Helps to Find Things Lost.

More Tales of the Feats of Binghamton's Clairvoyant.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The recent publication in THE SUN of a story about the faculty of a Binghamton clairvoyant for telling her clients where and how to recover articles which had been lost or stolen has resulted in interesting the Society for Psychical Research in the case. Perhaps now an investigation of the woman's powers will be made which will reach an authoritative conclusion. The secretary of the American branch of the society has been in correspondence with Binghamton in regard to the article printed in THE SUN and will probably correspond with the persons who were concerned in the cases there reported.

The Society for Psychical Research is not alone in its interest in the woman with the queer powers. THE SUN story was copied widely over the country and many persons have written to Mayor Smith and other Binghamtonians seeking further information. The Mayor has not seemed willing to help to spread a reputation of that sort for Binghamton, and he has replied that it must have been another case of superheated imagination. If he had made slight inquiry however, he would have found plenty of corroboration.

The strange things which this woman has been telling different Binghamtonians are matter of common gossip throughout the town. And, in fact, since the Mayor's replies to his questioners were made, the woman has given a more remarkable evidence of her peculiar ability than any heretofore. The writer has the story directly from one of the persons concerned, and there can be no doubt whatever as to its authenticity.

A short time ago the wife of one of the United States Commissioners of this district was visiting friends in one of the Connecticut villages where many New Yorkers make their summer homes. It happened that at dinner one evening, when there were several guests present, she told some of the stories about the clairvoyant which are well known in Binghamton.

The stories provoked the usual discussion about the nearness of that ungrasped sixth sense which so many persons believe would account for such powers. There apparently ended. About ten days ago, however, there came a letter to the wife of the Commissioner from a woman who had been present at that dinner and had heard the stories about the clairvoyant.

She wrote that she had been driving about the outskirts of the town a few days before, and had lost from her carriage her sealskin coat. The most careful search had failed to recover it, and she had recalled the talk about the success of the Binghamton clairvoyant in such cases. Would the Commissioner's wife be good enough to consult the clairvoyant on her behalf and see what the result would be?

The Commissioner's wife is neither sceptical nor credulous. Without faith or prejudice she determined to try the clairvoyant. She told one of her intimate friends about it and asked that lady to accompany her. The friend agreed.

In order not to give the slightest intimation to the clairvoyant what might be in the nature of an identification, the friend telephoned to the house of the clairvoyant asking simply:

"When can you give me an appointment?"

The hour was set, and at that time the two ladies were there.

When they went into the clairvoyant's house they found her husband in his shirt sleeves bustling about the place and apparently busy with the morning housework. They had agreed that lest some clue as to their identity or business might be dropped, which might in some way be of service to the clairvoyant, they would have no conversation while in the house except upon the most general subjects.

While they were waiting for the clairvoyant, they picked up from a table in the room a copy of a well known fashion paper and confined their talk to the fashions. Presently the clairvoyant came in. One of the women asked if they might both be present during the interview.

"No," replied the clairvoyant. "There would be too many personalities and it would be confusing. It would be impossible to obtain good results."

Thereupon the Commissioner's wife began to explain something of her business.

"I want to tell you," she said, "that——"

"Don't tell me anything," replied the clairvoyant. "That is what I am here for. I either tell you what you want to know or I fail."

So the Commissioner's wife did not say, as she intended to, that she was there on behalf of another person. She and the clairvoyant went to the upstairs room which serves as an office. There the clairvoyant placed five small slips of paper on a table and left the room, telling her client to write her questions, one on each slip.

The Commissioner's wife had only one question to ask. She wrote it in the simplest way. "Will Mrs. Jones recover her cape, and how?" Then she laid the paper, writing down, on the table.

The clairvoyant returned and crumpled the paper up in her fingers, without seeing the writing, though for that matter it could not have been of any assistance to her if she had read the question. She put the wadded paper into her back hair, sat down and took hold of the Commissioner's wife by the wrist. She closed her eyes and the trance began. Presently the clairvoyant began to talk, in the short, jerky sentences which she customarily employs on such occasions.

"This is very difficult," she said. "It is far away. It is not your personality. There is some one else. I see a garment—a cape. It is of fur—a very short fur—and shiny. There is a carriage. Your friend is riding in the carriage and has the cape with her. They come to a stream, and cross a bridge. The cape is lost. It slips out of the carriage by the bridge. It is found by a farmer. Tell your friend to advertise its loss and it will be recovered if she offers a sufficient reward."

That was all. The clairvoyant asked if there were more questions, but the object of the consultation had been accomplished and the two ladies came away.

"Very shrewd," said the friend of the Commissioner's wife, as they talked it over. It will be recovered if she offers a 'sufficient' reward. She must know the Connecticut farmer."

On reaching home the Commissioner's wife wrote to her Connecticut friend recounting her interview with the clairvoyant. Before the letter had time to reach its destination she received one from her friend saying that the coat had been recovered. She had advertised the offer of a reward and it had been returned by a farmer who had found it at a bridge which she then remembered having crossed on the day when she was driving.

There is a nut for the Society for Psychical Research. Here is another.

There lives in this town a gentleman whose prominence in State politics has made him well known throughout the country. He came home from the civil war with the rank of Colonel. He has a daughter who numbers among her possessions a small, jewelled pin, which she values particularly because of its associations.

A few days ago the daughter was going to New York, and on the morning on which she was to start could not find this pin. She telephoned the clairvoyant, and after considerable urging got an immediate appointment, on the promise that it would not take more than ten minutes. The question she asked was: "Where is my pin?"

The clairvoyant began by describing the girl's room with a fidelity that was startling, including as it did draperies and decorations. As to the pin, the clairvoyant said the girl should not be worried at all. It was not lost; it was clinging to something, she could not see exactly what, but it would be found, and at a time when the owner least expected it. The Colonel's daughter went to New York as she had planned, and when unpacking her trunk at her hotel found the pin clinging to a gown which she had not worn for some time.

Now how could the clairvoyant have known about it? She had certainly never been in the girl's room, and it is extremely unlikely that any one had had described it to her. But even if she does make a practice of acquiring such details about persons who may become her clients, how did she know where the pin was?

Of course the woman does not always hit the mark in such spectacular fashion. Her success seems to have been very largely on such things as lost or stolen articles. When she essays to tell fortunes she makes some ridiculously bad guesses.

A teacher in a private school here had bought some United States Steel stock, then suffering from a severe decline. She was uncertain whether to carry it further or let it go. So she consulteddt the clairvoyant. Her question was, "What will Steel do." The clairvoyant pondered a while and then remarked

"I know you have had a hard life with him, but he will reform."

In some senses that was particularly apt, but not exactly as the clairvoyant meant it.

Another girl who consulted the clairvoyant not long ago wrote her brother's name on the slip of paper, and was amused, but not surprised, to receive the information that he would be true to her, the clairvoyant evidently thinking that she was asking about a lover.

Such things as these are, of course, simply rubbish, but the argument of the interesting Binghamtonian is that if you have lost something you prize you might do worse than see what the stars, or whatever else this clairvoyant consults, say.

POOR PAY IN CONGRESS.

Very Few of the Members Can Get Along on Their Salaries.

From the Boston Transcript.

While there is no disposition to pass a bill raising the salaries of Congressmen, it is growing more apparent each year that the existing stipend is wholly inadequate, and that few men without private fortunes will consent to remain in public life. With every Congress not a few useful men quietly drop out on this account. A New England representative used to say facetiously that there were two classes of men, speaking from the financial point of view, who should come to Congress: Those who were so rich that no amount of appeal for money could affect them adversely, and those so poor that the worst hanger on would not waste his time in hunting them up. As this member said he belonged to neither class Congress was no place for him.

"I have reached a conclusion as to how much it costs a man to be in Congress, even on the most economical basis," remarked a Representative of moderate means to-day in discussing this subject. "Whatever it is costing a man to live at home, it will cost him that amount to live here, plus $5,000—the Congressional salary. I pay at a hotel here $240 a month for accommodations for my wife and myself, which is $4 a day per capita, with no reduction for absences from the city.

"A Congressman must live at a hotel. The moment he buys a house it gets telegraphed to his district that he thinks he has a life claim on his seat, and the chances are that the caucuses will go against him the next time. A Senator, elected for six years, may sometimes build a house, but even with them the experiment has not always proved safe. I abhor hotel life, but feel that for political reasons I must submit to it.

"A man must also allow 20 per cent. of his salary, at the least calculation, for subscription to political and charitable enterprises in his district, good, bad and indifferent. I think few persons will take exception to my formula that the man at home who wants to come to Congress must bring his present living expenses with him, in addition to what Uncle Sam purposes to pay him."

There was a time twenty years or more ago when by common consent this was not the case. A Congressman could live in reasonable comfort on his salary. But standards of entertainment are constantly rising here as elsewhere, and few men can afford wholly to omit social obligations. The "striker" for aid has become recognized as a distinct type of Congressional parasite, but one which cannot wholly be ignored.

A rich Pennsylvania Representative, and the tendency is now strong in that State to send only rich men to Congress, was accosted by a well dressed man in the lobby to-day, who began to tell a plain tale of travel, but he had not gone through two sentences before the discerning Keystone statesman interrupted: "What, are you strapped?"

"That, Mr. ——, is just what I was getting around to say," and with another mouthful of explanation and apology occupied the time while the M. C. was drawing a five-dollar bill from his pocket. Not infrequently a professional striker comes to town who sees every man in the delegation of the State, often netting a substantial sum in this way.

Lake Michigan's Sea Lions.

From the Inter Ocean.

Lincoln Park's fugitive sea lion attempted to board the tug Mentor yesterday two miles off South Chicago. Startled by the sudden appearance of the lion's head over the rail, Charles Kimball, fireman on the tug, who was standing in the door of the fireroom, fell seven feet into the stokehold, suffering severe bruises about the head and shoulders. The sea lion stuck its flippers over the tug rail and hung on for a few seconds before it dropped back into the lake.

The missing animal escaped from Lincoln Park several days ago, and no trace of it was found until it followed the steamer W. H. Gilbert into South Chicago harbor yesterday. The sea lion just escaped is the second of the Lincoln Park herd to reach Lake Michigan. The other got away seven years ago. It was last seen from the tug Morford near Milwaukee, a year a

NEW AMERICANS GIVE THANKS.

ONE CUSTOM THAT IMMIGRANTS ARE QUICK TO ADOPT.

Italians and Slavs May Slight the Fourth of July, but Not Thanksgiving Day—It is a Holiday That Means Much to Them—Celebration in Foreign Quarters.

Go into the foreign quarter of any American city and ask an Italian or a Slav, or any other immigrant, whether he celebrates the Fourth of July, and he is likely to shrug his shoulders as he professes ignorance of the day, or answers:

"No: it's nothing to me."

Ask him if he grows enthusiastic over Memorial Day and you will find that it leaves him cold. But just mention Thanksgiving Day and his face will light up at once.

"Yes," he will tell you, "we eat our Thanksgiving dinner like any other Americans, and go to church and give thanks and have a good time with the youngsters in the evening. Thanksgiving Day means a lot to us, for we have much to be thankful for."

The immigrants catch the spirit of Thanksgiving Day more quickly than that of any other American institution. The new Americans show this by their deeds and words, and the story of an immigrant who caught the spirit the first day he landed is typical, even if in the majority of cases it is not imparted so quickly.

On a bleak November morning an old Roumanian Hebrew landed in New York from Ellis Island with his wife and three children. The harbor was wrapped in a mantle of fog, which hid from their eyes the promise of the Statue of Liberty, and the streets of the city were swept by a drizzling rain.

It was a depressing scene. The old man's spirits sank and the bustle and hustle of the Americans frightened him after his quiet life in a Roumanian village. But his eldest son, who had preceded his father to America and who had sent the money to bring the family over, met him at the pier with a warm welcome.

"Come right along, father," he cried. "We shall have to hurry to get home in time for dinner."

And he rushed the old man and the children into a trolley car and took them over to the East Side with all possible speed.

When they entered the house, cold, tired, wet and hungry, an inspiring scene met their eyes. A roaring fire blazed in the grate, the American flag was draped above the mantel, and a good, old fashioned Thanksgiving feast was spread out upon the table.

The turkey was there in all its glory, browned to a turn and stuffed to the bursting point with chestnut flavored dressing. Big glass dishes full of cranberry sauce and celery flanked it at each corner, and two bottles of claret stood sentinel at either end of the table.

Vegetable dishes, cakes, sauces and gravy bowls filled up the vacant spaces on the board, while on a side table the pumpkin pie held sway, surrounded by a court of jellies, blanc-manges and tarts.

The old man stared in amazement. All his life long, in his Roumanian village, he had been used to black bread, potatoes and turnips, with meat as a rare treat three or four times a year. Here was a feast that might have been spread by the lord in his castle.

What was the meaning of it? What had happened to his son that he feasted thus? It was no feast day of his faith.

The son laughed at his father's surprise.

"Sit down, father," he said. "You must be hungry, and this is a day when nobody is supposed to go hungry in America. It is Thanksgiving Day.

"Every man who, by the sweat of his brow, has earned a Thanksgiving dinner for himself and his family is in duty bound to eat and drink and be merry and give thanks for the blessings he enjoys in this rich land of freedom."

"Verily," responded the old man, "you have much to be thankful for when you can spread such a feast as this, which is only enjoyed by the richest of the people in the land of our birth."

And he and all his family feasted and made merry and rejoiced that they had come to a land where such things were possible.

The old man who told this story is now in a position to spread his own Thanksgiving table, which he never fails to do with enthusiasm each recurring year. His experience is that of the majority of immigrants, who share his approval of the great American festival.

Even those dyed in the wool Americans whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower will not celebrate Thanksgiving Day more loyally and heartily than the thousands of newly made Americans who swarm in the foreign quarters of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg and other great cities. There is no more striking proof of the assimilation of the immigrant into the American Commonwealth than the rapidity with which he catches the spirit of this festival.

This is only natural, he says.

"Have we not cause to rejoice above all other Americans?" asked a rabbi on the East Side of New York, who came to the United States some years ago to escape the persecutions to which he was subjected in Russia. "In this country even the humblest and the poorest of us is entitled to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' The career is open to the talented.

"There is justice for all, and a chance to rise for every man who can take advantage of it. In the eyes of the average American we may seem poor and wretched; but we are all immeasurably better off than we were in the old lands from which we were driven by poverty and persecution.

"Truly, we ought to give thanks."

This is the feeling of nearly all the immigrants who come here. If you talk to Russians, Poles, Jews, Italians, Danes, Finns, Irishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Greeks and men of a score of other nationalities you will find that all of them understand and indorse the Thanksgiving idea.

Out of their earnings, oftentimes scanty enough, they save up money for weeks before with which to buy the turkey, and their womenfolk learn from their American neighbors how to make the indispensable cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pie. Among them there is many a Thanksgiving such as an Italian fruit vender with a fairly good business described.

"My first Thanksgiving," he said, "was spent five years ago. I had only landed six months before, and was struggling to make a living with a pushcart.

"I hadn't enough money to buy a turkey and make a great feast, but I saved a few nickels and dimes, week by week, so that my family could enjoy the festival like all good Americans.

"In the morning we went to mass, as most Italians do on Thanksgiving Day. I wanted to take out the pushcart after that, and try to do a little trade; but my wife said no. She insisted that we must have a real holiday for once, so we all went back to our house and played the old Italian games, as we used to play them in Naples when we were children.

"Then, in the evening, I took the wife and the bambino to a cheap restaurant, where we had turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, with a bottle of chianti for the wife and myself and a cigar for me afterward.

"I spent all my money, but I felt good next morning, because we had enjoyed Thanksgiving Day and done as all good Americans do."

In some cities where there are large foreign colonies of one nationality the new Americans' celebration of Thanksgiving Day sometimes takes on a foreign aspect, but it is none the less hearty on that account.

A colony of Scotsmen, for example, will meet together and hold their ancient Caledonian games, as they would on St. Andrew's Day, and wind up with a dinner at which the haggis, "great chieftain o' the puddin' race," follows the turkey in the place of pumpkin pie.

The children of the new Americans are largely responsible for their parents' entering into the spirit of the day. They go to the public schools and hear American youngsters talking eagerly about the fun they are going to have on Thanksgiving Day, and naturally they go home and tell their father all about it.

He turns it over in his mind, comes to the conclusion that he has a good deal to thank God and the American people for, and determines to have a feast of his own if it takes his last nickel.

"I had never thought much about it," said a hard headed Swede, "but one day little Henrik came home from school and asked me:

"'Father, what are we going to do on Thanksgiving Day? Is mother going to give us a turkey? Are we going to go out and enjoy ourselves? All the other boys are going to have great times.'

"I got mad.

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'There are too many holidays as it is. We've got holidays of our own, and we have nothing to do with all these American holidays.'

"But I happened to glance over at my wife, and I saw she looked wistful. Then I thought it over. After all, we had a lot to be thankful for.

"Over there in Sweden we never had a dollar to bless ourselves with from one year's end to the other. We never got any decent food—only potatoes, rye bread and bad fish. We could never get decent clothes, or educate the children as we liked to educate them.

"America has made a man of me, and given my children a good chance in life. Ought I not to join in the American thanksgiving as much as the next man?

"I looked over at my wife again and saw a question in her eyes.

"'All right, then,' I said. 'We'll do it for once. We'll have the time of our lives on Thanksgiving Day.' And so we did, and we've been doing so ever since when the day comes around."

There are, so far as can be found, only two communities of new Americans which do not enter heartily into the spirit of Thanksgiving Day. Those are the Chinese and the Syrians.

John Chinaman is not much of an American anyway, new or old, and he counts that day lost whose low descending sun does not witness strenuous toil in his laundry or chop suey restaurant. As for the Syrians, their excuse was given by one of the leading merchants of their race in New York.

"It is true," he said, "that the Syrians do not yet celebrate Thanksgiving Day as a people, though a few individuals may do so. You must remember that most of them are very poor and ignorant.

"They have not been in this country long, and they know little about America or American institutions. Many of them, too, being helpless peddlers, are shaken down by police grafters in various cities; and so they do not realize the real excellence of American law and the American system of government.

"But it will come in time. Already they are beginning to understand, in some cases, what the day means; and the children are being educated in the schools.

"In a few years the Syrians will rejoice on Thanksgiving Day as much as anybody. They already value American citizenship; and all of them become naturalized at the earliest possible moment."

At present most of the Syrians, Armenians and Greek Catholics in America celebrate their own national and religious festivals rather than those of the people among whom they have started a new life. But this is a habit that wears itself out rapidly, and their priests encourage them to become Americanized.

"I teach them," said a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church, "to come to church in the morning to give thanks to God, in the true American way, and then to go and enjoy themselves for the rest of the day as the custom of the country appoints. I tell them it is their duty to become good Americans and give thanks for the benefits which they enjoy in this great and free country."

NOISES HARD TO ACCOUNT FOR.

Mysterious Sounds Heard at Seneca Lake and Other Places.

Noises that no one could account for were heard last summer in Seneca Lake, in Central New York. Some newspapers attempted to explain them as the result of explosions of inflammable gas.

In reply to inquiries from the *Monthly Weather Review*, published in Washington, William A. Prosser of Dresden, N. Y., has written to the magazine that these lake guns, as they are called, are not the result of explosions, but are evidently caused by gas escaping from the sand at the bottom of the lake.

He says that a heavy wind during several hours drives the water from the extreme end of Long Point so that the water is very shallow for several rods out. When the swell is not heavy, the gas is seen rising in bubbles, usually making very little noise, but the larger eructations evidently produce the lake guns.

The *Weather Review* suggests that similar phenomena, such as the mistpouffers, on the coast of Holland, and the Barisal guns in the Ganges delta, may also have their origin in the escape of bubbles of gas. The latter noises have long been regarded as among the strangest of phenomena in the line of explosive noises.

They have been heard for many years over half the large area of the Ganges delta and for lack of a better name have been known as the Barisal guns, so called from Barisal, the chief town of the district to which they are mostly confined.

The sounds resemble the explosion of bombs or the thunder of heavy guns. They occur at quite regular intervals and are heard along 100 miles of the coast and up the many branches of the delta from fifty to 100 miles inland. The low lying swampy coast region is thinly inhabited and, strange to say, no one ever seems to be at the place where the noises originate.

The Asiatic Society has been prolific of theories as to the cause of these phenomena, but none of them has been supported by evidence entitling it to much weight. The theory advanced by the *Weather Review* is probably as plausible as any.

Mysterious noises, here and there, are by no means uncommon. Noises that have never been explained were heard in South Carolina for weeks after the Charleston earthquake. Strange rumblings heard in North Carolina and Pennsylvania are often preliminary to landslides among the mountains.

Mysterious sounds are heard from time to time at Franklinville, N. Y., and a series of them occurring at intervals of about five minutes was described in 1897 by Dr. J. W. Kales, who said they closely resembled the sounds produced by coarse black powder used in blasting rocks. It is supposed that these sounds are due to breaking of the strata of underlying rocks.

For many years past sounds resembling distant cannon firing have apparently originated on or near the top of Rabun Bald Mountain, one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge in northern Gerogia. Two gentlemen who spent a night on the mountain heard the sounds, which they thought were caused by cannon firing in Walhalla, S. C.; but they soon decided that the sounds came from the ground and from a ridge to the southwest of the mountain.

The entire region is of gneiss; no disturbance of the earth seems to have occurred there for many years, and the cause of the sounds is still a mystery

HELPS TARS AND SOLDIERS.

HOW THE Y. M. C. A. MAKES THINGS COMFORTABLE FOR THE BOYS.

Lodges Them, Saves Their Money, Gives Them Books to Read in Lonely Stations—Its Agents' Hardships Furthest North — Its First Canteen Opened.

A new Y. M. C. A. building will be dedicated on Dec. 9 just outside the main sallyport at Fort Monroe, the most important artillery post in the United States Army. This will be the second building to be erected for the army and navy department of the Y. M. C. A. by Miss Helen Gould.

When the first big naval Y. M. C. A., at 167 Sands street, Brooklyn, was dedicated a year and a half ago there were those who said it was too big in some ways. For instance, there were 200 bedrooms. Never, said that those who thought they knew the sailors, would 200 sailors want to put up in a Y. M. C. A. building on a single night.

In one evening last September 1,094 applied at the Brooklyn branch for sleeping accommodations, and about 300 more entered the building for the purpose, but, hearing that the beds were all gone, made no application at the desk. If one should go through the halls and corridors almost any midnight he would find the floors covered with air mattresses, each with a sailor asleep on it. When the 200 rooms are full, air mattresses are inflated and spread on the floor; and the men prefer them to the accommodations they get elsewhere for the same money.

In the last year more than $105,000 has been deposited at this branch for safekeeping or investment by seamen of the United States Navy, the sums running from $5 to $1,000. Admiral Higginson has said that when the fleet returned from Santiago the first liberty party that went ashore at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, carried $80,000 in its pockets, half of which, he estimated, was wasted.

The secretary of the Brooklyn branch can tell a triple romance in connection with money deposits. Three sailors were ordered to the China station for two years. They were friends and comrades in love as well as war. Before they sailed they went to the secretary, confided to him that at the end of the two years they wished to accept their discharges, come home, get married and settle down. To aid in this plan they had picked out three likely looking pieces of property in South Brooklyn which came within their means.

They arranged with the secretary to receive their salaries monthly, to keep up payments on the property, attend to all business in connection with it and have their homes ready for them when they got back from the two years cruise. The payments are going on now, and the secretary will probably have three wedding invitations in a bunch some day.

There are 500 lockers in the Brooklyn branch. The keys are scattered all over the earth, but inside the lockers are keepsakes and old letters, clothes and valuables belonging to sailors who had no other place to leave them.

The Fort Monroe building is much smaller than Miss Gould's first gift, but it caters to every need of the men just as completely. There was no need for restaurant, roof garden and sleeping rooms, but the classrooms, baths, gymnasium, library, bowling alley, auditorium and parlors are equally adapted to their end, which is to furnish an adequate clubhouse for the 800 enlisted men at Fort Monroe.

These 10,000 books had 60,000 different readings last year, and there has never been a time when the organization could not have kept 500 boxes in circulation.

A third class of reading matter is sent out in the shape of packages of ten or fifteen books, mostly novels, in twenty-five-cent cloth bindings. A parcel of these is put on a gunboat or given to a small detachment of soldiers, and the men are told to pass them on when they are done with them. Their return is not asked for, and, to use an old naval officer's expression, they are "read to rags."

President McKinley issued his call for volunteers for the Spanish war on a Friday. On the following Monday the International committee of the Young Men's Christian Association met here and decided to send a man South to see how the association could best serve the men. That was the beginning of the Army and Navy Association work, which is now organized in Alaska, the Philippines, China, Porto Rico and at many posts in America.

It followed the troops throughout the war; "hiked" in the Philippines with them, went to China with them, and has now made its work permanent. Its "furthest north" station is at Fort Egbert, Alaska, within the Arctic circle, and its furthest south is in the South Philippines. It is really the only organization in existence which looks after the social, mental and moral life of the 100,000 men of the army and navy.

Some of the incidents of the Alaska secretary's life last winter reached headquarters only the other day. They tell some of the things that may fall to the lot of an army and navy Y. M. C. A. secretary.

The secretary, W. A. Reid, narrowly escaped being crushed in the ice of the Yukon. His little boat was cut out, and then he started to "mush" back over the ice to Fort Gibbon. He started with dogs and 150 pounds of baggage. It began to storm and he had to break the trail ahead and then return and "mush" the dogs. He kept it up till dark, by which time he had lamed a knee and got both his feet wet.

This thing is most dreaded, as it means frozen feet. He left his dogs on the ice, with a supply of dog salmon, and made for the shore. When he got there he was too numb with cold to make a fire. He pushed on in search of shelter, half the time on his hands and knees. He found a deserted Indian cabin with some dry wood and a little Yukon stove. Here he managed to make a fire and save his feet from freezing.

He had no food and the next morning pushed on to an Indian village, which he reached at noon, finding that he had covered exactly eight miles. He was obliged to continue his journey, and the mercury fell to 40 and 50 degrees below, and finally to 60. The night it went out of sight he spent in a tent, sitting on a cake of ice next to a red hot Yukon stove, to which he turned his sides alternately, roasting one as the other slowly froze.

He had fallen in with a man who was "mushing" with a pair of mules. The mules were hungry, in spite of the fact that they were getting a cup and a half of cornmeal and all the cord wood they could eat every day. They could not take the mules into the tent with them, and in the pity of their hearts sacrificed two blankets to keep the creatures from freezing.

The mules appreciated the blankets thoroughly, for they ate them both. The travellers then decided to keep the rest of their bedding, as they might need blanket soup themselves. The next day they reached an Indian village and in spite of their half frozen and half starved condition were obliged to laugh, for the inhabitants had never seen mules before, and acted accordingly.

Mr. Reid tells a sorry tale of the desperate monotony and consequent intemperance of the men in the Alaska garrisons, buried in the wilderness in inactivity.

"If ever work was needed," he wrote, "it is among these men, cut off from the world. Particularly, in Fort Egbert, Fort Gibbon, Fort St. Michaels and Fort Davis, and at ten telegraph stations between these posts, the men have absolutely no reading matter. They are even cut off from all human fellowship during the greater part of the year, and beg me to send them something to read. The libraries could be relayed from station to station by dog team."

Uncle Sam's soldiers used 4,000,000 pieces of Y. M. C. A. stationery last year, a fact for which more mothers and wives will probably thank the association than for anything else. An army chaplain in the Philippines once said that he would rather know that a man had been writing home than that he had been to church.

The newest thing to be done under the auspices of the army branch was to run a sutler's business in connection with the Ohio State encampment of the Ohio National Guard last summer. They undertook the plan at the request of Major-Gen. Charles Dick and Surgeon-Gen. E. C. Brush. They sold everything usually sold at sutler's stands except beer and intoxicants, and made a specialty of good "soft" drinks.

Reports showed that the encampment had never known so little sickness before. Gen. Dick wrote: "Your service not only aided in promoting the health of the boys, but encouraged their sobriety by reason of your sale of refreshing and unadulterated drinks. The experiment was so successful that it has set a new standard for the State encampments."

TWO SOCKFULS OF MONEY.

A Tale of How the Up-State Stranger Bought the Sunday School Library.

"Do not let any one lead you astray about the man who comes to the city from the country," said a veteran hotel clerk in answer to a question about gold bricks and other such bait.

"I have been looking for a hayseed guest for some time, but he hasn't materialized. The other night three of our front roomers wanted to amuse themselves for a while and asked me if I could furnish them with a guest who would sit in. I pointed out an arrival whom I knew and introduced him.

"He said he rarely indulged, and as he was here for the purpose of purchasing a Sunday school library for his wife's church he didn't know whether it was quite the thing for him even to play a bit for fun. However, he finally yielded, and when I saw him get into the elevator I felt no twinge of conscience. I had the dog watch, and a little later I picked up my evening reading.

"About 4 o'clock in the morning two of the guests came to the office and asked me what time the cashier would be around. I told them not before 8. They asked for the keys of their respective rooms and went aloft. About an hour after, my country guest came up to the counter and laid down a pair of socks that were pretty well loaded and asked me to put 'em in the safe. Then he threw down the key of the room in which he had been spending the evening and called for his own. I asked him where the occupant of the room, the key of which he had thrown down, was.

"'He's up there, all right,' was the reply.

"'Why did you bring down his key?' I asked.

"'He won't need it until the stores open,' was the answer. 'When he rings in the morning you send a boy up and he'll tell him what he wants.'

"I did not question my rural guest any further, but gave him his key and he ambled away.

"I don't want you to go away from here and draw on your imagination about the outcome of this incident when you can get the facts. You can find out that a certain Sunday school up the State has a new library. It is just the same as if it had been donated. It was paid for out of the two sockfuls of money which were left here in this safe. And if you are interested in the guest who was locked up in his room, I may say to you that he didn't leave it until he was measured for a new suit.

"If you ask me what he did with the suit he had when he invited the stranger to set in, you wouldn't understand me if I explained it. Was it a skin game? you ask. Well, it was the next thing to it, so far as the man who was locked in his room was concerned. He was a good stayer, though; I'll say that for him. But it would require a red flag and a pound of dynamite to open his jaws about the quiet little time he had with the stranger who sat in just to make up the party."

MONEY IN THE SCRAP HEAP.

An Economy Introduced by the Railroads Which Saves Thousands a Year.

Many thousands of dollars are saved to the railroad companies each year by detailing men to look after and care for their scrap, the pieces of iron and steel that fall off moving cars, that come from abandoned machinery or from broken pieces of equipment.

Almost all of the big transportation companies in the United States maintain what they call scrap departments. At two or three points on the road, generally where there are any construction or extensive repair shops, this scrap is gathered from all parts of the system.

One of the duties of the track walkers and repair gangs is to pick up and throw in little heaps along the track all bits of iron and steel that may be found along the right of way or that may be left whenever any piece of work is completed. At irregular intervals a scrap train is sent over the road for the purpose of gathering up these odds and ends. They are taken to the gathering point and there carefully sorted.

Some ingenious mechanics have devised machinery to separate and handle these scraps. After being run through a sort of hopper that divides the small and the large from the other different sizes, men are put to work to pick out from the various heaps what may again be utilized. Bolts, nuts, bars, couplings and the like, which may be used again, are laid aside, later to be turned again or worked over for further use. The refuse, amounting to thousands of pounds, is shipped to some iron works that has a contract with the company for using all this waste iron and steel.

This plan of systematically caring for the waste iron of railroads is of recent origin. It is one really of slow growth. Of course, pieces of iron and steel, waste material or the refuse of shops or wrecks have been taken care of for years, but only in a desultory and haphazard way. It has remained for modern management, which is directed eternally to discovering little, new economies of operation, to unearth this novel idea of saving money.

MYSTERY OF BLANK BALLOTS.

About 3,000 of Them Cast at Each Election in Greater New York.

At the recent election 2,100 citizens of New York county and 1,200 voters in the other counties of the Greater New York cast blank ballots. There are usually about 3,000 blank ballots cast.

It may seem peculiar that several thousand citizens each year should take the trouble to appear at the places of registry to answer the questions necessary for the enrollment of their names, to attend the polling place on election day and all for the apparent purpose of casting a blank vote, counting for neither party nor for any candidate, when precisely the same result could be attained by remaining away from the polls for registration or voting.

A blank ballot, as defined by the election code, is one which contains no mark or indication whatever of the purpose or intention of the voter. It is a ballot which is returned to the election inspectors in precisely the same condition as it was given to the voter.

Why do 2,000 or 3,000 persons each year in New York go through the unnecessary formality of voting blank ballots? It is one of the questions which no one has been able to answer, though there are some explanations of it which are at least reasonable.

There are some illiterate men who are timid about revealing their illiteracy, and they avoid the risk of doing so by voting blank. Then there are citizens unconcerned in the outcome of an election who are induced to register and to vote. They do vote, but their indifference to the result is revealed in a blank ballot.

There are, again, those who become rattled in the polling place and find escape from their perplexity by returning the ballot given them folded but unmarked to the inspectors.

Three thousand blank votes in a total of 600,000 is ½ of 1 per cent. of the whole vote cast.

"Buy China and Glass Right"

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA. RICH CUT GLASS.

THIS SALE

has this year been so successful that we have decided to continue it up to the very day of the annual feast, so that for

THREE DAYS MORE

the great opportunity of buying China and Glass for the table at the Higgins & Seiter Thanksgiving Sale prices is yours. New goods bought this week are included in the list noted below. Although half is not told or even mentioned, it is not too late to buy a present for Thanksgiving at the great reduction.

GOLD GLASS. A large importer has just received too late to be accepted by his customer, a large shipment of this celebrated cut and gold glass. It was offered to us at less than cost of importation, and for quick sale we will turn over the entire line at prices averaging

about 50 cents on the dollar. This is the pattern where the design is first cut in the glass and then filled in with gold. A few prices given at random must suffice for the entire lot. Particularly useful as well as ornamental for the Thanksgiving table.

Comport or nappy, 5 inch size..... $1.20
" " " 9 " 4.30

Intermediate sizes at corresponding prices.

Comport on foot, 6-inch size..... $1.80
Other sizes at corresponding prices.

Bon-bon, tall, very handsome $3.00

Comport footed, tall, 8-inch..... 5.40
Other sizes at corresponding prices.

Rose bowl, 4-inch..... $1.80
Larger sizes in proportion.

RAMEKINS AND PLATES. Out of hundreds of varieties we have arranged two assorted lots. From one lot you select those pleasing you most at.....$3.00 per dozen
Another lot, richer decoration; more gold, very handsome, specially priced at $5.00 doz

BOUILLON CUP AND SAUCER. A special lot of bouillon cups and saucers, with small rosebud decorations and gold, specially priced at.....$5.00 per dozen
Hundreds of others at correspondingly low prices.

CUT GLASS VASE. For the special decoration of the Thanksgiving table we make a special inducement of a handsome cut 10-inch vase $3.00

WATER TUMBLERS. Extremely well cut strawberry, diamond and fan water tumblers, at.....$4.50 per dozen

CUT GLASS JUG. One of the greatest bargains ever offered is a very richly

and deeply cut Tankard Jug, 3-pint size, special prior to Thanksgiving.....$6.75

MAYONNAISE OR WHIPPED CREAM DISH. A useful as well as decorative piece of glass for any Thanksgiving table. Special price for two pieces.....$5.00

OIL OR VINEGAR CRUET. Heavy, full cut, strawberry, diamond and fan cut vinegar or oil cruet.....$1.50 each

FLOWER CENTRE. Heavy, rich, deep cutting, cut neck, cut bottom. Especially

adapted for roses, 7-in. $9.75; 8-in. $12.75; 9-in. $16.50; 10-in. $19.50; 12-in. $30.00

DINNER WARE. Here is an opportunity of purchasing dinner ware for the Thanksgiving table at prices which cannot be maintained very long. We direct your most careful attention to a magnificent English Wedgwood dinner service in white and gold border pattern, with rococo scroll and flowers. Reduced specially at this time from $168.70 to $119.50

Your attention is also asked to a Limoges china dinner set with rose border decoration, specially reduced at this time from $46.50 to $26.00

OLD BRITTANY PLATES. A special lot of old Brittany plates at.....$5c each

DRESDEN CHINA. A very full and complete line of Dresden decorated china in odd and fancy pieces. Fruit dishes, covered cheese dishes, comports, cake dishes, bonbons, plates, etc., all selling at our usual

"¼ less than elsewhere."

LAMPS. The business that we are doing in our Lamp Department encourages us to again call it to your attention. We have here exclusive lamps, shades, etc., that we would like you to see. Some lamps sell as low as $5.00. From this price upward.

WEST 21ST & WEST 22D STS., NEAR SIXTH AVE.