

ELEPHANT BURIED AT SEA.

HIS GAMBOLE WERE THE LIFE OF THE GOOD SHIP OCKENFELS.

When He Wasn't on the Bridge He Was Stealing Hot Soup From the Galley or Bombing Sailormen on the Deck - Box Didn't Volunteer as a Hawser.

Two Fast Indian baby elephants and six yards of emerald blue water-proofer, which had been digged up a late survivor of children and a dog introduced into its system two months ago, arrived yesterday from Calcutta aboard the steamship Ockenfels.

Originally there were three elephants, but the eldest, a mischievous youngster 2 1/2 years old died of pneumonia and was buried at sea. He was called Topsy despite his sex, and, with his fellow pachyderms had the liberty of the ship from port to port, climbing up on the bridge with as much agility as a top Sawyer.

The elephants did not like the sea, which was unobtrusive, not to say dead to the world, covered with blankets and hay in a box, dreaming of its next meal.

Capt. Bathmann says that any story to the effect that the box attached itself to the biggest hawser, and crawling through a hawse pipe curled its head around a pile and warped the ship in an invention.

The captain was sorry to lose Topsy, who was the life of the ship. He was the greatest clown elephant out of a circus and enjoyed his pranks like a lively school boy. He had a habit of "hefting" members of the crew with his trunk, always letting them down gently, but making them feel uncomfortable for a moment. He fell in love with the cook like a sensible elephant and regularly visited the galley, putting his trunk through the door for dainties, the enticing odor of food causing him to direct his trunk into the pot one day. There was a bellow and several gallons of soup were "plattered" against the wall of the galley and over the cook. Topsy had a sweet oil diet for several days thereafter.

All hands assembled in the waist of the ship when Topsy's death was announced. He was swung out over the rail. He was a heavy infant for his years and made a great splash when he hit the sea, throwing water all over the mourners. They said it was just like him.

Topsy and his junior rompers were in charge of Henry Fitzquahagen, a sea-lanter of Henry Fitzquahagen, an East Indian servant for each elephant. The servants speak only Hindustani. After they had been in open-mouth wonder at the tall towers of the North River they looked at their master, shook their heads sadly, and murmured: "Alah, when we go back to India our brethren will tell us we are liars." There are others.

FUSS IN LEGION OF HONOR.

Sectional Feeling Arises Among American Members of the Order.

A number of American members of the French Legion of Honor met yesterday on board the French Line steamship La Savoie to discuss the formation of a society in this country. A committee on By-Laws, which had been elected at a previous meeting held at the residence of James Stokes, presented a set of articles for consideration. The report provided for the formation of a society, in nature, to be called the New York Society of the Legion of Honor of France. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles protested against making the society anything but national and proposed that the organization be called the Society of the Legion of Honor of France. A heated discussion followed in which Henry Post, Dr. Stokes, Prof. Cohn, Perry Belmont and George H. Putnam took part. The question was left undecided and will probably be taken up at a general meeting which will be held at Washington on April 10, under the Presidency of the French Ambassador.

The by-laws proposed yesterday call for the election of four honorary Presidents, one President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. French members of the order will be admitted into the society, but without the power to vote.

A strong Western delegation was present yesterday but opposed the centralization of the society at New York. The Westerners said that the proposed by-law creating four honorary Presidents was a subterfuge to dispose of the Western men standing high in the precedence of the order. The Eastern members resent the attempt to Western men to dictate the policy of the proposed society. In speaking of the discussion of the day yesterday that a great many of the members of the order, their membership merely to their connection with the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition, and in no case obtained in recognition of individual merit.

Among those present at the meeting yesterday were Ferdinand W. Peck, Grand Officer of the order, Perry Belmont and Gen. Sickles, Knight Commanders, George H. Putnam, W. Morton Grinnell, Frederick Frickett, Benjamin D. Woodward, Prof. Cohn, Perry Belmont and George H. Putnam and twenty-four American Knights of the order.

ALL FOOLS' DAY FROLIC.

Stunts of Many Artists at the Arts Club's Jolly Festival.

A festival and dance in the nature of an All Fools' day frolic was given last night at the National Arts Club, of which George B. Post is President. The committee in charge comprised Mrs. William M. Ives, Mrs. Charles F. Winthrop, Mrs. Frank A. Dunham, Mrs. Charles de Kay, Mrs. Clarence C. Rice, Mrs. Arthur P. Brown, Mrs. Catherine Field, Miss Louise C. Clark, William B. Cranford, Henry E. Howard, Frederick B. Lamb, Stephen H. Huxley, Sumner Tracy, Mrs. George Gordon Battle, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Claiborne, Mrs. Clarence B. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stuyvesant Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon, Mrs. William T. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brainerd, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Noble, Mrs. Henry Morgan, Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, John Thonney and Edward Knop.

No stunts were more, and the system consisted in a series of contests, some of a nature to excite merriment and some of a nature to excite merriment and some of a nature to excite merriment.

The four prizes awarded were given to those in the last contest. Frank H. Hilditch was the most successful dancer and won the prize.

Edward Haggeman Hall did juggling and gave an exhibition of lightning ball and gave an exhibition of lightning ball and gave an exhibition of lightning ball.

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THAT BABY OF 'SKY FARM.'

On the Stage for 20 Weeks and Somebody Liabie—Nobody Punished.

The Gerry society had a grist of cases to grind yesterday in Special Sessions. The cases took all the morning to hear. They ranged from bad little boys who stole, down to a year-old baby which had committed the offence of being on the Garrick Theatre stage for twenty seconds on the night of March 17 in "Sky Farm."

Gerry Agent Piarra saw the baby and went at once to the wings, where he found Stingo Carpenter, Tully Marshall. Marshall said he was not responsible for the baby. It wasn't his baby and the manager was in front, he said. So Piarra went out in front and found "Alf" Hayman, who is the representative of Charles Frohman. Mr. Hayman also disclaimed responsibility for the infant.

Piarra thereupon swore out a warrant for the arrest of Marshall and "Al" Hayman, a very different person, accusing the latter of being the manager of the Garrick Theatre. "Al" Hayman is manager of the Knickerbocker Theatre. Eventually "Alf" Hayman, whom Piarra really meant, was taken to the police court and held for Special Sessions.

It took little time to convince Justice Hinsdale, Mayer and Wyatt that Mr. Hayman was not guilty. He swore that he had no interest whatever in the Garrick or "Sky Farm" and had merely dropped in to see the play.

Then Tully Marshall's case was called. Piarra said that he had the baby on the stage twice, for an aggregate of four minutes. Marshall said that the baby was on but once and for only twenty seconds.

"It was a dummy the first time," said Marshall. "What? A dummy?" asked Justice Hinsdale.

"Yes, your Honor," replied Lawyer Abe Hummel. "It isn't the first time."

Justice Hinsdale, who had been told that he wrote "Sky Farm," testified that Joe Humphreys had the hiring of all the actors for the play and that Marshall had no authority to hire or discharge.

Justice Hinsdale said that while he and his associates believed in the law and that the person responsible for the appearance of the baby should be punished, the person was clearly not Marshall. He discharged the carpenter.

REV. R. HERBERT NEWTON RESIGNS.

All Souls' Congregation Does Not Like Idea of Losing Its Pastor.

The Rev. Dr. R. Herbert Newton, who has been rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church since 1890, has determined to end his rectorate there. His assistant, the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, made the formal announcement on Sunday morning that Dr. Newton had decided to resign, and that his resignation would be in the hands of the vestry in two or three days. The announcement was not a pleasant or welcome Easter present to the congregation, who have been in the hands of Dr. Newton and are loath to lose him as their spiritual director.

Dr. Newton's resignation had not yet reached the vestry, it was said yesterday, and no authoritative statement of his intentions beyond terminating his connection with All Souls' could be obtained here. Dr. Newton himself is at his country home at East Hampton, L. I.

Some time ago Dr. Newton received a call to Leiland Stanford University, to become a special preacher there. Last month he started on a journey to California to preach the sermon at the dedication of the new chapel building at the university, at the invitation of Dr. Newton, but he was taken ill in Chicago and had to return east and to his Long Island home.

In view of the call to the university, it was concluded by many after Mr. Bentley's announcement on Sunday that Dr. Newton had decided to resign in order to accept the call to Stanford. It was said yesterday in his church work said yesterday, however, that that was a conclusion not wholly warranted, as yet at least, inasmuch as, owing to Dr. Newton's hypersensitive nervous organization, life in New York had become all but intolerable to him, and he felt that he ought to go to a quieter field, or to a more quiet life, anyway.

Dr. Newton has not been in good health for some years past, and he has lived most of the time out of town. It was said yesterday that no talk of the doctor's successor had been indulged in yet, and that it was far from certain that the vestry would acquiesce readily in the doctor's wish to call the church.

COLUMBIA TAXING LIBERALS.

Desperate Efforts to Raise Money - Fighting Expected on the Isthmus.

PANAMA, March 25.—Within the past week the Government and the insurgents in this department have been making preparations for the coming struggle, which is expected to take place soon. In Colon, several more entrenchments have been made in the streets, and the guards strengthened. The action of the authorities and their apparent unrest have alarmed the residents of the French section at Colon to such an extent that most tenants of the canal company's houses have moved from that quarter to the vicinity of the American section. In Panama barbed wire fences have been erected around the entrenchments, the number of which has been much increased.

Difficulty is now being experienced in finding funds for provisioning the troops already stationed at the Isthmus, and their food supply has been increased by the arrival of 600 men on the gunboat Pigeon at Colon. Seven hundred and fifty more, says at Baranquilla are to be brought here. The prices of all foodstuffs have gone up. It will not be surprising if there is a scarcity of food, especially at Panama, during the coming struggle.

The insurgents are shipping large quantities of supplies, cattle to Colon, Rica and other points. The natural resources of the province they occupy being good, their men have a much better living than those of the little republic, and their generals do not appear to be in any hurry.

The authorities are resorting to some drastic measures to obtain the levying of a monthly tax on the Liberals. Some of them are anxious to see the Government succeed, and the same excess their quarrels.

The rate of postage, foreign and internal, have been doubled by decree of the National Government.

WEEKLY ALUMNAI REUNION.

Miss Isabel A. Lorenz Miss Fritz for English Class.

The annual reunion and reunion of the Eastern Association of Well-to-do was held at Henry's yesterday afternoon. The gathering of the alumnae was the largest since the formation of the association. Miss Helena Zastrow, the President, presided, and at the guests were Mrs. Irving Bacheller, the mother of the day, Mrs. George (Carpenter), who was formerly a friend of the alumnae, and Mrs. George (Carpenter), and Miss Jane from the college. Mrs. E. A. Carpenter, Mrs. Marion L. Van Eaton, Mrs. John (Carpenter) and Mrs. Irving Bacheller.

The society has been very successful in its efforts to raise money for the fund. The alumnae have been very successful in their efforts to raise money for the fund.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In no respect has the public's literary taste altered more strikingly than in its sentiments regarding "happy endings."

"Does it end well?" was the vital question asked concerning novel or short story up to very recent days. Many publishers adopted an uncompromising attitude which might be summed up in the formula, "No tragedy need apply."

Now the public mind has swung to the other end of the arc, and a surprising proportion of to-day's fictional successes end in a manner which a few years ago would have aroused the scornful, for not absolutely wrathful, protests of the great American novel consumer.

Few of the present output of widely popular books "come out right." In "The Right of Way" the whole fabric of the romance goes down in wreckage in the concluding chapters. It is a dark world, full of evil passions, through which the reader moves to the final downfall in "Sir Richard Calmady." Miss Tolstolova, the heroine, and through there is a wedding, with its "live-happily-ever-after" inference, the sweetness and light go out of the scene with the wood nymph who gives the book its name. "The House With the Green Shutters," its gloom fitfully lightened by flashes of wit and humor, goes down in tragedy as profound as it is inevitable.

"The Valley of Decision" is the story of a failure, a noble failure, it is true, but hardly less tragic on that account.

How many of these books would have won favor ten or even five years ago? Probably not one. That the change in the public taste is for the better seems obvious. The sentiment now is that the outcome of the novel should be true, not that it should be pleasant. The danger is that the lesser writers, keen upon the trend of popularity, should follow the trend uncomprehendingly, and plunge us into a morass of unmitigated literary woe.

What a thorn in the flesh of the author is the illustrator! Conceive the sufferings of Richard Harding Davis at the hands of two of the craftsmen who illustrated his novel "In the Fog."

One took hold where the other left off about the middle of the book. No. 1 missed his conception of the Queen's messenger in the act of unpacking certain documents. The messenger is shown, in a dress and luxuriant hair, his burden in a dress-suit case. No. 2 took up the messenger five minutes later in the action, made him tall and thin and bald, and gave him a satchel.

It is of course, possible (though the story doesn't mention it) that the Queen's messenger may have lost his hair suddenly, and swapped his original grip for a smaller one, but the matter of lengthening and thinning him out in five minutes seems to indicate that the two artists and the author would have saved complications, by holding a conference before the book was put on the press.

Four new authors are represented on the list of books which Houghton Mifflin & Co. are bringing out this spring. Mrs. Georgia Wood Pangborn, whose novel, "Roman Rismet," is a study in heredity on a basis of much mixed racial characteristics, is one. Ripley D. Sanders, a St. Louis newspaper man, publishes his first novel, "Katie," an Arkansas story. "Bread and Wine," a "first novel" by Maude Egerton King, deals with Swiss peasant life; and "To the End of the Trail," a story of ranch and mine life in Colorado is the first attempt upon literature of Frank Lewis Mason, a young mining engineer.

For a happy union of the true literary spirit and a certain appreciative enthusiasm the following newspaper headline is not an advertisement but a news heading—can safely challenge comparison: HOKER'S HEAD IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Harvard Man Performs a Feet Pronounced Impossible by Literary Masters.

ALBERT LONNET, THE WONDERFUL HOLLANDER. Work of Great Beauty Accomplished Only After Tremendous Struggle by the Heroic Hero.

One might suspect Chicago. He would be wrong. Boston, home of concentrated culture, produced this.

Literature on the subject of Jeanne d'Arc will be augmented by the publication of a curious old document, the discovery of which was made by Mark Twain some years ago when he was writing his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." This is the original record of the Maid of Orleans' trial, the report being a verbatim one.

It was translated from the original Latin into French, and has been turned into English by Theodore Murray. Mark Twain may write a preface to it. The book will be published here by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Another historical work to be brought out by the same publishers is a collection of Daniel Webster's letters. This collection was made by C. H. Van Tyne, fellow in history at the University of Pennsylvania and comprises many letters from the leading statesmen of the period, besides Webster's own letters.

It is doubtful without malice that the London Academy couples present and past opinions, without comment, in parallel columns to the effect: "Mr. Agnew's..."

"Mr. Anthony Hope..."

of the work, with illustrations in black and tint, from the principal actors and actresses in Robert Edson's company.

Of all the books upon the Chinese war, Pierre Loti's "Derniers Jours de Pekin" is the most picturesque. He was an ideal chronicler of the dramatic side of a most dramatic historic episode, for he brought to the task a power of photographic observation little short of phenomenal, poetic imagination, mastery of vivid descriptive style, and most unusual sympathy with Oriental standards and understanding of Oriental character.

Material of the sort his heart desired lay all about him and he made good use of it.

The visit to the fetish girls, the imprisonment of the Boxer goddesses, "between whom and the Europeans lay such abysses of incomprehension that even compassion could not cross to them; the journey on the cobble path, ruined Yung Chow, the cobble path rising in its stony, post banks strewn with corpses, the first glimpse of Pekin, the City Desolate; the sojourn as master, during the French Vice-Admiral's absence, in one of the formerly inaccessible palaces of the Empress in the Imperial city; his visits to the tombs, whose riches the allies had not disturbed, where the cloud Emperor unobscured slept, amidst the insanity of their fabulous wealth." All this was rare copy for a word artist like Loti.

The material was originally written in the shape of letters to the Figaro, but it is literature.

Yvette Guilbert has once more captured Paris. She has never lost her hold there, but her novelty as "disease of chanteuse" had gone. She was still the imitable artist, but she had grown plump and contented, and neither her black gloves nor her ingenious diablerie were as entrancing as at first.

But now she has written a book and the critics send their vocabularies to do her honor. "La Vedetta" is a brilliant addition to the essentially French studies of phases of Parisian life. That Guilbert seems to have no one to rival her, even her friends hardly expected that her first book would be as clever as it is.

There is a new storm center in literature. For the time being, Zola and Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Suderman are left in comparative peace, while critical minds and waves swirl round Maxim Gorky.

The reader who values peace of mind above a knowledge of current literature will not read Gorky's "Twenty-six and One Story." As for talking about them, that is a different thing. Nowadays one can do that without reading them. What one says will depend upon the book magazine one favors.

There are all styles of criticism to choose from. One critic damns with a verve. Another lauds to the skies. All admit the ring of the truth in the words of this writer of the Barefoot Brigade, this voice from the Russian depths.

One critic, at least, spoke fact when he said that imaginative literature had, in recent years, been a doubtful addition to the happiness and comfort of mankind, but that it was reserved for Gorky to make it an instrument of mental torture. Over the titles of these studies in human villainess and suffering might be written, Dante's inscription, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

In the natural revision against the "kailyard school" of Scottish literature Glasgow was to be elbowing Edinburgh into the background.

Benjamin Swift, whose real name is Paterson, is essentially a Glasgow man. So is George Douglas, whose "The House With the Green Shutters" has leaped into fame, carrying the author with it. The gentleman remind one of a dog that belonged to one of their illustrious countrymen. "Life is a very serious matter," he said, "but the owner, 'He canna get eneuch o' fechtin'."

Life is a "very serious matter" with the Glasgow men. It becomes as serious for the reader of Mr. Douglas's book before the green shutters are closed. If Scotland is like unto this, why do we buy Skibos and "The House With the Green Shutters" and our Stevenson, our Barrie and our Maclaren. We will romance and sentimentalize cheerfully down Prince's street. If Glasgow had the Castle and its setting Glasgow men would perforce be converts to the beauty and romantic sentiment of life.

They all do it. That Marconi would write a book was a foregone conclusion. He has written it.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon claims that his new novel, "The Leopard's Spots," gives for the first time a fair and authentic history of the Klux Klan, of which his brother was a member.

Mr. Dixon's sensational sermons are well remembered in New York. His novel maintains the sensational standard. What, like the sermons, it may at times offend against good taste, it has also the flashes of vital force that drew crowds to hear the preacher and will win a public for the book.

An English critic, questioning the proprietor of a book stall, has discovered that Ruskey's "Lectures and Essays" is having a good sale in sixpenny form, but that a sixpenny edition of George Meredith is a failure.

It was only last summer that an American traveller asked an English bookseller whether he had a sixpenny Meredith. "No," the bookseller said, "I have not." The fact is not that there have been no editions of a sixpenny Meredith, but that I have written too much.

"Chucky" in connection with Meredith seems an inspired utterance.

Julius Claretie has resigned his position as general administrator of the Comedie Francaise and assumed charge of the literary department of the Figaro. M. Claretie's Victor Hugo is one of the best of the recently published legions of books dealing with the "grand old man of French romanticism."

If any one thing is harder than successful dramatization of a good novel, that thing is successful dramatization of a good play.

Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King," illustrated by the painter, is the play to dramatize. The book shows a lack of skill in padding that would be fatal to a number of any well-regarded classic.

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optionally successful and prosperous author, but his estate is estimated at only \$25,000. The road to riches and the high road of literature seem to diverge widely.

A woman, Malwida von Meysenbug, has written what is, up to date, the most brilliant and clear-sighted of the many analytical studies of Nietzsche. She was the friend of Nietzsche, but she saw, even in his early years, the threatening shadow of the insanity that wrecked his brilliant intellect, and her friendship seems to have given to her insight and understanding, without biasing her judgment or misleading her reason.</