PRESIDENT IN FLOWER LAND.

REVIEWS THE PARADE AT THE LOS ANGELES FESTIVAL.

Beautiful Display There and at Other California Cities—Pelted With Roses by the Children at Claremont—A Chinese Dragon Furnishes Amusement.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 8.—The Fiesta de Flores of Los Angeles had President Roosevelt for its centre to-day. To-night found him an enthusiastic but very tired President. He has seldom, if ever, found such enthusiasm for the Presidential office as has been shown in this city of flowers. Even the stolid Chinese rose in their glory and made merry most gorgously; and pretty girls!—nobody ever knew that there were so many in the world. They rode in flower-bowered carriages. They sat in windows and on grand stands. They stood in windows and saluted the President with continuous squeals and giggles of delight.

The uproar began with the arrival of the President at the Santa Fé station at 1 o'clock. No crowd had been expected in the downtown streets and no preparation had been made to keep it in order. There was a crowd there which made the street almost impassable until the Secret Service men, a handful of policemen and some mounted militiamen combined with Teddy's Terrors to break a way through.

There was a slow parade up to the hotel, where the President had lunch. Right after lunch the President went to the head of the column of the flower parade and preceded it through the streets to the reviewing stand amid storms of cheers.

The parade itself was as beautiful as a flower parade ought to be in the most beautiful flower year that California has ever known. From the marshals, with saddle blankets of carnations and roses, and all the horse trappings hidden by twisted ropes of blossoms, to the automobile disguised into a submarine torpedo boat, beneath a cigar-shaped mass of red and yellow flowers, it was simply a long, twisting ribbon of flowers. Teddy's Terrors, the Los Angeles organization that has been escorting him up the Coast, sat on the pavement opposite the reviewing stand and commented freely on all the features of the parade, including the many very beautiful girls who surmounted the floats. The girls encouraged the comments by smiling at the Terrors almost as graciously as they smiled at the President when he rose to bow to them.

But when the Chinese delegation came along with its many clanging gongs and wonderfully embroidered banners and the hundred-yards-long $50,000 golden dragon, borne sinuously on the backs of forty Chinamen, the crowd fairly went crazy and the President laughed uproariously.

The dragon was a very awesome object. Its head was as big as a barouche, and it bobbed from one side of the street to the other and circled around from curb to curb with most horrifying effect. As it approached the reviewing stand one of the Terrors, seeing the President's head turned away, yelled: "Look out, Mr. President."

The President saw the thing, and then, assuming great horror, put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"I know that you will protect me."

The most enthusiasm on the President's part was shown when the children passed, waving their little hands and throwing kisses at him.

The President spoke to a fighting, pushing mob in a corner of Central Park for fifteen minutes. He had to speak to the crowd several times to caution it not to crush the women, whose screams now and then came from the middle.

There was a banquet, with no speech-making, at the Hotel to-night, and the President reviewed an electrical parade only a little less beautiful than the flower parade in the afternoon. Besides Secretary Moody, ex-Speaker Henderson accompanied the President in reviewing the parade.

Charles F. Lummis, well known as a writer and as an indefatigable student of Western life and geology and natural history, who has accompanied the President from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, left him here to-day. Los Angeles is Mr. Lummis's home.

The first place visited by the President this morning was Claremont, the site of Pomona College. As in every town to which he has come in southern California, the roadway, already rendered dustless by spraying with the California asphalt oil, was strewn with great sheaves of fresh roses. Hundreds of children lined his path and hurled more roses at him until his eyeglasses were knocked off and he had to duck in self-defence.

Pasadena repeated the greeting of flowers and children, but multiplied it many times. An interesting part of the Pasadena programme was that of driving the President through the driveways about the residences of prominent citizens to the front doors of their homes, where the lady of the house saluted the President and those in each following carriage with a hospitable bow.

Those who care for trivial matters have had much joy in watching the battle between the Legislature and the Governor, which began when the Legislature forced the Governor to get a special train of his own to bring along his gold-laced staff from Sacramento. The Governor of California seldom rides in the carriage with the President. He was pushed back to the sixth carriage, among the correspondents, at Pasadena. At Claremont he was in No. 5. Here he was back in the ruck, but was especially invited by the President to get into the reviewing stand.

The whole Pacific Coast is upset with labor troubles. To-day the only bare spots along the route of the parade were those left by buildings where work had been stopped midway by strikes. The President, after dwelling on the wonderful development of California agriculture, addressed what was intended as a word of admonition to those responsible for the disturbances in business in this State. He said at Pasadena:

I am not going to talk to you very long this morning because I am too much interested in your community. I want to see all I can see. We speak often of the old pioneer days and the wonderful feats of our countrymen in those days, but we are living right in the middle of them now, only we are living under pleasanter auspices. It is well nigh incredible that all of this that I have been looking at—the city, the development of the country—has occurred within twenty years; that twenty years only separate the sheep pasture from this city, from the fertile, irrigated region round about. It is hard to believe it. You have built up this new community and yet have preserved all the charm, all the refinement of the oldest civilization.

Yesterday and to-day I have been travelling through what is literally a garden of the Lord, in sight of the majestic and wonderful scenery of the mountains, going over this plain tilled by the hand of man as you have tilled it until it has blossomed like the rose—blossomed as I never dreamed in my life that the rose could blossom until I came here.

We are all pretty much alike in believing unqualifiedly in the future of the country. I believe in the average American, in the average standard of our citizenship, and I believe that, serious though the problems are that now confront us, they will all be solved exactly as the soldiers of '61 to '65 solved the far more serious problems if we approach them in the same spirit in which you approached yours. They went to war for liberty, union and the brotherhood of man, and now in peace it is for us to stand for the indivisible nation, for liberty under and through the law and for the brotherhood in its widest, deepest and truest sense, the brotherhood which will not suffer wrong and will not inflict it.

I wish to see the average American take in reference to his fellows the attitude that I wish to see America take among the nations of the world: the attitude of one who scorns equally to flinch from injustice by the strong and to do injustice to the weak. [Cheers and applause.]

You fought for liberty under the law, not liberty in spite of the law. Any man who claims that there can be liberty in spite of and against the law is claiming that anarchy is liberty. [Applause.] From the beginning of time anarchy in all its forms has been the handmaiden, the harbinger, of despotism and tyranny. We must remember ever that the surest way to overturn republican institutions, the surest way to do away with the essential democratic liberty that we enjoy, is to permit any one under any excuse to put the gratification of his passions over the law. The supreme law of the land must be obeyed by every man, rich or poor, alike. [Applause.]

Ours is a government of equal rights under the law, guaranteeing those rights to each man so long as he in his turn refrains from wronging his brother. We can't exist as a republic unless we are true to the fundamental principles of those who founded the republic in '76, and those who perpetuated it in the years from '61 to '65. And if we remain true to the philosophy preached and practised by Washington and Lincoln we cannot go far wrong.

The President, just before leaving Pasadena, went to the home of Mrs. James A. Garfield and called on her for a quarter of an hour. The Cleveland Grays, who are having a California tour and met the President first at Santa Fé, apparently enjoyed getting in the Presidential limelight. They found that they were due to leave San Bernardino last night before the President arrived. They sent word to the railroad authorities that they were going to stay over a day and go along with the President. They were politely informed that the President's party already had plenty of troubles of its own without allowing a militia company, voluntarily appointing itself as a personal bodyguard, to become attached to it.

"But we want to stay with the President," pleaded the Grays, reenforced by a delegation of the Old Guard of New York, which is traveling with them.

"Your train goes out on time," retorted the Santa Fé people cruelly. "You can go with it or walk." The Grays went. They turned up in the Floral parade to-day, however, and will achieve their ambitions to serve again as a "Goat Club" (as butt-in organizations are called in the far West), at San Francisco and Portland, Ore.

OUT WENT THE LAKE.

Attempt to Raise the Gate Caused the Rotten Timbers to Give Way.

MANHASSET, L. I., May 8.—Thousands of tons of water were let loose through the lower part of this village one night this week when workmen employed by the town of North Hempstead sought to draw off some of the water from the lake in this place which was recently acquired by Harry Payne Whitney, who is laying out a country estate. The lake covered about two acres and was from six to ten feet deep. It was formed by a depression in the valley across which a barrier or dam of heavy logs was built. For more than a hundred years this lake has been in existence and the overflow was utilized in turning the wheel of the old-fashioned water mill where grist was ground years ago, but which later served as a sawmill.

Many years ago when William Mitchell, the former owner of the lake, gave the authorities of the town of North Hempstead the right of way for a road across the front of the dam it was stipulated that the town should keep in repair the sluiceway and overflow of the dam or lake. Recently it was found that the sluiceway was rotted and that the dam at this point was in danger of bursting at any time. It was intended to repair this sluiceway more than a month ago, but complications growing out of the recent election in that town delayed the work until this week when the lake was brimful and the sluiceway threatened to break under the pressure.

Then it was sought to relieve the pressure by raising the sluice gate, but the workmen no sooner began operations than the rotten woodwork of the sluice gave way and with a rush and a roar the lake started on a move. Down the valley the waters dashed and fences and small buildings near the creek were carried along with the current.

In less than half an hour the lake was drained. It was stocked with thousands of fish and hundreds were swept along with the current out into the salt waters of the Sound. When the waters receded hundreds of fish were seen floundering around in the ooze. With baskets and pikes everybody went fishing, and trout weighing from three to six pounds were gathered in with little difficulty. Enormous eels were also added to the catch. It is proposed to dig out the old sluiceway and build a stone culvert and put an iron sluice gate in position. Ever since Mr. Whitney bought the lake he has been trying to buy a row of business houses along one of the main streets. The back yards of this row of houses extend to the water's edge of the lake, and it is Mr. Whitney's intention to move the houses and dredge and beautify the lake. But thus far the owners of the property are holding out for big prices, which Mr. Whitney's agents refuse to pay.

SEEK TO REDUCE CAPT. DEEVY

Civil Service Commission Thinks That His Police Record Was Altered.

Police Captain Jefferson Deevy of the Morrisania station appeared before a committee of the Municipal Civil Service Commission yesterday afternoon. The commission has ordered him to show cause why his appointment as captain should not be revoked on the ground that his record at Headquarters had been altered by the suppression of the record of a ten-day fine.

At the examination in November, 1899, Deevy got a rating of .71, and as he was a veteran, his name went to the top of the list. Had the fine appeared against him he could not have got on the list.

Capt. Deevy and his counsel, A. I. Elkus, appeared before President Ogden and Alexander Mason yesterday afternoon and submitted a protest which the commission will consider at its next meeting.

Capt. Deevy says that he had no part in furnishing his record to the commission, and that any errors which may have existed occurred without his knowledge. The protest questions the right of the commission to overrule the action of the previous board and denies the existence of proof that the addition of the ten days' pay fine would have reduced the rating.

The rules of the civil service board provide that if an applicant who is not entitled to certification is certified and appointed his appointment shall be revoked by the appointing power upon notification by the commission. In the course of the hearing Deevy's counsel asked what action the commission would take if Capt. Deevy should apply for retirement. He was told that such a matter should be referred to the Police Commissioner. The hearing will be continued on Friday next.

POLICEMAN SNYDER GETS BACK.

But the Appellate Division Refuses to Allow Him His Back Salary.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court yesterday directed the reinstatement to the police force of Leroy Snyder, who was dismissed on April 2, 1900, on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and neglect of duty. He was accused of failure to report the recovery of a lost watch.

In sustaining his writ of certiorari against the Police Commissioner, the Appellate Division says that there is nothing to show that Snyder was bound to perform the duty which he was charged with neglecting. It is stipulated that Snyder must waive all claim to back salary from April 2, 1900, to the time when he shall report for duty, and that if he refuses to do so his writ for reinstatement is to be considered dismissed.

Doctors Protest to Odell.

The New York Academy of Medicine has passed resolutions condemning the Goodsell-Bedell bill, recently passed by the Legislature, and requesting the Governor to withhold his signature from it. The resolutions points out that the bill will make it impossible for any city in the State or any institution or individual to establish places for the treatment of consumption outside of the city limits, and will thereby cause a great increase of tuberculosis.

SET THE SCHOOLHOUSE AFIRE.

TEN-YEAR-OLD EDDIE LUKE GOT HUNK WITH A TEACHER.

He Had Been Sent to the Principal for Punishment—Prompt Action Only Prevented a Panic in a Brooklyn Public School—Fire Put Out by Teachers.

Quick thought and self-possession in a teacher and the happy chance of a timely discovery prevented the spread of a fire set by a mischievous boy in a Brooklyn public school, on Thursday, and averted a panic among the 1,500 pupils who were in the building. The boy who started the fire did it with the deliberate intention of getting square with a teacher.

The culprit is Eddie Luke, 10 years old, the son of a bookkeeper who lives at 41 Underhill avenue in Brooklyn. He attended Public School 133, at Butler street and Fourth avenue. Although a bright boy, he was strongly disinclined to be studious and obedient. On Wednesday he was sent to the principal's office and was made to sit outside the door all day, instead of attending his classes, owing to bad behavior. He got a good whipping for that when he went home that night, taking with him a note telling of his naughtiness.

On Thursday when preparing for school he asked his father to give him a note to the teacher explaining that he had been punished, and he offered in consideration for this to promise to be a very good boy henceforth. His grandmother had promised to give him a bicycle if he behaved himself, and he was very anxious to get it. His father, however, firmly refused to give him the note, his mother said yesterday, and bade him instead bring back from school a note saying that he had been very good before thinking of such a thing as getting the bicycle.

The boy went off to school, forgetting to take with him a transfer card, and when his mother took the card to him half an hour after school time, she found him sitting outside the principal's door again, where he had spent the preceding day. His teacher, Miss Phillips, who has charge of the "second primary mixed," had sent him there to be punished for being out of order. Eddie had been in three different classes within a very short time, and one teacher after another had given up trying to control him personally, as he was systematically slothful, disobedient and impertinent.

Principal Henry Ludwig, Jr., was not in his office at the time, so Eddie was killing time waiting for him. Mrs. Luke did not wait to see the principal, but left the transfer card with Eddie and went home. Eddie sat there with nothing to do and much to think of. He had been too many times to the principal to feel that his punishment on this occasion would be light. What would happen to him? O, well, let that trouble come when it had to; there was something else to think of right away.

Eddie had not reached the principal's office unruffled. He shuffled his feet along the halls on his way there when Miss Phillips ordered him to go. Another teacher, Miss Edna Campbell, had met him and had reproved him for dragging his feet over the floors, and this had deepened his sour feelings toward teachers as general oppressors. Miss Campbell, who has charge of the "third primary mixed," was on her way upstairs to the gymnasium with her class when she passed Eddie.

As Eddie sat awaiting the principal he espied through the open door of a closet in Miss Campbell's classroom a large piece of rumpled paper lying on the floor among other papers and books which naturally find a place in a schoolroom closet. In Eddie's pocket were matches to burn, and Eddie burned to burn them. They were a constant and annoying reminder to him of a seductive habit which he had conquered, that of the insidious cigarette. He couldn't light a cigarette with them, having reformed, as he professes (Principal Ludwig is dubious as to the reformation), but he could light that bundle of crumpled paper, have the fun of starting a fire and frightening Miss Campbell and "get hunk on her" at the same time for having scolded him before all of her class.

It was forty feet to the inviting closet, but Eddie took the risk of being caught there by the principal and went in and touched a lighted match to the loose paper. The fire started. It seemed to Eddie that a better thing than waiting for Mr. Ludwig was to run away from the building before the principal got around where he might observe that Eddie was the only person near the fire. So the boy scooted out of doors.

A few minutes later Miss Campbell and her class came down from the gymnasium, and Miss Campbell, before her pupils had noticed it, saw the smoke issuing from her closet. Instead of turning the children toward the classroom or halting them, she told them to march on quietly and promptly to the street.

"It is fire drill," she said to them.

Her class obeyed her. Miss Campbell shut the closet door and closed the transom. Then, asking another teacher to notify the principal and the department heads, she started to put out the fire herself, asking the other teacher to send help as soon as she could. The bells for fire drill were soon sounded throughout the school, and the 1,500 children marched to the street, as they had often done in the drill, without knowing that anything was the matter.

Miss Campbell and other teachers put the fire out without having to call for the fire department. Eddie Luke went home at the usual time and told his mother that she "missed it" by not being at the school a little later, as they had had a fire there and a little excitement.

"How did it happen?" his mother asked him.

"I don't know," said Eddie.

And yesterday morning he started for school again at the regular time, as though nothing had happened. The mysterious fire had been carefully discussed by the teachers, and yesterday morning Miss Phillips remembered that she had sent Eddie to Mr. Ludwig's office on Thursday and that he had not returned that day. Mr. Ludwig called Eddie to him and convinced himself that Eddie alone knew the true explanation of the blaze. Then he sent word to the Bergen street police station and a policeman went to the school and took Eddie to the station house, where to Capt. James White Eddie confessed that he had set the "bonfire" just for fun and to "get hunk" on Miss Campbell. Capt. White sent for Fire Marshal Beers, who came with his stenographer and took Eddie's confession.

The boy was sent to the Gerry society and he will be arraigned in the Third District Court this morning. It was said yesterday at the police station that instead of charging him with arson in the second degree it was quite likely that the charge of malicious mischief would be made against him. One thing that mystified Capt. White and the other examiners of the boy was his apparent failure to realize what he had done and his indifference or placidity in the station house. Not once did he blubber or attempt to cry, but answered clearly and calmly the questions that were put to him. Children of his age ordinarily begin to cry as soon as they get into the station house. Eddie didn't seem to mind it and did not even pay the slightest attention when Capt. White told him that he felt sorry to have to keep him under arrest over night.

Mrs. Luke said that she was astonished at what the boy had done, as he had never appeared to be vicious, although he was continually rebellious at school. She said that she did not know that he had smoked cigarettes.

Thrown From His Carriage and Killed.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., May 8.—John Crowley, 33 years of age, of New York, who has been clerk in the Monticello House at Monticello for two years past, was found dead on the Maplewood road, near that village, on Thursday. He had been out for a drive with a spirited young animal, which ran away with him and when it ran into the stable shortly after his departure a searching party started out and found Crowley's body. His neck was broken and skull fractured.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

2 DROWN IN SHALLOW WATER.

POLICEMAN AND YOUNG SON DIE UNDER UPSET BOAT.

His Other Son Rescued—Water Not Over His Head—Man Who Rowed Out to Him Has a Hard Time Getting the Survivor and the Bodies Back to Shore.

Policeman James F. Howard of the East 126th street station, and his four-year-old son, George, were drowned in the Bronx Kills off the foot of 132d street, yesterday afternoon. Howard's six-year-old son, James, was rescued by Frank A. Kenny of 680 East 139th street. The policeman had been rowing his two boys when, according to the boy who was saved, he stepped on the side of the boat, and overturned it.

Kenny was lying on the deck of the sloop yacht Easy Times, when he heard the boy's cries and saw him standing, almost up to his neck in water, by the side of an overturned boat. The boy was clinging to the side of the boat, which was in a marshy tract near Little Hell Gate.

Kenny jumped into the tender of the sloop and rowed out to where the boy was standing. He helped the lad out and got him over to a ledge of rock near by.

The boy told him that his father and brother had disappeared when the boat turned over. Kenny pushed it out of the way and found the body of the younger boy. He was looking for the father when he discovered that his own boat had been carried away by the tide.

Kenny swam after it and was returning in it to the rock, where he picked up the body of the policeman.

Kenny says he stood on the ledge for almost an hour yelling for help to passing boats, but not one paid any heed to his cries. Then he tried to row across in his own boat, towing the other, but had to give that up because of the tide.

Another attempt to get assistance met with no success. Finally, in desperation, he held the boy's body in the air, hoping that this would attract attention. The brother thought he was going to throw the body into the water and became so hysterical that he had to stop.

Kenny had been trying for nearly two hours to get the rescued boy and the bodies ashore when he decided to leave the body of the father on the rock and to take the rescued boy and the other body back in his boat. He finally succeeded in doing this, and landed at James Greene's boathouse at the foot of Willow avenue. James was sent to the Lincoln Hospital and his brother's body was taken to the Alexander police station.

Kenny and two friends then went back to get the father's body. They found that it had been washed off the rock. It was recovered at 126th street.

Howard's home was at 1548 Park avenue. He was appointed a policeman on July 14, 1902.

LIBELS THE HAMILTON.

Clyde Line Suing for $302,000 for Loss of the Saginaw—Capt. Boaz's Story.

The Clyde Steamship Company, as owners of the steamer Saginaw and bailee of her cargo and baggage, and on behalf of the members of the crew who lost their effects, filed a libel in the United States District Court yesterday against the Old Dominion steamer Hamilton, which sunk the Saginaw in collision on the morning of May 5 off the Winter Quarter lightship in a fog.

The libellants assert that the collision was caused by the Hamilton not having blown the signals required by law during a fog; in not having preceded at a moderate speed in the fog; in not having had a competent lookout; in not having stopped or backed her engines seasonably before the collision, and, generally, in not taking proper precautions to prevent the collision. The libe is in the sum of $302,000, at which the sunken steamship and her cargo and effects were valued.

Capt. R. V. Boaz of the Hamilton, who arrived at this port on Thursday, told his story of the collision yesterday. He says the Hamilton's automatic fog whistle was blowing when the Saginaw crossed her bow.

"We heard a whistle on our starboard bow," said Capt. Boaz, "and immediately reversed our engines. In less than a minute the Saginaw crossed our bow and we struck her on the port quarter far aft. Just as soon as I saw our ship was safe I sent out the lifeboats to the Saginaw, which had drifted away and was lost in the fog within less than one hundred yards. The boats were lowered and manned within ten minutes, and the Saginaw went down fifteen minutes after the collision. Great credit belongs to our crew, who saved thirty-one lives and did well.

"It is surprising no more than thirteen were lost. Our whistles were kept blowing after the collision to enable the life boats to get back to the Hamilton with the rescued."

The Hamilton sailed yesterday afternoon for Norfolk. Vice-President Walker of the Old Dominion Line said that the damage to her bow, which had been temporarily repaired at Norfolk, was not sufficient to take her out of service. In a few weeks, Mr. Walker said, she would be put in dry dock for a general overhauling.

To Talk Over a National Theatre.

The National Arts Theatre Society, which was recently formed to push the project of building a national theatre, announced last night that they would hold a public meeting to discuss the scheme at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday night, May 17. Among the speakers will be J. I. C. Clarke, Augustus Thomas, Sydney Rosenfeld, F. M. Mackey, Otis Skinner and Heinrich Conried, and, perhaps, Joseph Jefferson.

Sam Bernard and Ethel Levey Co-Stars.

It was announced last night that Sam Bernard and Ethel Levey are to star together next season in a play written for them by George Cohan. Ted Marks is to manage the production.

DEATH OF PROF. T. R. PRICE.

Head of the English Department at Columbia—His Civil War Record.

Prof. Thomas Randolph Price, head of the English department at Columbia University, died at his rooms in the Nevada apartment on Thursday night. He had been ailing for some time.

Prof. Price was one of the oldest and one of the best known members of the Columbia faculty, having occupied the chair of English language and literature for more than twenty years. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1839.

He was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1858 and received the degree of M. A. from that institution. Then he spent three years abroad, studying at the University of Berlin and the University of Kiel. He was just about to get the degree of doctor of philosophy from the former university when the civil war broke out, and he threw up his studies to enlist in the Confederate ranks as a private.

He went through the Seven Days' battles and other engagements, and then served on Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff. He was the man who carried the news to Jeff Davis that Lee's army would have to surrender.

At the close of the war he became principal of the University School in Richmond, and a year later accepted a chair in Latin and Greek at Randolph-Macon College. In 1876 he was called to the University of Virginia as head of the Greek and Hebrew department. He came to Columbia in 1882.

Prof. Price wrote a good deal, but never allowed many of his productions to be published. At the time of his death he was engaged on a work on English metres. He was a man of strong Southern feelings, and never became entirely reconciled to reconstruction. He was one of the most popular professors at Columbia.

He was a member of the University and Century clubs, and of the Southern Society and The Virginians. He received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of the South. He leaves a widow and a daughter. The funeral will be held in Trinity Church at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

At a special meeting yesterday of The Virginians a minute was adopted eulogizing their dead associate.

DWIGHT BENTON DEAD IN ROME.

Artist, War Veteran, Botanist and Writer—King Bought One of His Pictures.

News has come from Italy of the death in Rome of Dwight Benton, one of the oldest and best known of the American artists in that city. Mr. Benton wrote occasionally for American magazines and newspapers and also founded and edited the *Roman World*.

He was born in Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y., in 1834, but in early life removed to Coldwater, Mich. When the civil war began he joined the Northern troops, fought in several battles and was taken prisoner, but escaped. At the end of the war he established himself in Cincinnati as a landscape and figure painter. He was early successful and soon transferred his studio to Rome. He then returned to America, but after a brief stay went back to Rome and made that his home for nearly twenty-five years.

In 1895 the Hawaiian republic appointed him its representative in Italy with the rank of Consul-General. He held that place until the annexation of the islands to the United States extinguished the office. In literature his most important work, just ready for the press, is the "Flora of the Roman Campagna and Palatine," dedicated to the Queen of Italy. His book is the result of years of labor. It enumerates and describes over 800 species of flowers and plants.

Among his paintings are those of the "Tombs of Keats and Shelley," "Sunset in the Roman Campagna" (purchased by John Wanamaker), "Rock Gateway of Lake Pepin, Minnesota," and "*Giornata di Tristezza*" ("A Gloomy Day"), now on exhibition in the Roman Arts Palace. This last picture has been purchased by the King of Italy.

Mr. Benton leaves a widow, four sons and a daughter, three sisters and a brother. The last named, Frank Benton, is agricultural investigator in the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

UNCLE JOHN YANCEY DEAD.

Was a Well-Known Character in the Yellowstone Park.

HELENA, Mon., May 8.—Uncle John Yancey is dead at Peaceful Valley in Yellowstone Park at the age of 80. For more than thirty years he had resided in the park where he kept a small hotel, which, though not situated on the route usually taken by tourists, has been the stopping place of many distinguished guests.

During the recent trip of President Roosevelt in the park he was the guest of Uncle Yancey and was delighted with the surroundings. Yancey's hotel occupies one of the most picturesque spots in the park. It was at one time an outfitting place for hunting parties who went south. It is close to the famous petrified trees, the wall cañon, Soda Butte, Tower Falls and other places of interest. Few men in the West were more generally known or had more friends than John Yancey. It is said that he possessed considerable wealth.

Obituary Notes.

Cyrus E. Staples, who had been engaged in the stock brokerage business in Brooklyn for more than twenty years died suddenly on Thursday at Dr. Gorton's sanitarium, Summit, N. J., where he had been under treatment for Bright's disease and nervous prostration. Mr. Staples was born in Bangor, Me., and followed the sea in early life, until he finally became the captain of a trading vessel. About twenty-five years ago he gave up a seafaring life and settled in Brooklyn. For a few years after he arrived in Brooklyn he was associated with his brother-in-law, George H. Brentiss, in the brokerage business. He made a specialty in handling Brooklyn securities and at one time was regarded as one of the leading financiers in that city. He had been a member of the Brooklyn Club, the Hamilton Club, the Reform Club of Manhattan, the Great South Bay Yacht Club and the Short Beach Yacht Club of Long Island. He is survived by a widow. His only child, a married daughter, died several years ago.

Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, the wife of Michael Sullivan, who died at her residence, 59 Howard avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, was a prominent church worker in St. Edward's parish, and well known in the Eleventh ward, Brooklyn, where she formerly resided, having been identified with the Debt Paying Association of St. Edward's Church. She rendered invaluable assistance in many instances in promoting fairs and other enterprises, which were highly remunerative. She was born in Athlone, Ireland, in November, 1873. She is survived by her husband and four children, Anna, Harry, John and Joseph. Funeral services will be held at 10:30 this morning, at the Church of Our Lady of Good Council, Putnam avenue near Ralph avenue. The interment will be in Calvary Cemetery.

Clara Louise Scott, the only daughter of Rufus L. Scott, Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments in Brooklyn, died yesterday in the Hahnemann Hospital, Manhattan, after an operation for appendicitis. She had been ill for about a week. She was about 33 years old and was a physician, although she had never practised. The funeral will be from her father's home at 436 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, to-morrow evening.

Cassius I. Meyer of New Orleans died yesterday at Covington, Miss., aged 62. He was a native of Mississippi. Appointed to the Annapolis Naval Academy, he resigned there to enter the Confederate service as Lieutenant on the Florida. He served until the last year of the civil war when he was captured and imprisoned at Johnson Island. After the civil war he became a cotton planter and the head of one of the largest cotton commission houses.

Frederick Van Riper of the cotton firm of Van Riper & Co. and secretary of the New York Cotton Exchange died suddenly on Thursday night at his home, 489 West 145th street. Mr. Van Riper was well known in the cotton trade. He was among the old members of the exchange. The members passed resolutions of sympathy yesterday and selected a large committee to attend the funeral to-morrow afternoon.

Samuel H. Davis, a member of the insurance publishing firm of Davis & Lakey of this city, died on Thursday at Brookside Sanitarium, North Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Davis had been ill for ten years. He was a native of Connecticut, but had lived in Jersey City for a number of years. He was 64 years of age, and a widower. Until recently he was one of the editors of *Insurance*.

John A. Crum, who marched with Sherman to the sea during the civil war, died in Sayville, L. I., Thursday night, aged 74 years. His surviving children are Justice of the Peace Elsworth Crum of Sayville, Mrs. Monroe Hawkins of Bayport, L. I., Mrs. William Alexander of Sayville and Mrs. Wilbur F. Morrell of Keyport, N. J.

Capt. Herman Jacobsen, a retired shipmaster, formerly well-known in the foreign trade, died at his home in Washington yesterday at the age of 72 years. He was a native of Germany and settled in Baltimore while a youth. He retired from active service nearly twenty-five years ago.

John J. Angevine, formerly a banker in New York, died on Thursday night at his home in Highland, N. Y., at the age of 76 years. He leaves two sons, the Rev. Frederick T. Angevine of Poughkeepsie and J. Ferris Angevine of Highland.

Dr. Samuel G. Dearborn of Nashua, N. H., died yesterday of blood poison, aged 76. He was born at Northfield, N. H., and came from a Colonial family which had been noted for its many eminent physicians.

Dr. William Johnstone, a well-known physician of Washington and formerly of Birmingham, England, died at his home in Washington on Thursday at the age of 50 years.

COP BOUND TO KEEP THE PEACE.

Lally Wins First Round in Fight Against Police Espionage.

After trial in Magistrate Connorton's court in Long Island city yesterday morning Detective John Kennedy of the Hunters' Point precinct was placed under $100 bonds by the Magistrate to keep the peace for six months. This was a culminating incident in Police Captain John Cooney's efforts to stop alleged pool selling in the Cottage Club in his precinct.

This conviction was deemed a victory for the Cottage Club, but detectives were again on duty around the door yesterday afternoon.

Owing to the fight that is being waged against Lally's place the guarantee companies in Queens declined to go on his bond, and he was without a license until late yesterday afternoon, when he obtained other sureties and the license was issued.

Look Out for the Splendid New NOVEL

Because of Power

NEARLY READY.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

Observe the "Valvic Test" in Regal windows!

Note the leather clamped between two transparent glass jars, so you can see both its upper and lower sides.

Now follow the flexible tube leading from a wall gas bracket into the lower glass, below the leather.

How could the gas be lighted above the leather, without first passing through its pores?

How could it flare up and down as readily as if no leather intervened when the tap is turned on and off at the bracket, if Valvic Ventilating Calfskin be not porous as cloth, and sweat-dispelling as linen?

How could water be retained above the leather, without wetting the lower side, if "Valvic" be not wet-proof as Cravenette?

No other leathers volunteer such a test, because no others dare do it.

In Regal Oak soled shoes only, from 51 Regal stores at $3.50—or by mail $3.75.

Style Book on post card request.

REGAL

OAK SOLED SHOES

Sold only in 51 Regal Shoe Stores from New York to San Francisco and London. Also by mail.

15 Stores Metropolitan District.

MEN'S STORES.

NEW YORK CITY:
115 Nassau St., bet. Ann & Beekman.
291 Broadway, cor. Reade St.
786 " cor. 10th Street.
1211 " bet. 26th and 27th Sts.
1341 " opp. Herald Building.
507 Eighth Ave., bet. 35th and 36th Sts.
106 West 125th St., cor. 7th Ave.
2280 Third Ave., S. W. cor. 124th St.
43 Cortlandt St.

BROOKLYN:
257 Fulton St., opp. Montague St.
111 Broadway, near Bedford Ave.
1001 B'way, bet. Ditmars St. & Willoughby Av.
406 Fifth Ave.

JERSEY CITY:
66 Newark Ave.

NEWARK, N. J.:
841 Broad St., opp. Central R. R. of N. J.

WOMEN'S STORES.

NEW YORK CITY: 786 Broadway, corner 10th St.
1380 Broadway, opp. Herald Square.
2087 Seventh Ave., cor. 125th St.

ABBEY PRESS FINANCES.

Company Went Broke Because Insurance Money Was Delayed, Counsel Says.

Hugh A. Bayne and Benjamin F. Feiner, rival receivers appointed in the United States District Court and the Supreme Court for the Abbey Press, book publishers at 114 Fifth avenue, both qualified yesterday by filing bonds. Mr. Feiner took possession early in the day.

It was learned yesterday that a mortgage and mortgage agreement for $26,000 covers all the assets. The assets consist of fixtures, $1,075; stock, $13,456; accounts, $42,793; cuts, plates, &c., $59,205; contracts for advertising space, $24,000.

Some of the creditors were making inquiries yesterday as to what had become of the insurance money recently adjusted at $33,000 and why it does not appear on the list of assets. Everett D. Barlow, attorney for the company, said that the insurance money had been absorbed in running the business, the company having had to realize on the policies at a sacrifice to get money to run the business. If the insurance companies had paid promptly, he said, the Abbey Press would be going to-day.

Coal Train Wrecked and a Brakeman Killed.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 8.—Shortly after midnight an eastbound Erie coal train broke in two on the mountain east of here, and the two sections collided, piling up twenty-six cars loaded with coal and blocking both tracks several hours. T. J. Finan, a brakeman, of Port Jervis was buried under the wreckage and killed. The body was recovered after several hours.

"You must endure what you can't alter."

That applies to ready-made clothes.

Ours are the other kind, made to your measure and your pleasure, they are sure to fit well and look well. "Don't be a ready-made man."

Suits $15—overcoats $15—trousers $5. Others higher, too. Seasonable, reasonable—and "No fit, no pay, that's Loftus' way."

We'll match any other tailor's $20 fabrics at the price we've made famous—$15.

Write for samples, style book and self-measuring blanks. Express paid everywhere.

W. C. LOFTUS & CO.

1191 Broadway Near 26th Street New York

PERSONALS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE HARLEM LANDS AND PROPERTIES.

TO THE "HARLEM HEIRS":

TAKE NOTICE, that under grants and charters of the King of England, all lands on Manhattan Island east and north of a line running from Seventy-fourth Street on the East River to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street on the Hudson River, were conveyed to twenty-three original Patentees, (as members of body corporate) their heirs, successors and assigns, forever." The Patentees follow:

John Delavall, Resolved Waldron, Joost Van Oblinus (Oblinus), Daniel Tourneur, Adolph Meyer (Myer), John Sprague, Jan Hendricks Brevoort, Jan Delamater, Isaac Delamater, Barent Waldron, Johannes Vermilje (Vermilye), Lawrence Jansen (Low), Peter Van Oblinus (Oblenus), Jan Dykeman (Deckman), Jan Nagel, Arent Harmanse (Bussing), Cornelis Jansen (Kortright), Jacqueline Tournieur, Hester Delamater, Johannes Verveelen (Van Valen), William Haldron (Houldron), Abraham Montanie (De La Montanye), Peter Parmentier.

Each descendant of said Patentees is a member of a Corporation, created by said patents, and interested in a large portion of said lands. The undersigned are engaged in tracing these descendants, for the purpose of calling a meeting and instituting suits for recovery. All who are descended directly from these twenty-three Patentees above named, bearing the same name through the male line, but collaterally by different names by marriage through the female line (keeping in mind that the blood of the twenty-three original Patentees only is being traced) are members of said Corporation. THE LEGAL WILL NOT BE ASKED TO BEAR ANY EXPENSE IN THIS UNDERTAKING, as explained in our circular letter of May 1st. Descendants of the above Patentees are requested to communicate with

TOLER & NUTTING,
Counsellors-at-Law,
Exchange Court (Room 3),
Exchange Place,
New York.