AUTHORS OF "BREAD WINNERS"

CHAS. F. ADAMS WON'T SAY THAT HE WROTE IT OR DIDN'T.

One Thing Certain. Is That the Magazine That Printed It Got It From the Hon. John Hay and Paid Him for It—Lawyer Adams Tells of an "Understanding."

A correspondent of THE SUN makes the interesting statement that it was not the Hon. John Hay, as popularly supposed, who wrote "The Bread Winners," but quite another person with whom Mr. Hay is not even acquainted. The real author of "The Bread Winners," says THE SUN's correspondent, is Charles Frederick Adams, a New York lawyer, who until recently was with the firm of Coudert Bros., 71 Broadway, but is now with the firm of Hinrichs & Hinrichs, 76 William street.

Mr. Adams was seen at the latter address yesterday afternoon and seemed rather in a flutter when the statement of THE SUN's correspondent was repeated to him and he was asked the direct question if the statement was true and if he, and not the Hon. John Hay, was the author of "The Bread Winners."

"Why, what has stirred that question up again at this late day?" he asked laughingly. "'The Bread Winners' came out a long time ago and I do not consider the book of sufficient importance to warrant keeping up the controversy as to its authorship so long."

"But, it being all an affair of so long ago and there being apparently no reason for secrecy, however that might have been twenty-three years since, when the book was published, have you any objection," Mr. Adams was asked, "to saying whether you did or did not write it?"

"I make no claims," replied Mr. Adams, laughing again and moving about in his chair. "I want it distinctly understood that I make no claims either one way or the other with reference to the authorship of the book."

"Has it not been said before THE SUN's correspondent brought up the subject that you wrote the book?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Adams, in a happy, gleeful sort of a way, "why, yes, my name has been connected with the book. I did not make any claims to having written it. I do not make any now. People have written to me a good many times asking me for copies of the book."

"People you did not know, strangers to you, wrote asking for copies of the book?"

"Acquaintances wrote and sometimes others."

"And did you send copies of the books in response to such requests, made presumably on the assumption that you were the author of the book?"

"Why, yes, I sometimes sent the book when the writers were so situated that they could not get copies. I believe some of my friends thought they saw in 'The Bread Winners' opinions or views expressed which they thought they identified with opinions and views which I have expressed in lectures and writings. Yet there are views in 'The Bread Winners' which I have not always expressed. But I never regarded the book as of much importance."

"Well," Mr. Adams was again asked, "will you say then, that you are not the author of it?"

"No," replied Mr. Adams beamingly, "I will not say that. In fact I will not say anything about it further than to repeat that I make no claims. I wish you would make that plain to THE SUN, that I make no claims.

"Do you know who is the author of 'The Bread Winners'?"

"Well," said Mr. Adams in a deprecating way, still beaming the while on his questioner, "well, I think I could come pretty near making a close guess. The fact is that some of my family, some of my relatives, have said things in connection with the authorship of 'The Bread Winners' that I have much regretted. I attribute much of the association of my name with the book to this fact. It has caused me some little annoyance!"

"Well, can you lift the veil," Mr. Adams was asked, "so far as to say whether John Hay did or did not write the book?"

"No," was the reply, "I do not feel at liberty to say anything about it. The fact is, I would not feel justified in saying anything in connection with the authorship of 'The Bread Winners' without conference with another person. There was a sort of understanding or agreement to that effect—at least I so regard it, and I would not feel justified in speaking until I had had a conference with the person in question. At present he is not accessible.

"Now there was another person besides Mr. Hay who was mentioned as the author of the book. He is, or was, a professor out in Buffalo or Cleveland, I believe. The book shows pretty intimate knowledge of those two cities. But the connection of my name with the work keeps coming up. And yet I have made no claims to its authorship. I have always said that I do not know whether I shall say anything about the authorship or not at some future time. I feel myself bound to say no more on the subject now than I have said."

"The Bread Winners" appeared first as a serial in the old *Scribner's*, now the *Century*, magazine in the fall of 1883. It was soon after published in book form by the Harpers, and had a great vogue, the mystery attached to the authorship undoubtedly adding something to the eagerness with which it was sought by the book-reading public. The Hon. John Hay in 1883 and for some years prior thereto, was living in Cleveland and was known to be engaged in a quiet way on other literary work than the Hay-Nicolay life of Abraham Lincoln, which, at the time "The Bread Winners" appeared, was nearing completion. While Mr. Hay neither admitted nor denied that he wrote the book, it was generally accepted by his friends in Cleveland as well as in New York that he was the author. Personally, Mr. Hay has always regarded his literary efforts very lightly, referring to things he has written only when the subject was forced upon him and then always in a semi-joking, deprecatory way.

This well known characteristic made his reticence with reference to "The Bread Winners" seem entirely natural with those who knew him well, and was taken as only another assurance that he was indeed the writer of the book. If he had not written it there was no doubt among his acquaintances that he would have said so very frankly after, perhaps, he had had a little innocent amusement for a reasonable time over the error.

A gentleman here in New York who has known Mr. Hay for many years and was indeed well acquainted with him long before "The Bread Winners," was published, said yesterday that he had not the remotest doubt that Mr. Hay wrote the book.

"Mind you," he said, "this is only an opinion. I have never had any assurance from Mr. Hay himself that he wrote it. I have talked about the book with him and he never admitted that he wrote "The Bread Winners," nor denied it.

"But there is to my mind intrinsic evidence in the book itself that Mr. Hay wrote it. In fact, I felt sure that he was the author when I first read it. He had certain peculiarities of style which it seemed to me that I infallibly recognized. He wrote a good many short stories at one time for *Harper's* and other magazines. Some of them were signed and some were not. He wrote a number of these stories while he was Secretary of Legation at Paris, when Mr. Bigelow was our Minister to France. He had a trick in all these stories where the scene was laid in foreign countries of almost invariably translating into English, the French, German or Italian names of streets. For instance, if he were writing about Paris he would say that a person went up the avenue of the Elysian Fields to a place near the Arch of the Star, never putting it down 'The Champs Elysées or the "Arc de l'Etoile." Now, this same trick appears several times in "The Bread Winners," and, combined with other earmarks plain enough to those familiar with Mr. Hay's style, was proof conclusive, to my mind at least, that Mr. Hay wrote the book."

Mr. Ellsworth of the Century Company said yesterday that he personally had no positive knowledge as to who wrote the book, although he was of the impression that the authorship was by common consent attributed to Mr. Hay.

"All I know about it," said he, "is that Mr. Hay transacted all the business in connection with the publication of the work when it appeared in our magazine. Our dealings were with Mr. Hay, and Mr. Hay alone, and to him all moneys were paid in connection with the publication. I do not know Mr. Adams and if Mr. Adams wrote the book I am somewhat at a loss to understand why Mr. Hay transacted the business for him in connection with the publication of the book when it appeared in our magazine in serial form. However, I do not venture any opinion on that branch of the subject. I confine my statement to that of which I have positive knowledge, and that is that we did business in connection with the publication with Mr. Hay, and nobody else."

Charles Frederick Adams, whose name THE SUN's correspondent connected with the authorship of the book, is a brother of the Rev. Henry Austin Adams, an Episcopal clergyman who adopted the Roman Catholic faith and disappeared in 1902, turning up the following year in New Zealand and returning to this country in July, 1903.

MURDER CRIES AROUSE STREET.

Police Called to Vacant House by a Tale of Crime—"Drunks," Said the Cops.

Loud cries of "murder" and "police," in a woman's voice, disturbed the early morning quiet of West Seventy-second street, near Amsterdam avenue, at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. A few minutes later the West Sixty-eighth street station was rung up by a person who gave his name as "Dr. Brown" and who said that murder was being committed at 242 West Seventy-second street. Patrolmen McKenna and Morris were sent around.

They found everything quiet. Number 242 is closed for the summer. The night watchman, who has the keys, went through that house, but found nothing. The neighbors poked their heads through second story windows and testified that the screams had come from the street and the voice sounded like that of a negress. A few thought that the sounds proceeded from 242, but were not sure that they hadn't dreamed it all.

"Drunks from Central Park," said McKenna, and he reported "no case" to Headquarters. There is no "Dr. Brown" to be found in West Seventy-second street.

GRIEVANCE GETS TO THE MAYOR.

It may have been one of the residents of this Seventy-second street block who went to the Mayor's office yesterday. It is not often that a man with a grievance gets past the two police sergeants who guard the entrance to the Mayor's private office. But this one beat them. He had such a look of prosperity that the sergeants believed him when he handed his card to them and said that the business he wanted to see the Mayor upon was important and personal. He was admitted. No sooner had the man been shown into Mr. McClellan's office than his quiet manner vanished. Rushing up to the Mayor he shouted:

"I want it stopped, sir; stopped at once."

"All right, I'll stop it if I can and if you'll tell me what you want stopped," the Mayor answered.

"Why, they cursed and swore in front of my house last night," the citizen went on, almost without waiting to take breath. "The ruffians assembled under my window and the way they carried on was—Why, what is this city coming to if a reputable citizen can't go to bed without the shouting and cursing of a lot of ruffians and——"

The Mayor's finger was already on the electric button. Secretary O'Brien responded. "Have what this gentleman complains of stopped, even if all the reserves in his district must be called out," the Mayor said to Mr. O'Brien. That satisfied the citizen, and he bustled out without even waiting to thank the Mayor.

"That's one of the things a Mayor has to put up with," Mr. McClellan remarked. "I suppose it never occurred to that man that he might have saved himself a lot of trouble by simply calling a policeman"

YACHT STRANGELY BLOWN UP.

Albert Uckel, the Owner, and Charles Johnson Supposed to Be Killed.

It was learned yesterday morning that the explosion which startled the residents of South Brooklyn and Bay Ridge on Tuesday night occurred on the auxiliary yacht Theo L., which was lying in Gowanus Bay about 600 feet off the foot of Thirty-fourth street. It is believed that the owner, Albert Uckel, and a companion named Charles Johnson were blown to pieces. Neither of them could be found yesterday. Boatmen who went out to investigate picked up a derby hat, a bloodstained shoe and a piece of flesh supposed to be part of the abdomen of one of the men.

The yacht was bought nine years ago by Uckel. A year ago he put in a fourteen horse-power engine, which was run by gasolene stored in two kitchen water boilers. The pipes leading from the boilers to the engine were of thin lead, which was easily damaged.

Uckel and Johnson had a lobster dinner in one of the fishing resorts near the Thirty-ninth street ferry on Tuesday night. About 11 o'clock they started for the yacht. They were seen to get into a rowboat and start. As near as can be learned, the men had ample time to reach the boat when those standing on shore saw a sheet of flame and heard an explosion. The concussion made the boats that were lying at anchor in the immediate vicinity rock and roll, and a watchman on one of the boats became so frightened that he jumped overboard and swam ashore.

The police were notified at once, and a call was sent to Mulberry Street headquarters for one of the police launches but as they were up at North Brother Island they could not be sent. The police put out in a row boat, but were unable to learn any more than that the boat had been blown up, had turned turtle and sunk. Pieces of the wreckage were picked up, but they did not give any clew to the name of the boat.

The police believe that Uckel and Johnson boarded the yacht and went into the room in which the gasolene was stored, and that some of it had leaked during their absence. They lighted a match, which caused the explosion.

Albert Uckel was 32 years old and lived at 4516 Third avenue. He was a rigger for the Anchor Steamship Company at its dock. Johnson, who was about the same age, was a storekeeper on the Anchor Steamship dock.

FOLLOWS "AL" ADAMS'S LEAD.

Martin Conlon, Similarly Sentenced to Sing Sing, Sues to Be Released.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., June 22.—Supreme Court Justice Garretson granted a writ of habeas corpus to-day for the production of Martin Conlon, a lawyer, who is serving time in Sing Sing, before Justice Keoghe at White Plains on Saturday next. It is alleged that he is detained illegally in prison. The writ was secured by Benjamin Franklin, counsel for Conlon, who raises the same point that has been brought out by Al Adams, the policy king, in the application for his discharge from prison. Conlon was convicted of grand larceny in New York county and sentenced on an indeterminate sentence, not to exceed eighteen months.

It is contended that the sentence is illegal because he will be discharged in the winter. It is also alleged that Conlon can not be resentenced because the court where he was arraigned has adjourned.

Suicide From the Rhode Island.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 22.—A man jumped from the Norwich Line steamer Rhode Island fifteen minutes after she had passed Stratford Shoals. The steamer was stopped and a small boat lowered. The boat's crew searched over all the vicinity for half an hour without success. The man was plainly dressed and was apparently about 70 years of age. The purser thinks his name was J. H. O'Connor, and that his ticket was from New York to New London. He was travelling alone.

SIMEON FORD BACK, IN GLOOM

MUTTON, MUTTON, HAS WRECKED ABOUT ALL BUT HIS MORALS.

Mutton Even Explains "Punch" to Him—A Land Where the Chambermaid Turns Your Socks Inside Out—Here Only Subway Explosions Do It for You.

Simeon Ford, who is the saddest looking man in New York and whose looks utterly fail to express his feelings, got home yesterday on the steamship Oceanic, wearing a green tie and a Panama hat and with a fierce appetite for something besides mutton. He has been in Scotland and England for the last six weeks following the fortunes of Travis, the golf champion, eating mutton three times a day and dodging golf balls and social functions.

When he got on to the White Star pier yesterday afternoon he was asked for an account of his trip.

"I don't think I have got a thing to say," he replied, "but let's go over there on the other side of the pier and lean against that case of imported lubricating oil, and it may start me to saying something that will instruct and perchance improve the American people."

"Something spontaneous, right off the griddle, like those after dinner speeches of yours," suggested the interviewers. The returned tourist smiled, and he looks saddest when he smiles.

"The dreaded moment has arrived," he said. "I knew that some where, some how, some when I would be surprised into a confession about that spontaneity of mine and those extemporaneous remarks. But I won't tell the whole truth, for it might incriminate me. I won't give the details showing how that spontaneity comes by the sweat of the brow and costs nights of preliminary anguish, and I won't tell how much of a handicap in days' notice I have over the other fellows in the extemporaneous business.

"But I have found out the secret of the sad and heartrending jokes in *Punch* and learned why it takes an Englishman so long to see a real joke. Its mutton, mutton three times a day. I've had six weeks of it, and I can't say a thing that is not so. How long do you think I'll have to be back before I'm in form again?

"All the way over I've been fighting the temptation to go right to my hotel as soon as the ship docked and strike English mutton chops off the bill of fare, but I won't do it. We tourists all owe something to those who can't go abroad. But one afternoon we had an entertainment on the ship and one little girl recited 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' and I left the saloon suddenly with my sweeping gesture hand on my stomach. That gave rise to the false report that I was seasick and not a real globe trotter. I'd be obliged to you all if you would explain just how that was.

"As a hotel man and an American citizen I want to repeat what everybody knows—that the best hotels in this country are a thousand times better than the hotels of corresponding reputation in England, but I also want to admit that the quiet, modest little hotels throughout Great Britain have much that is worth praising. If they didn't all run to mutton, if they would only invent some other kind of meat over there, even something predigested and a health food, just for a change, the small country hotels would be pretty nearly perfect. The service is much better than we can get our help to give here. Every afternoon the chambermaid puts the studs in your evening shirt and lays it out for you, and turns your openwork evening socks half inside out, all ready to slip on. Think of a chambermaid in New York doing that! The only time that a guest in a New York hotel gets his socks turned half inside out is when it is done by a subway explosion under his windows. Then it doesn't really help him for the same explosion will blow his studs through the roof, so that he has to stay in his room anyhow.

"That reminds me of the only blunder I made while I was abroad. I started out one day when Travis didn't have a game on to look at some of the picturesque ruins. Just think of a man who is in business on Forty-second street, Manhattan, going 3,000 miles to look at ruins. I did look at one or two old castles that the guide book said were the most completely ruined ruins in the British Isles, but they weren't in it with dear old Forty-second street; so I gave up sight seeing in disgust and went back to our little wayside mutton house. Just as soon as I can get by the customs officers I am going to hike for a restaurant and have a broiled live lobster and some American baked beans on the side, but that, of course, has nothing to do with my trip abroad.

"It's just as I said at the start; I haven't got anything to say. This oil that we are leaning against must be very sluggish. I simply went over to England to play golf, to see Travis win the championship and to give him the moral support of my presence. Just put that one thing in anyhow, will you—that moral support remark, get in 'moral' even if you have to out out my reminiscences and remarks on mutton.

"I didn't give King Edward an audience and I didn't see Ambassador Choate. I hope that my apparent neglect will not strain the friendly relations now existing between our country and England, for I didn't have time to attend any functions whatever. I just dodged dinners and golf balls all the time I was away.

"Travis did play horribly up in Scotland when he first got there, and the poor fellow didn't think at the outset that he had any chance at all. But when he found himself, no other player over there had so much as a look-in. There is nothing dramatic about Travis's methods. He never drives quite so far as somebody else, but he plods along and plays the game all the time for all it is worth, and that was what put him far and away ahead of all competitors."

VICTORY FOR AMALGAMATED.

Supreme Court Says Fair Trial Bill Is Constitutional.

HELENA, Mon., June 22.—The so called Fair Trial bill, for whose adoption the Legislature was summoned in extraordinary session last December, was to-day declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, thus ending one of the most bitter contests of the Heinze-Amalgamated warfare. The result is favorable to the latter, as under the provisions of the law change of venue and also of the Judges is compulsory upon the filing of affidavits that the presiding Judge is prejudiced against one of the litigants.

It was because of one of the decisions of Judge Clancy at Butte against the Amalgamated that the latter decided to close down all its properties in Montana last fall, throwing 20,000 men out of work. Before it would reopen its properties, the Amalgamated exacted from Gov. Toole a promise to summon the Legislature in special session for the passage of a law that would permit a change of venue, it being charged that all three Butte Judges are bitter Heinze partisans and would not under any circumstances decide a case against Heinze. Rather than permit the chief industry of the State to remain idle the Legislature was called in special session and the bill became a law.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A walk in the Park will convince anybody that fashion in baby carriages has returned to the old English perambulator—the enamelled box with a hood, such as one sees about Ramsgate and in the parks in London. Even where the perambulator is still of the American basket variety, it is usually equipped with the English hood.

"Since the new army uniform regulations went into effect," said an officer yesterday, "the item of shoes has made quite a hole in the incomes of officers in all ranks.

"The regulations provide for a shoe without a toe cap. That makes all the trouble. Few shoes of that kind are made in ordinary grades, and those don't last any time at all, because they all begin to bend and crease above the toes, spoiling the appearance of a smart dress parade get-up. You don't realize until you've tried it how much difference the toe cap makes in an ordinary shoe. The officers have either to buy the most expensive ready made shoes or have them made to order.

"It is one of those little items which eat into army incomes and make you understand why officers are forced to marry rich girls to keep up the pace."

On any day between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon a free automobile exhibition can be witnessed in Washington Square. As many as fifty big machines may often be seen backing and twisting around in the broad driveway just south of the arch or at a standstill while the drivers uncover motors to adjust working gear, pump up flattened tires or doctor the machines in a dozen ways. A large crowd is usually there to enjoy it.

The machines are owned by business men, who don't like the idea of taking them through the congested traffic downtown. The only thoroughfare that an automobile can penetrate far downtown is Broadway, and between 4 and 6 in the afternoon traffic is so great along it that autos must go slow. But from Washington Square north the broad stretch of Fifth avenue is more attractive.

The owners put up with the crowded surface and elevated cars until they reach Washington Square, and there the machines are kept waiting for them.

A mounted policeman had just stopped a Park runaway in the usual fashion—galloping after it and slowing the crazy horse down by tugging at his bit.

"Very neatly done," said a Westerner who was looking on, "but after all I think that we have a better method in the far Western cities. There all the mounted policemen are ex-vaqueros. All ride the Mexican saddle and all carry lariats. They stop their runaways by roping round the neck.

"The first advantage of the rope method is that it saves time. A good vaquero can catch a horse from fifty feet away. You have to draw level in a stern chase to catch the bit. Then again a clutch round the neck will stop a horse almost immediately, while a hold on the bit takes a long pull.

"In special cases, as where there are women and children aboard and the horse looks dangerous, our policemen go for the bit, but they use the rope in nine cases out of ten. I believe that a few imported vaqueros would hold down the damage from runaways in Central Park."

In a certain chophouse in Broadway—a bon-vivant who should know, is authority for the statement—you can get the best Welsh rabbit in New York, if you know just when to ask for it. Here are his instructions:

"Go there after 11 o'clock and give your order. The reason is this: Before 11 every Welsh rabbit is made separately. But after 11 maybe a hundred are made in one copper dish. The result is that the single ones are stringy and immature, but he who gets one out of the great copper knows that he has a bunny which has received the very best attention—in fact, the best in New York."

The big copper memorial tablets to be placed on the new Williamsburg bridge will be fifty-eight feet long and will weigh three tons. The plates are the largest in copper ever made at one casting.

"The worst thing about my first few days in New York," said a Southerner, who had just come off the ferryboat, "is getting change. You see I always have at least ten silver dollars in change, because we can't easily get small bills where I come from, and I have a hard time getting rid of them."

Just then the conductor came for the fares. The Southerner handed him a silver dollar. The conductor took the coin to the back platform, bit it, tested it with his pocketknife and passed it around to several men for inspection. Then he came back and gave change.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the visitor. "That man thought I was a counterfeiter."

They were three, very young, very tough, and very noisy. The minute they boarded the Fifth avenue train in Brooklyn they began to be troublesome. Soon they had a mock fight among themselves. The guard's request for quiet only incited them to greater demonstrations.

The train came to a station, and the conductor went into the rear car. He returned with a big chap, about six feet tall and neither spare nor run to wasted flesh. The newcomer wasted no words. He went up to the nearest of the trio, grabbed him by the collar, carried him to the door and threw him on to the platform. The two others, following to the door to assist their friend, were dropped out almost before they knew it. The train went on before they had recovered.

"Who's your big friend?" the conductor was asked.

"Oh, that," he replied, "that's one of our bouncers. He's training for a football team next fall and he's taken this job to keep his hand in."

Most citizens passing in front of the City Hall this week have been impressed with the inartistic ugliness of the city coat of arms as depicted over the entrance in the shroud of black which denotes the Aldermen's mourning for the victims of the Slocum. Apparently the thing was painted in a careless moment by a schoolboy of ten dallying with a whitewash brush and his first case of paints. Anything cruder or more tawdry could hardly be imagined.

The City Hall, draped in bunting or black bombazine, is not a beautiful sight anyway. The natural grace and beauty of the building shames its tawdry trimmings and the effect of the drapery is merely to cheapen and debase the whole. With a gaudy colored crayon of a wooden Indian and an impossible sailor supporting a pictured shield, which would be thrown out of most stables, the whole looks worse than usual, however genuine may have been the sentiment which prompted the display.

"Thought we had a Municipal Art Commission to save the city from beer signs and bad sculpture," remarked a citizen, who had been viewing the decorations with strong disgust. If the commissioners are on vacation they had better hurry home with an axe. This is worse than Sunset Cox."

Whatever may be the general opinion about the Federal inspection of the excursion boats and other craft which ply in New York harbor, there is no shadow of pretence about the inspection of the ocean going steamers. The transatlantic and other lines demand inspection and insist on having it thoroughly and frequently. This takes a share of responsibility off their shoulders and leaves in case of accident an official record which may be relied on as to the seaworthy qualities and first class equipment of the vessels to which many thousands of persons trust their lives every week.

PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S FOR *JULY*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM

Mr. Page's article is called "The Disfranchisement of the Negro," and in its immediate practical bearings, is the most important that he has written, inasmuch as it deals with the actual steps taken by the people of the South to solve the political side of the problem. The present relations of the negroes and the whites are clearly defined and the duty of each pointed out.

JOHN FOX'S CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE FAR EAST

The second of Mr. Fox's articles is entitled "Hardships of the Campaign," and tells in most charming style of the writer's impressions of Japan and its people.

JOURNEYING WITH HARVESTERS

By CHARLES M. HARGER. Fully illustrated by Edwin B. Child.

This article is a romance of labor, and pictures the Middle West in its glory—the perfect fruitage of the farmer's year. The author writes of the motley company of harvesters that gather from a dozen States, and of their work in the fields and the life about the farm.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

By NELSON LLOYD. Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

The third installment of Mr. Lloyd's delightful serial story of rural Pennsylvania life contains one of its most amusing chapters, describing the recitation hour in the village school. The account of the declamation of "Marmion and Douglas," by Ira Snarkie and Abraham Lincoln Spiker, is simply irresistible in its humor.

ROBERT GRANT'S SERIAL NOVEL

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

Is pronounced to be the "leading serial of the year," and "a vital story which draws the interest irresistibly."

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S "WAR OF 1812"

Illustrated by Carlton T. Chapman, Henry Reuterdahl, and Stanley M. Arthurs.

The July installment of Captain Mahan's important history is full of action, recounting the engagements of the war on the waters and shores of the great lakes.

A MAKER OF NEW PLANTS AND FRUITS

By W. S. HARWOOD. Fully illustrated from photographs.

Mr. Luther Burbank has evolved more extraordinary and more marvellous plant life than any other man, and the author's description in this article of Mr. Burbank's methods and researches will have a very wide interest.

SHORT FICTION

"Divided," by Clara E. Laughlin, is a fine story of sentiment, highly romantic in spirit.

"The Run on the Bull Hill Bank," by George Daulton, is the story of an exciting experience in Western banking. It is illustrated by J. N. Marchand.

"An Ill Wind," by Carter Goodloe, is a romantic story, the scene of which is a ranch in Mexico. Illustrated by George Wright.

"Judith Liebestraum," a short story by Mary Moss.

POEMS

By Louise Chandler Moulton, Beatrice Hanscom, Benjamin Paul Blood, Alice Corbin, George Cabot Lodge, Edith M. Thomas.

NOW READY PRICE, 25 CENTS

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York

ALUMNI HAZE NEW GRADS.

Mount Vernon Police Chase Trolley Cars Which Carry Hazers and Victims.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., June 22.—Fifteen members of the graduating class of the Mount Vernon High School were kidnapped last night after the commencement exercises by a band of hazers composed of alumni and taken to the woods in Pelham, where they were tied to trees after a ducking. Some of the graduates did not get back to Mount Vernon until daylight. Two of them, after nearly two hours, managed to get loose and free the others.

Last night, before the exercises began, the police heard a rumor that the graduates were to be hazed by the alumni, and Chief Foley stationed eight patrolmen around the school building. Despite this precaution, fifteen of the boys were captured when they came out and loaded on to trolley cars bound for New Rochelle and Pelham. Chief Foley and a patrol wagon loaded with policemen dashed after the cars shouting for them to stop. The conductors paid no attention to them.

As the police wagon and the cars raced down the street they were cheered by the crowds on the city line.

The cars beat the patrol wagon to the line by a whisker, and Chief Foley, knowing that he had no authority to enter Pelham, pulled up his panting steeds and returned, leaving the "Rah" boys completely at the mercy of their captors. The hazers proved to be experts at administering torture. They took some of the graduates and threw them into a muddy pond near the Pelham railroad station. The boys, who were in their evening clothes, were left to crawl out when they got ready. Four graduates were taken to Pelham Manor, where, despite their resistance, they were ducked in a big watering trough. They were then led to the woods, where the kidnappers bound them to the trees and left them.

Frank Johnson, Robert Fearn, Will Koeppel, F. M. Fuller, William Archer, Jr., and several other young men whose fathers are prominent in Mount Vernon were among those who were hazed. Roger M. Sherman, Corporation Counsel, rescued his boy with the aid of a hack. Mr. Sherman had the hack at the school building, and as soon as the exercises were over he hurried his son out and they were driven swiftly away from the crowd. Several other graduates were rescued in the same manner by their parents and friends.

MORMON ELDERS WILL FIGHT.

To Test Their Right to Sell Tracts at Their Harlem Meetings.

The Mormon elders of Harlem, where most of the proselyting is now being done in this city, are going to make a test case of what they claim is an arbitrary ruling of the police in preventing them from selling their tracts at their open air meetings. Mayor McClellan issued a permit some days ago authorizing them to hold meetings at the corner of Seventh avenue and 125th street.

These meetings are under the supervision of Elder John M. McFarland, who is at the head of the eastern district. As soon as the permit was issued the meetings were resumed and the elders began their work of proselyting. The crowds began to collect as usual, and tracts were sold. One night a citizen interrupted Elder Isaac B. Ball and told him he had no right to sell such books on the public streets. When the elders did not cease their selling, this citizen went to Capt. McGlynn of the West 125th street station.

The captain examined the law and said that the elders must not sell any more tracts or he would have his men place them under arrest.

"We are going to consult counsel on this matter," said Elder Ball last night, "and see if we have not some rights. The law, as I understand it, means that all books or tracts which relate to advertising matters must not be sold in the streets. You cannot class religious tracts under that heading. The man who made the complaint against us for selling these little booklets is a bigot of the worst kind."

COL. PITCHER CLEARS HIMSELF.

Won't Be Tried by Court-Martial for Jilting Miss Harrold.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Lieut.-Col. William L. Pitcher of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, against whom charges were made of having jilted Miss Carolina Harrold, a War Department clerk, to whom he was engaged to be married, has made an explanation to the War Department which, the officials say, will stop any further proceedings and relieve him of the embarrassment of a trial by court-martial.

When the original charges were reviewed by the Judge Advocate General it was believed that there was sufficient evidence upon which to bring Col. Pitcher to trial. The officer, however, telegaphed the War Department, asking that no further action be taken until he wrote to the Secretary of War a detailed explanation of the case. It is this explanation that will save Col. Pitcher from trial.

With this before him Judge Advocate General Davis made a second review of the case and to-day transmitted the papers to Gen. Chaffee, Chief of Staff, with a recommendation that there be no trial of the officer. Gen. Chaffee has approved the recommendation and Secretary Taft will probably sign the papers to-morrow.

Col. Pitcher is over 50 years old and Miss Harrold is said to be near 40. Their engagement was publicly announced here some months ago and Miss Harrold resigned her place under the Government, but just before the time for the wedding arrived, Col. Pitcher left Washington and when next heard from was with his command in San Francisco. His explanation at first was that he had changed his mind. The officials declined to-day to say what he said in his second statement, but they think that he has done nothing improper.

SIEUR DE MONTS MONUMENT.

Cornerstone Laid at Annapolis Royal Yesterday.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S., June 22.—Thousands of spectators saw the cornerstone of a monument to be erected by the Government of Canada to the memory of Sieur De Monts, the French explorer, who discovered this part of the country, laid at the old fort, Annapolis Royal, to-day. The stone was formally laid by Sir A. G. Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, assisted by M. Klechzowski, the French Consul-General at Montreal; Capt. Dillingham, commander of the United States cruiser Detroit, and a representative of the Canadian Government.

The representatives of Great Britain were Admiral Sir A. L. Douglas and Sir Charles Parsons, commander of the militia. Both delivered brief addresses and were followed by P. B. Wade, M. P. of Annapolis, who spoke on behalf of the citizens.

Other addresses were made by Samuel V. Hoffman of the New York Historical Society, the Rev. Prof. Clarke of Trinity College, Toronto, and N. Hovenden of the Royal Historical Society of London.

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Mark Twain in the Berkshires.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., June 22.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has leased Four Brook farm, the country residence of Richard Watson Gilder, and will spend the summer in Tyringham Valley in the Berkshires. Mr. Clemens recently arrived from Florence, Italy, where his wife died a short time ago.

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