TOLD BY PRIESTS' NAMES.

RACIAL INDICATIONS GIVEN BY THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

Composition of the Catholic Laity of the United States—Native-Born Priests the Rule Now—An Old Controversy—Some Novelties in the New Annual Catholic Directory.

When the Very Rev. John J. O'Connor is consecrated Bishop of Newark, N. J., on July 25 the Macs and the O's in the Catholic hierarchy of the United States will be on an even footing. There will be six of each among the eighty-two Bishops who will wear mitres when Mgr. Garvey comes into the new see of Altoona, Pa., and the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, at an early date, becomes Bishop assistant to Archbishop Feehan of Chicago.

For the first time in a number of years, every see is now filled. There's even a surplus, for Chicago, by a curious train of circumstances, will have three prelates. When two years ago Archbishop Feehan found that he needed an assistant, Rome, at his request, promoted for him the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alexander J. McGavick, a young priest of promise. But almost as soon as he was consecrated Bishop McGavick fell into a decline and the result is that another worker has to be found, the choice this time falling on Father Muldoon, who will be elevated to the Episcopacy in the near future.

Up to this time the Macs and the O's in the heirarchy have been as 6 to 5. This seems to be about the same proportion that they hold among the 11,987 members of the priesthood, parochial and regular, the members being, according to a glance at the latest issue (1901) of the official Catholic Directory, 639 Mac's—not including the Rev. Ignatius Maciejewski of Shamokin, Pa., perhaps the Polish descendant of some wandering Celt—and 517 O's. The rule that excludes the Shamokin pastor must also be held to bar the Rev. F. W. Oberbrockling of Luxemburg, Ia., in any attempt to swell the list of O's.

There is neither a Mac nor an O among the Archbishops, and the late Cardinal McCloskey was their only representative that has, as yet, reached the Metropolitan dignity. The Macs among the Bishops are McCloskey, Louisville; McDonnell, Brooklyn; McFaul, Trenton; McGavick, Chicago; McGolrick, Duluth, and McQuaid, Rochester. The O's are, O'Dea, Vancouver; O'Donahue, Indianapolis; O'Gorman, Sioux Falls; O'Reilly, Peoria; O'Connell, Portland, and O'Connor, Newark.

The social indications of these names are evident. Among the Archbishops there are two French representatives, Chapelle and Bourgade; one German, Katzer; four native Irish, Ryan, Feehan, Keane and Ireland; three Irish-Americans, Corrigan, Williams and Kain; and one pure United States, Elder. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco was born in New Brunswick of Irish parents and Archbishop Christie of Portland, Ore., is also a British American of Scotch ancestry.

Among the eighty-two Bishops forty-nine are of Irish or Irish-American extraction, thirteen are German, eight are French, two are Belgian, and Bishop Michaud of Burlington, Vt., has a table all to himself. His father was a French-Canadian and his mother an Irish woman.

The Catholic laity of the United States is a conglomerate body of all the Catholic nations of Europe and their native-born children, with the Irish in the lead, the Germans second, the Italians third and French, French-Canadians, Bohemians, Huns, Poles, Austrians, Greeks, Syrians in various proportions. Every nationality is represented in the priesthood. Recruits are drawn from Ireland, England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Poland, Hungary, Syria, Spain and Mexico.

Once the priests were nearly all foreign born, but now, with the increase of population and the growth of seminaries, not only are native-born ecclesiastical students preferred by the Bishops, but many of them, save in exceptional cases, refuse adoption to any but subjects born in their respective dioceses.

The matter of a native clergy was once the subject of a great controversy here between the late Archbishop Hughes and the famous Orestes A. Brownson and his *Review*. There was a Catholic club in this city—it was in 1856—made up of a small number of priests and laymen whose object was stated to be the Americanizing of the Church. The late Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Cummings of St. Stephen's Church, and the Rev. Dr. Ambrose Manahan were leading spirits in the organization.

The article by Brownson in the *Review* on the "Mission of America" and one by Dr. Cummings on "Vocations to the Priesthood" gave rise to the controversy. In its course the filling up of the seminaries with candidates for the ministry direct from Ireland and Germany, and their management and mode of instruction were sharply criticised, without, however, the necessary allowance for time and circumstances and the want of means on the part of the authorities. The embers of this strife carried down to our time were fanned into the flame of the Heckerism and Americanism of recent memory.

The analysis of the long lists in the directory shows some curious statistics as to individual names. The Smiths are the champion sacerdotal family, there being 112 of them in the various spellings of the name, viz., Smith, 47; Smyth, 16; Schmid, 6; Schmidt, 20; Schmit, 12; Schmitz, 11. Next to them came 83 Murphys, and third place goes to 82 Reillys—63 with the O and 19 without it.

Then follow 74 Walshes, 72 Kellys, 68 Ryans, 67 O'Brien's, 57 Sullivans, 56 O'Connors, 45 Fitzgeralds, 44 Quinns, 44 O'Neills, 42 Bradys, 38 Lynches, 38 McCarthys, 37 Kennedys and 34 Burkes. This exhausts the very big families, but, of course, the others deserve minor mention. There are, for instance, 81 kinds of Vans of whom probably the Jesuit Father Harry Van Rensselaer, descendant of the old Patroons and beloved of policemen and firemen in several cities, is the best known.

The list is headed by two Aarons—the Rev. Francis P. of McKean, Pa. and the Benedictine Leo of Atchison, Kan.; but there is no Moses appearing anywhere in it. Taking all the names that have ten or more representatives, the following interesting and instructive array of figures is to be found: Barrett, 12; Barry, 27; Becker, 19; Brennan, 23; Bradley, 10; Brown, 20; Burns, 15; Butler, 12; Byrnes, 29. If the Rev. Ronnald Byzewski of Pulaski, Ill., could be put in as a Polish Byrne it would make an even 30.

Then we have 11 Cahills and 12 Campbells ending with the ex-Jesuit Provincial Thomas J., who might easily, like the poor Abu Ben Adhem, lead all the rest; Carey, 14; Carroll, 29; Casey, 16; Cassidy, 10; Clark, 18; Collins, 19; Connell, Connelly and Connolly, 25; Conway, 19; Corcoran, 11; Coyle, 14; Cronin, 16; Cawley, 14; Cullen, 10; Cunningham, 11; Curren, 15.

That this section is not entirely Hibernian is indicated by the scattering about of such names as Czubek, Czelusniak, Czpananis, Czernecki and Czyewski, not one of which could be located in Leinster, Ulster, Munster or Connaught.

The Ds begin with 10 Dalys, and there follow Doherty, 12; Dougherty, 13; Dolan, 14; Donahue (ohue and ohoe), 29; Donnelly, 14; Donovan, 10; Doyle, 10; Driscoll, 12; Duffy, 20; Dunne and Dunn, 34; Dwyer, 14; Egan, 29; Farrell, 16; Farrelly, 11; Fischer, 11; Fitzpatrick, 12; Fleming, 12; Flood, 10; Flynn, 16; Foley, 20; Fox, 13; Gallagher, 26; Graham, 12; Griffin, 18; Hanley, 10; Harrington, 12; Hayden, 11; Hayes, 18; Healy, 18; Hennessy, 17; Hickey, 26; Higgins, 16; Hoffman, 10; Hogan, 19; Hughes, 21; Hurley, 12; Jones, 10; Kane, Keane and Kean, 16; Kenny, 17; Klein, 13; Lee, 20; Lennon, 10; Leonard, 11; Lyons, 15; McCormick, 15; McDermott, 16; McDonald, 22; McGovern, 10; McGrath, 17; McGuire, 18; Maguire, 10; McKenna, 18; McLaughlin, 31; McMahon, 19; McNamara, 19; Malone, 11; Maver, 10; Meyer, 27; Miller, 17; Moore, 18; Moran, 10; Mueller, 27; Murray, 27; Nolan, 15.

The clans of the O's start with O'Callaghan, 12; O'Connell, 27; O'Donnell, 22; O'Farrell, 10; O'Gorman, 11; O'Hara, 11; O'Keefe, 20; O'Leary, 10; O'Malley, 15; O'Rourke, 12; O'Shea, 11; O'Sullivan, 22; [illegible], 15; Power, 17; Powers, 12; Prendergast, [illegible]; Shea, 11; Sheridan, 11; Slattery, 11; Wagner, 16; Ward, 10; Weber, 10; White, 16; Whalen, Whelan, 23.

Among the last is one with the singular given name Isaac. It is worth going all the way to Bayonne to hear him tell how he got it, especially if he will add the chapter of his first experience as a curate to old Father Gessner of Elizabeth. X would be an unknown quantity in the clerical list as well as in algebra were it not for Father Henry Xavier of Yonkers, who thus has a line all to himself. There are eighty-three Zs, however, to end the roll with, such specimens as Ziegelsnaier, Zielenbock, Zielonka, Zmijewski, Zwierzchowski, Zwyessig. They match a few of the B's at the beginning, such as Bacewski, Banasiewies and Bobkiewies.

While lump numbers of family names are not so numerous among those of evident German, Italian and Slavonic origin, the great increase of the representatives of these races in the make-up of the Catholic body is everywhere manifest.

Another notable change is the appearance of the monsignori in the various dioceses. Time was in the not very distant past when the presence of the Right Rev. Robert Seton, D. D., in his ermine cape and purple robes at an ecclesiastical function was a distinct event. Now a whole procession of monsignori can be got up on short notice. It is true they are not all prothonotaries apostolic with the privilege of pontificating, but how many of the general public understand the niceties of rank among the domestic prelates?

We have no canons yet, but they are coming and soon maybe some American "Father Dan" will sadly put away the rochet, mozzetta and biretta of the tardily offered prebendary stall in the cathedral chapter in favor of a younger and more active incumbent.

Another recent novelty in the list of priests is the addenda, "Chaplain, —— Regiment, U. S. A., or "Chaplain United States Navy." The first naval chaplain, still a very young man, resigned with honor and has settled down to the routine of parish work in one of the progressive colonies of The Bronx district.

There are old soldiers, too, scattered over the roll, but they do not parade their records and have good representatives in such men for instance, as Dean Joseph M. Flynn of Morristown, N. J., who, following the example of his father, a Captain in the New York Sixty-ninth, went off to the war and served his term also. Father Walter Elliott, the Paulist of now international repute, with his two brothers was enrolled in an Ohio regiment. Out in Notre Dame, Ind., there is a post of the Grand Army of the Republic composed exclusively of priests and religious men who are veterans. The Commander is Father William H. Olmstead, a brevet Brigadier-General of New York Volunteers, Twenty-fifth Army Corps, and now a humble member of the religious order of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame.

NIGHT WORKERS IN NEW YORK.

Figures That Show the Number of Them to Be Upward of 40,000.

There are 800,000 persons, men and women, employed in what the law describes as gainful occupation—working for others for compensation—in New York city. It has heretofore been supposed that about 5 per cent. of these were employed at night, which would give a total of 40,000 night workers in this city.

Recently a table has appeared intended to show how many night workers there actually are in the four boroughs, and this estimate gives 3,200 policemen, 3,000 railroad employees, 3,000 bakers, 3,000 newspaper employees, 2,500 engineers and firemen, 2,500 actors and musicians and 1,000 restaurant employees. The total is 20,000, the balance being made up by the addition of butchers, pedlers, steam railroad employees, telegraphers, watchmen, electricians and miscellaneous workers.

The table, accurate in many respects, falls short of completeness as to the total number of persons employed at night in New York. There are in New York and Brooklyn 2,167 Raines law hotels which are open all night, in each of which there is at least one man employed and usually two. This figures up 3,500.

The table does not include the market men, a considerable group of night workers, who number at least 1,000, the men who work along shore loading or unloading boats to the number of 1,000 additional, and it does not take into account either those employed on or connected with the ferry business of the city, which is carried on all night in which there are at least 500, a total of 6,000 additional.

The number of watchmen is estimated at 400, actually it is nearer 2,000, for there are watchmen of buildings under construction, watchmen of office buildings, watchmen in care of material, factory watchmen, private watchmen and ordinary night watchmen.

There are 250 hotels in New York city and the number of night employees of these—clerks, porters, elevator men, watchmen, bell boys, gas men and cleaners is 2,500, or an average of about ten for each hotel.

Another considerable item of night workers is made up of the employees of apartment houses, elevator men and janitors, and still another of city employees connected with the Water Supply Department, which is going all night, and in charge of public buildings.

Gashouses in New York do not shut down at night time, but employ night shifts of men, and the same is true of the foundry business, and there are the all-night drug stores as well as the all-night saloons, and the night hawk cabmen, whose chief time of profit is between midnight and daybreak.

Taking all these classes together, it is probably no exaggeration to say that there are 40,000 night workers in New York, exclusive of physicians and clergymen.

JOHN SMITH AND HIS PENSION.

There Being Two of Him the Local Post Office Solves a Problem.

From the Omaha Daily Bee.

This is a story of John Smith.

Not he who made Pocahontas known to fame, nor he who added lustre to the arms of Cromwell, but a man who sought reputation even in the cannon's mouth as a member of the Ninth Indiana Cavalry and who as a result is now a pensioner on the rolls of the United States.

There was only one John Smith on the rolls of Company A of that regiment, so it was not necessary to number them, as was done in some companies. For this reason the pension rolls show him as plain John Smith. There was another, perhaps several other, John Smiths in the Union Army, but only one other has since removed to Omaha and secured a place on the rolls of the pension office at Des Moines. For years the first John Smith has drawn his pension every quarter from the Omaha Post Office, applying at the general delivery window for the same, and it has been handed to him without question. Yesterday morning when he called for his mail, expecting to receive an envelope containing $36, the usual amount, the general delivery clerk showed him two envelopes from the pension office at Des Moines, both addressed to John Smith and both, presumably, containing a check from the pension agent.

Said the clerk: "Here are two letters from the pension office for John Smith. Apparently they are not both intended for you. If you can tell which is yours you can have it, but you cannot have both."

The pensioner then appealed to the Deputy Postmaster, who interviewed the general delivery clerk.

"Yes," said she, "this man has received a letter from the pension agency at Des Moines for a long time, but here are two, and I do not know which one to give him."

Taking both letters, the assistant called upon the pensioner to state the service he had seen and the amount of pension drawn. Then he handed him one of the letters addressed to John Smith. It was for the other John and contained but $24. Then the other envelope was opened and John Smith, the original was justified, for the enclosed papers corresponded exactly with his statement. When the other John Smith, who fought and bled on battlefields unknown, receives his pension this quarter he will find the envelope opened and will discover another member of his illustrious and widely distributed family in this city.

GAMBLING AT SARATOGA.

RESTRICTIONS UNDER WHICH IT IS NOW CARRIED ON.

A Wide-Open Policy and the Plan of Closing the Gaming Houses Were Both Tried and Found to Work Badly—The Present System of Regulation—Saratoga Prosperous Again.

SARATOGA, July 20.—In many towns of many lands they have tried to regulate gambling. As often as the attempt has been made almost as often has it failed. So often has failure been recorded that reformers and politicians alike have been almost willing to admit that gambling cannot be regulated. If, however, to regulate gambling means to limit or restrict it, then it should be known that Saratoga is practically the one place in the Western world and one of the few places anywhere in which the problem has been solved.

And the regulating has been done in this town not by reformers, not by the police and not by special legislation, as was the case at Long Branch, but by the people themselves.

The history of gambling here is interesting. For nearly half a century the gaming table and the gambler have been as much a fixture of Saratoga summer life as the mineral springs. There has been gambling at other resorts, but never on the scale on which it has been done at Saratoga. In fact, Saratoga has come to be known as the Monte Carlo of America. From the days of old Robert Gridley and his house in Matilda street, now Woodlawn avenue, to the time of Richard A. Canfield, which is the present year of grace, the play at the gaming tables of Saratoga has been higher than at any other resort in the United States. In the old days Gridley's and one or two others were the only gambling houses in the village. What became of Gridley's competitors Saratoga history does not record. Gridley followed the game until he lost his fortune, and then, when an old man, tried to win it back again by selling ice. This is probably the most illustrious case on record of a man's devotion to the game of freeze-out. But the old gentleman went, a few years ago, to a poor man's grave.

After Gridley came John Morrissey, pugilist, politician, member of Congress and as honest a gambler as ever lived. The era of big gambling and fashionable gambling began in Saratoga with the building at the corner of Putnam and Congress streets, and directly opposite Congress Spring, of the Saratoga Club, known all over the world as John Morrissey's clubhouse. Although Richard Canfield sits in the seat of the money changers to-day, the Saratoga Club will always be known by the name of the man who built it.

One of the most rigid rules of the club, during the years that Morrissey ran it, was that which prohibited minors and all Saratoga people of any age from gambling there. It mattered not what the prominence, pull or position of a native of Saratoga was, he couldn't win or lose any money in John Morrissey's. The treatment received there one night by Morrissey's own son will serve to show how iron-bound the rule was. The boy was named for his father, and was rather inclined to all sorts of sport. During the summer Morrissey and his wife and son, who was his only child, lived in a cottage back of the United States Hotel. One evening young John and a party of friends from New York walked into the club and sat down at a roulette table. Each one in the party bought a stack of chips and Morrissey had been playing about five minutes when an attendant tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but the manager would like to see you in the office."

The young man didn't know what was up, but left the table and walked into the office. There he met his father's manager, who without showing any sign of recognition, said:

"You are a Saratogian, are you not?"

The young man smiled, and asked, in substance, what on earth the man, whom he had known for years, was driving at. Still without any sign of recognition, the manager continued:

"A rule of this house is that no Saratogian may play here. You have $25 in chips on the roulette table. You have lost $10. Here is the amount of your loss. You will be good enough to cash those chips in and never play here again."

Young Morrissey was highly indignant at what he considered the impertinence of his father's manager and began to get obstreperous. Without wasting more words the manager called the big butler who stood at the Congress street door, and told him to remove the young man from the place at once. The butler knew his business, and before young John knew what had happened he found himself in the street. Thereafter he was never allowed in the house, except on business, which he was compelled to transact without loss of time.

For many years after Morrissey opened the Saratoga Club, it was the only high-class gambling resort in the village. There were, of course, other gambling houses, but they were not all in the same class with Morrissey's place. As everybody knows who has ever been to Saratoga, the club is a large building constructed of Philadelphia brick and brownstone which a stranger might mistake for a big public library, or a building of that sort. It is surrounded by beautifully kept gardens, in which is a miniature lake where brook trout are kept to be served in the restaurant of the club.

The main entrance is from Congress street and on the right, as you enter, is the gaming room. This room, in width, is half the width of the house, and its depth is the depth of the building, except for so much as is taken up at the north end by the restaurant. The floor surface of the room is about 4,000 square feet. It is finished in black walnut with a vaulted ceiling about eighteen feet high.

On the left of the main entrance is the private office, and back of that is the café. At the north end of the building on the ground floor, the length of the room being the width of the house, is the restaurant. At the east end of the restaurant is an arch under which one may pass to the gaming room. Tables in the restaurant directly opposite the arch are always in demand by men who take supper there with ladies. Women are not allowed in the gaming room, and so the next best thing is to sit where they can see the money won and lost. On the second floor are card rooms and sleeping rooms. The walls of all the public rooms are hung with the canvases of celebrated artists, and the art collection alone is worth a fortune.

Morrissey grew rich and prospered and finally took Charles Reed, better known, perhaps, as a turfman than as a gambler, into partnership. The combination made money and that invited competition. Year after year the number of gamblers who went to Saratoga in the summer steadily increased and the gambling houses grew more numerous. They were on almost every thoroughfare within an easy walk of Broadway.

Finally, Caleb W. Mitchell, known all over the country as Cale Mitchell, added a gambling room to the rear of his saloon in Broadway, directly opposite the United States Hotel. Mitchell's place became notorious. It was often said of it that the rattle of the chips in his back room could be heard on the curbstone in front of his place. Gamblers gathered in crowds there every night, and women hesitated to walk along that side of Broadway after dark. They were not afraid of insult or injury, but they didn't care to run the gauntlet of the miscellaneous talk of the gamblers gathered in rows along the curb or in front of the show widnows.

One day Mitchell was elected President of the village on the Democratic ticket, and the fact became known from New York to San Francisco and from Maine to Texas. The gamblers took it for granted that, with Cale Mitchell as the Mayor of Saratoga, the town was theirs, and that all the fish that swam that way were for their nets. It was a veritable gamblers' paradise. There was a gambling house for everybody, for all colors and all nationalities, and even the boys had their resorts where they could shoot craps and play roulette until they had nothing to play with.

The fashionable folk and the so-called decent element forsook the place. Sporting men, sporting women and invalids, for Saratoga never lost its prestige as a health resort, had the town to themselves.

But there was a day of reckoning coming. The gamblers forgot, as they did at Long Branch, that there was law in the land or a sense of decency. Liberty became license, and Saratoga was Monte Carlo at one end and a combination of El Paso and Dodge City at the other. The summer of 1894 was the giddiest and after a fashion the most lawless ever known in Saratoga. But the reform wave was rising. It struck New York with the Lexow Committee and swept over the city with the election of Mayor Strong. It struck other places, and, at length, struck Saratoga.

The decent people there, and even the liberal minded, decided that there must be a change. The annual village election came along and a lawyer was elected President of the village on the Republican and Reform ticket. When the summer came again and the gamblers came with it, they were quietly informed that there would be nothing doing in Saratoga that summer. The reformers were as good as their word, and there was no gambling in the town that year or the next. It was not a fake closing, but the genuine article. There was literally no gambling in Saratoga for two years.

It often happens that reformers, like gamblers, forget that there is a limit to reform, as there is to lawlessness. It became known all over the country that Saratoga was a closed town, and the crowds stayed away. The great hotels were magnificent in their loneliness. You could put a Gatling gun at one end of the great piazzas, let it go and not hit a dozen people. For two long, hard winters the people of Saratoga ate snowballs and hash. Indeed, they were lucky to get hash. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker sold his goods on credit and replenished his stock on money borrowed wherever he could. There were failures and rumors of failures, and evil times had the town in a strong grip.

Then came a reform of the reformers. Cool-headed and hardheaded business men got together and said there must be a change. After two years the people came to a realization that there must be a check to reform or there wouldn't be enough money in the town treasury to maintain the almshouse. The sentiment in favor of a conservative government of the village grew and increased until finally a Democrat was elected President of the village, who knew no party and no faction, if party or faction made demands upon him which he believed would interfere with the welfare of the town.

The new Mayor was Adelbert R. Knapp, a business man of the place. It was understood, immediately after Mr. Knapp's election, that a more liberal policy in the conduct of the affairs of the village would be inaugurated. The gamblers from east, west, north and south took this to mean that the town would be wide open again. They did not know the man with whom they had to deal.

President Knapp took office without flourish of trumpets and issued no statements as to what he was or was not going to do. But at the very beginning of the following summer the edict went forth that thereafter not a gambler could do business in Broadway. The person most seriously affected by this edict was ex-Mayor Mitchell. He had a rather pretentious place, which represented the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. When Mitchell heard the news that there was to be no gambling place on the principal thoroughfare of the town he at once asserted himself. The Hon. Caleb is a hard fighter, and he wanted a run for his money; and, in substance, he said:

"We'll see whether there's going to be any gambling in Broadway or not. I'll have it understood that if my place doesn't open there will be no gambling in Saratoga for at least another season."

Mitchell's declaration had not the slightest effect on President Knapp. What Mitchell said was reported to him, and he quietly sent word to him that bluffs wouldn't go under the new administration. In substance, Knapp's message to Mitchell was:

"It has gone forth that no resort for gambling shall be maintained in Broadway. That goes. If you open, your place will be promptly raided, as will the place of anybody else who follows your example. If you make a rumpus and make complaint against any other gambling place that may be open that also will be promptly closed, and, as you say, there will be no gambling in Saratoga for another season. If you can stand it, I can, and so can the rest of your fellow citizens. Now do exactly as you please."

Mitchell's bluff was called. He knew, all too well, that President Knapp held four aces against his bob-tail flush. He knew there was no use bluffing a hand like that. The edict also affected the man who is known in New York as Big Jim Kennedy. He had gambling rooms in a building a few doors south of Mitchell's place. It also affected a few others. The result was that a great army of sports who had descended upon the town sought new fields. The clubhouse under Canfield's management was allowed to open. Kennedy found new quarters back of the United States Hotel and a block away from Broadway, almost on the site of Gridley's old club of fifty years before, and opened the Chicago Club. On the opposite side of the same street the United States Club was opened. It was said that Mitchell had a large interest in this place.

There were two or three other smaller places opened, but there were, all told, not more than half a dozen gambling houses in the town. A stranger who visited Saratoga that summer would never know that there was a roulette wheel turning, or a faro bank in the town unless he was looking for it. What gambling there was disturbed nobody, obtruded itself upon nobody. Ever since then gambling at Saratoga has been regulated in this way. Since the first administration of President Knapp, only one other gambling house of any account has been added to the list. To be sure, that one is pretty near the dead line, its main entrance being only a few hundred feet from Broadway and opposite Congress Hall.

When it became known that there would be no gambling at Long Branch this summer some of the Long Branch gamblers decided to migrate to Saratoga. They changed their minds after a visit there early this spring. They went up there to look over the ground and made certain inquiries. They were told as Mitchell was told that no gambling would be allowed on Broadway and also that no more gamblers or gambling houses were wanted in the place. Further than that they were told that if they insisted upon opening their places would be promptly closed even at the cost of closing every place in Saratoga. It was explained to them that if they wanted to go to the expense of fitting up gambling places simply for the sake of having them raided and for the additional pleasure of having the others closed up they could go ahead. They decided not to do business in that field.

A few weeks ago it looked as if the Saratoga plan of regulating gambling would be put to another test and by the man who sought to beat it when it was first inaugurated. For two or three years Mitchell has had, according to common report, an interest in a poolroom diagonally opposite the entrance to the racetrack. Another poolroom which was conducted by Gottfried Walbaum, for several years the chief owner of the racetrack and a member of the Guttenburg "Big Four," was burned down last winter. The new management of the track has let it be known that it didn't care to have poolrooms operated right at the gates of the course.

Report has it that Mitchell has said that if his poolroom is not permitted to run he will stop all the gambling in the town. Mr. Knapp is now President of the village for a second time, he having been elected last spring. He knows the Hon. Caleb and the Hon. Caleb's ways and it may be concluded that if President Knapp thinks a poolroom run where Mitchell's has been run is not a good thing for the town he will close it the day it opens and take the chances of the Hon. Caleb's getting disagreeable.

In this way has gambling been restricted in Saratoga. It is a restriction without warrant of law, but it restricts. Since the policy has been enforced, the town has prospered as never before in its history. Everybody is making a living, and some are getting rich. The conservative, hard-headed citizens of the town have outdone both the gamblers and the reformers, and to their lawless system of regulating lawlessness is due the rehabilitation of Saratoga.

Twenty-five years ago this village was the fashionable watering place of the United States. For the first time in twenty-five years fashion will return this season to its old summer home. William C. Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Richard T. Wilson, Jr., H. K. Knapp, Andrew Miller and some others have become the owners of the racetrack. They and their friends and many of the Newport cottagers have secured accommodations at the hotels or have taken cottages here for all or a part of the season. The people of Saratoga were wiser than the people of Long Branch, in that they did their own housecleaning rather than have it done for them by officials of the State. They have hedged in the goose that lays the golden egg, and she is quite satisfied with her limitations. The town has suffered from lawlessness and from reform. It is now prosperous under a government of common sense.

THE EAST RIVER BATHERS.

Thousands of Men and Boys Enjoying Themselves Unceremoniously These Days.

The passengers on the many boats which run up and down the East River these warm afternoons have exceptional opportunities for studying the human form. The waterfront from Fiftieth street up to Ninetieth is used for bathing by thousands of men and boys who undress on the rocks where they cannot be seen from the land, but in full view of every one on the river.

The only kind of bathing suit ever worn by them is a pair of trunks and even these are frequently omitted. There were between three and four thousand of these men and boys bathing from this shore on Monday afternoon and their antics were amusing.

The East Side bather who wears trunks puts them on at home, and when he reaches the shore front it does not take him more than two minutes to pull off his clothes in some nook on the rocks and then he is ready for a dive and a swim. Some of the divers who spring into the water, one after another like a lot of frogs, as the passenger boats go by, look as if they were not more than 6 or 7 years old.

There is no life guard in a boat ready to rescue them when their strength fails, nor is the shore at many of these points easy for a landing. The tide races up and down very rapidly at times and yet the number of drowning accidents here is proportionately much fewer than at any of the well patrolled bathing beaches.

The East Side youngster who takes to the water learns to swim early and if he rashly attempts to go too far there are almost always some of the bigger boys around to pull him out. Any struggling young artist who finds the fees to a life class burdensome may have a multitude of life studies free on this shore any warm afternoon.

AT THE SUMMER RESORTS.

THE SEASON ONLY AN AVERAGE ONE IN SPITE OF HOT WAVES.

Some People Taken Away From Seashore and Mountain by the Buffalo Fair—Others Summering in Cottages—Change in Vacation Time Ways—Long Trips by Rail.

Almost everybody is prosperous. All through the country business men have made more money in the last twelve months than they have in any preceding year in the last ten. In almost every trade and handicraft wages have been raised. Employers are happy and are disposed to be generous, so nearly everybody is getting a vacation this summer, many are taking a longer holiday than they ever did before and all have money—lots of it—to spend on having a good time.

It might be expected, under these circumstances, that this would be a banner year for the summer resorts by the sea and in the mountains. But it hasn't been, so far, and the folks who run the big hotels and the summer boarding houses are beginning to wonder why. Not that the people who live on and by the summer tourist are in a state of despondency or that the summer resorts are in danger of bankruptcy this year. Nothing of that kind.

There are plenty of summer folks by the sea, and plenty more in the mountains. Lots of money is being spent and the hotels and boarding houses are a very long way from mourning over their luck. But this season, which on general principles had been looked forward to at Long Branch, Bar Harbor, Massachusetts and the Catskills, Golfhurst-on-the-Hudson and Clamville-by-the-Breakers as the top notcher of several increasingly prosperous seasons is so far in most of these places a very average season indeed.

There has been a record-beating hot wave, under which this city and others have sweltered. July is running out and August is coming in, yet the hotel piazzas are only sparsely occupied. Nobody wants to sleep on the billiard tables at $5 a night because he can't get a bed, and in the boarding houses there are vacant places around the tables and everybody can get as much as he wants of the dishes that everybody likes instead of falling back on the second choice which nobody wants.

Yet nearly everybody and his wife has gone out of town. The wife has more new gowns than she ever took away before and the man has decided that his liver requires a few days or a few weeks longer than usual to make him fit for business again. And pocketbooks are fatter and open more readily, as everybody has seen. Lots of folks who don't understand it are writing to the summer resort bureaus asking when the rush is coming and why it doesn't come sooner, and the summer resort bureaus are having a great time explaining.

There is a whole lot of reasons why the summer hotels and boarding houses hereabouts are not getting all of the prosperity money this year, and the name of the chief reason is Buffalo. There are others, involving among them a change in the summer vacation habit, which has become plainer every year in the last five or so. But upon the Pan-Americna Exposition and the average citizen's desire to see all new things the anathemas of the summer hotel man should descend.

"Everybody is going to Buffalo," said the head of one of the summer resort bureaus to a SUN reporter who wanted to find out how people were spending their vacations this year. "It's a change from the usual summer hotel vacation for one thing, and people are so prosperous this year that they are not scared away by tales of high prices. Then the railroads are helping the movement along with cheap rates. The result is that if the Buffalo folks are not making fortunes it's their own fault. But they are. Seems to me as if every citizen in Buffalo were either interested in a hotel or running a boarding house of his own this year.

"This movement to Buffalo has taken the two and three weeks' vacation people almost in a bunch. It has had its effect upon the folks who take longer holidays, too. They are going in a new direction. Instead of spending a few weeks at some resort nearer home they are taking in the Exposition and afterward turning off to the Adirondacks or going up into Canada.

"The result is that Lake George, Saratoga, Lake Champlain, Georgian Bay, New Brunswick, the Adirondacks, the St. Lawrence Valley and all that region are benefiting at the expense of the Jersey coast resorts, Long Island and Massachusetts.

"I don't mean to say that there are not lots of people at these latter places. There are, and the places will be crowded in August, for everybody is going away in August this year because the season is late, and, anyway, people are tending more and more to August as the holiday month. But if it hadn't been for this movement you couldn't have got a room for love or money at any of the popular resorts on the coast and in the mountains, for never did so many people have vacation money and vacation time to burn as this year. So folks not going Buffalo way should thank their stars that so many vacation people are taking their holiday in a new direction.

"Another theory that has affected the nearby resorts is the increasing tendency of holiday makers, and New Yorkers particularly, to take short or long tours, seeing the country instead of going to some particular place and spending their whole vacation there. The railroads are doing a great deal to encourage this, but the general prosperity is in the greatest measure responsible for it.

"You see, a man always imagines that it takes more money to travel than it does to go to the seashore or the mountains and to stay there. Of course whether it does or not depends greatly on the kind of place he goes to and the style in which he and his family live, but anyway he always thinks it does. Now this year he has the money to spend, the railroad offers are tempting and so he and his wife take a little tour, going to the seashore with the children for a few days first, perhaps, and leaving them in some place where it isn't so very costly to live.

"For example: There's an Epworth League convention out in San Francisco and the railroads have made cheap rates there, offering in addition a chance to take in the Yellowstone Park and other show places in the West. I know that that particular excursion has taken 500 persons out of Brooklyn alone. If they hadn't gone there they would have gone to Asbury Park or Long Branch or to some other nearby resort for an equal length of time.

"For the same reason, namely, general prosperity, more people are going to Europe this year than I ever remember and still more are going to Canada by way of Buffalo. That's why kicks are coming in from the summer hotels, and still more from the summer boarding houses. But it'll be all right if they are patient. This may not be a banner year, but it will be a good one. If only half the folks who are going away turn to the old resorts, August will make up for all the short profits so far."

There is another phase of the summer resort question which is not peculiar to this year. It has been developing for several years and the men who are interested in summer hotels are watching it with interest. This is the growth of the summer cottage. Ten years ago, when fewer people took vacations than take them now, and less money was spent by all classes than is spent now, the holidays, even of the very rich, were comparatively brief, and were spent at the big summer hotels.

That is all changed now. The rich man has his yacht and his summer cottage, which is really a mansion. The hotels have lost him. The most important seashore resorts now are cottage colonies, where there is practically no hotel life and the little there is does not count. Newport led the fashion, and now there are more than a score of minor Newports along the coast and in the mountains, all patterned on the same plan and all as far as possible excluding the summer hotel.

Nearer the city there are more cottage colonies of another type. These are almost exclusively colonies of rented cottages and they are tenanted by people of moderate means, who instead of going to the seashore for a vacation, find it almost as inexpensive to move out of town in May and stay until October. Long Island is full of these and so is the Hudson River Valley, and the nearby Jersey coast. It all means patronage gone from the big summer hotels.

Yet year by year these same hotels are filled as full as ever they were, and there are now many more of them than existed ten years ago. A New York hotel man who is interested in several big summer hotels which attract patrons from all over the Eastern States explained to THE SUN reporter how this has come about.

"There's plenty of room for the summer cottages and for the big hotels, too," said he. "It is a tribute to the growing wealth of this country that the rise of one has not greatly hurt the other. Why? Well, it's this way. Everybody is getting richer and everybody is living more expensively than he need to. Twenty years ago the big hotels at the summer resorts were peopled by the folks who now have mansions at Newport, Bar Harbor and Southhampton. They don't live in summer hotels now. But the rates in these hotels are just as high—higher maybe—and the hotels are just as full.

"While the very rich have been growing richer, the moderately rich have been increasing their incomes too; the moderately poor have became the fairly rich, and so on. Each class as it rises follows in the footsteps of the class in front, and each is usually a more numerous class. Years ago only the rich took vacations. Everybody takes a summer holiday now and lives well while it lasts. So the hotels benefit, the boarding houses are filled despite all the cottage colonies, the Adirondack lodge fad and all the other evidences of the increasing exclusiveness of wealth.

"There's no danger in the summer hotel business going to pot. The hotels are fairly well filled now and in August I think they'll be jammed, even though there is a Buffalo Exposition, cheap rates to Europe and cheaper rates to the Pacific slope to draw the crowds away. The country can stand it. We're too prosperous to mind a little thing like that and bless you, we hotel keepers don't really want all the money, even if we have that reputation."

Real estate agents who deal in summer cottages hereabouts say that the cottage renting business isn't quite so good as it might be. They have increasing competition in their own line to meet as well as the Pan-American and railroad tour counter attractions, and from it all rents have gone down somewhat this season. As in spite of that the owners look surprisingly cheerful it might perhaps be inferred that summer cottage profits might be watered down some without any owner going into bankruptcy or feeling the pinch of hard times.

This is a point in the prosperity question in relation to the summer resorts, which will please a whole lot of former cottagers. It may even increase the demand for cottages next year, because all who have been bitten in late years will want to get in on the ground floor of reduced rents.

Another fact which will please almost everybody is that Coney Island is having the greatest season in its history. There isn't anybody down there from a concert hall manager to a frankfurter man who isn't rolling in wealth. And still the crowds pack the Bowery and shovel out the nickels that mean winter luxury to the folks who make the island what it is.

AS TO COERCING JURORS.

Country Judge Who Talked Cow to Farmers Hauled Over the Coals on Appeal.

A strict view of what is coercion of a jury by a Judge is taken in a decision just handed down by the Appellate Division of the Third Department in this State, reversing a judgment for $2,062.50 against the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. The suit was brought by Hiram V. Twiss and was tried before a bucolic jury in Schuyler county. The jury could not agree. They discussed the issues for an hour and then reported to the Judge, who sent them back for the night.

The jury still couldn't agree the next morning and said so. Then the Judge made them a little speech. This is the principal part of what he said:

"Twelve men, who should have no interest in this case, except only to do what is right between the parties, should not be struggling and failing to agree. It is disastrous to the parties to retry a case over and over, and the jury fail to reach a verdict. I certainly hope that there are no stubborn men on this jury. There ought not to be. It is the only case for a jury to be tried at this term, and in my judgment there should not be a failure of this character. If I were a juror, and quite a large proportion of my fellows were against me, and I was standing out, and I thought that they were honest and fair, the first thing I would do would be to get before a large looking glass and look at myself and see if I could not find out what was the matter with me.

"If I should say I want you to get together and I want you to name some certain cow that combines all the best qualities for an average cow, and you cannot have a bit of butter or milk until you do so, how long do you think you would be out? I believe, gentlemen, that you can agree. There is no doubt about it in my mind. If you do not agree before half past 12 o'clock the Sheriff will give you your dinners, and if you do not agree before half past 6 he will give you your suppers. I shall instruct him to take care of you, and I will not deprive you of your milk because you haven't yet agreed about this cow."

The jurors retired after that and presently agreed that the plaintiff ought to get the verdict. The company appealed, and now, the Appellate Division has set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. Incidentally the Court makes these remarks about the language of the Judge who talked cow to the farmers:

"The impression which must have been created in the minds of the jurors by such language and such illustrations could not be flattering to the integrity or good judgment of any juror who failed to yield his honest belief to the majority. The impression must also have been very deep and firm in the minds of all that there was little hope of liberty unless a verdict was presented; that the only chance to be relieved from their seclusion and their physical sufferings was through a surrender of their individual judgments. There was a clear intention here that unless they agreed upon a verdict of some sort they would be at least subjected to another night of confinement. A verdict under such circumstances must be regarded as the effect of coercion, and should be set aside. It is said in the American and English Encyclopædia of Law that the proper rule to govern in such matters is that 'language on the part of the Court, the obvious tendency of which is to coerce an agreement on the part of the jury, affords ground for a new trial.' We think that an application of this rule makes a new trial necessary."

A WELL-GUARDED FIREHOUSE.

Sliding Pole Openings and All Protected Against Mosquitoes and Flies.

A New Yorker who chanced upon the house of Truck 6 of the Jersey City Fire Department in Wayne street, Jersey City, found there something that he had never seen in a firehouse before, namely, a completely wire-screened bunkroom, every opening, including not only the windows and doors, but the openings around the sliding poles as well, being perfectly guarded.

The screening of the windows and doors is done in the usual manner. As to the sliding pole openings there are placed in them screens set horizontally, dividing in the middle around the pole and opening downward on spring hinges. These screens open readily under the fireman's weight and close up instantly after him when he has passed.

The purpose of the screens here was to keep out mosquitoes, of which, as is more or less commonly known, there are now and then to be found one or two in Jersey; but they serve also with equal effectiveness to keep out flies, of which there was not a single one to be seen in the whole, big bunkroom on the occasion of this visit.

It might incidentally be mentioned that the company in whose house these screens were seen is the highest-numbered truck company in the Jersey City Fire Department; that its truck is of the latest model with every sort of up-to-date equipment, including a 75 foot extension ladder and that it is drawn by a team of three big horses driven abreast, all quite in the metropolitan fashion, and finally that Capt. Coleman and the men of his company are as stalwart-looking a lot of firemen as anybody could wish to see.

CURES AT CANADA'S SHRINE

THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS NOW JOURNEYING TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The Interior of the Church There Almost Obscured by Crutches and Other Testimonials of the Miraculous Cures Wrought Through the Intervention of the Saint.

The Novena and celebration of the feast of St. Anne in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth street calls attention again to the abiding faith of the thousands upon thousands of Roman Catholics in many parts of the world in the healing power of relics of the mother of the Virgin Mary. In no place—not even in Brittany, where stands the great shrine of St. Anne d'Auray—is this faith so widespread as in the Canadian Province of Quebec. There in the little village of St. Anne de Beaupré, is the most famous shrine on the North American Continent, whose record of miraculous cures is only second to that of Lourdes. Only a few Sundays ago it was announced there after high mass that four cures of the blind and crippled had been effected through the intervention of St. Anne and immediately after the services the men alleged to have been cured led the great procession of pilgrims inside and outside the church.

On that day the number of persons who worshipped at the shrine reached close to the record mark. There were six distinct pilgrimages from the West and South and the assembled multitude contained not less than 11,000 souls. One hundred and twenty-five thousand is a conservative estimate of the number of pilgrims visiting the shrine annually. The walls and pillars of the church are literally hidden from view by the vast collection of crutches canes and all sorts of artificial aids to the lame, the halt and the blind. Each one of these is supposed to represent a cure.

Tradition has it that the shrine was founded shortly after the settlement of Canada by a few Breton sailors who were surprised by a terrific storm while coming up the St. Lawrence River. When the danger of wreck was great their thoughts flew, the legend says, to the good St. Anne who had never failed to respond to their appeals at home. They vowed that if she would guide them safely through the storm they would build a shrine in her honor at the first landing. They weathered the storm and when they stepped ashore they built a chapel of wood on the site of the present shrine. A settlement soon sprang up around it and became known far and wide by the little temple of worship. The chapel stood many years in spite of springtime floods and winter storms, but finally it began to show signs of the devastating forces of the elements and the settlers began to discuss the advisability of rebuilding it. That was about 1660.

Etienne Lessard, a farmer, offered to give the land for a church, but a discussion arose at once as to the propriety of changing the site. Lessard's gift was finally accepted and Father Vignal from Quebec went down to Petit-Cap, as the settlement was then called, to bless the foundations. The cornerstone was laid by M. d'Aillebout, the Governor of New France.

The second church was built of stone and stood where the chapel for processions now is.

The name of St. Anne attracted—even in those far-off days—a host of pilgrims to it, but it was not until Mgr. de Laval, Bishop of Quebec, began to take an interest in the shrine that it became generally known outside the immediately surrounding country. In 1670 he obtained from the chapter of Carcassonne a relic of St. Anne, said to be a portion of her finger, and installed it in the church. Over two centuries later St. Anne de Beaupré came into possession of a second relic of the mother of the Virgin, which was brought from Rome by the Rev. Father M. N. Laliberté. After the relic was installed miraculous cures began to be attributed to it and afflicted men and women flocked to the shrine for relief. Costly gifts, too, poured in and the fame of the shrine even reached Louis XIV., then reigning splendidly in France. His mother, Anne of Austria, is said to have worked the handsome chasuble which is still seen on the altar upon grand occasions. The ornaments upon it are red, white and black arms and the whole is richly wrought in gold and silver.

Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, was also a patron of the shrine. Once when in danger of death by shipwreck he vowed that if St. Anne would procure his safety he would make her a handsome offering. In keeping with this vow he presented to the church a painting by Le Brun representing St. Anne, the Virgin Mary and two Pilgrims, a man and a woman. The picture now hangs above the high altar. At the base of the painting are the arms of the donor Bishop de Laval's gifts to the shrine include a handsome silver reliquary adorned with precious stones, a solid silver crucifix and two pictures painted by the Franciscan friar, Luc Lafrançois.

The second church was enlarged at various times, but so popular was the shrine with Canadian Catholics that it was found necessary to rebuild the edifice entirely in 1787. Again there was a dispute as to the site, many wishing to have the new church on the site of the original wooden chapel. Their wishes prevailed and the church was erected close by the water side.

In 1871 the first steps were taken toward the erection of the present church, which was completed five years later. From all parts of the province subscriptions poured in and pilgrims flocked thither to lay offerings at the feet of St. Anne. The church cost about $200,000, of which $16,000 was subscribed on the first call by the parishioners themselves. At the blessing of the edifice in 1876 a great procession was formed and the Bishop, followed by the priests, acolytes, seminarians and pilgrims, bore the relic—the second one had not yet arrived—from the old church to the new. Pope Pius IX., sent a rescript declaring St. Anne patroness of the Province of Quebec.

In the church are eight altars, the most magnificent being the gift of Cardinal Taschereau. The pictures on the walls commemorate remarkable deliverances from shipwreck and the like. Besides the relics of St. Anne the church boasts of relics of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Deodatus, St. Benedict, St. Valentine, St. Remi, St. Eulalie, St. Amantis Pontianus and of St. Cæsarius.

The chapel for pilgrims was built out of the material of the old church and consecrated in 1878. It is intended to perpetuate the ancient edifice, being erected after the same fashion and surmounted by the same bell tower. Situated upon an eminence and being used especially when the concourse of pilgrims is very great it is an imitation of the altar of the Scala Sancta at St. Anne d'Auray. The fountain before the church is surmounted by a statue of the patron saint. Nearby is the parochial residence, occupied by the Redemptorist Fathers, who have been in charge of the mission since 1878.

The Alphabet on a Pinhead.

From the Baltimore American.

H. A. Houseal, an engraver, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art which eclipses the engraving of the Lord's Prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right, and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is the second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the centre is the & mark. The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's Prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, and was done during an afternoon about a month ago, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving it to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engravers' tool.