogers was proud of his family, especially so of his father and the reputation of his family for locomotive building. He was even sentimental on this point and it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded to permit the continuation of his name in connection with the locomotive works after the sale.

He cared little about what was said about either him or his father as far as religion and the practice of certain virtues were concerned, but he would not brook reflection on either when such reflection reputed anything wrong with either the principle of honesty or the building of good engines. As to his view of ordinary conduct a remark he once made concerning his father serves as an illustration.

"Thomas Rogers was the father of only four children," remarked a friend to Mr. J. S. Rogers one day, when family matters were under discussion.

"According to the best information I have on the subject," was Mr. Rogers's response, "there were about seventy-five, but only four of us got the money."

The old man enjoyed this remark exceedingly, and he did not seem to consider it a reflection on his parent.

Persons who believe that fresh air is necessary for longevity will be interested to know that Mr. Rogers, who lived longer than ninety-nine men out of a hundred, had a great objection to having windows open in either his living or sleeping rooms. He insisted on having all crevices practically hermetically sealed all the year around. "You read every day about people dying in consequence of draughts of air; the wind brings pneumonia and all sorts of troubles. You hear frequently of men dying because they lived or slept in rooms where there was a draught, but you never heard of any one dying for want of a draught of wind," was the logic he used in explanation of his action.

Mr. Rogers did not have much use for lawyers. He was a man with remarkably quick perceptions and he was disposed to trust to his own acuteness in drawing up legal papers rather than the technical knowledge of lawyers. It is said that he could draw a better deed and a tighter agreement than most lawyers, and as he preferred to do most of his own legal work in the way of drawing up contracts and agreements, the result was that he was seldom involved in litigation and never in unsuccessful litigation, which shows the extent of his knowledge of law and his correct conception of its principles. Up to the last day of his life he attended to his own correspondence. He did not employ stenographers to whom to dictate letters, but managed to attend to all his business in his own handwriting.

It will be remembered that he practically drew his own will, and the fact that all the other legal papers that he drew up have stood the test of law should scarcely be a consolation to the prospective contestants of the will.

Mr. Rogers was very touchy about his middle initial, or rather the name for which it stood. His middle name was Small. It came from his mother's side of the house. If he had disagreements and he carried his resentment so far that he did not want to be identified in any way with their name. So it was that he never used more than the initial S. A friend once asked him what the S stood for.

"The S does not stand for anything and never did; I do not know why it was ever put there and I know it ought not to be there. My name is J. S. Rogers; you have had enough letters from me to know that. If you want to please me never address me as anything but J. S. Rogers, and that is the way I always sign my name. The J stands for Jacob; I wish it stood for something else, as I do not like the name of Jacob, but I cannot help that, but the S does not stand for anything at all."

After the closing of the locomotive works some one asked Mr. Rogers why he took this step, when he knew that many people were dependent upon the works for employment, and that the works were still profitable.

"When you want to sell a business would it be better to sell while the business is making money or wait until it is not making money?" was the prompt rejoinder. "I want to get out of making locomotives and I know of no law, either human or divine, which compels a man to manufacture when he does not want to. Besides it is time for me to get my affairs into order, for I expect to die in 1901, and I want everything all right when I do."

GREENWICH VILLAGE'S PETE, DYING.

Accordion Player Scared Into Jumping Out of Window at a Mixed Ale Party.

Frank Van Heck, better known as "Pete" Van Heck in old Greenwich village, where since he was a small boy he has made his living by playing a well-worn accordion in the saloons, is dying in St. Vincent's Hospital of a fractured skull and a broken jaw. and Peter Gilyen, a Belgian of 76 Morton street, and a woman named Mary, with whom he lives, are locked up because it is alleged they caused Pete's injury by making him jump from a third story window. The immediate cause of Pete's leap was a hatchet in the hands of Gilyen. Two other men who were present when Pete jumped are missing.

The accordion player lives in the same house with Gilyen. With two other men whom the police are anxious to find, Pete made a social call on Gilyen and the woman Mary yesterday afternoon. Of course he carried his accordion along.

Gilyen suggested, after a few pints of beer that Pete furnish a little music, but he was sulky and wouldn't. Gilyen got a big club and brandished it over Pete's head. Then there was a fight in which Pete and his two friends were arrayed against the woman and Gilyen and eventually threw the club out of the window.

Then just to show his host that there were no hard feelings Pete suggested that he'd "rush the can." Furthermore, he said, he would fill it himself. Now the rule at a mixed-ale party is that the man who pays does not have to go for the beer, so Pete made a big concession. When he returned with the beer, however, he noticed that his accordeon was gone, and asked where it was.

"Drink the beer first," said Gilyen, "and then we'll talk."

With some misgivings the accordeon player did as he was bid. Then he asked again and Gilyen went into another room. When he came out he had the accordeon in one hand and a short-handled axe in the other.

"Now you play," ordered Gilyen, waving the axe threateningly.

"S-sure," said Pete, grabbing the accordeon and edging to a window that opened on the roof of the fire house of Engine 24, a floor below. He didn't make any attempt to play, however, and Gilyen moved toward him. Pete's two friends had got between the men. Gilyen struck with the axe at Pete over their heads and Pete, seeing the axe coming dived through the window.

He landed on the roof of the full house, rebounded, turned a somerset and fell to the yard two stories below. Fireman James Farley, who was on watch, and the foreman of engine 24 saw him fall on his head and they called an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital. The dying accordion player was taken there and in the same ambulance went Gilyen and the woman. The men were missing and Gilyen and the woman were badly cut and bruised.

But Pete will never play the accordion again. He cannot live more than twenty-four hours if so long, the doctors said.

Halted by a Whistling Snake.

From the Baltimore American.

WESTMINSTER, June 22.—Jonas Fridinger, an employee of the Westminster Electric Light Company, is the owner of a little farm in a rather out-of-the-way part of Myers district, and a few days ago paid a visit to the place on his wheel. As he was returning along the country road, which is depressed below the surrounding ground and lined on both sides with dense forests and undergrowth, he heard a whistle in the woods, which he supposed came from some person signalling him to stop. He was confirmed in this opinion by hearing a rustling noise among the bushes, and slowed up until his wheel had almost come to a standstill.

Suddenly from the bank above him a huge black snake darted toward him, with head erect and open jaws. Instinctively he drew up his leg on the side toward the reptile, or, he says, it would have struck him. As it was, the snake struck the wheel instead. The rider quickly forged ahead, and when Mr. Fridinger had gained what he supposed was a safe distance he slowed up, and, looking back, says he saw that the reptile which had assaulted him was a monster in size for this locality. Its head hung down in the ditch by the roadside and its body and tail stretched across to the other side of the road, a distance of 10 feet. Mr. Fridinger sped on his way to the city. Old residents say that the snake has been seen in the neighborhood for years.

Six Deaths From Smallpox Yesterday.

There were six deaths from smallpox on North Brother Island yesterday. Among them was Eva Newmeister, 13 months old, of 2085 Second avenue, whose ten-year-old brother George was killed by a trolley car at Second avenue and 106th street on Saturday. Two new cases of smallpox were reported yesterday.

TO AVOID RUSH FOR LAND.

NEW PLAN FOR OPENING OF KIOWA AND COMANCHE RESERVATION.

President's Proclamation Provides for a Drawing for Homesteads on Aug. 6—Would-Be Settlers Must Register Previously—County Seats to Be Named After Lawton and Hobart—Boomers to Contest the Drawing.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The President has issued a proclamation dated July 4, opening between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 acres of land in the Indian Territory to white settlement. The proclamation, with the proclamations of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of the General Land Office, which accompany it, are issued in accordance with the act of Congress, which purchased the lands from the Kiowa and Comanche tribes.

A new method of opening the lands to white settlers is to be tried, with the hope of avoiding the scenes of violence which have heretofore characterized the scramble for homestead lands in the old Indian reservations.

On Wednesday, July 10, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the two newly designated land offices will open for the receipt of applications from would-be settlers. These applications will be entered on cards and on Aug. 6 they will be drawn by the prospective settlers at random, and the homesteads awarded according to the drawing.

The President's proclamation establishes three counties in the new territory to be known as Kiowa, Comanche and Caddo, and the respective county seats will be named respectively Hobart, Lawton and Anadarko. The first two of these are named in honor of the late Vice-President Hobart and the late Major-General Henry Lawton, respectively.

In the territory about to be opened there will be something like 12,000 homesteads of 160 acres each after reservations have been made for members of the Indian tribes for military posts, schools and other purposes.

WICHITA, Kan., July 7.—When President McKinley's proclamation reaches the border of the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Indian reservation on Monday morning, declaring that reservation opened for settlement in August, it will bring cheer to the hearts of 30,000 persons encamped there. It is expected that fully 40,000 will seek to take advantage of the free land opening next month, and when the exact date of opening is generally known the rush to the land offices will begin.

Hundreds of boomers are getting ready to "sooner" claims; that is, they will settle on farms and contest the rights of persons who draw them according to Government plans. These boomers say the drawing plan is unconstitutional. It is certain that endless litigation will be started in the courts over the new plan of opening. The drawing scheme is in popular favor in the Southwest.

Fifteen thousand farms and three town sites are to be given away. Clerks and agents to manage the opening are already on the ground.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Oklahoma, July 7.—An injunction suit will be brought before Judge Irwin at El Reno in a few days for an order restraining the register of the land office there, the receiver, the surveyors and all other persons in any way connected from proceeding with the opening of the lands of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians, according to the proclamation of the President and the act of Congress under which he proceeded. The suit will be brought by C. Porter Johnson of this city, who has been engaged by Judge William M. Springer to act as the attorney for the chiefs and members of the several bands of Indians who are affected by the opening of the lands. If the injunction is granted it will prevent the registration of the homeseekers in the Kiowa country. The bill of particulars for the injunction will contend that the lands of the Indians are being illegally and unconstitutionally wrested from them against their wishes.

STRIKERS TO MEET AT 5 A. M.

Novel Move to Prevent Machinists From Going to Work in Scranton.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 7.—The striking car builders of this city have struck upon a novel method of preventing part of their number from returning to work. The leaders of the strikers have become quite shaky in their belief that the men would hold out for some time to come and during the past few days all sorts of rumors have been put in circulation as to the intent of several hundred of the men to go to work at the old rates to-morrow morning.

To prevent this the leaders this evening called a meeting of all the strikers to be held at the Orchard Grounds at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning. This meeting has been declared open to the public and during the session all the men who have deserted their comrades and returned to work will be strongly condemned.

SOLDIERS NOT ELIGIBLE.

C. F. U. Indorses Proposition to Have Unions Exclude Them From Membership.

The delegates with anarchistic ideas in the Central Federated Union had the floor for a while at the meeting of that body yesterday over the question of members of labor unions joining the Regular army or National Guard. Several of the delegates were plainly not with the Anarchists, but these kept in the background, with the exception of Delegate Kelly of the Theatrical Protective Union, who gave the meeting a piece of his mind. The subject came up on the request of Matthew Barr, delegate of the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Association, for an indorsement of the following amendment to the constitution of his organization:

"Any person a member of the Regular army or navy or of the State Militia or Naval Reserves shall not be eligible to membership in this association. Any member of this association who shall become a member of either one of the above-named bodies must tender his resignation of membership to the association at once."

After some squabbling the matter was referred back to the individual unions with the indorsement by the C. F. U.

All Had Union Clothes.

The rule established by the Central Federated Union that on and after the first Sunday in July no delegate should be admitted to a seat at meetings who had not the union label on every garment he wore, went into effect yesterday. Shortly after the meeting opened the chairman appointed August Waldinger, the sergeant-at-arms, as a committee to examine the clothing of the delegates and see that every one who had not the union label on every garment was escorted from the hall. Waldinger inspected the coat and waistcoat of each delegate but he took their word as to the rest of their clothing. All hands passed through the test successfully.

Subway Workers Still Growling.

Delegate Green of the Rockdrillers' Union, which began the general strike in the Rapid Transit Subway, had a new batch of complaints to bring before the Central Federated Union yesterday. The principal one was that the rockdrillers and hoisters in some of the sections were working overtime. He said this was in violation both of the agreement and the Eight-Hour law, but he admitted that his union had allowed its men to work overtime. They wanted to see if they would receive double wages.

"Then it was your own fault if the agreement was violated," said the chairman.

It was decided to refer the matter to the committee which settled the strike.

Milwaukee Steel Employees to Return to Work.

MILWAUKEE, July 7.—The employees of the Bay View Mills of the Illinois Iron and Steel Company will return to work tomorrow morning although the wage scale has not been signed. This determination was reached after a conference last late night between the representatives of the company and the committee of the Amalgamated Association. The agreement for the coming year was practically settled upon and there seems to be no doubt that the scale will be signed before the end of this week.

A TALK WITH M'CALLA.

The Captain of the Newark Discusses Affairs in China and the Philippines.

Capt. Bowman H. McCalla, commanding the United States cruiser Newark, which dropped anchor in the North River off Fiftieth street on Saturday afternoon after making New York from Hong Kong in the fast time of forty-six days, was at home yesterday aboard his ship and spun tales of his experiences in Chinese and Philippine waters for the many old friends who called upon him. Ever since the early days of the Spanish-American War, when Admiral Sampson sent Capt. McCalla and a little company of jackies and marines from the Marblehead ashore at Guantanamo to clear the place of Spaniards and blaze the way for the army, McCalla has been enshrined in the popular heart as one of the rough-and-ready fighting men of the navy.

His record shows that he is all that his countrymen insist he is, and yet in the cabin of his ship on a summer afternoon Capt. McCalla seems to be anything but a fighting man. He might be taken for a college professor or a doctor or a lawyer, but hardly for a sailor. Still he's big enough to fight well, for he stands fully 6 feet in his shoes, is broad-shouldered and looks hard as nails. He has a broad, reflective brow and his gray blue eyes look out through big spectacles. He talks like an educated son of New England who has lived much in old England. But one might be pardoned if he mistook the Yankee sailor for a born and bred Britisher.

Capt. McCalla is a poor sort to talk about himself. He'll tell you all about the ship and his men and the exploits of other fellows, but it is like drawing teeth to get him to admit even that he was ever in the vicinity of where men were killing one another for national prestige. A SUN man kept firing questions at him yesterday afternoon until finally the Captain had to put some action into his answers.

"Oh, yes," he said mildly, "we've had some rather stirring experiences since we sailed from San Francisco on Oct. 18, 1899. We had a fine ship's company and they behaved splendidly, as American sailors always do when strenuous work, as our Vice-President would say, is to be done. We got to Manila on Nov. 25, stayed there five days and were then ordered to cruise off the north and west coasts of Luzon, rendering such assistance as we might to Gen. Young, who was in command of the land forces in that district. Splendid fighter is Gen. Young and a splendid man. When he matures a plan of campaign you may depend upon it that it will be executed. I took with me from Manila the gunboats Princeton, Helena, Wheeling, Samar and Coleo and the supply ship Zaphiro.

"Young's operations up there, the rescue of Gilmore and his men by Col. Hare and Lieut.-Col. Howze are old stories and THE SUN has told them all. In my opinion, however, the rescue of Gilmore has never been adequately told anywhere. The privations of that little expedition of 300 men under Hare and Howze, as they pushed their way with wonderful speed through an unbroken and mountainous country to where Gilmore and his men were held prisoners, was a marvellous piece of work. We were able to assist them a little in keeping the mountain passes open, but that was all. Gen. Young was good enough to say that he couldn't have done much without us, but Gen. Young is a very appreciative person. Northern Luzon was at one time entirely pacified while we were there, but Aguinaldo came along and the natives forgot they had surrendered and promptly became rebels again. When Funston turned that clever trick of his, there was little more trouble. I see the Europeans didn't think much of Funston's achievement. It's very hard to please those people. Perhaps it isn't worth while trying.

"The Philippine problem is working itself out splendidly under the splendid administration of Judge Taft. It has seemed to me that he was specially raised up for the work he is now doing. The natives were, when we left, giving much attention to politics. Two parties, the Federal and the Conservative, had been formed under Judge Taft's encouragement and the members of these parties were taking an active interest in the business of government—a most healthy sign. The party names really mean very little as yet and the parties might as well have been called by any other names. The parties interest themselves only in internal politics. We have an empire in territory and in wealth in those islands only waiting for development. The Pullman Palace Car Company has already gone out there for some of the fine woods of the islands. But our first great duty is to educate the people. That is a solemn charge upon us and we are accepting it in the right spirit.

"As for the China campaign, we did as well as we could what we were sent there to do. In Admiral Seymour's expedition, which started from Tientsin to relieve the Pekin legations, the Admiral, one of the world's greatest naval officers, was kind enough to ask us to take the advance and we did it. I had under me 112 officers and men and during the march to Yangtsun, where we had to stop, and on the march back, we lost nine killed and twenty-nine wounded. It was a pleasure to command such men as were under me and their bravery during that march added a new lustre to our navy."

Mrs. McCalla and Miss McCalla, who were racing from Hong Kong to New York, via San Francisco, to get here before the Captain, arrived yesterday morning.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

At Least One Thousand Students Expected to Attend the Tenth Annual Session.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., July 7.—The tenth annual session of the Catholic Summer School of America opened at Cliff Haven this afternoon, when a special train of nine coaches brought over 100 New Yorkers to the ground, among the number being the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Judge Enoch, Col. O'Connor and Warren E. Mosher, Editor of *Mosher's Magazine*, and secretary of the school.

The regular course of lectures will begin to-morrow and will continue until Sept. 6, when the school will close. Many of the most eminent Catholic divines of both the United States and Europe will lecture before the school this year.

Since the close of last session ten new cottages have been erected, the clubhouse and restaurant enlarged and the grounds greatly improved. It is expected that at least 1,000 students will be in attendance before the opening of the second week.

Not So Very Hard.

From the Chicago Tribune.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess when a wag remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life: "Doctor, are you acquainted with Capt. G?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you that you cannot tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor; "It's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No, you've missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more, it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

"Well," said the doctor, with some petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess, and, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

Fine clothing need not be costly
We exemplify this
George G. Benjamin,
Broadway, cor. 26th St.
Reduce expenses on small items of wear.

A PICTURE-BOOK LEDGER.

"OLD POP" KIRCHMAN DREW FACES OF THOSE WHO OWED HIM

Because He Couldn't Write—He Also Drew Sketches of What They Ate—Now He's Dead and His Widow Takes the Book to a Police Captain Who Will Help Her Collect.

For over twenty-five years Albert Kirchman and his good wife Marie ran a little French restaurant at 182 West 100th street, just one door east of the 100th street police station. Kirchman acted in the dual capacity of waiter and cashier, while his wife looked after the menu. As the years went by the fame of Mrs. Kirchman's dainty French dishes went around throughout the neighborhood, and customers flocked to the quaint little place. For a time the couple prospered and even managed to send a little money to the people at home in France.

"Old Pop" as Kirchman was best known to his customers, could neither read nor write and had to call on his friends when he had any little writing to do. His wife's education had been as neglected as his own.

Two or three years ago the customers noticed that the look of prosperity about the place was fast disappearing, but "Old Pop" kept up his smile and continued his jovial ways. Business was as good as ever, he said, but somehow things did not go just right. A year ago he gave up his license, because, he said, money was scarce and he could not keep it up.

Six months ago "Old Pop" died. For a few weeks the widow tried to keep up the business, but she gave it up and now another sign hangs over the door. The police of the West 100th street station have nearly forgotten the old Frenchman, who looked after their wants many a time when they were off duty.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Kirchman appeared at the station house and was shown into Capt. Schmittberger's office. She carried an enormous home-made book constructed out of common Manila paper. She put the book on the captain's desk and looked at him expectantly.

"What's this?" asked the captain, opening the book and seeing a lot of rough sketches. "A picture book?"

The woman shook her head and he turned over a few more pages.

"Why, what's this," cried the captain. "That looks a good deal like Lohmeyer, one of my detectives. What on earth are these things about him? They look like lizards."

The woman smiled.

"By gun!" fairly shouted the captain "I've got it. That is Lohmeyer and these decorations are chops."

"Oui, oui, monsieur," replied 'Old Pops' widow, "that ees it."

Capt. Schmittberger turned the pages over hurriedly. There they were—sergeants, doorman, patrolman, detectives and all. The decorations included all kinds of edibles from soup to pie. Some were a little difficult to understand, but to "Old Pop" they had been much more legible than an open book. Every little peculiarity of each customer was clearly portrayed, even to giving the proper color with a colored pencil to two of the policemen who boasted of red hair.

Then the widow explained that "Old Pop" had been growing poorer and poorer each year on account of his propensity to trust, without the ability to keep any accounts. He could sketch fairly well, and during the last year of his life he kept his picture book account. When any one paid he simply crossed off their face in the book.

Capt. Schmittberger told the old lady that he would do what he could to straighten out "Old Pop's" books and collect what he could.

And there were lots of faces in the books that were not those of policemen.

THAT TELEGRAM TO KRUGER.

Prince von Hohenlohe's Account of the Kaiser's Act After the Jameson Raid.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 8.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, in making public certain reminiscences of the late Prince von Hohenlohe, the ex-Chancellor of Germany, with whom the correspondent was long acquainted, quotes him as having said in reference to the Jameson raid that if the Emperor had known Dr. Jameson had so many sons of respectable English families with him he would not have sent the telegram to President Kruger that caused so much discussion at the time it was despatched. His Majesty thought that Dr. Jameson had only filibusters with him, and that the raid was an act of brigandage. The telegram having been sent, however, Prince von Hohenlohe did his utmost to make it appear that it had been approved by the German Ministers and thus mitigate its vexatious effects.

KAISER'S IDEAL OFFICER.

He Describes Him in a Speech When His Second Son Enters the Guards.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, July 7.—Prince Eitel Frederick, second son of the Emperor, to-day formally received his commission as an officer of the First Regiment of the Guards. The Emperor made a speech, in which he proclaimed his ideal officer.

"The finest thing I can imagine," he said, "is an earnest officer, inflexible as iron in everything which constitutes the chivalry of an officer's calling, hard toward himself, upholding with rigid self-discipline the traditions of his house and his regiment, indifferent to the opinion of others, with one goal before his eyes and responsible only to his God and his father."

TEMPERING COPPER AGAIN.

Elmer McCroy, 17 Years Old, Said to Have Made the Discovery This Time.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 7.—An accidental discovery of Elmer McCroy promises to revolutionize tool manufacture throughout the world. For years scientists and others have been endeavoring to discover a process for tempering copper. Recently Elmer McCroy, a 17-year-old lad of Halistead, while at work in this vicinity, made the discovery. How it was done or what the process is will not be told until such steps have been taken as will insure to McCroy the benefits of his discovery. Friends of McCroy say that the Government has a standing offer $5,000 for the man who will furnish it with a successful formula for hardening copper and McCroy intends to win this prize.

Ran a Car on Fire Into Town to Put Out the Flames.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., July 7.—When the engineer of a freight train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad discovered at 4 o'clock this morning that a car on his train was in flames he dashed into the town of Pittston at a great rate of speed. The city Fire Department was called out and the fire extinguished before it could spread to the other cars. Tramps who were stealing a ride and smoking are thought to have accidentally set the car on fire.

Had Been Dead in Her Chair Since Last Tuesday.

ALBANY, July 7.—Mrs. Charlotte Harris, colored, 60 years of age, this afternoon was found dead in her chair in the front room of a tenement suite of rooms she occupied. She lived alone and had been dead since last Tuesday, when it is believed the heat and overwork killed her. The body was badly decomposed. Her daughter, who lives in New York city, called at her mother's rooms on the Fourth of July, but not finding her in, supposed Mrs. Harris had gone out of town on a day's excursion.

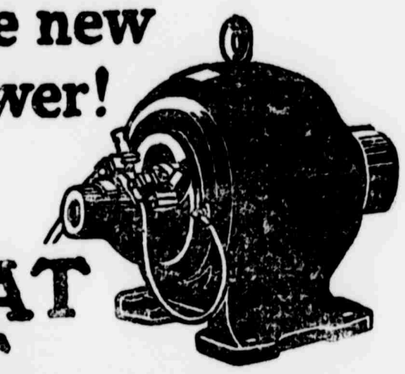
Platt, Schwab and Root at the Oriental.

Senator Platt spent a quiet Sunday afternoon in his room at the Oriental Hotel, Coney Island, yesterday. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Steel Corporation, was at the hotel resting. Secretary of War Root and Thomas F. Ryan were at the Oriental to dinner Saturday, but didn't stay over Sunday.

Sousa's band began giving concerts at Manhattan Beach yesterday.

Struck by the Jib of a Derrick and Killed.

ALBANY, July 7.—Edward Van Aernan, 48 years of age, was struck by the jib of a broken derrick to-day and instantly killed. He was on the roof of the new American Express building and a smokestack was being raised when the derrick broke. The jib struck Van Aernan, knocking him to the ground, forty feet below. His neck was broken.

FORCE!
The new power!

EAT IT

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

The Cold at Which Particles Whose Motion Constitutes Heat Are at Rest.

From the Washington Evening Star.

A matter of interest in scientific circles is the experiment recently made by Prof. James Dewar before the Royal Society of London, the result of which was the reduction of hydrogen to a solid, by which the celebrated chemist reached the lowest temperature ever attained in a laboratory. In other words, Prof. Dewar has reached a point considerably nearer what is termed the "absolute zero" than has ever been achieved by science. This "absolute zero" is to chemists what the pole is to geographers and naturalists, and while we are getting nearer and nearer to both, the real significance of reaching the goal seems even now to be purely a matter of speculation in the case of the "absolute zero" as well as in that of the North Pole.

By the "absolute zero" is meant the lowest temperature compatible with heat—that point of temperature, in fact, at which a body would be wholly deprived of heat and at which the particles whose motion constitutes heat would be at rest. This temperature is supposed to be about —274 degrees centigrade, or —461 degrees Fahrenheit. The term "heat" is here used in its scientific sense, for as men use the word in everyday language its significance depends on the temperature of the human body. Men call "warm" everything with a temperature higher than their own, and "cold" all those objects which have less heat than they. In reality, however, the coldest body known to man is far from being utterly without heat. Ice, for example, has heat, only in a degree so much below man's temperature that one can scarcely imagine it to be anything but "cold"—a term which actually implies a comparatively low degree of heat. Accordingly, the zero of thermometers is only a conventional point marking a certain degree of heat. There seems to be a point, however, where heat ceases absolutely, and this point it is which is known in chemistry as the "absolute zero."

The progress made in the direction of this "absolute zero" is associated with the work of transforming a highly volatile gas like hydrogen into a liquid and from a liquid into a solid, because the process of liquefying or solidifying gases is practically a process of lowering their temperature. To convert gaseous hydrogen, for example, into liquid, we place a bulb of this gas in a vessel containing liquid air. Then by exhausting the air so as to make it evaporate we lower the temperature of the bulb until its contents pass from a gaseous into a liquid state. When we put some alcohol on the palm of the hand the evaporation of the alcohol makes our hand cold. This is due to the fact that in evaporating the alcohol needs heat to separate its particles and to reduce it from a liquid to a gas, and this heat is drawn from our hand. In a like manner the evaporation of the liquid air in the vessels robs the hydrogen of the bulb of a considerable quantity of its heat, lowering its temperature until it becomes a liquid, just as vapor assumes the form of water when the surrounding temperature is considerably lowered.

Helium is the name of a newly discovered chemical element which is even more volatile than hydrogen, and Prof. Dewar says that by using hydrogen, in liquid or solid form, as a cooling agent we ought to be able to liquefy this gas in the same manner as hydrogen is liquefied by means of liquid air. This would bring us to a boiling point about four or five degrees above absolute zero.

Thus, even liquid helium (were the production of such a substance within our means) would not be enough to reach the "absolute zero." Another gas would have to be found, still more volatile than helium, in order that the liquefying of that gas, with liquid helium for a cooling agent, might bring us to the desideratum of scientific chemists.

This subject was discussed recently in an interview by Dr. Robert Huebner, a well-know chemist and bacteriologist. "If the whole world were at absolute zero the whole world would be dead," he said. "Life and all the forces and manifestations of life mean motion. Can you imagine existence without motion? But then why give so much latitude to one's imagination? Prof. Dewar is no dreamer. He is a scientist, and he likes to have hard ground to tread upon. The nearer we get to the absolute zero the more we know of the nature of things. There is no telling what sort of chemical combinations, impossible now, would become a matter of course should we chemists be able to reduce the temperature—not of the whole world, but of some liquid at least—to its lowest limit. But it can be reduced to powder already, and, perhaps, when we go a few degrees further we may be able to make sugar, for instance, by combining carbon, hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions. Oh, we might be able to do lots of things, but let us imagine as little as possible and stick to realities as much as possible."

Prof. Dewar's experiment can scarcely be regarded as a discovery, however. Dr. Huebner added: "Prof. Raoul Pierre Pictet of Geneva reduced hydrogen to a liquid and then to a solid as far back as 1877. At the same time he liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, both of which elements had up to that time been looked upon as permanent gases."

One Room in a New Church Dedicated.

Bishop J. M. Farley dedicated to the purpose of public worship the lower room in the new church which is being erected in St. Peter's parish at New Brighton, Staten Island, yesterday morning. The building is far from completion but the room beneath the main auditorium has been prepared with a temporary altar and seats for 500 and services will be held there until the completion of the building.

GOLF HAS REACHED THE EAST SIDE.

That Is, Golf as Johnny Stiebling Plays It—Game at His Picnic—Engelites Envious.

The game of golf has been introduced on the East Side and there is some talk of making it a feature of some of the political outings to be held this summer. The members of the Committee on Strategy of the Martin Engel Association discussed it yesterday at their sidewalk meeting and agreed unanimously to have a match game at the annual excursion of the organization.

It has all come about because of a remarkable performance last Thursday at the annual picnic in Dexter Park of the John Stiebling Association of the Twelfth Assembly district. At the previous picnic "Honest John" Stiebling, the standard bearer of the association, won the baseball