# A PRINCE OF IMPRESARIOS.

## MAJOR POND'S ADVENTURES WITH LECTURE STARS.

**Beecher First on His Roll of Lions—Talmage Last—His Friendships With Mark Twain, Henry M. Stanley and Other Great Men Whom He "Managed."**

*From the Boston Transcript.*

"I sit between wit and beauty," quoth a conceited Englishman, finding himself placed with Madame de Staël on one hand and a famous beauty on the other. "Yes," was the wit's tart rejoinder, "and possessing neither." Such, in a measure, was the fate of our genial old friend, Major Pond. Without title to fame, he sat always in the shadow of celebrity. Without distinguished gifts, he was constantly in the society of the gifted. Success for him lay in promoting the success of his betters, and his name will be written in a hundred biographies—of other men.

And yet it was a pleasant life out of which the major has lately slipped. Nature had made a nice adjustment of the man to his niche. Major Pond was big-souled enough to play second fiddle with enthusiasm. He was innocent of envy. His best genius was a genius for hero worship; he was great in capacity for admiration. He loved his lions and rejoiced generously in their triumphs. He basked in reflected glory as comfortably as though it were his own. He was the prince of "promoters."

It bespeaks a certain nobility in the major, much tact, much courage, much force, that his personally conducted lions loved him. For when a man is being rushed about the country as a "talking-piece of baggage, to be wound up every day at the same hour," it is something of an art to keep his affection. That the major's celebrities did love him is abundantly proved by his letter files. Writes Bill Nye: "It's funny that a little cuss like you should make such a cavity in New York when away from it." And each in his own peculiar way, Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Mark Twain and other lions, expresses the same emotion. Major Pond not only had business relations with practically all the distinguished folk of his day—he knew them intimately, dined with them, travelled in their private cars, saw them with the mask off, learned all their individual oddities.

Major Pond's acquaintance was as varied as it was wide. It included Josh Billings and Walt Whitman, Lyman Abbott and P. T. Barnum, Sir Henry Irving and Booker T. Washington. He sometimes travelled with them in wonderful combinations. Think, for instance, of a season spent with Mark Twain and George Cable! These "twins of genius," as the Major called them, beguiled the tedium of the road by "letting themselves out" in song and caper.

Another time it was Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley who united to cheer the manager's fun-loving soul. By way of advertisement of the combination Nye wrote Riley's "autobiography" and Riley wrote Nye's. A sample will show the unique style:

"Of the poet's present personality we need speak but briefly. His dress is at once elegant and paid for. It is even less picturesque than all-wool. Not liking hair particularly, he wears but little, and that of the mildest shade. He is a good talker—when spoken to—but a much better listener, and often longs to change places with his audience so that he also may retire."

The happy Major was present at many a notable meeting of literary folk from both sides of the sea. It was he who arranged that Edwin Arnold, whose first visit to this country was made expressly to see Walt Whitman, should surprise the aged poet in his home. Pond sat by while the two friends discussed their literary loves, each reciting freely from the other's poems. Again, the major made one at a little supper at which Joe Jefferson and Anthony Hope first met and talked till the small hours of the morning. It was he who introduced Henry Irving to his thereafter close friend, Henry Ward Beecher.

Among Major Pond's warm friends he reckoned Henry Ward Beecher first. During the eleven years of their acquaintance they travelled together some 300,000 miles, and, excepting Arizona and New Mexico, there was not a State or Territory in the Union which they did not visit. Being friends with Beecher during the black days of his trial and disgrace meant stirring experiences. Pond said:

"I was near him at the time of his greatest sorrow, when he was reviled and spat upon. I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations and at the entrances of hotels and public halls—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess."

The post of manager to Beecher was not without its actual physical peril. In Richmond hostility ran so high that Beecher was urged not to risk attempting to speak. Even the police detailed to protect him sympathized with the mob. No doorkeeper could be got, so the Major collected the dollars himself, risking the eggs. The Legislature had passed an informal vote to boycott the lecture, and then each member, secure in his knowledge that none of the others would be there, took the opportunity to hear Beecher. They met, and, in view of the joke on themselves, prepared for mischief. Mr. Beecher faced the jeering mob and opened with an audacious drive at the Legislature in special session assembled. He captured his crowd. The evening ended in cheers and demonstrations.

Again, when Beecher's private car was attacked by a mob, it was Major Pond who heated a poker in the car stove and "went for them." "I jabbed it right into them," said he, "and they began to get out!" The Major's devotion had its reward; he had the satisfaction of seeing the tide turn in Beecher's favor and hearing on both sides the continent and both sides the ocean demonstrations of love and confidence from his church, his friends, his country.

A mightily different experience awaited the manager with a mightily different sort of clergyman—T. De Witt Talmage. English audiences at first went mad over "Tal-m-o-d-ge." The erratic clergyman was literally jerked from his berth by a welcoming crowd when the steamer landed; a vast throng surrounded the carriage which conveyed him to his first service, unhooked the horses, dragged the coach to the church door, lifted the divine bodily into the air, and having torn off his coattails as souvenirs, thrust him into the packed building. Even the manager was for some long seconds suspended over the heads of the enthusiastic crowd.

Everything looked like a phenomenally prosperous tour. The manager's mail arrived by the barrelful; everybody wanted a lecture at any price. Unfortunately for Major Pond, however, the clergyman declined to abide by his contract. He must be paid high for these astonishing ovations, or home he would go. The Major had booked his first lectures too low; he was obliged to pay Talmage an exorbitant sum; the English crowds soon sickened of the lecturer's eccentricities when once they discovered the secular character of his addresses. The result was that the bargaining doctor got all the proceeds and his faithful manager had none.

Happier, both financially and socially, were his relations with that prince of explorers—Henry M. Stanley. Like many another man of action, Stanley was at his conversational best in *tête-à-tête*. Night after night in his private car the big-hearted adventurer poured out stirring tales of experiences such as never reached the ears of his audiences, nor yet the eyes of his readers.

More than one successful lecture star has had to thank Major Pond for his start. He had a keen discrimination, and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the Major found him he was acting as postmaster and editing the *Laramie Boomerang* over a livery stable. ("Walk down the Alley, Twist the Gray Mule's Tail, Take the Elevator Immediately!") Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and, as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it, Nye was grateful, and used for years to remember the Major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature:

"Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oils, turpentine, glass, putty and every thing usually kept in a first-class drug store. BILL NYE.
"P. S.—Open all night."

Here and there exists a man who has withstood the Major's blandishments and declined to be "platformed" under any circumstances. Such kept cannily out of reach of Pond's far-famed tongue persuasive. Three letters from Charles Spurgeon repulsed him with a crescendo of vehemence.

Kipling took the assaults of the persistent manager in better part. Here is his reply to a proposition:

"BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Sept. 20, 1895.
"DEAR MR. POND: I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I can't say that I see my way to the entertainment you propose. There is such a thing as paying 125 cents for a dollar, and, though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy.

"I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands: but at present I'm busy, and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in. With renewed thanks for your very kind letter, believe me, Yours sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING."

Of all his hundred or so of protégés, there are but two or three who have called out the Major's criticism. Talmage he thought a bit dishonorable, or, at least, unbusinesslike. P. T. Barnum saw a chariot rider killed before his eyes, and rejoiced because a better performer was waiting for the place, and the manager put him down for heartless.

## HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON.

**The Woman Who Presided Over the White House and Made a Great Social Success.**

Harriet Lane Johnston, whose death at Narragansett was reported in THE SUN yesterday, enjoyed a wide popularity here and in England during the career of her uncle, President James Buchanan. She was born at Mercersburg, Pa., in 1833, the daughter of Elliott T. Lane and June Buchanan. Her parents dying in her girlhood, she was taken in charge by her uncle, who sent her to the Roman Catholic convent at Georgetown for her education.

She was just out of school, a handsome girl of twenty, clever, of winning manners and an engaging talker, when Buchanan was made Minister to England in 1853. There she made a wide acquaintance and achieved great popularity in diplomatic circles. On Buchanan's election to the Presidency she became mistress of the White House, and there her charm, good taste and diplomacy won much renown. It was while she was mistress of the White House that the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, visited America. She entertained him at Washington, and took him to Mount Vernon on a steamer which bore her name.

Much to the delight of the Prince, she invited him to pay a visit to a fashionable boarding school for girls near Washington, where the Prince bowled a game of ninepins with some of the young women. The Prince remembered these things, and when Mrs. Johnston was in London, at the time preparations were being made for his coronation, he invited her to attend the ceremonies.

After she married Mr. Johnston they lived in Baltimore and at Wheatland. One of the anecdotes told of Mrs. Johnston dealt with a trip to America just before she was married. The captain of the Cunard liner was named Judkins, whose manners were not like those of the captains of to-day. He sat at the head of the table one morning and when Miss Lane came in asked her if she wanted some fruit. When she answered yes, Capt. Judkins tossed an orange to her. It struck her on the breast. She left the table and did not again appear there during the voyage.

Capt. Judkins was in the habit of eating at the Astor House while in port here. He was there the day after his ship brought Miss Lane in when a man came in and, seeing the captain, went to the cigar counter and got a package of chewing tobacco. He masticated about half the contents of the parcel. Then, making a roll of the wet tobacco, he walked up to the captain and asked:

"Are you Capt. Judkins?"

"The same," said the captain.

Then the man hit him in the shirtfront with the wad of tobacco, and shaking his fist under the captain's nose, said: "Maybe that will improve your table manners."

The man was said to be Mr. Johnston, to whom Miss Lane was married a little later.

One of the interesting events recalled by Mrs. Johnston of her life in England was the ceremony at the University of Oxford, when her uncle and Alfred Tennyson received the degree of doctor of laws.

The demonstration, always boisterous on the part of the students, was on this occasion directed largely toward the beautiful niece of the American minister.

The marriage of Harriet Lane and Henry Elliott Johnston of Baltimore took place in 1866 after a long engagement, Miss Lane being unwilling to leave her uncle, who, in his old age, became more and more dependent on her companionship and care.

The great sorrows of her life following the death of her uncle were the deaths of her husband and her two young sons. Her married life was spent mostly in Baltimore.

In historic old St. Paul's Church, Charles and Saratoga streets, in that city, there is a memorial on the northern side of the edifice which Mrs. Johnston had placed there in memory of her two sons.

Besides this she founded in the church home on North Broadway, in their memory, a free ward for children. After several years of retirement and travel following her loss of family, she went to Washington for the winter season, subsequently buying and remodelling the house at Eighteenth and I streets, which was her last residence.

The house contained many interesting souvenirs of her career, and especially in its connection with public life. On its walls there is a portrait of King Edward, painted just after he left the United States. It was sent by him to President Buchanan. Just under the portrait, in a little black frame, is the letter which the Prince sent with the portrait. The letter was penned by his Royal Highness on the shores of Palestine, where he was travelling. It reads:

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 4.
*Commanding General, Division of Philippines, Manila, P. I.:*
Anniversary of our national independence is an appropriate day for sending greetings and congratulations on the completion of this great achievement. Another triumph in the interest of peace and civilization.
NELSON A. MILES, Lieutenant-General.

The funeral of Mrs. Johnston is to take place on Monday at Baltimore.

## MIGHTY HUNTER OF THE SEA.

**Capt. Robbins of New Bedford, a Whaler of the Old School.**

Capt. Charles H. Robbins, a New Bedford whaler, who had been an adventurer of the sea for sixty-six years, died the other day at the age of 81. He belonged to a race of hardy men who as they closed in upon their quarry used to sing: "A dead whale or a stove boat." The New Bedford *Mercury*, noting some of the incidents of his voyages, says that when he was 15 he shipped on the Swift, without his mother's knowledge, although she subsequently gave her consent. The ship was to sail on Feb. 1, but the vessel was frozen in at the dock. Fearing desertions the captain ordered the men to saw a channel through the ice, and for ten days she was frozen in off Clarks Point with the lonesomest boy in the world on board.

At length the ship sailed away in February, 1837, and thereafter Robbins lived more stories than all the writers could invent. He visited the isles of the Pacific which civilization had never touched. In proof of the assertion that he encountered the heathen in his utter blindness, the captain used to affirm that not only were they cannibals, but they had no knowledge of any kind of intoxicating liquor. It was in August, 1841, after an absence of fifty-four months, that the boy came back. He went away a stripling weighing ninety-six, and when he came home he weighed 160 and had to be introduced to his sisters.

He received $100 and a suit of clothes for four and a half years work, and in a few weeks he sailed again, this time as boatsteerer on the Balaena. He was gone nearly four years, adding to the store of novel experiences which filled his life. While cruising down the line one day his vessel picked up a canoe containing eight persons, Kanakas, who turned out to be the royal family of Ascension. There had been a revolution and the king and queen and princes had been cast adrift literally as well as practically. The Kanakas did these things half a century ago, more humanely than the enlightened nations of earth, e. g., Servia, now rid themselves of their rulers. One of the princes had a wound in his shoulder where a shark had seized him when he jumped overboard to capture it for food.

The ship took 1,800 barrels of sperm this voyage, and when the captain reached home he married. Two months later he was at sea again as mate of the Balaena. On the Peru grounds smallpox broke out aboard the ship and several of the crew died. Robbins had a light attack of the disease, and finally left the ship at Payta and reached home after a year and a half to greet his wife and sail again in a few weeks as mate of the bark Hope.

To the Indian Ocean he sailed this time and was gone two years and a half. Arriving home in May, 1850, he sailed four or five months later as master of the same vessel. He was gone thirty months this voyage. His next voyage as master of the bark Elisha Dunbar was a broken one and he returned ill, but sailed again in the Clara Bell and added thirty months more to his life on the ocean wave.

In 1859 Capt. Robbins sailed in command of the bark Thomas Pope on a four years' voyage, and this time he took his wife and children with him. The vessel was struck by a hurricane in the Mozambique Channel, her masts were torn out, the mizzenmast tearing out the skylight so that the water rushed into the cabin. The vessel lay on her beam ends, and the captain's wife and little children clung to the weather side. An officer fell on his knees and prayed for the safety of his wife who was at home. Since his wife was safe and sound ashore, Mrs. Robbins suggested it would be more to the purpose to pray for those about him who were in extremity. When the storm abated jury masts were rigged and the crippled ship drifted into Mauritius. All the whaleboats were lost and none could be procured nearer than New Bedford, so the ship waited nine months for the boats. A child was born to Capt. Robbins on this voyage.

So the story runs. Once his ship was struck by a meteor. At another time he was for months in a leaking ship. One day a bomb gun exploded and tore the mate's hand. Put to the shift, Capt. Robbins amputated it and subsequently was complimented by a professional surgeon upon doing a skilful job.

## OF UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

**Drinks Recommended by the Government to a Temperate Nation.**

The Greeks had two kinds of wine, *protoplin*, or the first juice of the grape before pressing, and *deuterion*, or the pressed juice. The Romans called them *vinum primarium* and *vinum secondarium*.

Some of the Romans drank the juice before fermentation had started, calling it *mustum*, and some of them preferred the juice when it had been heated, and was known as *frutum*, while still others took theirs when, after being reduced in bulk by one-half or two-thirds by heating, it was called *sapa*. The Romans used *sapa* as some sweet-toothed persons use molasses on bread.

Unfermented grape juice has valuable medicinal qualities, which have resulted in the establishment of so-called grape cures in European wine-producing districts to which physicians send debilitated patients during the season. The Department of Agriculture is endeavoring to have Americans who have vineyards take up the manufacture of unfermented grape juice, and the Government has just issued a bulletin giving directions for the treatment of the grapes. George C. Husmann is the author of the pamphlet, and his directions are so plain that any housewife can make unfermented grape juice for a family with very little trouble.

All that is needed is that clean, sound grapes, well ripened, but not overripe, shall be crushed and pressed, either in a small cider press or by hand.

To press the fruit by hand, the crushed fruit should be put in a cloth sack and squeezed. Then the juice should be heated in a double boiler, so that it shall not come in contact with the fire, to a temperature of 195 degrees Fahrenheit. The juice should never be heated above 200 degrees. This heating prevents fermentation, and makes it possible to keep the juice for long periods.

After heating the juice should be allowed to settle in clean vessels, and then the clear liquid drained off into the bottles in which it is to be kept. The bottles should be heated to about an inch of the neck and then placed on a false bottom in a water boiler, with water up to an inch of their mouths.

The water should be brought to a simmer. Then the bottles should be taken out, corked with corks that have been boiled in water of 240 degrees Fahrenheit, sealed with wax and set aside in a cool place to be used as wanted.

If the sterilization is at too high a temperature, or the grape juice is not filtered, the final product will be cloudy, and may taste a little off.

Those who may wish to make unfermented grape juice in larger quantities kill the yeast by burning sulphur matches, made of strips of linen soaked in melted brimstone, in a clean cask until they will not burn in it, filling the cask a third full of grape juice, agitating and repeating the process until the cask is full, but they must be careful or the juice will taste of the hereafter.

Uncle Sam's experts say that grape juice is a good food. Here are some recipes they recommend to a temperate nation:

Grape Nectar—Take the juice of two lemons and one orange, one pint of grape juice, one small cup of sugar and a pint of water. Serve ice cold. If served from punch bowl, sliced lemon and orange add to the appearance.

An Invalid Drink—Put in the bottom of a wineglass two tablespoonfuls of grape juice; add to this the beaten white of one egg and a little chopped ice; sprinkle sugar over the top and serve. This is often served in sanitariums.

Grape Punch—Boil together one pound of sugar and half a pint of water until it spins a thread; take from the fire and when cool add the juice of six lemons and a quart of grape juice; Stand aside over night. Serve with plain water, apollinaris or soda water.

Grape Sherbet—For eight persons mix one pint of grape juice (unfermented), juice of lemon and one heaping tablespoonful of gelatine, dissolved in boiling water; freeze quickly; add beaten white of one egg just before finish.

Grape Ice Cream—One quart of unfermented grape juice, one quart of cream, one pound of sugar and the juice of one lemon.

Syllabub—One quart of fresh cream, whites of four eggs, one glass of grape juice, two small cups of powdered sugar; whip half the sugar with the cream, the balance with the eggs; mix well; add grape juice and pour over sweetened strawberries and pineapples, or oranges and bananas. Serve cold.

Bohemian Cream—One pint thick cream, one pint grape juice jelly; stir together; put in cups and set on ice. Serve with lady fingers.

Besides the recipes just given many more are enumerated, such as grape ice, grape lemonade, grape water ice, grape juice and egg, baked bananas, snow pudding, grape gelatine, junket and grape jelly, tutti-frutti jelly, grape float, grape jelly, grape juice plain, and grape soda water.

**Street-Car Strike Fizzles in St. Louis.**

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—The street-car strike ordered at 4:30 o'clock this morning proved to be a fiasco. Only 200 men complied with the call and threw up their jobs, and traffic was uninterrupted all day. Squads of police were stationed at the sheds and at railroad crossings, but there was no need for their services, as there was not the slightest trouble.

**Automobile Drivers Form a Union.**

An Automobile Drivers' Union has been formed, but on a motion of the Beer Wagon Drivers' Union, its credentials, which have been submitted to the Miscellaneous section of the Central Federated Union, will not be accepted until the union shows that none of its members drive autos carrying beer. The question will come up at the meeting of the C. F. U. to-day.

## SPARKING THE MEXICAN GIRL.

**Courtship's a Pretty Game, but Marriage Ends the Romance.**

*From the Galveston Daily News.*

Only in Moslem countries are women more secluded than in Mexico. One of the prettiest views I have ever had into this inner court of the native life was one of the first. We had been up the hill of Guadaloupe and seen the shrine, and were one our way down to the miraculous well by the steps that pass the great stone walls and chanced to admire a little child in the care of its sister, a girl of 15. The child was playing with a tiny cup of native pottery and insisted that I take it, and while we chatted with them the girl was playing with a poor, cheap locket hung by a bead string around her plump, brown neck. She saw that I noticed it and with the sweetest shyness and an adorable pride showed me the picture it contained—just a brown Indian boy in a new sombrero, and when I had looked at it with question in my eyes she said almost in a whisper: "It is my novio."

Novio means lover, and her eyes grew large and luminous with the word. It took but little urging to let her pour out eagerly the whole story. She lived in Santa Maria, one of a family of fourteen. He dwelt in Tacubya and was a burro boy. He had seen her at a fiesta and she said she loved him as soon as she looked in his face. She had never seen him since then except once in the street with his burros. The picture he had had taken and carried to her with some clipped verses by a tiny muchacho, a boy so little that no one would suspect him of being a love messenger. Just then a woman bearing a jar of blessed water from the well approached, and the girl hid the locket. It was her mother and she was afraid.

There is much said of the picturesque peasantry of Europe, but I doubt if any one country of them all can afford the great variety of dress found among the women of Mexico, and there is none of the many dresses but seems to add to the beauty of the wearer. This beauty is not for long, for they mature early and begin to fade when a woman of the United States would be considered in her prime.

One day as I was walking along the side street in the best residence portion of Merida I saw a bit of paper dangling from the end of a string that led up over a balcony and into a window, the shutter of which was almost entirely closed, only a bare crack being visible. The string jerked just the least bit, causing the paper to bob up and down. I turned as if to cross the street for closer observation. Instantly the paper which I was convinced was a note, was drawn up and I retired to the next corner, where I paused a few moments out of sheer curiosity to see what would happen. The note was lowered again, and soon there came sauntering by a handsome young man in "charro" costume, something unusual in the State. As he passed under the balcony he whipped out a knife, severed the string, put the note in his hat and sauntered on.

Some of the most beautiful women of Mexico are to be found among the Indians of the Tehuantepec Isthmus. There on Sundays one will see hundreds of pretty churchgoers wearing a most extraordinary costume. The skirt is often of satin or silk, heavily lace trimmed sometimes, and with a short sleeved waist. The headdress is the principal feature. It is a great stiff laundered accordion plaited sort of thing that can look very pretty and can be what the women's word "sloppy" means.

The Amatecas, both men and women, wear white cotton garments on which the embroidery is done in panels either down the front of the woman's skirt or on the tunic the men wear. There is a curious custom among them of lovers exchanging the twigs of certain trees in entire secrecy, except as each new twig is received it is carried to the father or mother or guardian of each of the two and assent is given to the continuance of the exchange till orange blossoms are reached; then it is time for the priest. This pretty method of courtship is dying out, as it is a relic of Indian customs and is discouraged by the priests.

In nearly all parts of the country the lover's process is the same. It is called "playing bear," and is of Spanish extraction. Of course, it is not necessary to play bear in those classes where the young folk are thrown together in the market, the field, the workroom and the highway, but even there a close watch is kept on the girls and conversation with their adorers is fragmentary.

The beginning of a courtship is usually the sight of each other on some public day, some "fiesta," or when driving in the Paseo. The lover-to-be beholds a face that causes his heart to tighten, then expand, and though she may have but glanced at him, if he does not know who she is he will follow and ascertain her abode. That night there will be twanging guitars without her window, and he may attempt to sing (few young Mexicans but have fair voices). The next day burning epistles of deathless love arrive, and possibly an elder member of the young man's family, and if their respective stations, fortunes and all other things are suitable the young people begin to see each other, with some third person ever present and between them, except in those fond moments when she stands at her window or balcony and her lover is without, but near enough that the slightest whisper of one can be heard by the other, and if the bars are wide lips may meet. So love is made until the wedding day, but sad to relate, when that day is not long passed the young wife takes her place in the household but little higher than the servants. But she has expected nothing else, and dutifully follows her husband to the door each day and kisses his hand as he extends it.

## INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.

**Public School Boys Display Much Enthusiasm Over Proposed New League.**

The public school boys are in high glee over the announcement that the High School of Commerce would bring about a [public school athletic association. Arrangements have been made with the management of South Field for the use of the grounds for the various sports to be indulged in. In a letter to THE SUN Charles O'Connor of Public School 60 says:

"I have noticed with delight the article in reference to the association as proposed by the High School of Commerce. It is indeed pleasing to know that some one has become interested in our behalf. There are some good athletes among the public-school boys and an association of that kind would cause more than the usual enthusiasm among the boys. We are barred from competing in any of the interscholastic games, owing to not being a private institute; but with our own association we could compete."

Dr. Crampton of the High School of Commerce said that it is the intention to hold a big set of indoor games for the public school boys in the fall. It will be a two-day meet, the first day for the trials and the second day for the finals.

Schoolboy athletes in Greater New York are awaiting with keen interest the outcome of the movement on foot to consolidate the New York and Long Island Interscholastic Athletic Association. Obstacles are being thrown in the way of the promoters of the scheme and from present indications the road toward consolidation will not be an even one. Those well versed in interscholastic sport say there is room for another association, as several schools have been barred, on account of the one-year rule, but that consolidation is out of the question. Not a few times recently James E. Sullivan has voiced his opinion on broadening school-boy athletics, and as it seems to be out of the question to bring about the organization of the National Interscholastic Athletic Association of the United States it is thought that by consolidating the two present organizations the scope would be sufficiently broadened.

It was officially announced last Wednesday that The Bronx School Interscholastic Athletic Association had disbanded. This was expected for a long time, inasmuch as lack of interest in the various pastimes has caused the association to go into a big debt. At a meeting held recently it was decided to tax each school $25, so as to meet the debt. There was a long protest over this, but finally the schools of the association gave in and the debt was paid. One by one the schools resigned and it was decided to disband the association. Most of the schools have become members of the new Westchester Interscholastic Athletic Association.

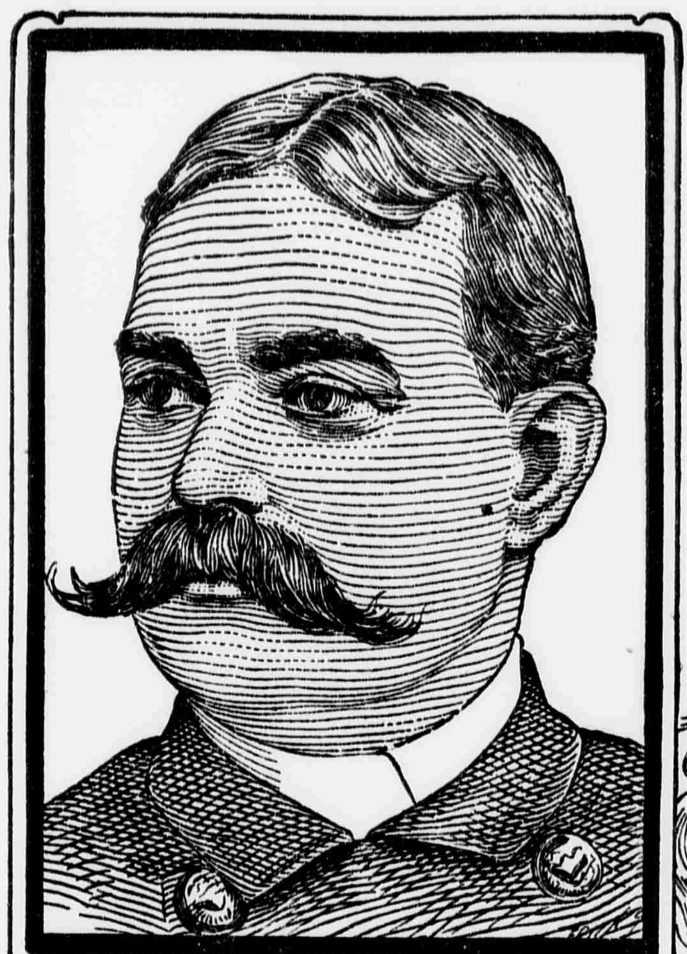
Rowing will be among the features of schoolboy sport next spring. A majority of the boys have become members of the rowing clubs along the Harlem River, and it is not at all unlikely that an interscholastic rowing association will be formed.

The Bradford School football squad had their first summer practice at Rockland county last Tuesday. The candidates, under the direction of Capt. Potter, did considerable work. The school has a clever punter in young Smith. The latter played left half back on the team last year, but, owing to McGinn graduating, he will likely fill the vacant place at full back. He has showed some wonderful kicking ability. Capt. Potter is very anxious to develop a good guard, to take the place of Chambers, who left school to enter business. Barker, who played sub-guard last year, is looked upon to get in fine shape for the place. He is 17 years of age and weighs 148 pounds.

The position at quarter back is causing Capt. Potter some concern. There seems to be no one to fill the position. Cook, who is trying for it, is rather slow in handling the ball. This was his trouble last year. The squad will indulge in practice twice a week for three weeks.


# A SANTIAGO HERO RECOMMENDS PE-RU-NA.

## Commodore Nicholson of Our Navy Recommends Pe-ru-na.—Other Prominent Men Testify.



LUCIEN YOUNG.

LUCIEN YOUNG, Commander of the U. S. Navy Gunboat "Hist," during the battle of Santiago, was specially mentioned by Admiral Sampson for his gallantry. He writes from Washington, D. C.:

***"The curative qualities of Peruna as a cure for catarrh have been fully established by the use of the same most successfully by many of my acquaintances, and I can recommend anyone so afflicted to try it."—Lucien Young.***

Commodore Somerville Nicholson of the United States navy, in a letter from 1837 R street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., says:

"Your Peruna has been and is now used by so many of my friends and acquaintances as a sure cure for catarrh that I am convinced of its curative qualities, and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all persons suffering from that complaint."—S. Nicholson.

The highest men in our nation have given Peruna a strong endorsement. Men of all classes and stations are equally represented.

**Catarrhal Nervousness.**

Mr. Charles Brown, Rogersville, Tenn., writes:

"I feel it my duty to write you a few words in praise of your Peruna. I have tried many different remedies, but have found that Peruna is the greatest tonic on earth and a perfect system builder.

"A friend advised me to take Peruna for indigestion, and it cured me in a short time. I was very weak and nervous, could not sleep but little at night, but Peruna cured that tired, all-gone feeling, and made me feel like a new man, so I heartily recommend it to all who are weak and run down. It will give new life and energy. I cannot speak too highly of Peruna, and will not forget to recommend it on every hand. I will answer any letter from those desiring to know what Peruna has done for me."—Charles Brown.

E. J. Turner, ex-Member of Congress from Kansas, office, Pacific building, Washington, D. C., writes:

"Your Peruna is a great medical composition and should command the gratitude of all persons suffering from catarrh or physical debility. It is certainly a cure or relief for both."—E. J. Turner.

Hon. James Rodney Young, East Montpelier, Vermont, says:

"I have used your Peruna and am happy to be able to say that I have found it to be what it is advertised to be—a great tonic. It conduces to health, promotes cheerfulness and happiness, brings refreshing sleep, good appetite, and is most beneficial as an all-around medicine and builder-up of the system. I do cheerfully recommend it to any who are in need of a general tonic, and first-class medicine." —James R. Young.

Colonel Benj. F. Hawkes of 611 G St., S. W., Washington, D. C., is one of the three living comrades of General Grant in his cadet days at West Point. In a recent letter this venerable gentleman says of Peruna:

"I have tried Peruna after having tried in vain other remedies for catarrh, and I can say without reservation that I never felt a symptom of relief until I had given Peruna the simple trial that advocates advise. I do not believe it has a superior either as a remedy for catarrh or as a tonic for the depressing and exhausted condition which is one of the effects of the disease."—Benj. F. Hawkes.

J. C. Hervus Pelletier, Dept. de l'Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"The Peruna is particularly efficacious in the case of catarrhal affections of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and it is in consequence the remedy most appreciated here in Ottawa. Six bottles cured me this winter of bronchitis. I am completely restored and I owe thanks to the Peruna. I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble, and they have verified my good opinion of this valuable remedy." —J. C. Hervus Pelletier.

**Nervous Debility.**

Everyone who is in the least degree subject to nervousness, sleeplessness, prostration, mental fatigue or nervous debility in any form, finds the hot weather of June, July and August very hard to bear, if not dangerous.

The only safe course to take is to keep the blood pure, digestion good, and sleep regular. No remedy equals, in all respects, Peruna for these purposes. If the system is run down and weakened by catarrh, Peruna renovates and rejuvenates the nerves and brain.

A book on the catarrhal diseases of summer will be mailed to any address upon request by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

***The above testimonials are only specimens of the many thousand letters received touching the merits of Peruna as a catarrhal tonic. No more useful remedy to tone up the system has ever been devised by the medical profession.***


# WAY OPEN TO RESUMING WORK

## THAT'S THE EFFECT OF THE JOINT BUILDING CONFERENCE.

**Plan of Arbitration Adopted Little Different From That the Employers Proposed—Unions Expected to Ratify It This Week—Then Work Will Begin.**

All the unions of skilled mechanics in the building trades have arranged for special meetings early this week to vote on the arbitration agreement accepted by representatives of the majority of these unions at Friday night's conference with the employers' association. So will the unions of the unskilled trades. In the reconstructed plan of arbitration the unskilled trades will occupy a position subordinate to the skilled trades, though the latter will take care of the other labor interests as far as possible.

It was 3 o'clock yesterday morning when the conference finally adjourned. President Grimes of the Plasterers' Union made a strong plea on behalf of the Plasterers' Laborers' Union which is on strike and is being supplanted by the newly organized Italian Plasterers' Laborers' Union, which is an incorporated body and has made an agreement with the Master Plasterers' Association to work for $3 a day with only straight wages for overtime.

The plasterers' laborers, who were receiving $3.25 a day, made a demand before May 1 for $3.50 a day and double wages for overtime. They gained their demands, but would not sign an agreement, their intention being, according to the employers, to be in a position to demand still higher wages. The employers refused to make any advance unless an agreement for a year was signed, and the laborers then went on strike. Then the Italian Plasterers' Laborers' Union was organized and agreed on a scale of $3 a day. On this the strikers withdrew all demands and offered to go back at the old rates of $3.25 a day. Then the employers told them that the wages were $3 and that they ought to join the new union and reapply for work.

Grimes appealed for the $3.25 a day for the strikers, though his union had no direct interest in the matter. He was outvoted and all he gained was the resolution printed in yesterday's SUN, guaranteeing that the wages now paid in unskilled trades shall not be reduced nor the hours of work increased from the date of the general acceptance of the arbitration agreement.

It was agreed on both sides yesterday that had it not been for the action of the Civic Federation's Conciliation Committee employers and employees were little likely to have come together.

Among the unions not represented directly or indirectly at the conference the strongest is that of the Housesmiths, the organization controlled by Sam Parks. Just now this union is not in as strong a position as it was some time ago. The iron work on the subway will soon be finished, the new East River bridge is nearly completed and iron workers are being laid off on other large contracts. Under these circumstances, even if Parks objects to the arbitration agreement his union may adopt the plan.

It is understood that as soon as any union accepts the agreement under its union seal, work for that union will be resumed till the whole building trade is busy again. Opposition on the part of the unskilled trades may delay matters for a while, but many of the strikers are in hard straits, and most of them will be glad of any excuse to return to work.

Edward A. Moffett of the Civic Federation, who represented the bricklayers unofficially at the conference, said yesterday that this question was asked of the employers on behalf of the employees:

"If a general contractor, owner or architect sublets a part of his work to a union employer and a part to a non-union employer, will the union or unions involved have the right to strike?"

The answer, he says, was in the affirmative. The presumption would be that such a course on the part of the general contractor, owner or architect would be a violation of the arbitration agreement.

Representatives of both sides said yesterday that within a week good progress should be made toward resuming work. It was also admitted that the arbitration plan adopted differs very slightly from the original plan of the employers.

## DISCORD IN A NEGRO UNION.

**Charges of Forgery Against a Leader of New Orleans Longshoremen.**

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 4.—The quarrel among the members of the Longshoremen's Union, composed of negroes, grows more acute. On Thursday a petition was filed in the District Court signed by a number of the longshoremen, asking for the appointment of a receiver for the organization, the officers of which have charged been with general mismanagement, robbery and even murder. To-day Lieut. Lafayette Thorp, alias "Easy Money," alias "Long Green," who took a leading part in the suit to have the receiver appointed, was arrested on the charge of A. J. Ellis, a negro union member, as being dangerous and suspicious.

The officers of the union announce that they will have twenty charges of forgery made against Thorp by Monday. Among other charges Thorp is accused of having collected a large sum from business men in New Orleans to buy up the negro labor leaders in the recent levee troubles. On him when arrested were found a list of these labor leaders, with various sums set against their names. All of them deny that they received a cent from Thorp and say that their signatures are forgeries.

Thorp said he was the head of the Colored Laboring Men's Alliance, which is denounced by the union men as a fake and without any existence whatever. It is also charged that money was given to Thorp by the ship agents to break up the longshoremen's union.

Thorp was a Lieutenant in the Ninth United States Volunteer Regiment during the Spanish war and chaplain of the regiment. He says that the Colored Men's Laboring Alliance, of which he is president, is a genuine concern, but has not yet been chartered, and denies that he is the agent of the steamship companies to break up the negro union.

## DELEGATES MUST DISROBE.

**C. F. U. Hears That Some Are Wearing Non-Union Garments.**

An investigating committee has been appointed by the miscellaneous section of the Central Federated Union to inspect the garments of delegates to the meeting of the section in the University Settlement Building on Tuesday night to see if any of them are wearing articles without the union label. The committee was appointed on account of complaints that delegates had been wearing non-union hats.

The committee is empowered, if it sees fit to do so, to inspect boots, socks and every other article of clothing and to call for the assistance of the sergeant-at-arms if the subject proves refractory. The committee will, however, examine only hats, coats and waistcoats and take the word of the delegates as to the rest of the clothing except in case of delegates who act suspiciously.

Those found "with the goods on" will be disciplined by their respective unions.


# DR. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE

## CURES AND PREVENTS MALARIA

It is a well-known fact that malaria always exists in many localities. You are always liable to catch it. In those districts Shake No More should be always kept on hand and taken two or three times a day. You will minimize the risk of an attack, and perhaps prevent a long illness, loss of time and money. A bottle costs only 50 cents at your druggist's.



## PERSONALS.

**A NOTED DETECTIVE** of renowned reputation for ferreting out matters seemingly impossible. **Unquestionable references. Consultation absolutely free and confidential.** Write or call. CHARLES TALMER 122 West 34th St. 'Phone 6349-38th St. Cut out this advt.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD by the most famous clairvoyant and astrologer; he gives truthful advice in business, trouble, love and marriage; what he tells comes true. Send dime and birthday to Prof. J. MYERS, 61, 544 North Clark st., Chicago.

DO you wish to correspond or marry? If so, address, confidentially, NATIONAL ALLIANCE, 47 Houseman Blk., Grand Rapids, Mich.; describe yourself; private list sent for 10 cents.

MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, COCAINE habit; myself cured; will inform you of harmless, permanent home cure. Mrs. BALDWIN, box 1212, Chicago.


## DIED.

ACTON.—At Saybrook, Conn., Saturday, July 4 Sarah Elizabeth Kelsey, widow of Thomas O. Acton, in the 80th year of her age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late home at Saybrook on Tuesday, July 7, at 2:30 P. M. Train leaves Grand Central Station, New Haven road, at 10:02 A. M., returning from Saybrook at 4:10 P. M.

BRAINERD.—On July 3, George B. Brainerd of New York city.
Burial private.

DANA.—At 6 East 9th st., Eunice Macdaniel, widow of Charles Anderson Dana, in the 80th year of her age.
The funeral will be at St. Paul's Church, Glen Cove, L. I., on Sunday, July 5, at 3:30 P. M. A special car will be attached to the train leaving Long Island City at 2:00 P. M. (Ferryboat leaves East 34th st. at 1:50.)

GILDERSLEEVE.—At Newark, N. J., on Friday, July 3, 1903, William H. Gildersleeve, in his 74th year.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, 316 High st., on Monday, July 6, at 10:30 A. M. Interment Greenwood Cemetery.

HOPPER.—On July 4, Sarah Cornelia, daughter of Maria Colfax Ward and the late Dr. Henry A. Hopper.
Funeral private. Interment at Hackensack, N. J.

HOCHSTADTER.—At Elberon, N. J., on Saturday, July 4, after a short illness, Albert F. Hochstadter, beloved husband of Emma G. Hochstadter, in the 57th year of his age.
Notice of funeral hereafter. Philadelphia papers please copy.

JOHNSTON.—At Narragansett Pier, on July 3, Harriet Lane Johnston, daughter of the late Elliott Tole Lane and widow of Henry Elliott Johnston.
Services at the residence of Josiah Lee Johnston, 113 West Franklin st., West Baltimore, Md., on Monday morning. Interment private.

TAFF.—At Millington, N. J., on Friday, July 3, Wilhelmina Nishwitz Taff.
Services will be held at the house, Tuesday, July 7, on arrival of train leaving New York, D., L. & W. R. R., at 12 o'clock. Interment private.

WIGHT.—Suddenly, at Morristown, Alma Tefft, widow of W. P. Wight, in the 39th year of her age.
Funeral will be held Monday morning, July 6, at 10:30, from the house of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Slayback, 44 East 61st st., New York city. Colorado papers please copy.