JAPAN IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE THERE AS A WOMAN SEES IT.

The Mourning Over the Torpedoed Transports and Their Slaughtered Soldiers—Barbarity of the Russians—Alien Wounded and Their Treatment—The Iris Country—The Jap Soldier Spirit.

TOKIO, June 26.—There came news in the morning a few days ago that three of the Russian warships which had tugged so long at the leash in Vladivostok harbor had broken away, and, racing like fleet greyhounds down through the sea of Japan, had appeared in Tsushima Straits. There followed reports from many sources of heavy cannonading in the direct line of merchant ships and transports. And thousands of troops had sailed not long before from Moji and Nagasaki to fill the death holes in the ranks of the First and Second armies. They were the veterans of the China-Japan war and of Formosa, sturdy, dogged looking fellows with medals strung across their breasts. All Tokio shivered with apprehension. Could it be that these men of iron had been sent to the bottom by Russian torpedoes?

The next morning there met our eyes—in small type, however; startling head lines are never seen here—"The Okinoshima Disaster," and we knew that the unexpected had happened. Before night we knew of the naval fight off Okinoshima, and the result. Here is the story of that slaughter as told by Sergt. Tadokoro, one of the few survivors of the ill-fated regiment drowned on the Hitachi Maru like rats in a hole, without one chance to strike a blow in return:

"The Russian gunners treated the Hitachi Maru as if she were a target in their manœuvres. Their object was apparently not the sinking of the ship, but the slaughter of the men and animals on board. The ship was riddled like a sieve and the decks were shambles strewn with corpses and flowing with streams of blood.

"A shot which struck the boiler killed 200 men at once. Another that pierced the stern hastened the sinking of the steamer. A Russian ship was then alongside the other transport, the Tosa Maru.

"Lieut.-Col. Suchi, commander of the regiment, ordered Lieut. Okubo to burn the colors, and told his men to save themselves by jumping into the sea. He had no sooner spoken than he was struck by a shell and killed. The captain and purser jumped overboard when the last shot was received, and were drowned. Most of the officers of the regiment committed suicide either by revolver or sword.

"The cruiser Rossia approached to within 200 metres and showered grape shot on the men in the water. Of thirty-seven men who were afterward picked up from the sea by the Tosa Maru only three were uninjured. The rest were horribly wounded.

"I became unconscious from exhaustion caused by the wound I had received, but regaining strength a little, I jumped overboard to hasten death. There were about one hundred others in the water. We all give ourselves up for lost, and left our destiny to the winds and waves. I was afterward picked up by a fishing boat. I swallowed as much water as possible, but I could not drown. From the water as I looked toward the ship, I heard all still on board calling 'Banzai!' in disdain of the death that awaited them."

The Europeans here class the Okinoshima tragedy with the Kishineff massacre.

One of the most touching and not the least effective devices for assisting the wives and children of soldiers at the front is a monthly journal published in Tokio under the editorship of Miss Dorothy Barclay, who is 12 years old. She tells the story of her enterprise in verse:

This spring, though you and I be glad,
The people of Japan are sad;
For many families are left
Of father, son or friend bereft.

We English wish to help Japan,
And children must do all they can
To help collect the gold to send
Far, far away to suffering friend.

Now, I have just a little plan
Which, though it would not save Japan,
Will save a household from starvation
And give us all some occupation.

It's just a simple little book,
Inside of which you cannot look
Unless you pay a ten sen fee;
But ah! what wonders then you'll see.

Such tales you never can have read,
And you on literature'll be fed.
Now, surely you're not going to shirk
The reading of this fine "Patchwork."

The title "Patchwork" is derived partly from the cover, which is what the name implies, and partly from the contents, which consist of contributions by lads and lasses of tender years. The book is illustrated. The frontispiece consists of three flags, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack and the Rising Sun, united by a true lover's knot, beneath which auspicious combination some very clever draughtsman has depicted two soldiers, a blue and a white, marching to the war. The soldiers, too, are patchwork. It is altogether an essay of the children to assist a cause with which their elders universally sympathize.

Despite the harassing anxieties of war, these remarkable people go about their daily work with a self-confidence, courage and cheerfulness challenging admiration. Undying patriotism is the keynote of their lives. They know that their country is waging a mighty struggle for existence; they are equally sure she will win, and to make the victory more sure, each man, woman and child contributes his or her share in proportion to their means or capabilities. There can never be any human reckoning of the daily sacrifices of these people.

To us of the West there is infinite pathos, not only in their self-denial, but in the spirit in which they give up what to most would be common necessities of life. What matters it to the old farmer in the fields that he skips a meal of boiled barley and fish and goes hungry until the sun sets and he turns his face homeward? His boy, his only one, has gone to the war. He must save a few sen from his pittance to put food in the mouths of the wife and babies left to his care. He is very old, perhaps, his life work may be nearly done; it would be a great comfort to sit in the gloaming and smoke his tiny pipe. But tobacco costs money, he has no sen to spare, so—he does not smoke.

The girls in the schools contribute daily to the Relief Fund the few sen they would otherwise spend for their beloved moshigashi (rice candy). Their amusement hours are spent knitting bands and socks for the soldiers. Small boys who would otherwise be in school become breadwinners for smaller brothers and sisters at home.

These are not isolated instances, but universal conditions. When you consider that the individual wants of the common people are ordinarily covered by an expenditure of 15 sen (7½ cents) daily, some idea may be gained of their present frugality.

What is so sweet as a day in June? All over Japan the iris is in bloom, rearing its stately, beautiful head from paddy fields and garden alike. No matter how small the tract for raising rice, these æsthetic people reserve a corner for the iris in June and the lotus in August against the days when they must toil in the liquid ooze, caring for the tender rice blades, with naught to delight their senses but these isolated patches of loveliness, the purple and white iris and white and pink lotus. Last week we went to Hori Kiri, a famous iris garden near Tokio, and it was surely the prettiest picture the earth could show.

There was perhaps an acre of iris, planted in masses of the same color or variations of color, intermingled with white. A narrow pathway led around the entire edge of the garden—flanked with yellow lilies and parti-colored hedges. Paths crossed and recrossed the iris patch too, dividing it into sections and leading to bewitching little teahouses high on the bank under gnarled pines or scattered along the garden brink, and even among the flowers themselves. The paths were filled on this lovely June day with whole families on a picnic, and the young girls in gay kimonos and obi, little children in still gayer colors, looked like posies of another kind set in this paradise of blossoms.

We took possession of a teahouse, sat on the floor viewing the pretty scene, and a little waitress in a blue and white kimono and scarlet obi toddled across the flower-edged path bringing tea and cakes. She bowed low, greeted us with a smiling "Konnichi wa" (Good day), put her small tray on the floor and hurried off to serve other visitors. Pretty soon she came back, this time bringing a charming bunch of iris, which she presented in her own pretty way.

The garden was full of Japanese, with but a sprinkling of foreigners gazing entranced on the wilderness of iris. One of them said that there were 240 varieties of the purple and white, and it seemed to be possible in a flower brought to such perfection. Americans must visit Japan to know what the iris really is.

Leaving Hori Kiri the way was through rice paddies, with here and there a blazing patch of poppies, Sweet Williams or the soberer bachelors' buttons. At times the jinrikishas were flanked on either side by red tipped hedges, over which we caught glimpses of temple or dainty homes embowered in trees. Then another stretch of rice paddies and we came to the road running along the edge of the river where our carriage was waiting. We stopped long enough for a snapshot of a boy with a baby tied on his back, treading a waterwheel in one of the irrigating ditches with as much unconcern as if one false step would not precipitate him and the baby into mud and water neck deep. Children lined the way, offering bunches of iris for sale. Among the blossoms were some lovely coral ones.

The end of the iris bloom may be said to merge into the beginning of the lotus, which reaches perfection in August. Thus it is in Japan. One flower season succeeds another and each has its place in the hearts and lives of the Japanese people.

The streets of Tokio were thronged the other day with awestruck people waiting to do honor to the Hatsuse dead. A long and intricate memorial service was held at the Shiba Temple, and afterward, amid much pomp and ceremony the long march began, and all that was mortal of the brave fellows was laid to rest in Aoyama Cemetery.

Military funerals in Tokio are much like those in any other country; caissons, drawn by black horses, bear the dead, instead of one hearse or more; there is martial music, and a vast procession of soldiers, sailors, or both. But it differs in several other ways. The immediate mourners follow the coffins on foot, great numbers of sakaki (trees of sacred import) with white paper votive offerings are borne aloft, and many long streamers of white silk and satin flutter from tall poles.

At the cemetery tall Shinto shrines with little peaked roofs are erected over the newly made graves. Long paper lanterns stand at the foot, while at the head is a little altar on which incense burns, and a bowl of cooked rice is offered to the spirit of the dead, which is supposed to linger on earth for many days after it passes from actual life.

After the Shinto priests had performed a short ceremony the representatives of the Emperor and Empress, of the Crown Prince and Princess, placed offerings of sakaki boughs on an improvised bier. They were followed by all the court nobles, the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the army and navy, and a host of others. Then the great throng scattered and the streets resumed their wonted cheer, but the question in many hearts must have been: "Who next?"

The last few days have been days of great excitement, a veritable hour of crowded life. The disaster of the transports occurred on the same day as the battle of Tehliss, and between the two the public was almost bewildered. It proved to be another illustration of the fact that objects in the foreground overshadow those in the background. The loss of the Hitachi Maru, involving as it did the swift and terrible death of about a thousand men who, less than a week previously, had marched through the streets of the Japanese capital amid cheering crowds, was an appalling catastrophe. But its influence on the fate of the war could not be counted as worthy of notice. It has stiffened the Japanese, not weakened them. On the other hand, happening in the field of immediate vision it loomed up so large as to hide the incomparably greater event which occurred on the same day at Tehliss.

Dr. Anita McGee has been made superintendent of a hospital at Hiroshima, where she and her nine skilful nurses are at work. Their services are invaluable, and call forth unstinted praise from the Japanese surgeons and nurses. From any point of view, mutual good is sure to result from concerted action by members of the same profession, though they may not speak the same language or work along the same lines. The *Japan Times* to-day says:

"Dr. McGee and her party are at present engaged in nursing duties at the Hiroshima Hospital. Count Matsukata, director of the Red Cross Society had instructed the authorities of the hospital to accord special treatment to the party, who, however, refused to accept it, and insisted on being treated the same as the Japanese nurses. The technical efficiency and the careful manner with which the foreign nurses discharge their duties have elicited, we are glad to say, universal approbation. It is believed that the authorities will bestow decorations on the party."

Not far from Hiroshima is Matsu Yama, where the Russian wounded are being cared for. When the Russians fall into the hands of the Japanese, whether by surrender or otherwise, they are treated with consideration and care. If wounded the Russian received the same attention and nursing as his foes. When the Japanese soldiers come upon a fallen foe they divide their rations with him, as if he were a comrade. The Russian dead are always reverently buried by their foes.

As invalids in the Japanese care, the Russians have full freedom to move about. One of the war correspondents mingled with them freely on a recent trip to Matsu Yama, took their photographs, talked with many of them. As he expressed it: "They eat three times as much as the little Japanese, are jolly, contented, were never as well off in their lives, and are having a regular picnic. They cannot expect, nor will the Japanese accord a Russian gentle treatment as long as he retains power as a fighting unit; but once crippled or captured, he finds none but a sympathising and ministering friend in the Japanese."

In the case of Japanese wounded, officers and men receive exactly the same food; their rooms alone are different. The allowance of each for everything apart from rice is 7 sen daily. If the price of rice be added, the total is about 15 sen. For each wounded Russian soldier, however, the allowance is 25 sen (12½ cents), and for each officer 42 sen. It is supposed that intelligence of this special treatment having reached Gen. Kouropatkin led to the issue of his recent order that Japanese prisoners should be kindly treated.

A notable exception to the usual barbarity of the Russians has been the honorable burial extended to the Japanese dead at Port Arthur. It may have been merely in return for the respect paid by Japan to those who perished in the Varlag and the Koriets. If the Russians are now about to adopt different rules of conduct, some of the horrors of war will be mitigated.

It is not generally known that the Japanese authorities allow all parcels addressed to Russian prisoners to pass through the post free of charge, and further remit customs duties on articles coming over sea, to a similar destination. There is also in Tokio an office called the Tsuyoku Kyoku (Prisoners' Enlightenment Bureau) which [illegible] all inquiries, questions or telegrams relating to prisoners, and which sends once in every ten days a detailed report to the French Legation, showing the names and conditions of the officers and men. Comforts and sums of money have already been received from Russia and handed to the prisoners. Special mention is made of a sum of over 500 yen which came through the German Minister to an officer of German origin who was wounded and taken prisoner near Fenghwang.

Close by the great Asakusa temple, in a tiny house, like thousands of others in that capital city, lived Policeman Gotaburo Sato, his wife and two small children. Day by day Sato mingled with the throng that surges unceasingly to and from this particular temple, not because it was ever disorderly, but to keep the crowd moving. The faithful travel from far and near to worship at this famous shrine, and the halt and maimed touch the wooden Buddha with whatever limb the poor sufferer is afflicted, expecting thereby to be cured.

Sato's lines fell in pleasant places, for life was always brisk about Asakusa temple, with its gay little booths, itinerant pedlers of jangling toys, Coney Island jugglers, side shows and panoramas. Many times his children played under the great gateway, on the temple steps under the searching eyes of the terrible gods, Gog and Magog, or lingered about the beancake woman, waiting for some foreigner to buy a cake for them to feed to the pigeons and sparrows; and when Goto, the small boy of four, lost his geta in the scramble, or Haru, his sister of five, mourned her missing hair ornament, their little mother would appear from some quiet corner, where she had been watching the youngsters, set them right, and away they would go to meet Sato after his day's work. Soon they would be snugly seated on the floor around a tiny table, taking their supper of rice, fish, pickles and tea.

But one day the shadow of war fell across the fair land of Japan. The Third Infantry Regiment was ordered to the front and Gotaburo Sato was one of its members. On the eve of his departure for the front, Sato, accompanied by his wife and near relations, visited the tombs of his ancestors in the cemetery of the Rinsho temple, Asakusa. The visitors, with the exception of Sato, were greatly surprised to find that a new tomb had been erected adjacent to the old ones, but they were still more astonished to find that the name of Gotaburo Sato himself was engraved thereon. The new tomb had been erected by his order, and he had purposely asked his wife and relatives to accompany him to the cemetery, as he believed that he would never return from the front.

At the battle of Nanshan the Third Regiment of Infantry advanced to within 700 metres of the enemy, to cover the engineers in their task of destroying the wire entanglements. With courage born of undying patriotism, Sato fought desperately as one who, having determined to die for his country, has but one life to give. And when the long roll of the Fifth company was called there was no answer to the name of Gotaburo Sato!

To-day Dai Shori (victory) is in the air. The streets are gay with thousands of banners of the Rising Sun. Along the way little children build mud forts, surmounted by tiny Japanese flags, or sail crude boats in muddy water—always to conquer under their flag.

Already tens of thousands of gay lanterns line the narrow streets, hung over the door of each of the tiny houses, ready to be lighted when the sun goes down; while groups of men and women in kimono and obi chatter and laugh over their "fighting Admiral's" last bold stroke, whereby the Peresviet went to join her sister ship, the Petropavlovsk, and the Sevastopol lingers dying. But no cheers rend the air, no exultation sways the people. Rather, a calm confidence in their mighty men, who to-day fight for the existence of the land of Japan.

There is not a coolie in the streets, or a school girl or boy, who does not know what this war means, and knowing this, is not glad to contribute his or her mite to the fighting strength of the nation. While the men on land and sea carry the flag of Japan to victory, the leading press of the nation urges the people at home to greater activity along every line of vital work and thought. It seems to feel keenly the discrepancy between the progress of the army and navy and other fields of activity—politics, agriculture, commerce and industry.

In an attempt to ascertain the cause or causes that have led to this state of things, the *Kokumin* says that in the present war the Japanese have put their navy and army to the test and have proved that these two arms are superior to those of their enemy, as the world is now admitting; but it is misleading to attribute this superiority merely to the awakening of their innate bravery and martial spirit, for the successes so far achieved by the Japanese forces have in large measure been the result of accuracy in calculation, the effective application of scientific principles and the splendid way in which tactics comprising the latest ideas have been put in service.

"But," the *Kokumin* adds, "our country is showing its comparative backwardness in adopting the latest scientific methods with regard to its politics and economics, and it is most important that this anomaly be rectified as speedily as possible. Unless progress in these fields be made to keep pace with that attained in the arts of war, the nation may after all not reap the full benefits derivable from the world-astonishing victories won by our navy and army."

This is a nation of martial deeds in the past, and the spirit of the Samurai illumines the land to-day as much as in the days of the old warrior Kato Kuje Mase. Trade was despised. Men who bought and sold were but one grade higher than the coolie. The *eta*—in fact the *eta* who slaughtered animals—were not mere looked down upon than the merchants. This hatred had to be broken down before a new order of things could prevail.

But gradually a new era of promise dawned; its first rays penetrated the land of the Mikado when Commodore Perry sailed into Yeddo Bay and demanded that the doors of Japan should open to Western thought. The advancement in Japan since those days cannot be measured by any scale of human values. It goes steadily on, and with every fresh awakening of the people to their needs it will make a great stride.

REVOLUTION MUSEUM.

F. S. Tallmadge Leaves to the S. R. the Building at 23 Gramercy Park.

The will of Frederick S. Tallmadge, filed yesterday in the Surrogate's office, leaves to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, of which he was president, all his literary works, revolutionary relics, works of art and pictures in his residence, 20 West Seventeenth street, and also the property, 123 East Twentieth street, known as 23 Gramercy Park. He directs that this building be made as nearly fireproof as possible and used as the depository of his revolutionary relics, and for such other uses and purposes as the managers of the society may deem proper for the perpetuation of the spirit of patriotism. To his young friend Charles E. S. Simpson he leaves a gold watch and chain, his law books and office furniture and a legacy of $10,000.

"As a slight acknowledgment of the obligation I am under for years of the kind and affectionate business relations and associations with her and her father, the late Charles B. Elliman," he leaves $10,000 to his friend Miss Jessie Elliman.

The residuary estate goes to his sister, Mary F. Seymour, who lived with him. Mr. Tallmadge died on June 20. His will was executed on Feb. 15 last, and under it Charles H. Woodruff and Charles E. S. Simpson are appointed executors. The personal estate is said to be over $10,000, and the realty over $20,000.

PAY UP, SAYS HIS DEAR HEART

MRS. WILSON SICKS ABE HUMMEL ON H. S. F. DAVIS.

She Says She Had a Contract to Housekeep for Davis Forever for $75 a Week, and He Says He Didn't Make Any Such Contract—Meantime She Saved Letters.

Henry S. F. Davis, a broker, who lives in Riverside Drive, has been served with the summons and complaint in an action brought against him by Mrs. Frances Wilson, an actress, to compel him to carry out an agreement to provide her with $75 a week for her support.

Mrs Wilson, in her affidavit, prepared by her counsel, A. H. Hummel, says she has many affectionate letters written to her by Mr. Davis, which she intends to submit to the jury on the trial of her case. She set forth that on Aug. 24, 1889, she was married to Henry M. Wilson, with whom she lived for two years. One child, now 12 years old, was born of the marriage. She left Wilson, she says, because of his ill treatment of her, and has not heard of him for seven years, and is unaware whether he is alive or dead.

Mrs. Wilson says her acquaintance with Mr. Davis dates from 1892, the year after she left her husband, when she met him at a ball. When her mother died in 1896 she became Davis's housekeeper, she says. In return he agreed to support her and her child for the rest of her life. She accepted his offer and he rented an apartment at 8 West Sixty-fifth street, where he installed her as his housekeeper. Six weeks after she discovered that he was a married man, and he when questioned by her, admitted this to be true. She informed him then, she says, that her agreement to act as his housekeeper was made on the assumption that he was single, and he replied, she alleges, that under the circumstances it was no use for him to keep up two homes and he gave up their apartment in December, 1898. He promised, however, according to Mrs. Wilson, that he would continue to carry out his agreement and he visited her frequently afterward from time to time, writing her letters on which she relies to establish her case. Here are some of the letters, dates not given:

I am worn out. Please let me hear from you at once, dear heart. I think of you every second here, darling, and long to be with you, more than I can express. My prayer is, always, God bless and keep you from all harm. Have courage, dear heart. Ever and ever yours, HARRY.

MY OWN DEAR HEART: I once more wish to tell you that I love you dearly. Your last letter says the days I am away are very long, and when I am with you are short. You ask me to answer the riddle. I will, darling. It is heart disease. I have a very bad case myself, and it affects me the same way it does you. I am afraid we have caught it from each other. It is, however, Frances, something I want no cure for. Ever and ever yours, HARRY.

"With a heart full of love, I am affectionately, Harry," was his conclusion of a letter in which he said "Our festivity lasted until 2 A. M., and the bombardment of fizz and whiskey shot into my face has made me very tired."

Mr. Davis continued his allowance of $75 a week until the beginning of this year, Mrs. Wilson says, when he refused to support her and the other man's child any longer. She then decided to make him carry out his contract.

Mr. Davis, who is represented by Mitchell & Mitchell, denies all Mrs. Wilson's allegations, and has served her attorney with an answer in which he says that no such contract as that set up by her was ever made between them.

WOMAN'S FLIGHT FROM COREA.

American's White Hair Secures Her Release After Having Been Seized as a Spy.

ELKHART, Ind., July 23.—Mrs. G. K. Johnson, formerly Miss Mary Lang of this city, has arrived in San Francisco from Corea and gives an interesting account of conditions that prevailed there just prior to her departure. Mrs. Johnson spent three years with her brothers, who are in the mines in the northern part of Corea, and shortly after the war was declared she, with several other women and a few children, were ordered away by the American Minister. The trip out was beset by many hardships.

The traveller tells an interesting episode connected with her arrest as a spy. She was attempting to take a picture of the fortified terraces at Modji, a beautiful city, when she was arrested. She had trouble in securing her release.

Mrs. Johnson, who is a young and beautiful woman, has a crown of snowy white hair out of keeping with her years. It was this that saved her.

The Danish captain of a little vessel which was to take the Americans across to Japan played upon the reverence which the Coreans and Japanese have for age, and removing Mrs. Johnson's hat he talked long and exaggeratedly of her years, extending them to nearly 100, securing her release.

Again the entire party were placed under guard and remained so for four hours. After this period a courier approached waving the American flag and they knew their liberty was secured.

TOWERS FOR PRIEST'S WIRELESS.

Father Murgas Preparing to Send Messages From Wilkesbarre to Philadelphia.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 23.—Father Joseph Murgas, the priest of this city who has invented a wireless telegraph system which has stood all tests so far applied, to-day began the erection of high towers in this city and Scranton. When they are completed a similar one will be built near Philadelphia.

These towers are 150 feet high, and projecting above them is a 50-foot pole. They will be placed on hills, in order to have the circuit as far as possible above distracting influences such as wires, trees and houses. Father Murgas will perfect his system while sending messages between this city and Scranton, a distance of twenty miles, in a mountainous country, and will then operate the system from this city to Philadelphia.

At present he is using only two musical tones, one to represent the dot and the other the dash of the Morse system, and he has already gained much time over the Morse. He is now completing the development of the tone system so that each letter of the alphabet will be represented by a separate tone.

SERGEANTS NOT AT HOME.

Odd Reason Given for Two Transfers From Tenderloin Station.

Two sergeants were transferred yesterday from the Tenderloin police station at the instigation, it was said, of Inspector "Smiling Dick" Walsh. The transfers were not announced at Police Headquarters. The changes went into effect last night.

Sergt. William Boettler went to the Union Market station, changing places with Sergt. Wall. Sergt. Fred Shibles of the Tenderloin station changed places with Sergt. Matthew Robinson of the Charles street station.

It was said last night that on Friday both Boettler and Shibles were off duty. It so happened that a sergeant was needed at the station house, and word was sent to both to appear there at once. Neither was at home. Inspector Walsh, it was said, ordered the transfers when he heard of the occurrence.

There was no reason, friends of the officers said last night, for the sergeants to be at their homes while they were off duty.

One of the Victims of Mexican Assassins.

BOSTON, July 23.—Clarance Way, formerly of Boston, whose assassination in Aguas Calienta, Mexico, has been reported to the State Department, was born in Roxbury, and was an elder brother of William T. Way, a lawyer, living in Brookline, with offices in Boston. He came here in 1893 to attend his father's funeral. Where the [illegible] was employed he [illegible] to Mexico, where he had been [illegible].

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The owner of a confectionery store near the Flatiron Building had a public telephone installed, but it proved a failure. His patrons were mainly women, who had not much use for a phone. The men customers usually preferred to go to a saloon or a cigar store. Finally the telephone company threatened to take out the phone if the tolls didn't increase.

The candy man had a bright idea. The phone was in a corner of the room where there was plenty of light. He bought a big mirror, which he placed behind the telephone stand, and a Japanese screen, which he put in front of the phone. In a handy wallpocket he placed a comb and brush. Then he put up a sign: "Telephone—especially for ladies." To ladies whose hair had suffered from the wind, the clerks suggested the phone booth. Every woman who tried it told a friend, and the place soon became well known. Many women were glad to pay the phone charge for the sake of the accommodation, and now the place is busy all day long.

The vacation schools and the warm weather brought an obnoxiously odoriferous youngster to Teacher, who sent her home to be washed. On returning, less aromatic, said the bright youngster to teacher:

"Me mudder wants to know if I come here to git teached or git smelled."

The jerky, jumping start and the concomitant spill of standing passengers into the laps of their more fortunate neighbors will soon cease to be a pastime of the humorous motorman. A device is being tested on the cars of the Eighty-sixth street crosstown line which makes it impossible to throw on the power faster than is required for a gradual, even start. A circle of iron with scalloped edges fitted to the top of the controller box engages the lever in such a way that it is stopped at each successive indentation. The motorman must press down on the lever handle to release it, which just sufficiently arrests its rotary speed to spoil his fun.

No motorman has yet been found with sufficient dexerity of wrist to defeat the purpose of the invention, and passengers on the Eighty-sixth street line escape the necessity of diving for a seat before the car starts. All they have to dread is the sudden slamming on of the brake, and that's too much like work to make it a popular amusement with the motorman.

He was from Chicago, where the strikes grow, and he was here just to see how much he could belittle the great metropolis. He had his first opportunity when he chanced to roam over on the East Side after midnight and saw the one-horse car that traverses the Belt Line in the fag end of the night to hold the franchise. He grabbed his New York friend by the shoulder, and, pointing toward the approaching car, cried with glee:

"For heaven's sake, whose trunk is that coming down the street?"

Persons who view for the first time the recently crowned statue of the Madonna and child in the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at First avenue and 115th street find it hard to refrain from expressions of surprise. On the brow of the Madonna and on that of the infant Jesus are solid gold crowns, set with scores of precious stones.

A glass case, surmounted by gold bindings covers the statue. Around the bottom of the marble out of which the statue is formed are numerous fine wires which centre in a group at the back of the pedestal and enter under the glass covering. The presence of these wires is puzzling, and particularly so when it is noticed that they are attached to a small gong.

Further investigation discloses the fact that the statue is fitted with a complete and intricate burglar alarm. This precaution is desirable because the two crowns are worth about $30,000.

"It is shameful that such precautions are necessary," said one of the priests of the church, "but they are."

Park Commissioner Pallas decided some time ago that the $800 pair of horses which Commissioner Willcox bought two years ago were not good enough for him, so he bought another pair for his personal use for $900.

When Comptroller Grout received the bill he sent an inspector to see the steeds. The inspector reported that the Commissioner's lack of knowledge in a horse trade had induced him to make a bad bargain. The Comptroller refused to pay the bill and advised the Commissioner to return the horses.

Mr. Pallas has sent the animals back to the stable. When he wants to ride now he hires his horses by the day.

She was young and pretty, and with her on the shady side of an open elevated car was a nattily dressed young man. She wore a big solitaire on the "ring finger of the heart hand."

"I don't believe everything I hear," she was saying to the young man, "but I saw this and I know that lots of proposals are made on these open cars. There was an awfully pretty girl with that peculiar Italian type of beauty in the car and a big and manly looking fellow was with her. He told her she was just the sort of girl that would suit him, and asked her if she didn't think it would be nicer to keep house for him than to work all day in a factory. She seemed to understand, at least she didn't object when he slipped his arm around her.

"So they rode on down to the City Hall station. I got off there and followed them. They went straight into the City Hall. I didn't dare follow any further, but I just know they went there to be married.

"What did you say?" asked the girl who was talking, and she leaned closer to the young man. "Why, how absurd! Certainly we will not do anything of the kind."

Yet the listeners somehow thought it quite possible that they might.

A small man walked across Park place the other day carrying on his left shoulder a large watermelon, encased in a curious network of stout string. The man went on down lower Broadway and stopped at one of the open places where work is going on in the subway.

Taking from his pocket a tangle of strong twine he tied one end of it securely into the network around the melon and then let it down between the planks.

"All right," came a voice from away down below. "Much obliged," and the man who had delivered it wound the string around his fingers and walked away.

Well east in one of the twenties an unusual sight may be seen almost any afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock. At that time, in the front stall of a modest stable, which does not look as though it harbored anything but horses, Ben Hur has his camel's hair combed and brushed, and then goes out for his afternoon walk. Led by a small boy of suitably sober mien, Ben Hur swings solemnly up and down the asphalt Sahara, a composite awkward squad, surely incongruous enough in New York streets. After a sufficient stretching of his stilts Ben Hur is led stableward and there crunches with evident satisfaction a piece of sugar. For this and some caressing of his velvet muzzle he lets out an unmistakable, if inimitable, "Thank you," then turns again to camel meditation.

This is the dead season on the Central Park drives, but the walks and the benches that border them are used daily by a host of stay-at-homes, and wherever permitted the children frolic on the grass.

The fine horses and equipages that make the drives show places in the season are in the country with their owners. Many of the livery stables, like their patrons, conduct country establishments as well as places in town, while the riding schools without exception have branches of their business at the summer resorts. The Casino and McGown's Pass Tavern are the attractions to nearly all of the few who now use the drives or bridle paths, and tourists usually include a circuit of the park drives on their itinerary. But compared to the crush of the season, the Central Park drives are now as still and lonely as a country lane.

Arnold, Constable & Co

Tailor-Made Suits.

TRAVELLING SUITS of imported mohairs, voiles and cloths, in blouse and Eton effects, lightweight, for summer wear; values from $40.00 to $60.00..... 29.50

Women's Shirt Waists.

WHITE Lawn Shirt Waists, with fine tuckings; value $1.75, 1.00

FINE LAWN WAISTS, lace trimmed; value $3.50, 2.00

150 SAMPLE WAISTS, in linen and fine Persian lawns, embroidered or with handsome lace trimmings,.. ..... 3.75 to 10.00

Women's Neckwear.

Embroidered MULL SCARFS; value 50c. to $1.00, 25c. each.

Embroidered Linen Stocks & Collar & Cuff Sets; value 50c., 25c.

LACE AND LINEN STOCKS; also Mull Ties and Embroidered Collar and Cuff Sets; value 75c. to $1.25, 50c. each.

Hand Embroidered LINEN COAT COLLARS; value $4.00, 2.50

IMPORTED NOVELTY COLLARETTES, HALF REGULAR PRICES.

Linens.

Table Cloths, Napkins and Tea Cloths, odd lots and discarded patterns at Half Former Prices.

Also Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases, with fine drawn work and lace trimmed edge.

SPECIAL.

HAND EMBROIDERED CENTRE PIECES, in white, with scalloped edges:—

20x20, round, 1.75 | 27x27, round, 2.50
24x24, " 2.25 | 30x30, " 2.75

Laces.

Valenciennes, Irish Crochet, Point Venise, Applique, Chantilly, Lierre Laces, Insertions and Allovers.

Hand Run Spanish Scarfs and Fichus.

PARASOLS, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS.

MEN'S SWIMMING AND BATHING SUITS, 1.95
Reduced from $3.00, $4.00, $5.00.

Broadway & 19th Street

JAP ART WORKS FOR STANFORD.

Valuable Collection Secured, Purchase Price Going to Swell War Fund.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—Stanford University has secured one of the most valuable collections of Japanese art works in the world. Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has purchased the collection. It is understood that she paid something over $100,000.

The purchase was made by the merest chance, and it is only because of the war, that the collection was sold. The purchase price went direct to the Japanese Government as part of the war fund.

Two months ago two Japanese noblemen, travelling under the names of S. Ikeda and H. Inada, arrived here from Tokio. It was said that they were on a secret mission for the Government. Ikeda called on Mrs. Stanford and explained to her that he was on his way to England to sell the famous art collection gathered by his father in order that the proceeds might go to the war fund. Mrs. Stanford at once asked to examine the catalogue of the collection, and a short time later she offered to buy the entire collection, which was in the custom house here in bond.

After considerable cabling to Japan and urgent requests on the Treasury Department at Washington, the collection was finally released and permission granted to allow it to be taken to Stanford, where its presence was not known until to-day. In accordance with the request of Mr. Ikeda the money paid for the collection was sent by Mrs Stanford to the Japanese Government.

Included in the collection is a set of Japanese screens which are masterpieces of a great Japanese artist of the fourteenth century, which have been in the possession of the Japanese imperial family until recently. There are a pair of peach blow vases made by the discoverer of the process. Another remarkable piece in the collection is a geisha girl carved from the single tusk of an elephant. It is about 20 inches high.

QUARREL OVER POLICY.

Hard Working Carpenter Accused of Assaulting Wife and Son.

Abraham Morrison, 56 years old, had a quarrel with his wife, Jennie, and his son Harry, a lad of 19 years, at their rooms at 50 Eldridge street, last night. The police say it was because Mrs. Morrison accused her husband of losing $87 playing policy yesterday, after he had promised her to give up the game. Morrison was locked up in the Eldridge street station last night. He is a hard working carpenter.

Morrison, it is alleged, was getting the best of his wife in last night's quarrel, when Harry went to his mother's assistance. The father took a broom handle to him and put the boy out of the fight. Then a policeman took Morrison.

The Seagoers.

Voyagers by the Cunard liner Etruria, which sailed yesterday for Liverpool:

Sir Percy Sanderson, British Consul-General at New York, the Rev. Dr. Allen H. Tupper, W. M. Pallipotts, Judge J. R. M. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Montanye, Henry Jules Meyer, American Counsul at Pretoria, Herbert Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philip Easton, Dr. J. H. Clairborne, Mrs. Julia M. Brand and Mr. Rowland Buckstone.

Arrivals by the Cunard steamship Lucania:

Lady Rose, the Countess of Minto, and her eldest son, Lord Melgund; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Patrons, Lady Eileen Elliott, Lady Ruby Elliott, John H. Cockburn and the Right Rev. W. Cyprian Pinkham, Bishop of Calgary.

Cox—Abbott.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 23.—At noon to-day a romance which had its inception in Paris culminated in the wedding of Allen Howard Cox of Boston and Miss Catherine G. Abbott, a relative of Prof. James A. Hoppin of the Yale art school. The ceremony was performed at the Hoppin residence in Hillhouse avenue by the Rev. Frank Woods Baker, rector of Trinity Church.

The bride is a native of Ohio. She has attained some prominence as a portrait painter. The bridegroom is a member of the firm of Frederick A. Cox of New York, and has been [illegible] his wife for the first time in Paris, where he was on [illegible].

SOLD THE SHOES OFF HIS FEET.

Curb Brokers Put Percy Guard Into Stocking Feet, but He Makes Money on It.

The tedium of a sleepy half holiday session of the outside market was varied yesterday by a sale at auction at which most of the members present competed with each other vigorously, but which left the original owner of the property still in possession.

When Percy Guard appeared on the curb at the opening of business yesterday morning he wore a pair of new russet shoes of surpassing brilliancy. Now, the curb brokers are accustomed to a good deal in the way of personal adornment, but the scintillation of Mr. Guard's shoes was too much for them. They held a council of war, and it was eventually decided that the shoes must be put up and sold to the highest bidder.

Guard, who has a fine commercial instinct, consented to the sale with what seemed to be somewhat suspicious alacrity, but his face fell when he heard the amounts that were bid. For a time 25 cents seemed to be the largest sum offered. After long and arduous efforts by the auctioneer, however, a bid of $3 was obtained and the shoes were knocked down to L. Hobson.

The seller of the shoes naturally supposed that the articles would follow the usual course of stock transactions and need not be transferred until the following day, but the purchaser insisted upon immediate delivery, and was upheld in his demand by the majority of the brokers. In spite of Guard's frantic protests, therefore, the shoes were taken from his feet on the spot, and for a time he wandered about the street in his stocking feet, to the vast delight of his fellow brokers, who had anticipated him by confiscating all the old shoes in the neighboring offices.

But Hobson, the purchaser, had in the meantime inspected the shoes more closely and repented of his bargain. So, in order to get his money back, if possible, he offered them again at auction. Guard, seeing no other way out of his difficulty, began to bid for the articles, and, having but few competitors, was enabled to repurchase them at $3.65. The transaction had, therefore, netted him a profit of 65 cents.

Mrs. Harriet P. Denton Commits Suicide.

HOLLISWOOD, N. H., July 23.—Mrs. Harriet P. Denton, wife of Sherman F. Denton, a naturalist employed by the Government, living at Wellesley Farms, Mass., committed suicide by drowning in White Oak Pond at 2 o'clock this morning. Her act was probably caused by temporary insanity as the result of an operation.

Mrs. Denton had been staying here for the past three weeks. Yesterday she wired her husband that their daughter was sick. He arrived last night and found his daughter improved.

During the night Mrs. Denton left the sick room for a few minutes and not returning when she should a search was begun which resulted in Mr. Denton finding the body.

Established 24 years.

YOU would never think of mentioning to a friend some facial Disfigurement of his own.

Delicacy would forbid.

Yet how often are you positively uncomfortable in the presence of some one with ill-shaped or sc