LITTLE BOYS TO BE CO-OPPED

UPTON SINCLAIR OPENING THE WAY TO HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Families That Include 89 Adults and 42 Children Heard From on the Home Colony Project—Parliamentarians Get Tanglefooted Over $10 Entrance Fee.

Like a great inflated balloon tugging at its cables Berkeley Lyceum in West Forty-fourth street twisted and tossed and pulled at its foundations from 8 o'clock last night until some time this morning, during which time the building was filled to overflowing by young Mr. Upton Sinclair and from thirty to fifty lady and gentlemen Socialists who had come together to discuss the brilliant young author's new home colony scheme. The principal object of the meeting, young Mr. Sinclair explained early in the performance, was to formulate plans for the building of a colony of "cooperative undertakings" where the Socialists may live without the constant annoyance of associating with the common run and ruck of nerve racking humanity.

"What we want," said young Mr. Sinclair, while opening the proceedings, "is a place outside New York for the rearing of children cooperatively, such as the ordinary person cannot now obtain; and I think that is all to be said on this point," he concluded.

Young Mr. Sinclair, becomingly dressed in a gray creation, appeared promptly at 8 o'clock on the stage formerly occupied by Mrs. Osborn's "Frocks and Frills" company. He was accompanied by a secretary with a handkerchief draped gracefully around his neck, who advanced to the left stage and unimbered a fountain pen while young Mr. Sinclair walked toward the spotlight and opened a black leather satchel filled with thought.

All in front of the young author were the Socialists. All around the side lines and in the balcony were the hopelessly depraved, who had braved the hot air to see the Socialists socialisting. Collars on the side lines were all in long before the balloon got half way up. Nevertheless the low browed mockers all said that it was worth it, and that they had spent a very pleasant evening.

"I have been forced into the business of being a business man," began young Mr. Sinclair in a pleasing tenor, "and this business has forced me into making a speech, which I hope you will excuse. I have looked forward with a great deal of interest to see you come to me to-night for the information that I alone possess. I alone have the information you seek. I alone possess the magic key, and I alone can tell you what you are, what you want, and when and how you want it." Mr. Sinclair paused to wipe his brow.

"My idea in this thing," he resumed impressively, "is to find a way to raise a little boy." (Applause and happy laughter from the side lines.)

"In my hand here," resumed the young man, "I hold your answers to the list of printed questions asking for ideas about the new Socialistic village." He raised a bundle of written thought aloft while the sheets of paper crackled in the heat near the top of the balloon. "Here are the personalities I hold in my hand!"

"I am astonished at the number of answers," the young man continued, "about the proposed village—answers from the large number of professional people who, you wouldn't think, needed it. Four literary men have written answers, two editors, four physicians, one clergyman, three managers, one teacher of the blind, clerks, architects, students, artists and—and one packer." [Wild cheering from the low brows.] "One packer, I say, named L. J. Lewis of New York city!" [Cheering renewed on sidelines.] "Letters have come even from San Joon, Porto Rico, and one man writes me from Washington that he is going to sell out his business and join me!"

When Mr. Sinclair first took the spotlight he said that he would be the chairman, but at this point he suggested that Gaylord Wilshire take the chair, "though some have suggested that two such rampant Socialists on the stage at the same time might give things a tone that would scare some of you away," the speaker explained. Mr. Wilshire advanced on the job amid polite applause.

As a beginning of the colony for the cooperative raising of children young Mr. Sinclair now said that his opinion was that the village should open up with 100 families. So far, he said—while the chairman, Mr. Wilshire, sat back and stroked his beard—he had heard from families that included 89 adults, 13 children over 7 and 29 children under 7.

"When this thing gets going," declared young Mr. Sinclair, "I venture to say that our Home Colony will be one of the show places of New York and that after the visitors to this city have taken in Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty they will agree that the next most interesting sight will be to come to us and see the babies that are being raised cooperatively receiving their daily baths. For I say again that this cooperative raising of children is really the keynote of the situation. For of all those from whom I have received replies as to whether or not they wished to have their children raised in this way only one answered no."

Mr. Wilshire now began to play an imaginary game of checkers on the chairman's table before him, while young Mr. Sinclair read the answers he had received to his printed question slip. Two persons, he said, had written him that they would like to start in with ten families, but others, carried away with enthusiasm, had written that they wanted to begin things with 100 families at the very least. Some were of the opinion that one hour from New York was good and plenty. "And five," concluded the young author gravely, "say that it is immaterial to them how far from New York they get."

Here the low brows broke out into an ovation. Young Mr. Sinclair looked up in surprise and then joined in the glee dubiously. As to whether the colony should be "along the waterfront or was willing to content itself with an artificial lake," almost everybody recklessly declared for the actual waterfront.

Then the heavy question as to whether the colony should go in for a big hotel "owned really by the guests" or buy up one of the farms in this neighborhood and live in farm houses was considered and settled by young Mr. Sinclair. He thought there would be difficulty in finding a ready made hotel near at hand but on the other hand, he said, "you can travel around New York city for a year looking at farms." As to the amount of money the Socialists wanted to pay for board, there was not much difference of opinion. Something around $5 was good enough for them.

The fireworks really began when Mr. Sinclair brought up the question of whether or not the $10 entrance fee demanded from the colonists should be returned to those who wished to drop out of the scheme later. A long lady with short hair thought the money once handed in should be kissed good-by. A blond Socialist in a négligé shirt had another thought that knocked the gun deck plates off everybody else's thoughts, and in a short time there were so many motions, amendments and amendments to the amendments before the house that even the chairman tried to enter into the squabble and all the time the low brows shooed the Socialists on each other.

Just as Bonavita, down at Coney used to bring order out of chaos in the wild animal show, things were quieted down at last, and then Mr. Wilshire arose and asked:

"I should like to know if there is a motion now before the house, and if so, what is it?"

Many of the parliamentarians had stamped out and slammed the doors behind them long before this, but there were still enough Socialists left to decide that at the next meeting the business would be resumed.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A boarding school graduate with a table d'hôte knowledge of French went over to one of President Fallières's cruisers in the North River the other day to exercise her tongue on the jackies. She asked right away to see the ship's mascot, and was horrified to learn that the man-o'-war didn't possess one. The absence of a mascot weighed on her mind so much that she went back to the cruiser the next afternoon carrying a month old maltese kitten. The jackies were so glad to get it that they insisted on giving her a lot of souvenir postal cards from foreign ports, and told her they would call the kitten Admiral Dewey. The girl blushed and said if they didn't mind they might call it Mrs. Admiral Dewey.

It takes something of unusual interest to draw the attention of the Park row baseball bulletin board cranks when the Giants are up and the score is a tie, but two sparrows and a butterfly accomplished it the other afternoon and didn't half try. The men roosting on the City Hall Park fence, hearing a great chattering, looked around and saw a big gay colored butterfly dive from one of the trees toward the lawn. In close pursuit came two sparrows, each with one eye on the other and one on the butterfly. The butterfly concealed itself in the grass for a few seconds but was driven to wing again by vigorous scratching. Before it had mounted very high in the air one of the sparrows seized it by a wing, and went on into a tree. Its companion followed and the shrill chattering was renewed. The two birds again flew to the grass, pecking at each other savagely. By this time every one's back was to the bulletin boards and the baseball scorers didn't get any attention until one of the birds flew away disgusted and the other hopped proudly around the grass looking for more butterflies.

"Nothing makes me feel quite so silly," said the short girl, "as to be told by some man that I look like his first wife. I never know what to say. On the first occasion of that kind I asked if the dear departed was good looking.

"'No,' said the man candidly, 'she wasn't but she was a good cook. She could mash potatoes better than anybody I ever saw.'

"The next time I tried the sympathetic racket. 'It is too bad you lost her,' I sighed.

"'Oh,' said he, 'you needn't take it so hard. I don't. The other fellow can worry along with her a good deal better than I could, so we are satisfied all round.'

"The third man, in reply to my compassionate murmurs, responded heartlessly: 'She was all right. She had nine sisters, all beauties, but I chose the plain one of the family and I never regretted my choice.'

"And so it goes. No matter what I say I do not seem to strike the right key. There must be some appropriate answer for sentimental compliments of the kind, and before I have further need of it I wish somebody would tell me what it is."

A pretty and fashionably attired young woman alighted from a Madison avenue car. She waited until the other passengers had filed past her and then turned a pair of deeply appealing eyes upon the conductor.

"Would you please give me my shoe?" she asked.

"Certainly, madam," replied the conductor, picking up a dainty dark thing from the car platform and handing it to the woman. She took it with a blush and, balancing herself against the car, stooped and put it on. The conductor waited until the woman thanked him with a smile and then gave the go ahead signal.

"The first time that that happened it startled me," he said, "but it has become a common occurrence now. The new style of shoes that came in this season, pumps I think they call 'em, is the cause of the trouble. No matter how small they are they do not seem to fit the feet. It is quite a trick for a woman to step off or on a car and not lose at least one of them. Of coures, it delays things considerably, but then it's worth something to get a glimpse of such pretty feet and to have a good looking woman smile at you."

New York had to struggle through the summer without an apricot season. The delicate fruit, which usually overflows the pedlers' carts for three weeks or a month, was represented this summer by only a few hard and stunted yellow balls which even the most enthusiastic admirer of the fruit could not eat. The California crop failed entirely, and as New York has ceased to get this fruit from any other source there were no apricots. The small supply grown nearer home is never relied upon by the dealers in New York and is consumed almost entirely where it grows.

The man who had been in Japan looked into the shop window with a critical expression.

"What in the world is the use of selling pajamas to Americans?" he observed with the superior knowledge that comes from travel. "They don't know how to wear them, and Englishmen know very little more. The average American goes to bed with pajamas flapping about his ankles. Did he ever see a Japanese picture, and if he did has he ever noticed a Japanese wearing pajamas in that way? I would like to see such a picture if he ever did.

"Pajamas in Japan are invariably rolled up until they do not fall below the knee. That keeps the wearer cool in summer, and another advantage is that the trousers are much more comfortable when worn in this way. If the American accustomed to wearing pajamas in our fashion would once try the Oriental way he would appreciate the difference."

Several men remonstrated with the driver for beating his horse so unmercifully, but he only interspersed his abuse of the animal with imprecations upon the meddlers themselves. Presently a woman came along. At sight of the cruel attack her cheeks flushed and her eyes blazed.

"Oh, you wicked man!" she cried. "Stop that this minute! I will report you if you don't."

The man brought the whip down upon the horse's back, but he did it gently.

"I knew she would bring him to time," said a bystander. "It takes women to do such things. Horse beaters are much more afraid of them than of men. A man might talk till he was black in the face and the chances are the only effect he would have on the fellow would be to make him hit harder; but just let a woman threaten to report him and he cools down pretty quickly. He probably does it because he knows she means business. Two-thirds of the cases reported are sent in by women. Drivers know that, and most of them come to time when a woman gets after them."

Birds of a feather have developed the flocking habit so thoroughly in this city of late that there are office buildings for the special uses of doctors and dentists; and now there is to be a new structure which will shelter only architects. It will soon be put up in a central location and its control will be in the hands of a number of prominent architects in this city. The building is, of course, to represent the last word in expert office architecture and will be the property of the association of architects which has originated the plan.

Coming to town on the boat from the Highlands the other morning was a New York banker who owns one of the show places of the Jersey coast. He is always an exhibitor at the various shows held there during the summer, and always comes out with honors.

"I want to congratulate you on winning the vegetable prize in the flower show the other day," said one of his neighbors. "I never saw a finer lot than you showed. They were enough to make a man's mouth water."

"Really," answered the banker, looking up from his newspaper. "Have we got fresh vegetables already? I must speak to the gardener about it. We've been getting all ours from town. I must tell that fellow to give us a few of them to eat."

PUBLICATIONS | PUBLICATIONS.

CONISTON CONISTON

"IS A GREATER NOVEL THAN ANY THAT PRECEDED IT AND WORKS UP AN INTENSE DRAMATIC INTEREST THAT ALMOST MAKES ONE FORGET ITS LITERARY CHARM. . . . CONISTON ABOUNDS IN QUIET HUMOR. IT HAS A LIGHTER, GAYER SPIRIT AND A DEEPER, TENDERER TOUCH THAN MR. CHURCHILL HAS EVER ACHIEVED BEFORE. . . .

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CHRYSANTHEMUM RAILROADS.

SHIGEMICHI MIYOSHI DISCUSSES NATIONALIZATION.

Says Philosophically That the Government Will Sell the Roads Back Some Day to Private Owners—Meanwhile Freights, in Government Hands, Will Go Up.

Shigemichi Miyoshi, the general passenger agent of the Kiushiu Railroad Company of Japan, who has been in New York for a few days on his way home from England, left the city yesterday for Seattle. The Kiushiu Railroad Company is a large company, whose road extends from Moji at the strait of Shimonoseki to Kumamoto, while a branch line extends toward Nagasaki. Shigemichi is a son of the eminent Japanese jurist, Taizo Miyoshi, who at one time has been the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Japan, now practicing law. He is a young man of a little over 30 years old, exceptionally large for a Japanese, standing 6 feet high, broad shouldered like an athlete who might impress one as a giant.

Last Sunday night, the sons of Heuga, a province on the Pacific coast of Kiushiu Island, the reputed birthplace of Jimmu Tenno, the founder of the Japanese Empire, whom there were four, including Shigemichi Miyoshi, Tokuji Takahashi, the manager of the Takata & Co. of Wall street; Taro Suzuki of the Imperial Life Insurance Company of Japan, who has come here some months ago to study the methods of insurance companies of this country; Jihei Hashiguchi, held a banquet at Nippon Club, 44 West Eighty-fifth street, city. At the banquet, Shigemichi expressed his opinion that the Japanese Government has made a great mistake in taking measures for the nationalization of railroads in Japan.

"The Japanese Government will stifle the spirit of independent enterprise among the business men of Japan. As for the rate, far from decreasing, it will increase and the Government will make money, which is in truth the aim of the Government. But, as soon as the present Cabinet resign, this nationalizing business will be dropped and the railroads that shall have been bought by the Government shall be resold to the private enterprisers. Our company will be bought, if at all, ten years afterward, so that we may not have to be bought actually. That's what our eminent economists tell us. So, they advice us to cheer up, for the worst is yet to come."

It has been said that the most potent cause for the action of the Japanese Government in the railroad nationalization was the fear that Harriman, or Hill, or some great, big railroader of this country might buy up all the Japanese railroad lines. Shigemichi Miyoshi did not give any definite opinion about the matter. Only he said, "Who can tell what might not have been?"

Tokuji Takahashi extolled the virtues of Jacob Schiff the American financier.

"Had it not been for Mr. Schiff, Mr. Takahashi (Korekiyo, who came to this country last year as a financial agent of the Japanese Government), might not have been able to make such a great success as he did. Mr. Takahashi was in London trying to negotiate the first war loan of some 150,000,000 yen. Mr. Schiff happened to be in London then. And when he heard from Mr. Takahashi what a hard time he was having, the American financier promised to take up half of the amount on his own responsibility, if Mr. Takahashi succeed in disposing of the other half in London. This was a great encouragement, as well as a great practical help."

Shigemichi Miyoshi said he has been asked by a man in the presence of his daughter as soon as he came to this country what he thinks about the American women. He answered, of all the women that he has seen so far in Europe and America the American women are the prettiest. This compliment greatly pleased the father as well as his daughter. JIHEI HASHIGUCHI.

Margaret Anglin to Appear in New Roles.

Margaret Anglin, under the direction of Henry Miller, will appear at the Princess Theatre next season in three rôles she has never played in New York and also as *Mrs. Dane* in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Two of the other three plays are new to this city, while the third is Sheridan's classic, "The School for Scandal," in which Miss Anglin will play *Lady Teasle*. Miss Anglin will appear first in a new play entitled "The Great Divide," written by William Vaughn Moody.

Following "The Great Divide" Miss Anglin will appear in "The Eternal Feminine," a whimsical comedy of ancient days, in which she will play the *Queen of the Amazons*.

News of Plays and Players.

Maude Fealy will begin her first starring tour at Wilkesbarre on September 15 in the new Martha Morton comedy "The Illusion of Beatrice." Jack Webster will be the leading man.

William Courtleigh has been engaged by Daniel V. Arthur for the leading rôle in Marie Cahill's new play "Marrying Mary," which will be opened at Daly's on August 27. This will be Mr. Courtleigh's first appearance in musical comedy.

Harrison Grey Fiske has engaged Jennie Reiffarth for the company that will support Bertha Kalich in the new play in which she will be seen under his management in the autumn. Miss Reiffarth has been seen in New York in many notable productions. She was *Madame Vinard* in "Triby," *Mother Rosenbaum* in "The Great Diamond Robbery," *Pamela* in "Uncle Celestin" and *Madame Rouge* in "Drink."

It was announced last night that the musical comedy "His Honor the Mayor," which has been running for nine weeks at the New York Theatre, will be withdrawn on July 28. McIntyre and Heath, in "The Ham Tree," will open at the theatre on July 30. Manager Alfred E. Aarons of the "His Honor the Mayor" company says he tried hard to induce Kläw & Erlanger to let his show have the time allotted to McIntyre and Heath, but that the managers refused to do so.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss May Sinclair took the head of one of the seven long tables at the women writers' dinner held recently in London. Mrs. Evelyn Underhill, who wrote "The Grey World," was also present. Miss Edith Durham, the traveller in the Balkans, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, equally distinguished as writer and actress, and many other notables feminine sat about the tables and listened to the speech by Lady Bell, in which she said that if asked what a girl ought to learn she would reply, simply to read and write. If the girls were taught how to read and what to write, they would have received a good education; for most people read in a slipshod way, and this leads to slipshod writing and speech.

Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton has written a short introduction to Thoreau's "Walden" in the new issue of Bohn's Standard Library, in which he says that a nature worshipper's best days come after he has passed his forty-fifth year. "Until you have passed the meridian of life you cannot know what a glorious thing life is," says Mr. Dunton, which is no doubt true, but there is a difference of opinion as to when the meridian is passed.

A sheet of Walter Scott's autograph notes on Scottish "slogans" has been acquired by the Montrose Antiquarian Society. The sheet has footnotes by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and also by Robert Chambers, who when he was preparing his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" was supplied by Scott with whole sheets of recollections. The holograph is one of these, written in 1825. Opposite Clanranald are the Gaelic words "Garyen Coheriger," and in English, spelled at random, "Gainsay, Who Dares." Chambers's footnote states that this erroneous orthography proves Scott to be the author of "Waverley."

It is said that after lengthy negotiations the Keats house at Rome is likely to become the property of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. The actual purchase of the house will cost £4,000, and while some of the requisite funds have been secured more are needed. It is purposed to make the building the centre of a representative collection of relics of the poet.

In Prof. Matzke's edition of Molière's "Tartufe," soon to be published with the original French text by Henry Holt & Co., the editor explains in English the conditions which made it possible for such a character as Tartufe, the obscene pedant and hypocrite, to exist and to thrive, as well as the difficulties under which the great playwright labored in presenting his exposure to the public.

Miss Carolyn Wells has undertaken to ban with a prologue and to bless with an epilogue in her usual whimsical style the new volume, "A Cheerful Year Book," which is already in preparation to add to the gayety of 1907. The pictures in the new book are by C. F. Lester and the aphorisms by F. M. Knowles.

"What the Negro Reads" is the subject of a significant article in the current *Critic* based upon data obtained at the public library in Jacksonville, which has a department for the sole use of colored patrons in charge of a colored assistant. "Hypatia," "Les Miserables" and Wilkie Collins's books are all taken more than at the desks for white people; Dickens is read with interest, especially "David Copperfield," and "Oliver Twist." Scott is little read, except "Ivanhoe" and "Rob Roy," but George Eliot has a brave following, even more than Thackeray. Books by colored writers, magazines for colored people and accounts of what their own race are doing are all thoroughly read. There has been almost a run on Darwin's "Descent of Man," and Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" is a prime favorite.

One of the most dramatic chapters of Mary Dillon's new book, which will be published in September under the title of "The Leader," deals with the national Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904.

Eugene P. Lyle's book "The Missourian," although published nearly a year ago, continues to be the "best selling" book in Mexico.

The *Literary World* in England announces a prize competition for its August number on the following subject: "It is generally admitted that Mr. Meredith is the greatest of living novelists. We ask why?" A prize is offered for the best answer, which is to be published in the magazine. The new pocket edition of Meredith's novels is causing a revival of interest in his work, and the theory that Meredith is too difficult for the average reader vanishes as the public take up his books in this new and convenient edition. "Diana of the Crossways" appears on more than one list recommended for summer reading, and "Richard Feverel," which has been called the young man's Bible, is an artistic as well as uplifting bit of literature to read in the summer holidays.

Miriam Michelson's new novel, "Anthony Overman," which is to be published August 1, will be brought out simultaneously in Australia and the United States.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, whose new play Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced recently, is a member of that select circle which with Lord and Lady Lytton at its head lives and moves and has its being in the shadow of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Mrs. Lyttleton's marriage to the ex-Colonial Secretary, who has just been returned to the House as the member for St. George's, Hanover Square, took place some six years after the death of the first Mrs. Lyttleton, a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant. At one bye election Mrs. Lyttleton not only canvassed for her husband during his illness but also made a round of speeches for him very successfully.

Henry James compares the old Newport he knew so well, when there was whist instead of bridge, when private theatricals were the height of economical gayety and polite conservation was largely based on the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with the Newport of the day, in the August *Harper's*. Mr. James brands the new palaces so often empty of their owners as white elephants—all house and no garden. "They look queer and conscious and bumpish," he adds, "some of them, as with an air of the brandished proboscis really grotesque, while their averted owners, roused from a witless dream, wonder what in the world is to be done with them." Mr. James's article is illustrated with tinted drawings by Guerin and others.

Mr. Edgecumbe Staley's book on "The Guilds of Florence" provokes comparison between the sociological menacing trade unions of the day and their splendid prototypes in the Middle Ages. Not one trade was there, or one profession, from justice and finance to butchery, baking and candlestick making, but was banded together; and so powerful was "the combine" of the working classes in Florence that it was more or less discreditable and even dangerous to belong to an aristocratic or leisured family. "Tailors left their benches to attend Greek lectures, and blacksmiths laid aside their hammers for the pen of history. There was no one in Florence who could not read, and even the donkey boys sang verses out of Dante."

Katherine Lee Bates, head of the department of English literature at Wellesley College, sailed for Liverpool last week to tour by automobile the western counties of England. She is accompanied by Miss Katherine A. Coman of the department of economics, who will take a number of photographs. The object of the journey is the writing of a series of articles under the general head of "A Reading Journey in Famous English Counties." The articles will be printed in the *Chautauquan Magazine* and will be included in the home reading course for the year of English topics beginning in September.

F. G. Afialo, the author of "Fishermen's Weather," has asked more than a hundred anglers of recognized qualifications what they thought about good and bad weather for fishing and has received a great variety of answers, which he has classified under the headings Sunshine, Wind, Fog and Mist, &c., adding an appendix made up from experimental results entitled Best and Worst Weather for Certain Waters. There is no general agreement among these authorities. Col. C. G. Collingwood, another expert, even refutes the old theory of the southwest wind being the best for fishing and claims that the essential point is that the wind shall blow up stream. The one lesson of all this experience is to persevere and every true fisherman knows that. The quotation made by Dr. Foakes Jackson, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," seems to be very much to the point in connection with fishermen's weather.

THE SEAGOERS.

Postmaster General Cortelyou Going Where It Is Cooler.

The steamship Oceanic, which sails today for Liverpool, will carry:

Sir Frederick Fison, Bart., Mr. and Mrs John C. Beam, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Benedict, E. H. Bonner, William P. Clyde, Mrs. A. B. Cornell, Prof. R. P. Halleck, George D. McCreery, Mrs. John C. Wilmerding and E. Coster Wilmerding.

On the Ryndam for Rotterdam sailing to-day are:

Harold P. Brewster, Judge William F. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Hoadley, Prof. John Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Knowles, Judge J. P. Parmenter.

Among the passengers sailing yesterday for Nova Scotia, on the steamship Prince Arthur, were Postmaster-General George B. Cortelyou, Mrs. Cortelyou and their children.

Among those who arrived yesterday from Bremen on the steamship Bremen were A. D. Noyes and Mr. Slocum, United States Consul at Wiemar.

GUARANTEED MEAT

Fed at Ellis Island to Suspicious Newcomers.

All the meat now being served to immigrants at Ellis Island is inspected. The new order of things went into effect yesterday.

A great many of the new arrivals have heard of the beef scandal and have declined to eat meat. Now there are little signs posted about the dining rooms informing the boarders that experts have inspected the meat. The signs are printed in all languages.

$40,000 for Thirteen Nephews and Nieces.

The will of the late Isaac Wolf was offered for probate in Brooklyn yesterday. The estate, valued at $40,000, is distributed in equal shares among the thirteen nephews and nieces of the testator.

PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS.

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AMUSEMENTS.

AERIAL GARDENS. A Top New Amsterdam Theatre, West 42d St. To-night GEO. M. COHAN in "THE GOV'NOR'S SON." The Summer Song Show. Ensemble 50.

New York Evgs. 8:15. MAT. TO-DAY, 2:15. Best Seats, $1. HIS HONOR THE MAYOR With Blanche Ring & Original Pony Ballet.

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HAMMERSTEIN'S, 42d St. B'way and 7th Av. Paradise Roof Gardens. Every Evg. 8:15. Daily Mats. (Roof Bill). Victoria Theatre. Railroad Collision Pictures, Arthur Prince, Machnow (The Giant), "Dronza." Others.

CASINO B'way & 39th St. Evgs. 8:15. Mat. Saturday only, 2:15. THE SOCIAL WHIRL

LYCEUM B'way & 45th St. Ev. 8:15. Thur. & Sat. at 2:15. Seats Ready 10 Sept. 1st. THE LION AND THE MOUSE

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MISCELLANEOUS.

CLERKS, female; wanted girl graduates of High School to learn the Comptometer adding machine; we assist scholars to positions. For terms and particulars apply FELT AND TARRANT MFG. CO., 350 Broadway.

Traffic Rule Arrests.

By order of Inspector Flood the police made wholesale arrests of truck drivers yesterday in the lower business district, principally west of Broadway. Sergeants Snyder and Mccullough and Detective Schmidt, with six patrolmen of the traffic squad, gathered in thirty-five drivers. Twenty-one of the offenders, who were charged mainly with having their trucks on the left side of the street when they should have been on the right, were arraigned before Magistrate Mayo in the Tombs police court. Nine of them were fined a dollar apiece, which they paid; two could not pay their fines and were taken to the Tombs; ten were discharged with a reprimand.

RARE—Apuleius, Plato, Petronius, Propertius, Juvenal, Longus, Ovid, Suetonius, Martial. PRATT, 161 6th av.

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"MOTOR CAR RUNS."

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