TRADE DRIVEN FROM LONDON.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE PRESENT DOCK SYSTEM.

The Handling of Cargoes Slow and Costly as Compared With Other Ports Commerce Sent Elsewhere—Causes of the Trouble—Remedies Proposed.

LONDON, July 5.—The report of the Royal Commission on the Port of London has been received by the English press with a chorus of lamentation over the revelation of what the *Times* editorially describes as "a condition of backwardness, confusion and financial impotence."

The reason for this state of affairs, the same article says, is "bad and ill-considered legislation, or the total failure of the Legislature to amend its enactments in such a way as to deal with inevitable commercial changes, and to provide for new wants which have long been clamoring for recognition."

One of the first witnesses before the commission, which started its labors two years ago, was Sir Alexander Binnie. He testified that "so great are the natural advantages of the river that little has been done except some desultory dredging, to improve its condition since those almost prehistoric times when it was originally embanked."

When one considers the rapid growth in the size and draught of ocean-going ships, and the fact that between 1889 and 1899 the total tonnage for the year of shipping entered and cleared with cargo (foreign trade) at the port of London rose from [illegible] tons to 15,286,643 tons, it is not difficult to understand that the port of London, to put it mildly, wants reforming.

A hundred years ago London had no docks. Now the chief docks are the large system inhabited in the hands of the London and India Docks Company, including those known as the London, the St. Katharine, the West, East and Southwest India Docks, the Albert and Victoria and the Tilbury Docks. Next most important are those on the south side, belonging to the Surrey Commercial Dock Company, and those on the north side, belonging to the Millwall Dock Company.

It was at the beginning of the nineteenth century that private enterprise projected the London and the West and East India Docks. Prior to this the wharfingers and lightermen carried on the trade of the port. The result even then was that the river was so overcrowded with barges and lighters as to cause, in the words of the West India Dock act of 1799, "great delays, damages and losses."

In addition to this, it was impossible for the Government to collect the duties then imposed upon innumerable articles and goods. The system of bonded warehouses was then introduced for the benefit of the revenue, and to the dock companies was given encouragement by way of monopolies for a period of twenty-one years of all ships coming from certain countries or conveying goods of certain kinds.

But the wharfingers and lightermen, who had previously carried on the trade of the port, made a great outcry. They received in compensation considerable sums of public money, and were also powerful enough to obtain the insertion in the Dock acts of clauses giving them the free use of the dock waters and exempting from dock charges all the goods conveyed by them either to or from ships lying in the docks. That is to say, property costing millions of pounds was placed as absolutely at the disposal of people who had not contributed a penny as at that of the people who had found the money.

At the end of their period of monopoly the dock companies still had an indirect advantage over the wharfingers, because for some time longer the only bonded warehouses sanctioned by the customs were those within the dock walls. But, again to quote the *Times's* summary of the report:

"The steady abolition of duties, and the erection of bonded warehouses outside the docks, gradually destroyed that security.

"Consignees naturally sought the cheapest method of obtaining their goods and the cheapest delivery could naturally be given by those who had the full use of the docks without paying anything toward their maintenance. The outside wharfingers and lightermen of course profited enormously, and the more their capital grew the more determined did Parliament become not to interfere with the right of free user to which its growth was due.

"What has happened is precisely what was bound to happen in these circumstances. In the year 1899 only 24 per cent. of the goods discharged in the docks paid any dock dues whatever. The other 76 per cent. were carried away free by people who used the dock property as if it were their own—not only the water enclosed at vast expense, but also the quays that inclose it."

As already pointed out, the trade of the port has been steadily increasing all the time. The benefits of this increase have accrued chiefly to the wharfingers, whose fleets of barges and lighters have increased in natural proportion.

The dock companies could not afford to provide the necessary improvements and extensions to the docks, with the result that the docks are hopelessly congested. The quay space is inadequate for the shipping alone, to say nothing of the equal necessity of finding space for the barges and lighters that come for the goods.

The water of the docks is crowded with those barges waiting for a chance to reach a quay, and the general result is a slowness of loading and discharge which is driving trade to ports like Rotterdam.

For large and costly modern ships, as the *Times* points out, "rapid loading and discharge is a primary consideration. The cost of having them lying idle is more serious than any dock charges, and in default of punctuality they necessarily lose cargoes which they would otherwise obtain.

"Thus the deadlock brought about by the free-water clauses, left unmodified amid immense changes, is complete. The docks are overcrowded with great modern ships which cannot lie in the tideway, and with huge cargoes from which they derive no revenue, and with fleets of barges which cannot find quay space.

"They have no money for extension and no hope of getting it. Such revenue as they command is extracted from a limited number of ships kept at the quays three or four times as long as they are detained elsewhere, instead of from a large number of ships each obtaining rapid clearance.

"There is only one possible outcome from that condition of affairs. The entrepôt trade will go to rival ports, and is going there.

"Costs for London and this country will naturally be less rapidly affected, but unless a remedy be quickly discovered we may at no distant date find cargoes for this country landed on the Continent, broken up and sent here in small coasting steamers."

One witness before the commission pointed out that the same vessel, making alternate voyages with similar freights to the Mersey and the Thames, found that she could discharge at Liverpool 500 tons more cargo in two days less time and at nearly $2,000 less cost.

Another vessel belonging to the same company was ten days in the Tilbury Docks. She discharged 3,443 tons of cargo. Her total expenses were £853 10s. 4d.

But take the opposite figures. The vessel upon another voyage went to Liverpool, and was also ten days in that port. She cleared 4,334 tons, at an expenditure of £381 2s. 3d.

In other words, nearly a thousand tons more cargo than at London was turned out by this ship at a saving of £172 8s. 1d.

To remedy the existing evils several suggestions are put forward by the commission. In the first place it estimates that within ten years a sum of $12,500,000 should be spent upon permanent improvements of the river channel, and a further sum of $22,500,000 upon improving the present docks and constructing new ones. It is recommended that this money be provided by the London County Council and the City Corporation.

The Commissioners recommend that, in order to obtain the additional revenue which will, at first at any rate, be necessary to pay the interest on this capital, the port authority should be empowered to levy annual licensing dues upon barges using the river, and to impose dues upon import goods, according to the practice at Liverpool and other large ports.

The establishment of a public authority for the Port of London is also recommended. This the Commissioners suggest should consist of forty members, twenty-six nominated by official bodies and fourteen elected by ocean-trading shipowners, short-sea trading owners, wharfingers, owners of lighters and river craft, and the railway companies connected with the docks.

PEOPLE WON'T LEAVE TOWN.

It's Too Delightful in a Cool Summer—So When Are the Hotels to Clean House?

Of all the queer causes of embarrassment the hotel folks of this city are experiencing the queerest. It is queer for one reason because it is highly profitable and yet they are not content.

The trouble all arises from the weather. As everybody knows the rain and chill breezes of June and the greater part of early July have kept New Yorkers in town long after the usual date when most of them gather up their belongings and depart for the summer to the seashore or the mountains. And of all the horde of city folks who leave bricks and mortar behind for the sands and the greenery of the summer world outside New York, the hotel dwellers move out first.

They are the advance guard, the skirmishing line of the great army of summer boarders, and at no time in the year are the city hotels usually duller or more empty than in these early days of the hot season.

The winter dwellers go and the people from out of town who take their holidays in the regular holiday season and for some reason or other come to New York and the nearby beaches then have not begun to arrive. And these are the days when the hotels clean house.

In this is the cause of the embarrassment of the hotel folks. For this year the regular winter boarders are finding New York such a delightful place in a summer that is more than moderately cool that they won't move out.

Not for many years have the hotels been so full at this particular season as they are this year. There is an unusually good crop of visitors from outside who like the cool summer so much that they are staying on longer than they intended to do, and there is hardly one room or suite in ten usually occupied in the springtime by a regular tenant that is vacant.

It is highly profitable but awkward, for when is there going to be a chance to turn to house cleaning? If the cool weather should last into August a whole lot of the city tenants may decide to stay here all summer and take a novel sort of holiday.

And in that case what will become of all the redecorating and refurbishing plans made for next season's business and now hanging fire because the city is so very attractive to the people?

"We've been waiting patiently," said a harassed hotel clerk, "but they don't go away and I begin to think they never will. They'll certainly save money, by the way, if they don't, but it will be very awkward for us.

"We have a decorating contract for our hotel signed to be carried out early in July, but it's hanging fire. We have had to tell the painters and cleaners that they can't come around until we get some of the folks out of the way.

"When we had that warm spell early this week I thought the hot weather had come at last to simplify things for us. But it was a false alarm.

"After a day or two of very mild heat down came the rain and more cool weather, and the people who had been thinking of moving away and had been looking over the summer resort reports changed their minds again.

"We're not kicking—that is to say the boss isn't, for it's money in his pocket—but we employees are not so well pleased for it means double work for us and at best a rush to get ready for the fall and winter. Then we like to take our little vacations too and when we are going to have a chance for them I can't see now. And I wish I could."

CAMPING OUT FOR BOYS.

One Form of Vacation Available at Little Expense About New York.

Young men with moderate salaries who desire to get all the comfort and fun possible in the short time allowed them by their employers for a vacation can find no better opportunities than are offered by a week in camp.

There are many pretty ponds in the New Jersey suburbs that abound in black bass, pickerel and perch of large size, and that offer good camping facilities. After a location has been selected on which to camp, the site can be secured at a very small rental. A boat can be hired for 25 cents a day.

The chief article of diet is fish. A few cans of meat would add variety to the fare, but are not necessary. Hammocks are a luxury that may be indulged in. Berries are to be had for the gathering and fruit for little money.

A party of young men are just now enjoying this kind of vacation on the banks of Greenwood Lake. When this party organized for a fortnight's frolic they pooled their pocket money and found a grand total of $26 for the seven. They then went into a careful estimate of the things necessary for housekeeping, and each one was notified that he was to bring some one cooking utensil.

Every home is supplied with enough extra articles to meet a demand of this nature, so that when the day of departure arrived there was a full line of cooking utensils, from the coffee pot to the dishpan and the iron boiling pot to the broiler. One of the party was made cook and the campers have been doing nicely with the help of friends.

Most of these campers have cots to sleep upon, but one young man cut four crotched sticks, and, driving them into the ground, laid poles across them. Then fresh-cut pine boughs were laid on the poles and dry leaves on the boughs. He covered all with his rubber sheet and that made a bed unrivalled for comfort.

Fuller's Close Shave by Lightning.

From the Washington Post.

RICHMOND, Va., July 11.—In the storm yesterday evening David Fuller, a well-known farmer of Henrico, was struck by lightning and knocked to the ground senseless. All the hair on his head was burned off. He has been in an unconscious condition but the physician who is attending him says he will recover. Fuller's head is said to have been shaved as close as if a barber had done it.

NOTED GUESTS OF ROOM 24.

GLIMPSES OF OLD NEW YORK LIFE RECALLED BY THEM.

The Room in the Astor House Occupied by Distinguished Visitors—New York as It Seemed to Some of Them—Memories of Stirring Events Brought Back.

A room in the Astor House which, set apart for distinguished visitors, has become historic, is No. 24 on the first floor, looking out on Broadway. The furniture in this reception parlor was black walnut, the sofa and chairs being covered with rich sky blue material. The windows were hung with stuff of the same color. There was a gilded white marble-topped table in the centre directly beneath a gorgeous chandelier. Two pier glasses hung at each end, and the walls were adorned with paintings. A rich velvet carpet was on the floor.

The room was occupied by many statesmen and others whose visit to this city was the occasion of notable sayings or whose presence here was marked by noteworthy events. Thus on Dec. 20, 1848, it was occupied by Col. James Duncan, U. S. A., who was here to attend a dinner given in his honor. At this dinner a gold medal was presented to him "in token of the regard and esteem of his friends and fellow citizens in the city of New York," and in commemoration of his services in the war with Mexico.

One of the speakers said: "The theory of flying artillery was reserved for American enterprise, guided by Duncan, Ringgold, Bragg, Washington and Taylor." The batteries of Duncan and Ringgold were largely instrumental in gaining the victory at Palo Alto and Resaca. They also participated in the battles of Cerro Gordo, San Antonio, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and finally the City of Mexico. Col. Duncan died at Mobile, July 3, 1849.

On Oct. 4, 1849, the guest was Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish writer whose description of Broadway given here is taken from her "Homes of the New World," viz:

"I am lodging in the Astor House, one of the largest and best hotels of New York, and where the inhabitants are as numerous as in the capital of Iceland, viz. about 500. Opposite the Astor House I see a large museum, with fluttering banners, and green shrubs on the roof, and the walls covered with immense paintings, representing the greatest wonders in the world, in immense wonderful animals, and extraordinary human beings, all of which may been seen in the house.

"In front of the Astor House is a green space, enclosed with trees, and in the centre a large fountain which has a refreshing appearance, and there I have refreshed myself by walking this afternoon. The Astor House is situated in Broadway, the great high street and thoroughfare of New York, where people and carriages pass along in one incessant stream, giving true Republican intermixture.

"Long lines of white and gilded omnibuses wind their way at a lingering drag and rapid rate, as far as one can see, amid thousands of other vehicles, great and small. The broad side paths are thronged with the people of all classes; there are beautiful houses and houses under erection, splendid shops, and a heap of horrible rubbish.

"There is something confused in this Broadway which makes one feel a little bewildered in the beginning. And thus, in the first place, I merely thought of getting across the street alive. That beautiful little green plot, with its lovely fountain, seems to me, beside the bustling Broadway, like an oasis in the agitated sand."

The friends of civil and religious liberty commemorated the anniversary of the birth of Washington by a dinner at the Astor House on Feb. 22, 1856. Among the guests was Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish patriot, who said:

"In this eminent assemblage of American citizens it best becomes me silently to participate in the homage paid to the illustrious founder of the great commonwealth."

On Sunday evening, July 27, 1856, Anson Burlingame received a number of callers in Room 24. He had just returned from the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, where, challenged to a duel, he had gone to meet his opponent, Preston Brooks of South Carolina. Mr. Burlingame from his seat in the House had denounced in emphatic terms the attack on Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber, which act caused much bitterness and led to his being challenged to fight a duel. Mr. Brooks failed to appear on the ground saying, "that in doing so he would have to pass through the enemy's country."

On Monday evening, Dec. 22, 1856, the New Englanders in New York celebrated the 132d anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims by a dinner at the Astor House. One of the toasts was "The United States of America, our country, our whole country. New England contributed the wisdom of her statesmen and the valor of her soldiers to preserve them." All then drank the health of Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, who, present at the table, was the guest of Room 24.

Col. Benton, in his speech then, attributed his usefulness to "the care of a pious mother;" he read not only Scriptures, but history, when other boys were in Robinson Crusoe and Tom Thumb, and at the age of 10 he had taken a dislike to Coke. When only 7 years old his mother asked him not to drink, and he took the resolution of total abstinence.

"The new world had given to the old a weed which no animal of the brute creation would touch, dry or green; even the browsing goat, or the rooting hog, or the mule that fed upon the husks would not touch it, yet man took it," was one of the things he said in this speech.

On Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1858, one finds the name of Jefferson Davis of Mississippi registered as occupying this room. He had come at the invitation of the Young Men's Democratic Club to address a mass meeting called for that evening at Palace Gardens to ratify the State ticket. In his speech he said:

"My own generation, I regret to say, is steeped too deep in the trickery of politics to look to high principles and patriotism. * * * Year after year your flag will grow more prominent by the addition of fresh stars, and over land and over seas the progress of the American people and the power of the United States will hold its way to triumphs such as earth has never witnessed."

Another notable guest of this room was the Duke of Calabritti, who, in 1858, came from London to New York. He was an Italian nobleman and a leader in the highest society of Naples. Young, handsome and very wealthy, he represented the noblest blood of southern Italy, besides being the owner of the old Palazzo Calabritti, with its villas, farms and lands.

A great favorite everywhere, his fine personal appearance made him known as the Beau Brummel of Naples. He married into a wealthy London family and, after a tour on the Continent, brought his bride home to his palace. Meeting with heavy losses at this time, his entire estate disappeared.

He went to Paris where he lived for several months, and afterward to Brussels and the Netherlands, and finally settled in London, where he became well known in the clubs and drawing rooms. He subsequently sailed for America. His wife, who refused to accompany him, and his three children returned to Naples.

The Duke lived for a while in the most sumptuous style at the Astor House. His money then began to be exhausted and he next went to New Orleans, and travelled through South America, making friends wherever he went.

In 1880 he returned to New York, and, opened a little bar and restaurant near the ferry at Hoboken. There he prospered and built a large hotel still known as the Duke's House, which became celebrated for its French and Italian dinners, choice wines and macaroni, which dish he cooked himself.

He was a thorough connoisseur in his new calling. Few believed him to be a veritable duke. The wife and children continued to live in the Palazzo Calabritti.

On Monday, Dec. 29, 1890, the name of Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio is found among the arrivals. He had come to address the Rocky Mountain Club of Kings county at its headquarters on Brooklyn and was escorted to the Wigwam by the Lincoln Battalion and the Kansas Wide Awakes. In his speech he said:

"The great State of Ohio if put up at auction that day would bring enough to buy two-thirds of the Southern States."

In the winter of 1899 Joshua R. Giddings, a guest of Room 24, was presented with a gold watch. The funds having been quickly raised among the colored people, by dime subscriptions, were not sufficient to purchase a clock. The Rev. H. H. Garnet, in making the presentation speech in the Shiloh church in New York, happily said:

"Honored sir, you observe there is no chain to this watch; but the colored people of New York dared not present you with a chain."

The annual dinner of the New England Society was held at the Astor House Saturday evening, Dec. 22, 1860, when the crowning feature of the evening was the unexpected appearance of William H. Seward, on his way from Auburn to Washington, who said:

"Coming in a stranger, as I do in the Astor House, I find myself put under arrest as soon as I get here, and brought down out of my own private room (24) to this place." He spoke at considerable length.

At 4.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 19, 1861, the surging and pushing of an immense crowd gave notice that the procession escorting President Lincoln was approaching. The Astor House Mounted police passed down Broadway, the President-elect standing up in his carriage. As he entered the hotel crowds assembled along the corridor and the stairway to obtain a view, chairs were brought out of the office and rooms for persons to stand on. As Mr. Lincoln reached the head of the stairs a cheer was given.

In the next two days he received hundreds of callers at Room 24. It was on this visit that he made the famous balcony speech when he urged the citizens of New York to stand by the Government in the hour of peril.

A year before Abraham Lincoln, leaving the Astor House, delivered a lecture before a small audience at Cooper Institute and neither he nor they thought of the great destiny that lay before him in the near future.

Perhaps it may be inferred that Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was another distinguished guest. In the first volume of "North America" (1862), he gives a chapter on "New York" and in speaking of street horse cars, says:

"They will take you from the Astor House, near the bottom of the town, for miles and miles northward, half way up the Hudson River, for, I believe, five pence. They are very slow, averaging five miles an hour, but they are very sure.

"For regular inhabitants who have to travel five, or six miles, perhaps to their daily work, they are excellent. I have nothing really to say against the street cars, but they do not fill the place of cabs."

And in another place he says:

"There are no cabs. In London, in Paris, in Florence, in Rome, in the Havana, and at Grand Cairo, the cab driver does not merely drive, but he is the visitors' easiest and cheapest guide. In London, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud's are found by the stranger without difficulty and almost without thought because the cab driver knows the whereabouts and the way.

"But in New York there is no such institution. In New York there are street omnibuses as we have, and there are very excellent public carriages, but none of them give you the accommodations of the cab. * * *

"And then there are street cars running on rails and are dragged by horses; they are capable of holding forty passengers each, and, as far as my experience goes, carry an average load of sixty. The fare of the omnibus is six pence and three pence, that of the street car five cents, or two pence half penny. They run in the different avenues, taking the length of the city. In the upper part of the town their course is simple enough, but as they descend to the Bowery, Peck slip and Pearl street nothing can be conceived more difficult, or devious in their courses."

On Monday, Oct. 22, 1864, an immense mass meeting was held at Cooper Union, which in its enthusiasm cheered all lovers of our country and discouraged all copperheads. Among the speakers was Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, a guest at the Astor House, who said that "those at home could do just as much for the cause of the Union as those in the front of battle." He was "for peace that would be lasting, and would secure to all ages future liberty to themselves and to posterity."

Schuyler Colfax on his frequent visits to New York always stopped at the Astor House, and the announcement that he would deliver his lecture, "Across the Continent," at Cooper Institute on Thursday evening, Dec. 28, 1865, drew an immense crowd, the venerable Peter Cooper being among those seated on the platform. Mr. Colfax appeared dressed in a suit presented to him in the Rocky Mountains and made of bear skin. Thus he represented a frontiersman. In his lecture he eulogized Russia "The great Power which with us holds so vast an extent of territory on the American Continent, the friendly Power which, when our country was struggling, aided so conspicuously in preventing foreign alliance against us."

Gerrit Smith, another guest of Room 24, delivered an address at a Grant meeting held at Cooper Institute Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, 1868. Always a friend of the black he referred to the efforts of the emancipated slaves in Santo Domingo to regain their freedom as a proof of how the emancipated Southern slave would, in the event of another war, fight to preserve his liberty.

Gen. N. P. Banks of Massachusetts, more than once a guest of Room 24, came to the city on Thursday, May 13, 1870, to speak at a mass meeting in Cooper Institute, in favor of the ratification of the treaty for the annexation of Santo Domingo. In this speech he said:

"The Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico where it meets eight hundred islands all under European rule."

SHIPPING PINEAPPLES.

Modern Changes in the Methods Employed—The Florida Crate.

In old times all the pineapples that came to this port were brought in the holds of sailing vessels in bulk, and such cargoes are still received here from the Bahamas and some from Cuba, but by far the larger proportion of the pineapples received here now come by steamer, and in some form of package.

Those received by steamer from outside the United States come principally in barrels. When steam shipments of pineapples were first begun it took five days to bring them from Cuba. Now they are brought in fast ships in two days and a half.

When Florida, a few years ago, began shipping pineapples in large quantities—and it ships now very large quantities with its production steadily increasing—it adopted as a shipping package a crate, which, from its capacity, was called a barrel crate. Florida shippers brought into use later a smaller crate called a half crate, which to a great extent has superseded the barrel crate, and has now in fact become the standard.

This crate, which is something like an elongated orange box, is about 3½ feet in length, with a cross section of about 12x15 inches, and, like an orange box, it is divided into two parts by a partition placed midway of its length.

The spaces between the slats of the crate are sufficient to give ample ventilation. These crates will hold from ten to forty-eight pines. In this package every pine is separately wrapped in paper. The number of pines in the package is marked on it, as the number of oranges in a box are marked on it.

The crate makes good stowage, of especial importance in rail shipments, and a good many Florida pineapples are now shipped by rail. It is a package that is easy to handle, sightly in appearance, and, with its close sortings, highly merchantable. Crates are now used to some extent in shipping Cuban pines, with the use of them in that trade increasing.

BETTING IN THE HANDBOOK.

INCIDENTS OF AN AFTERNOON ABOUT A SALOON TICKER.

The Handbook Man Invisible Mostly—His Customers Silent and Mysterious—The Sleuth on the Trail—Noisy Western Bettors—Precautions Against the Police.

The sure sign of the headquarters of a handbook man is the air of silence and mystery of the men hanging around the ticker.

If the saloon ticker clicks away ignored except by occasional groups of men who wander over and pick up the tape and begin voluble conversations as to the merits of the just announced winners of the races, then no nook or cranny of that saloon, upstairs or down, harbors a handbook man. But if the saloon in which the ticker is working is filled during the racing hours with detached groups of shrewd-looking chaps, leaning against the bar, sitting around in chairs and pretending to read the papers, and lounging about generally in attitudes of strained indifference, all of them watching the clock and all of them suddenly electrified where they stand or sit when the ticker begins to click after a lull when the report of a race is due—then they've got their money down with an unseen handbook man in or about the premises.

The handbook man is rarely or never seen in the barroom holding the ticker around which his patrons silently congregate. But it is not stretching the point to say that when he wants a drink from that bar he is within reach of a button communicating with it.

He keeps out of sight for his own sake and for that of the proprietor of the saloon. Both might get into trouble should the handbook man make a practice of lounging about the saloon.

So the handbook man sticks to his eyrie or his cave while the races are on. His patrons know where to find him.

The code of silence is not formally imposed upon the ticker watchers in the saloon that gives asylum to the handbook man. They simply understand and are silent.

When they do talk, it is in the undertone such as is employed by men assisting at some solemn ceremony, or better, in the tone used by people who find it necessary to exchange remarks in church.

In one of the Sixth avenue handbook saloons the other afternoon, a big, partly-tipsy man, who had stowed his bet with the unseen handbook man, exhibited his elation vociferously after the ticker had announced the result of one of the Brighton races.

"Wow-ee!" he shouted, jumping up and down and waving his arms. "Atilla gits th' place, an' I played him 'cross th' board at a hunnered, eight, an' two! Wow-ee!"

All of the other men around the ticker scowled at him, and it was only a matter of about ten seconds before the head barkeeper had him by the collar of his coat in a vise-like clutch.

"Say," said the barkeeper in a low tone, pushing his face within two inches of that of the elated individual, "you for a stroll An' quick! An' don't come back no more, or it's you to look like a w'ite wings off watch, see? What d've think this is, a barbecue? You're ashine, that's what you are, an' it's you f'r up th' cowpath from now on. Don't you come back here!" and the barkeeper, maintaining his clutch on the tipsy one's collar, raced him to the swinging doors and out.

The handbook man, a small man with a pale, smooth face and a rat-like eye, met him on the corner, slipped him his winnings on Atilla, and told him in a low tone that he didn't need his trade any longer. Of course, the chance was taken in this case that the thrust-out one would in his anger peach on the handbook man, but such charges have to be taken all the time.

The incidents of the afternoon in this same headquarters of the watchful but rarely visible handbook man were many. The ticker-watchers comprised about the same class of men as hand their money over to the handbookmakers in all such places—smooth-faced, sharp-eyed, well-dressed men for the most part, but all of them bearing that indefinable yet indelible stamp worn by men who have no regular occupation which naturally arouses the speculation of the rank outsiders as to where these chaps get hold of the money to fork over to the handbookmakers day after day during the racing season.

In their occasional low buzzings with one another, they used the patois of the track like men who have long been tied up with the bangtail game. They had assuredly all found their way to that handbook headquarters by another method than that of inquiring of the barkeepers if there was "anything doing."

Five or six times during the afternoon men of the same general type as those already within the approved circle dropped in and, leaning over, whisperingly asked the bartenders if there was any chance to get a bet down. In each case the bartenders thus addressed shook their heads and stared at their questioners vacantly. You've got to be introduced to a handbook man, and introduced right, if you want to become one of his headquarters flock.

One of the hoverers about the shrine of the ticker—probably a new man at that handbook headquarters—committed the indiscretion, before the races began, of pulling out a big batch of dope sheets. The head barkeeper was on top of him instantly.

"Say, young feller," he said to the man with the form charts, "jes' do them lit'ary stunts at home, will you? What d've think this is, Pete de Lacy's eight years ago? Don't you know that them rubbering fly cops can smell a bunch o' dope nine miles away t'roo a snow storm?"

The young man hastily thrust his package of form charts into his pocket, fearing expulsion from a charmed circle in which he might be permitted to lose his money if he remained good.

The ticker watchers began to filter in a little after 2 o'clock. These were the players of the first race, due at 2.30, who had seen the handbook man and made their bets on that event. Most of them entered in pairs, quietly treated each other at the bar, and then turned to watch the clock.

As the minute hand got around to half-past 2, they began to edge over in the direction of the busy ticker, which was spouting out stock quotations, results of English races, and the day's news. Three or four of them clustered around the tickers in such a way as to shut the others out, but there were no protests over this.

The name "Explorer" had been running in a subdued buzz around the saloon since the first batch of ticker watchers had entered. That horse had been singled out that morning for a play, and it appeared that most of the crowd had the tip.

The majority, too, it seemed, had ignored the tip—handbook players are strong on their own judgment, or the lack of it.

There was a sudden lull in the ticker's work at 2.35, and then the watchers felt that the result of the first race from Brighton was about to come in. The men standing around, away from the ticker, only betrayed their nervousness by slapping their newspapers against their legs.

"Z-z-z-z-zzzzz!" went the ticker, and then the men around it said quietly, in chorus, "Here she comes."

There was half a moment of intense silence, which made the sound of the elevated train passing overhead at that moment seem like a tremendous roar, and then the men with their eyes glued to the tape backed away.

"Explorer, twenty to one," they said, disappointedly.

None of them, it appeared, had played Explorer. The word got around the saloon in a jiffy—"Explorer."

One little man, an elderly, rather soldierly-looking customer, took up a dog-eared and raced out of the saloon, a happy grin on his face.

"That dick had 'twenty on Explorer," was the quiet comment around the saloon as the little man jogged out to collect from the handbook man.

He was obviously the only winner. The others strolled out in pairs, until the saloon was quite deserted. They went after the handbook man to make their bets on the second race.

When they returned there were a good many others along with them who had not been at the ticker for the result of the first race.

As the afternoon wore on the crowd increased rapidly. The early crowd dropped out for the afternoon, for the most part, after the third race. That they had dropped out was a pretty fair indication that the handbook man had the money they had obtained for that day's race-playing.

Between the third and fourth races a pompous-looking young fellow walked in and, going over to the tape and, ascertaining the winner of the third event, turned and announced in rather a loud tone to anybody who cared to listen:

"I win a thousand on that baby."

The regulars, lounging about, gazed upon him with disgust.

"Don't be a piker," said one of them, sardonically. "Make it a million."

The young man, out of his element, walked out, sulky and discomfited.

Few of the players told each other in advance the name of the horses they had played. The wisdom of this became evident after the fourth race.

One of them, rather a prosperous-looking chap, and the only man in the crowd who talked in his natural tone, announced before the race the name of the horse he had played, naming the amount he had bet, and supplementing the announcement with his opinion that the horse would walk in.

The horse did walk in, and instantly the young man who had unwisely named his bet before the result came in was surrounded by a horde of would-be borrowers, all of whom appeared to be on pretty cordial terms with him when they knew that he was a good winner.

Along toward 4 o'clock a plain clothes man, instantly recognized by the head barkeeper, strolled in with a cleverly assumed air of indifference, and, getting a drink at the bar, and not so much as glancing at the loungers, went over to the tape and began to run it through his fingers carelessly.

The wink which the barkeeper passed out as soon as the back of the plain clothes man was turned was flashed around the room by all hands in something less than two seconds, and most of the ticker watchers grinned.

While pretending to glance over the tape the plain clothes man was furtively casting his eye over the various men in the place, doubtless with the idea of spotting the handbook man, if possible. It wasn't possible, of course.

All hands got busy in conversation with one another, carried on in the same monotonous low tone, as soon as the fly cop made his appearance and the wink of the head barkeeper made them aware of it. The cop in mufti, instinctively aware of the situation, walked over to the bar.

"There's a handbook being made in here, chum," he said in an easy, confidential tone to the boss barkeeper.

"G'way, is that so?" exclaimed the latter, in a tone of vast surprise. "Well, whoever's makin' it, I'd better not ketch him at it, that's all!"

The plain clothes man picked his teeth and smiled sneeringly.

"There's no danger o' that, pal," he said. "You won't, but I'm goin' t' nail him, an' then you people want t' have an eye on y't license, that's all!" and then he walked out.

He had no sooner reached the door than the grinning face of the handbook man himself appeared at the back door of the saloon.

"Foxy Jimmie, ain't he!" he uttered in a stage whisper to his grinning patrons. "Foxy Jimmie!" and then he disappeared suddenly. The game went on as before.

By this time the reel of the six races at Brighton was unwound, and the players of those races gradually faded. Their places were taken by a different looking crowd of men, most of them obviously Westerners by their looks, who had dropped around from the hotels to play the races already beginning to come in from the St. Louis and Chicago tracks.

These Westerners form a transient clientage for the handbook man. They are chaps who come on to New York on business from the Western cities and have no liking for the New York races, for the reason that they are not familiar, as a rule, with the form of the Eastern horses, although well up on the condition of the Western runners.

They are sent around "O. K'd" to the handbook man by the hotel detectives. The hotel detectives, it is needless to say, are not out of pocket through their efforts to do such favors to Western guests.

Gratitude is entirely a matter of value received with the handbook men. The detectives prefer to send guests to the handbook men than to introduce them in the poolrooms that are running on the quiet, for the reason that identification when dealing with an individual is so much easier than when dealing with so shifting an institution as a New York poolroom.

The Westerners' manner in the saloon and around the ticker was entirely different from that of their vanished predecessors who had played the Eastern races. They talked loudly, slapped their thighs over results that were favorable to them, swore voluminously over bets that went wrong, and in general reduced the head barkeeper to a state of great nervousness over their conduct. The handbook man himself occasionally peered through the back door with a somewhat alarmed expression on his face and whispered hoarsely:

"Say, fellows, cheese it, won't you? The crafty Willies are all over to-day—cheese it!"

These men could not be suppressed by the disciplinary measures employed upon the earlier crowd playing the Eastern races, for the reason that they were all big bettors, as betting in handbooks goes—men that put down a hundred or so to a race. They couldn't be made to understand that the conditions regulating city betting on horse racing are entirely different in New York from those prevailing in their Western cities, and so they went right on rooting and talking horse with all of the thunder of their lungs until the last Western race was in.

When the ticker had ceased its racing announcements, and all of the ticker watchers had departed late in the afternoon, the handbook man strolled into the saloon from the rear door.

"Joe," said he, quietly, to the head barkeeper, "that fly cop'll be rubbering around here for the next few days, and so for awhile I'll move along up the street," mentioning a saloon on the corner above. "Just tip the boys off when they drop around to-morrow."

The head barkeeper nodded without saying anything, tucked into his waistcoat pocket the fat little envelope which the handbook man handed over to him, and the game for that day was off.

The Expected Comes to Pass.

From the Philadelphia North American.

SAYLERSVILLE, Ky., July 11.—H. C. Jenkins is in jail, and Willis Easter, the ten-year-old son of a prominent farmer, is dying because of Jenkins's appeal to the pistol to settle the vexed problem of how to deal with l'enfant terrible.

Jenkins has been in love with the boy's sister for several years, but the youngster has not looked on his suit with favor. On numerous occasions tender passages between the lovers have been interrupted by the sudden entrance of dead cats through an open window, or unsentimental inquiries and observations from beneath the sofa.

Jenkins called this morning. The boy met him at the front door and was asked to go out and pay some of his neighbors a visit. This he refused to do. The lover made a dash for him and the boy fled. Three times around the house went pursuer and pursued, and then the boy made a break for the fence.

Jenkins took a shot at him while he was on the top rail. The bullet entered the hip, ranging toward the knee, and the youngster's death is now a matter of hours.

TRY A WALKING TRIP OUTING.

SUMMER EXPEDITIONS ALOOF FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Body and Mind Both Benefited—Hints About Attire and Preparations—Mountain Climbing by Women—Things to Avoid—Colorado's Attractions.

A walking trip is in many respects the best way to spend a vacation—best for both mind and body. A club, including a dozen more or less of both sexes, the young women having fathers or brothers or even mothers in the party, should plan the trip carefully and arrange details before the start is made.

The girls should provide themselves with light-weight flannel dresses, simply made, and with facings of mackintosh cloth or leather. They should be of easy walking length and with an arrangement of loops, so that they may be shortened for mountain climbing or for wet days.

A divided underskirt, also of light-weight material of the same color as the dress, is desirable. Or perhaps a dress skirt is provided which has a foundation skirt constructed to do away entirely with petticoats. By a simple contrivance this foundation has the effect of knickerbockers.

The shoes should be well broken in, low-heeled and broad-soled. The hat must be of light weight. A warm jacket for chilly days or evenings, an umbrella which can always be used as a parasol, and a pair of overshoes are the only extras needed.

Everything of its kind should be of the lightest possible material and make. A small trunk containing changes of underwear may be expressed from point to point at convenient distances along the route.

Sometimes a serving man is added to the party with advantage, especially when the route necessitates the carrying of midday luncheons as well as wraps and various belongings.

Such a trip, resolutely carried out, extending over three or four weeks, with a few intervals of rest if need be, is a valuable test and promoter of endurance, and yields a large return of health to those who take part in it.

The famous mountain-climbing club, the Mazamas of the Pacific Coast, camps every July in snow. This club was organized about ten years ago on Mount Hood, when 350 men and women met on the mountain side, three miles from the line of perpetual snow.

After the formal organization of the club its members undertook the ascent, and of the 350 who started 280 succeeded in accomplishing the task.

In the following year the club was divided into twelve separate parties, and each company ascended one of the big peaks in the chain of mountains from British Columbia to Mexico and signalled with heliographs from one to the other. In another summer the club camped two weeks in Paradise Park at the line of perpetual snow.

Four hundred varieties of wild flowers have been found in Paradise Park, and the botanizing is not yet finished. The idea of wandering in fields of snow and gathering beautiful flowers, without suffering either from heat or cold, is certainly attractive. It almost gives one agreeable shivers on a hot summer's day.

Mount Rainier, often called the Mont Blanc of America, is the highest mountain in the United States outside of Alaska, but not too high for the enterprising American maiden to climb. Miss May Fuller of Tacoma has the distinction of being the first woman to reach its summit.

Another Western girl, Miss Daisy Ramsbotham of California, is the only woman who has ever been able to reach the top of Old Baldy, one of the Sierra peaks, an exceptionally steep, rocky and perilous climb of 10,000 feet. The least misstep meant a fearful plunge. There was danger every minute, too, from crumbling rock.

Good advice for any girl about to join a walking club, whether it be for a jaunt around Staten Island or a climb up 10,000 feet into the land of snow, is, "Mind how you walk." Square your shoulders, expand your chest, take deep breaths and look out for your chin. This is the point on which depends the poise of the machine.

Don't exhaust yourself by a cruelly long tramp one day and then lie on the sofa or in a hammock for a week to get over the fatigue. Begin with short stretches and increase the distance daily