

DEEP TUNNEL DOWN BROADWAY

WHY NOT HAVE ONE FROM 43D STREET TO SOUTH FERRY?

Experienced Engineers Say There's No Reason—And There Would Be No Ditch—The Pennsylvania Railroad Tunnel Across Town Not to Disturb Streets

While the Interborough company officials are talking of the impracticability of deep tunnels for transit lines in New York the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is almost ready to publish the specifications for bids for such a tunnel, on which it is to spend \$3,000,000.

Crossing the island of Manhattan under Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets, the Pennsylvania tunnel is to be bored in such a manner that it will not be necessary to disturb the pavement of these streets or to interfere with traffic thereon. In fact, the property owners along the way will not know from surface indications that the work is going on.

The whole tunnel, as is well known, will run from the Jersey shore to Long Island. The difficult part of the construction will be under the rivers, where the engineers will have to drive a way through soft soil.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S EXPERIENCES

In planning its tunnel, the Pennsylvania Railroad created an engineering commission, which has studied the general plan and brought it down to details. In doing this, the New York subway building the Rapid Transit Commission has put its faith and its powers in William Barclay Parsons, an engineer still quite young, and at the time of his appointment without experience of a nature which would suggest him for the place.

Under Contract II, for the subway in lower Broadway and a tunnel to Brooklyn, Engineer Parsons is armed with the authority to grant or withhold from the contractor many privileges. It is left with Mr. Parsons to determine what constitutes keeping the street open for ordinary travel and when and where the contractor may deviate from that obligation.

With the Interborough people, Mr. Parsons stands against the deep tunnel construction, and has pooh-poohed the proposals of the merchants of upper Broadway against an open ditch, declaring that they are tilting at windmills.

In propounding the impracticability of deep tunnels Engineer Parsons sets himself against the eminent engineers who planned the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel and on whose judgment the railroad company is investing \$50,000,000. The head engineer of the impracticable deep tunnel for the Pennsylvania is Alfred Noble, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, a member of the board of survey of the United States Dept. of War, and a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

THINGS FOR MR. PARSONS TO LOOK UP. By resolution of the Rapid Transit Commission on Tuesday Engineer Parsons was directed to make careful inquiry and report without delay as to every new method of tunnel building, which in the future might offer advantages over the well-known engineering method that will tend to obviate the evils complained of in the subway work thus far.

By adopting such a plan the Rapid Transit Commission could solve the question of construction now so agitating business interests between Forty-second street and Union Square and augment the existing and the planned underground system by a trunk line to carry the traffic of the city down this much-travelled four miles of Broadway. It would not interfere with the existing Broadway from Ann street to Bowling Green, which is to be a narrow surface subway only twenty-four feet under the pavement. It would run beneath the sidewalks.

Connections could be made at Forty-second street with the subway system, at Thirty-fourth street with the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel, and at South Ferry with the Brooklyn tunnel, which Andrew Underdonk has begun.

To get below the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway the deep tunnel would have to carry its rails probably 100 feet under the street surface. Grades may easily be changed there by the pneumatic bit.

An engineer who has been employed by the largest railroad interests in America in planning transportation problems of the city said last night:

"I don't believe you'll find an engineer of any standing who will question the feasibility of building a deep tunnel down Broadway from Forty-second street to South Ferry. It wouldn't disturb a stone in Broadway. I am very sure that it would dig out any more than a curving of the open water and gas mains and the underground trolley system interrupted during the work. It might cost less, and probably would be a great deal better than the tunnel to be bored at the lower end of the island. Tunneling through rock has come to be one of the simplest things in engineering."

"I can only be said against the tunnel down Broadway that passengers would have a long lift to the street surface. With the

elevator developed to the speed and capacity that is shown in our office buildings of to-day that ought not to be a serious part of the question.

"If the tunnel should have to leave solid rock for sand down it could be driven in two tubes, as the Pennsylvania tunnels are to cross under the North River. Like the proposed Pennsylvania tunnel, it could be made water-tight. Drainage experts could take care of the question of sea water when the tunnel got down the island and the tides made no concern in the evidence."

NOT A VERY DIFFICULT WORK. A member of a great engineering construction firm, which has just closed a big contract with a railroad for a plan of improvement, said last night:

"The engineers in charge of the Pennsylvania Railroad's big tunnel system regard the construction of a deep tunnel across Manhattan as the easiest part of their work. I believe that Mr. Parsons is an able young man. He ought to know how to build such a tunnel down Broadway. Of course, I should say that the cost would be no more than for a subway built after the style followed thus far."

"The Chicago telephone tunnels, large enough almost to hold the tubes of the street car line, are but 24 feet below the street surface, yet they have been built without breaking the pavements or interfering with traffic on the surface."

FUTURE NEEDS. Engineer Parsons said not long ago that with all the projected transit systems in New York completed and the lines in operation the growth of the city would in twenty-five years leave the accommodations, as inadequate as they are to-day and in need of new subway or tunnel systems must be provided.

A trunk-line deep tunnel from Forty-second street, the heart of Manhattan Island, to South Ferry to carry the great bulk of people whose business or pleasure takes them through that territory daily would seem to be a needed part of the transportation system. It would remove the question of building a street branch through Broadway by a system obnoxious to the public at large as well as to the more directly interested men of business. So it would be a trunk line, not a branch line, and would be a subway branch from Forty-second street to South Ferry, its cost would be no more than that of a ditch.

Engineer Parsons this week says that the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels under the East and North rivers, the original Hudson River tunnel, and the subway tunnel under the East River, are the first of the first magnitude in soft ground tunneling, and their equals in difficulty of construction and boldness of design are not to be found in any tunnel work elsewhere in progress."

With engineering talent in America fit to undertake such great works, is the construction of a deep tunnel, such as the long under Broadway impracticable? That is a question which the Rapid Transit Commission may address to Engineer Parsons when it draws up its final report. It recites that "experience has demonstrated that the construction of the underground subway in New York has presented great difficulties to many of the property owners and others doing business along its route."

CONSTRUCTIONS NOW IN LOWER BROADWAY. Work was begun yesterday morning on the extension of the subway between Ann street and Bowling Green to connect with the tunnel to Brooklyn. The DeLeon-McLean Contracting Company, which had one of the largest sections under the subway contract, is doing the work for Contractor John B. McDonald.

The contractor is to use the "airless" system, which was employed in Boston. He will work from two shafts sunk in the sidewalk—one at Trinity Church and one at St. Paul's. The shafts will be connected by a structure which was erected yesterday in front of St. Paul's Chapel. When completed this structure will cover Broadway like a shed. The supports, which are made of heavy iron I-beam girders, will be twenty-six feet of head room over the trolley tracks. A six foot passageway will be left in front of the shafts, and a somewhat larger one in front of the Park National Bank, on the other side of the street.

When the shed is up the roof will be used as a dump for the material which will bring the excavated material up from the shaft. The dirt will be put into carts by a chute from this platform.

Two openings in the sidewalk will be made at this place, each 6x20 feet. They will be boarded in.

An engineer of the DeLeon-McLean Company expressed the fear yesterday that a third shaft would be needed between Trinity and St. Paul's, in which case it would be put down in the neighborhood of Liberty street.

The material used in the construction of the tunnel will also be taken in through these shafts. The contractor wants to work, but must be boarded over and restored for traffic by 8 o'clock in the morning.

SEVENTH AVENUE ADVOCATES

Some of the Broadway merchants who fear a subway or tunnel will not be built without interference with the street are taking the stand that Seventh Avenue should be made the route. Among these are Edward Hatch, Jr., of Lord & Taylor; Vincent McGibbon & Co., and the Continental Hotel.

George Taylor of Aitken, Son & Co. said yesterday that his firm, the last to sign the preliminary contract for the subway, is opposed to a tunnel in Broadway. "We are opposed to any construction there," said Mr. Taylor. "The signature of the firm was withheld until the other ordered Kennedy to make a protest not only against ditching Broadway, but against roofing, drifting in from the side streets or any other method of tunneling."

DRUGGED TO WED, SHE SAYS. Miss Blumenthal, who May Mrs. Kennedy, Disclaims the Marriage. Rosin Kennedy, whose maiden name was Rosie Blumenthal, told Magistrate Barlow in the Yorkville police court yesterday that she thought she had been drugged last Tuesday night when she was married to Herbert C. Kennedy, who was in court on a charge of disorderly conduct by a sort of socialist formula invented by himself. Kate had remained under his might spell for about two years, and had then yielded to the fascinations of Overman, who had only one eye and was the ugliest man she or anybody else had ever beheld. In the library of Kate's house there were two Italian daggers with blades ten inches long, which were rather curiously used for paper knives. Her pastor handed one of these to his friend, put the blow over the fire, and switched off the electric light. There is a picture of the duel, showing the blow in the foreground. Gordon had told Kate just what he was going to do with Overman. He made her feel of his muscle. "He drew his right arm up until its muscles stood a huge, twisted knot, fairly bursting through his sleeve, seized her hand roughly and held it with iron violence on his arm. 'It's worth your while to take note of that,' he said. 'It's made out of threads of steel—that muscle. Few men are my equal in strength. I am talking to you in the insolence of physical strength that proclaims me a king—say you, like you, but none the less a king.' She tried to draw her hand away. 'Be still,' he growled. 'I feel throbbing in my veins to-day the blood of a thousand savage ancestors, who made love to their women with a club and dragged them to their caves by the hair,' and so forth."

He was a dreadful man in the preliminary. He told Overman also what he was going to do with him. "I'll pull down on me into hell as I go one Wall Street banker! That was one of the things that was to be done with Overman. With more particularity: 'I am going to disarm you, bend your bulge's body across my knee by an act of which I am master, close your jaw with this fist on your throat, and break your back into a million pieces.' He was laughing and begged him to close his own jaw and proceed. After some urging he

generously terminated the oral part of the duel and put on the blow and switched off the electric light, as we have said. The duel from this point was a dreadful thing. We do not find that there were any important omissions. The outline tread, the heavy breathing, the collisions with the furniture—nothing essential was left out. "With catlike tread they began to move around the room on the velvet carpet. They made the circuit twice, and found they were following each other. They both stopped, apparently at the same moment, absorbed, and again made the round in a circle without meeting, now and then stumbling against a piece of furniture."

We do not believe that the literature of duels affords a more effective use of the blow. Now again the velvet carpet. "Over and over on the velvet carpet, dimly lighted now from the glowing coals, they rolled, growling, snarling, cursing in low, half-articulate gasps, thrusting the steel into flesh and bone, nerve and vein and artery. Gordon suddenly plunged his dagger with crash! Overman's shoulder, snatched at it, and broke it smooth at the hilt. Throwing his opponent to one side by a quick movement, he sprang to his feet, and as Overman rose, fastened his enormous hairy left hand on his throat and closed it with the clutch of a bear. His enemy writhed and plunged the steel twice to the hilt in Gordon's breast before his big right hand found the knife and wrenched it from his grasp."

NEW BOOKS.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon's Latest.

We made our first pencil mark at page 47 of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s story, "The One Woman" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). We find here a rather striking example of repair-work. The young pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Fourth Avenue is having a heart-to-heart talk with his head deacon in the latter's office in Wall Street. The deacon is the president of the Stock Exchange. He is a born New Yorker, a little man with shining shoe-button eyes and an important manner. He has been invited to express a frank opinion of his pastor and is doing it. We have to quote from this particular interview only two of his considerable number of remarks and his young pastor's replies to the same. His young pastor is a giant from Indiana with large and hairy and blue-veined hands. Says the deacon, whose eyes have made marks at page 47: "You look dignify out of the pulpit." Says the young pastor: "The most dignified man I ever saw was a dead man—a dead New Yorker." Says the deacon: "You have departed from the faith of our fathers." Says the young pastor: "Perhaps—if you mean our famous fathers who landed first on their knees and then on the aboriginals."

We knew at page 47 that we were in for a strong intellectual treat. At page 79 we find the deacon and his young pastor again in combat. It is a joy to have tickets of admission. It is at a meeting of the board of trustees. The young pastor wants a new church, a temple of vast proportions, to shine with the glory of the morning and pierce with unexampled daring the unknown recesses of the remotest skies. Strangely, the deacon gets angry at this splendid and reasonable proposition. Says he: "You can pray till you're blue in the face and you will never get money enough to buy a lot on Fifth Avenue big enough to bury yourself, to say nothing of rearing a Solomon's Temple on it. This board is tired of the circus business. You have transformed the church already into a menagerie. We don't want any more of your Soup House Sarahs, Hallelujah Johns nor decorative bills testifying here to the power of miracles, while we wonder whether our overcoats will be on the rack when we recover from the spell of their eloquence. It's a big world, there's room for us all, but there's not room for any more new wrinkles in this church."

The president of the Stock Exchange was severe, but the young pastor was ready for him. "Yes," said he, "it is a big world, Deacon, but there are some small potatoes in it. There's hope for a fool, he may be turned from his folly, but God Almighty can't put a gallon into a pint cup. The deacon must have been quite upset. The story says that he snorted. He managed to say: 'Well see who the small potato is before the day is done.' The young pastor shook carelessly his fair and copious locks and continued with a meditative air: "Of all the little things on this earth a little New Yorker is the smallest. I've met ignorance in the South, sullen pigheadedness in New England; I've measured the boundless cheek of the West, my native heath; but for self-satisfied stupidity, for littleness in the world of morals, I have seen nothing on earth, or under it, in the New York subway, perhaps, quite so small as a well-to-do New Yorker. He has little brains or culture, and only the rudiments of common sense, but, being from New York, he assumes everything. Of God's big world, outside Wall street, Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Central Park and Coney Island, he knows nothing; for he neither reads nor travels, and yet pronounces instant judgment on world movements of human thought and society."

Deacon Van Meter put on his hat and went away. The board took a thousand dollars of the young pastor's salary and added it to the music fund.

The Rev. Frank Gordon, our young pastor, "was a man of powerful physique, wide chest and broad shoulders, a tall athlete, 6 feet 4, with ringing mouth, hair blond and waving, steel gray eyes, a strong aquiline nose and frank serious face. * * * His accents quivered with emotion that swept the heart. Emotional thinking was his trait. He could thrill his crowd with a sudden burst of eloquence, but he loved to use the deep, vibrant subtone of his voice so charged with feeling that he melted the people into tears."

Kate Ransom, the Gramercy Park millionairess, faded away when she began preaching. He was a married man with two children, and he had no business to do a picnic with Kate Ransom alone, but he did go, and in the course of the picnic he found him saying to her: "Sitting here in the woods by your side on this glorious summer day, your eyes looked so blue in the creamy satin of your face I suddenly thought I smelled the violets with which God mixed their colors. Beauty is an attribute of the dirt in a township. For its own sake, make whoever I find it in, in pearl or dew, dewdrop or flower, the stars, or a woman's face or form or eyes." It says that Kate loved her head, and for the life of us we cannot blame her.

There was a duel about Kate later on. It was fought with daggers in a darkened room in Kate's house in Gramercy Park, between our young pastor and his friend, Overman, the banker. Our pastor had divorced his wife and married Kate by a sort of socialist formula invented by himself. Kate had remained under his might spell for about two years, and had then yielded to the fascinations of Overman, who had only one eye and was the ugliest man she or anybody else had ever beheld. In the library of Kate's house there were two Italian daggers with blades ten inches long, which were rather curiously used for paper knives. Her pastor handed one of these to his friend, put the blow over the fire, and switched off the electric light. There is a picture of the duel, showing the blow in the foreground. Gordon had told Kate just what he was going to do with Overman. He made her feel of his muscle. "He drew his right arm up until its muscles stood a huge, twisted knot, fairly bursting through his sleeve, seized her hand roughly and held it with iron violence on his arm. 'It's worth your while to take note of that,' he said. 'It's made out of threads of steel—that muscle. Few men are my equal in strength. I am talking to you in the insolence of physical strength that proclaims me a king—say you, like you, but none the less a king.' She tried to draw her hand away. 'Be still,' he growled. 'I feel throbbing in my veins to-day the blood of a thousand savage ancestors, who made love to their women with a club and dragged them to their caves by the hair,' and so forth."

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Here we must pause to recall the letter of Miss Fanny Squers describing Nicholas Nickleby's assault upon her mother, the lady who administered the brimstone and molasses to the young inhabitants of Dotheboys Hall. It will be remembered that Miss Fanny in that letter declared that Nicholas had driven Mrs. Squers's backcomb several inches into her head and that the family had the doctor's certificate that if it had gone a few inches further it would have penetrated her skull. Mrs. Squers, who survived, was a hardy woman, but she was more remarkable than Gordon. Our hero went on with his stated work, in no way deterred by the circumstance that a ten-inch dagger had been twice plunged to the hilt in his massive breast. We read: "Then slowly, inch by inch, he bent the banker's body over his knee, driving his great fingers into his throat, until the spinal column snapped with a dull crack." The illustration shows us the duel at this consummate point. The ten-inch dagger lies on the velvet carpet. The blow appears in the foreground.

Thus did our pastor break his enemy's back as he had promised, "inch by inch." It was in Kate Ransom's house, as we have said, that the dreadful incident took place; not in the Players' Club, which is also in Gramercy Park, of course, but at another number.

When the young minister had finished off his victim he strangled Kate for a few minutes with her own hair—not fatally, as you may be sure, for she was a tough-stomached in a roaring snowstorm to his first wife's residence on Morningside Heights, five miles away, where he asked to be forgiven. The first Mrs. Gordon received him with thankfulness and joy, nursed him angelically and tried to keep him from the police; but he was apprehended and tried and convicted and sentenced, and was in the death chair at Sing Sing with a steel spike upon his forehead and the executioner standing with his hand upon the electric switch waiting for the handkerchief to drop when the Governor dashed in from Albany on a special locomotive and handed him a pardon.

This, by the way, is a favorite use of the Governor in fiction. From a number of novels that we bear joyously in memory we have a vision of him forever storming down from the capital on the humane business of being selected and valuable felons from the Sing Sing lightning. A busy man in the field of mercy, according to the novelists, and we wonder how he has time for anything else.

The last chapter of Mr. Dixon's great story is entitled "The Kiss of the Bride." As soon as the Governor had recovered Gordon from the Sing Sing chair of doom he had him married over again to his second wife, in the first part of the novel Ruth Gordon is jealous and rather wearing, but in the last part she is a lovely soul. Said the Governor to Gordon, speaking of Ruth, as the pair stood up before him: "In the presence of a love so pure, so divine as this, which halows your life, I uncover my head. I am on holy ground—I am in the presence of the living God." Said Ruth softly to the Governor, after the ceremony had been performed: "It is your right to kiss me, and I wish to be kissed. Say the story. 'He kneed' and reverently touched her forehead. * * * In the mansion on the hill at Albany the Governor sat that night in his magnificent room alone until the dawn of day, holding in his hand an old battered tintype picture of a laughing girl standing beside a poor young lawyer."

"Languages may be simplified, perhaps, but certainly not by the British system of leaving out the difficulties. That is the fault of 'Hugo's Spanish Simplified' (Doubleday & Sons). Irregular verbs are a bitter fact that cannot be ignored and nobody can get far into Spanish without knowing them, yet most of them are omitted in this system, and the author seems to have no knowledge of the simple phonetic changes by which many of them may be classified. The pronunciation, too, is given inaccurately, notably that of the letter 'd.' Shortness and cheapness cannot compensate for such defects."

PUBLICATIONS.

"A History of the Peninsula War. Vol. II." Charles Oman. (Henry Frowde.)

"The Man in the Velvet Cloak." Carlen Balfour. (The Sealed Publishing Company.)

"The Middle Course." Mrs. Putnam Balfour. (The Sealed Publishing Company.)

"Solar Electric Distribution and Sanitation." Alexander Young. (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

"Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII." Translated by H. Henry. (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia.)

"Prophesies About the Papacy." Herbert Thurston. (The Messenger, New York.)

"The History of Certain Labor in the Hawaiian Islands." Katharine Cowan. (Macmillan.)

"Flora of the Southern United States." John Runkel. (Small, Ph.D., curator of the New York Botanical Garden manuscript, published by the author, New York.)

"Submarine Navigation Past and Present." 2 vols. (Small, Ph.D., curator of the New York Botanical Garden manuscript, published by the author, New York.)

"Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497." Julia Cartwright. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"E. F. and H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis." The Baker & Taylor Co.

"Limonaire, the Island of Progress." Godfrey Saxon. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Man from Ochre Point." Katharine M. Abbott. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D. will preach at 10:30 A. M. on Sunday. STRANGERS ARE cordially INVITED.

Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal told a delegation of Brooklynites who called on him yesterday, to demand that he insist on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company improving its facilities at the Manhattan end of the Bridge, that he was powerless in the matter.

Benjamin F. Blair of Bay Ridge, who headed the delegation, asked the Commissioner to revoke the privilege of the company to run its cars across the Bridge unless conditions were immediately bettered. Mr. Lindenthal replied that he had not the power to do this. He added that he had made many suggestions which might relieve the congestion at the Bridge entrance, but they had not been adopted. Only a few days ago, according to Mr. Lindenthal, the plan suggested by Neils Poolson for separating incoming and outgoing passengers at the Bridge entrance was rejected by the company. Mr. Lindenthal said he thought this plan might vastly improve existing conditions.

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MONSIEUR

Ochre Point, N. J., and he had been abroad. But he returned with the satisfied feeling that "N'York lays over anything in Europe." He spent two rainy days in Paris, but did not go out. He stayed in his room and read "Smiles and Grins," which was sent to him by a friend. He said it was great.

One More German Grammar. Prof. Marion D. Learned of the University of Pennsylvania apologetically tries to distinguish his "A New German Grammar" (Appleton) from the swarm of other German grammars. We hardly think that he is successful and see no need for apologies. Any competent German scholar such as Prof. Learned is has the right to publish a German grammar if he chooses to, and if he can find a publisher. In this case a book of the kind was needed for the "Twentieth Century Series." There is much that is good in the book and some things that might be improved. Phonetics is all very well in its way, but it has no place in elementary instruction. A grammar is hardly intended for the use of the instructor, and most teachers of American youth are thankful if they can get it at sounds approximating the foreign sounds without worrying whether it is "high-back-round-narrow" or "mid-front-wide." There is a superabundance of this in Prof. Learned's book, while, on the other hand, we have been unable to detect any satisfactory directions for the sentence order. There are very elaborate lists of German prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions; with the constructions that follow them, after the example of other grammars. We have often wondered as to the use of these lists and what they were for. The information contained in them belongs to the dictionary and is usually sought there. On the other hand, the lists that would be useful, the English prepositions and conjunctions, with their foreign equivalents, are always left out. Prof. Learned's conversations are "modern" and might be improved in quality as regards both the German and the English.

Other Books. The eleventh volume of the excellent