

YANK GETS A WHIFF OF SPAIN

PURE ROMANCE TOUCHES A HUM-DRUM LIFE FOR \$250.

Here and There Is Still a Soul That Has Never Heard of the Benefits With a Trunkful of Securities, Both Available on Receipt of Money to Bury Papa.

The great Spanish lemon trust is up and at it again. Yesterday a most beautiful romance was disclosed in the custom house which shows that once again the same old castle in Spain contains a black eyed señorita who awaits only a little more when from her third cousin on the Jersey side, once removed, as Eddie Foy says, and then the señorita will start for Chelsea, Mass., with a trunk stuffed with British securities.

The securities this time are worth \$28,600 if they're worth a cent. Half of this bank of lettuce, or about \$14,300, call it a quarter of a million—the señorita is going to give to her Chelsea third cousin, so he told the custom house people when he came on—or come on—from Chelsea to Spain whether the deal in the arrival of the trunk at Boston was dug, perhaps, to the fact, maybe, that it had possibly, who knows, been sent to the port of New York, perhaps, by mistake.

One thing that suggested the port of New York to the Chelsea third cousin was an item in the newspapers about the trunk filled with Austro-Hungarian securities which the Government sent back to the Royal Hungarian Tax Office early in the week after the customs officials here had seized the trunk and the Austrian Government had proved that the securities had been stolen from their tax office. The Chelsea third cousin to the señorita had sent \$250, real money, to Spain so that she could come on over with the trunk. When the man in Chelsea heard about the Hungarian trunk here he naturally said to himself, "I'll bet anything that's mine," and so he caught a train to come on. Oh, you might have made the same mistake yourself.

The man from Chelsea is a builder, about 35 years old. The customs officials, when telling the tale, called him Jay Lemong, because that isn't his name. The name Lemong was selected because the Chelsea's real name is of French origin. In procuring Lemong you don't pay much attention to the final letter. The word Jay also means some kind of a bird that is an excellent biter. There are very few birds that can bite as well as a Jay.

When Jay Lemong began to unfold his absorbing romance, Jimmie Lannigan, the custom house elevator man in the west shaft, says he simply had to desert his job and listen to the story all the way to the back cover. Elevator call buttons were being pressed all over the works while Jimmie Lannigan drank in the story. But Jimmie would have lost his job, he says, rather than leave the little group of officials who were listening sympathetically to the story of the Spanish trunk, especially when the Chelsea narrator pulled out one of the letters he had received from the old Spanish priest who had attended the señorita's white haired father in the old party's last moments. That letter dragged tears from Jimmie Lannigan's eyes and Jay Lemong said it had dragged \$250 all the way from Chelsea to Spain.

Jay Lemong, it seems, has spent his life in Chelsea peacefully building everything in his line except castles in Spain, and with no thought that riches beyond the dreams of avarice were almost within his grasp. One evening Mr. Lemong was sitting at his table looking at a plate of cracked eggs, fried steaks and beans, when his little daughter, Marie, brought him an odd looking letter it was written on—

Well, everybody knows what it looked like, but for some reason the Chelsea builder never had seen one before. There were one pale blue crossed lines on the Spanish onion note paper, the foreign stamps, of course, and a broken Frenchman's seal on the official purple ink of the Spanish lemon trust. In the regular formula for beginning these letters: "My dear relative—Having not the time to know you, I am writing you with a U, and, in fact, all the rules of the game were carried out with precision.

This letter, said Jay Lemong, was signed with the name that the Chelsea builder had known in French. Lemong's real name, as has been said, is also French. The Spanish letter writer told of his birth in Austria and that he was a Frenchman, a member of the Austrian royal service, and that his mother was Spanish. The amount of money left to the writer by that French father was a fortune. But when the Chelsea builder had trouble in Austria and he had to flee the country.

When the writer found that it was his turn to flee the country he backpacked to England, where he had the vast fortune turned into real money. For years and years he lived quietly in England and his wife knew the great fortune he had won—only when she was old and he was old—was a true bit of letter writing. Then the Chelsea was born and of course it was a daughter. Soon her mother's pen and her father's pen came from Austria began to press. Her name on the trail and the old grandee had to up and beat it for Spain.

Before he left for Spain, however, the fortune had been again transferred, this time to English securities which were as good as solid bricks of gold. The securities were safe in a trunk right in the very room in which the grandee had taken his pen in hand to write Jay Lemong of Chelsea these few lines. The Chelsea knew that that beautiful fortune so much was in existence.

Again the grandee takes his pen in hand, for the good Father Manuel has just been told that he is to die. He has told his numbers, but his sickness laid him low, however, he has looked up his family and has learned that one branch of his father's people settled in Massachusetts for some reason unknown to the writer. Jay Lemong was the writer's third cousin. Would Jay look after the Chelsea? Only the securities were left to the writer—but he needed just a little more—about \$250 would do—to pay for funeral expenses for the old grandee and to buy a ticket to America for the beautiful señorita. There was a letter from the good Father Manuel, too, which showed that this thing was real.

Would Jay Lemong take care of a señorita who, it was intimated, was all to the Chelsea? It was when the letter plainly said that she would arrive with the trunk and that one-half of the \$28,600, the money in the trunk, he had on the ship arrivals. And when he wasn't looking at the steamship arrivals or boning up on the best make of kernels or carts he was just sitting around waiting.

For a long time Jay Lemong didn't take any action in the matter except to put in a bid to buy the securities in the papers and every day he saw the name of the ship arrivals. And when he wasn't looking at the steamship arrivals or boning up on the best make of kernels or carts he was just sitting around waiting.

So Jay did. He sent the \$250 to Spain first of all. Then he began to take more money in the trunk and he had on the ship arrivals. And when he wasn't looking at the steamship arrivals or boning up on the best make of kernels or carts he was just sitting around waiting.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Beatrice of Clare," John Reed Scott's newest romance, will be published this week. At the same time the second edition of Fogazzaro's "The Woman" will be issued.

An important and interesting importation is "William Thomas Arnold, Journalist and Historian," a biography written in part by Arnold's sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and in part by C. E. Montague, Arnold's friend and colleague. An unusual feature of the work is that in no part of the book is there actual collaboration, but that one portion is entirely written by one author and the remainder by the other author. William Thomas Arnold, although his career did not make him widely known, numbered among his friends many of the first men and women of England, of France and of Germany. He was the grandson of the great Arnold of Rugby, the brother of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the nephew of Matthew Arnold. His biography is a presentation of a fine English life lived in a fine environment by a man of rare qualities.

Neil Munro, whose story of "Bud" was among last week's publications, is a Scotch Highlander by birth and hail from Inverary. His ancestors were among a body of Munros' ardent Protestants, who left Scotland for the Continent to join the forces of Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant champion of the Thirty Years War. The survivors of the band returned to Scotland after the death of Gustavus and settled in Inverary, where their descendants still live. Neil Munro went to Glasgow and became an editor and writer. He has often been urged to go to London, but to him "London is a dreadful place. I see it sometimes in nightmares." "There is only one part of the world worth living in and that is the west of Scotland." His home is a comfortable old fashioned house a few miles outside the city.

The third edition of "The Wingless Victory," M. P. Wilcox's latest novel, has been exhausted in this country, and the publishers are now going to press with another edition.

May Sinclair's "The Helpmeet" will be included in the August Atlantic and published early in September. This is the first novel Miss Sinclair has written since "The Divine Fire." The other books which have appeared with her signature and are now to be obtained in new editions are "The Duke of Exeter" and "The Duke of Exeter" which have been republished and much read by the connoisseurs of literature.

William Dean Howells has discovered a new novelist of merit in Leonard Merrick, who, although he has been writing for some ten years, is little known to American readers. The quality in the English writer's fiction which has attracted Mr. Howells is the elusive excellence of form—the "singular abapeliness"—which he even mentions in the same paragraph with the work of Jane Austen. In the current North American Review Mr. Howells describes Mr. Merrick's stories as mostly "of obscure talent struggling to the light in those very uncertain avenues to distinction and prosperity"—literature and the stage. "In an age of intensely feminized fiction he is one of the first of those who know how to catch the likeness to the last fleeting expression, of women, and especially of the women of the theatre."

Myrtle Reed has made a study of the love affairs of certain famous literary men and contributes to the July number of Putnam's a paper on the experiences of Edgar Allan Poe.

The new volume by Bernard Shaw just ready includes "John Bull's Other Island," "Major Barbara" and "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Sir Oliver Lodge is one of the distinguished scientists of the world who has received honors from scientific associations in every part of the globe. One of his interesting researches was on the passage of electricity through liquids. Another research in a different field consisted in an investigation of the passage of light through a moving medium. For this study he received the Rumford medal of the Royal Society. His standing as a scientist and his power of logical and analytical reasoning make it of peculiar interest that he should consider science and religion in complete harmony as he sets forth in his latest book, "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science."

Ellen Key's book "Century of the Child," which is arousing much interest in Europe, is to have an American publication.

"The Lounger" writes in the July Putnam's of an unpublished manuscript story by Charlotte Brontë, written when she was in her teens. Mrs. Gaskell alludes to it in her life of Charlotte Brontë and quotes a passage from the introduction, but the story itself has not been published. The manuscript is owned by a gentleman in New York who may be induced to publish it some day. This same gentleman is the owner of the manuscript of an unpublished love poem written by Tennyson to his wife.

Henry James's picturesque old house in Sussex is known as the "Charles Lamb house," from its association with the life of that famous author. Mr. James keeps up a thoroughly well ordered establishment in spite of being a bachelor and one of his principal recreations is to take long walks along the country roads in the vicinity of his home. A vast amount of work has been accomplished by this man of letters concerning whose genius there has been so much disagreement among the critics. Some twenty-five or nearly half of his books have been novels, many volumes of short stories stand to his credit, his work as a critic is recognized by many who are unable to read his fiction; and then his life of Hawthorne and biography of Story, besides many early descriptive essays.

"So various is the expression of this personality," writes H. S. Dwight, "so novel in manner and matter, * * * that our inability after forty years either to accept or to reject it is perhaps not to be wondered at."

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography is a belated volume of Victor Hugo's writings the manuscript of which dates from the exile in Guernsey, when the genius of the writer underwent that well known change which gave to his later writings their melancholy spirit. Hugo directed that the manuscript should not be published until some years after his death, his purpose, apparently, being that he might without reserve set forth his private conclusions on literature, philosophy, art and religion. Hugo's heirs have withheld the book for a still longer period that they might be able to make it the chief memorial of his century. The first half of the volume is devoted to literature and art, while the second gives the author's convictions as to the human soul, man's destiny and God.

So many contradictory reports are in circulation as to "who's who" in "Felicity" that the author, Miss Laughlin, has put an end to the guessing by frankly stating that "nobody in the book is anybody out of it."

Summer Suits for Men Embodying Great Style With Extreme Comfort \$15 to \$40

The fusion of style and comfort finds perfect expression in our summer suits for men. We have eliminated the superfluous to the end that comfort may be unconfined.

To assure this result without the sacrifice of style requires tailors that are unusually skilled. Ours are the best of their craft.

The famous Ralston Health Shoes at \$4 are on sale at our two downtown stores, 265 Broadway & 420 Broadway.

Hackett, Carnart & Co Three Broadway Stores: At 13th St., at Canal St., near Chambers St.

Triangle Linen SHRUNK TO SIZE 1/4 SIZES Collars

You wouldn't buy cotton clothes when you could get woolen for the same price?

Then why take cotton collars when you can get Triangle Linen collars at the same price, 15c. each (2 for 25c.)



Ask for them by name—look for the mark and you'll avoid the inferior cotton makes. Most collars at the same price are cotton—most collars of the same quality are 25c. All styles, 4-ply, quarter sizes. At all the best stores.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., The Linen Collar Makers, Troy, N. Y.

COSTLY TRIP TO CONEY ISLAND

BUT THE HEALTH FOOD BOY WAS BOUND TO MAKE IT IN STYLE.

So Nothing but an Automobile Would Do for the Citizens of Essex Street—Notes Like Soda Water—Recently Punnetted Journey—Big Bill for Tires That Burst.

A quartet of well known citizens of Essex street took their first long automobile ride Wednesday night to Coney Island, returning to the street at 5 o'clock yesterday morning, after undergoing the most exciting material for a story since Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street, lost all his money at poker and had to walk home from Jones's Point.

A hot tip reached the ears of Fred Paul, the Health Food Boy, early in the week that an added starter was going to win the Zephyr Stakes, the fourth race on Wednesday's card at Sheepshead. When Lady Winifred won Paul cashed in to the tune of \$50, and began looking around for a way to spend the money.

"Be a sport and take the gang for an automobile ride," suggested Moe Lazarus, known locally as Handsome Moe.

"I guess that will be as quick a way as any to get rid of the money," Paul agreed, and the Duke and Abe Finkelstein were invited to go along. Paul then called up an auto company.

"Five dollars an hour," he was heard to exclaim into the mouthpiece. "Haven't you got a smaller one?" "Three dollars? That's better."

The car drew up to Hymie Tok's office, corner of Grand and Eldridge streets, at 5 o'clock.

"I thought there were two seats," complained the Duke as he eyed the runabout.

"That extra seat costs \$2," said Paul. Hymie Tok thought he ought to be included as long as they had used his office for a meeting place, but when the red hot got in and the Fat Boy had been hoisted to a seat on the rear of the buggy Hymie shook his head and climbed back to his office.

Paul consented to relinquish his rights to drive the car to Moe Lazarus, because Moe had once ridden as far as Forty-second street in Christie Sullivan's machine. Besides, if Paul insisted on sitting in front, there would be no room for the rest, while with a strap around him he was pretty sure to reach Coney in safety where he was.

Moe pulled a lever and two and the machine started.

"Wait a minute," called the Duke. "I've forgotten to call up the newspaper offices. They ought to know about this trip. Maybe they would send along reporters."

"There would be no room for them," said Paul, vainly attempting to raise the top from where it was resting on his face.

"That's right," assented the Duke. "There would be no room. I'll tell them about it. I don't want my name to be mentioned, but—well, the papers need copy."

The score through Manhattan was: Four pushcarts entirely disabled. Four loads of various merchandise on said carts strewn widely. Two pushcarts struck, but still of some value. Seven women frightened to the verge of hysteria.

The man in charge there said that a new inner tube was needed for the off hind tire and that it would cost \$15.00. At first the host was for driving back to the place where they sold them for \$15 flat, but he finally said he didn't care how much it cost him, he was going to see the thing through.

It was raining softly and Moe, the Duke and Abe Finkelstein were huddled together under the top, with Paul enjoying the rain unprotected behind them, when the party reached the gates of Luna Park.

"Honk! honk!" went the horn, and then came the now familiar pop.

"Well," said the three on the seat in unison. The man who was paying the bills tried to say the same thing, but the rain and dust together had blocked up his mouth. His guests suggested that he pay their way into the park and that they would be waiting for him in the café while he got the tire fixed.

"Then he joined them an hour later all hands went over to Henderson's.

The meal would have passed off quietly had the Duke insisted on eating his dinner at Henderson's, but the Duke and Abe Finkelstein was of the opinion that a knife ought to be used. Paul said he didn't care what happened as he had had to buy another inner tube, and that it was \$15.00 this time.

"What'll you have to drink?" he asked. Each one in the party said that nothing but more beer would do.

The tires stood up manfully on the way home. Just this side of the swamp there was a rut in the road, and the Duke and Abe Finkelstein were invited to go along. Paul then called up an auto company.

"Five dollars an hour," he was heard to exclaim into the mouthpiece. "Haven't you got a smaller one?" "Three dollars? That's better."

The car drew up to Hymie Tok's office, corner of Grand and Eldridge streets, at 5 o'clock.

"I thought there were two seats," complained the Duke as he eyed the runabout.

"That extra seat costs \$2," said Paul. Hymie Tok thought he ought to be included as long as they had used his office for a meeting place, but when the red hot got in and the Fat Boy had been hoisted to a seat on the rear of the buggy Hymie shook his head and climbed back to his office.

Paul consented to relinquish his rights to drive the car to Moe Lazarus, because Moe had once ridden as far as Forty-second street in Christie Sullivan's machine. Besides, if Paul insisted on sitting in front, there would be no room for the rest, while with a strap around him he was pretty sure to reach Coney in safety where he was.

Moe pulled a lever and two and the machine started.

"Wait a minute," called the Duke. "I've forgotten to call up the newspaper offices. They ought to know about this trip. Maybe they would send along reporters."

"There would be no room for them," said Paul, vainly attempting to raise the top from where it was resting on his face.

"That's right," assented the Duke. "There would be no room. I'll tell them about it. I don't want my name to be mentioned, but—well, the papers need copy."

The score through Manhattan was: Four pushcarts entirely disabled. Four loads of various merchandise on said carts strewn widely. Two pushcarts struck, but still of some value. Seven women frightened to the verge of hysteria.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST EXULTS

JUSTICE DEUEL THINKS NEW MEDICAL LAW PROTECTS HIM.

His Daughter Died Without Medical Attendance, and the Question Is Whether the New Immunity of Healers Lessens the Legal Protection of Minor Children.

Clarence W. Byrne, the dry goods salesman and Christian Scientist, who allowed his six-year-old daughter, Violet, to die of pneumonia without medical attendance on May 4, was up for trial in Special Sessions yesterday. Assistant District Attorney Turnbull asked for an adjournment almost at the outset because of an expression of opinion from Justice Joseph M. Deuel that the medical law passed by the recent Legislature had made the further prosecution of Byrne impossible.

The prosecution was brought under section 285 of the Penal Code, making it a misdemeanor for any person willfully and without any lawful excuse to omit to perform a duty by law imposed on him to furnish medical attendance to a minor. This is the statute for the general protection of children, and medical attendance is put on a plane with food and clothing.

At the Coroner's inquest Byrne declared that he had no faith in medical practitioners and would just as soon think of calling in a piano tuner or a snake charmer. He said his child had been treated by "the highest power" under "the supreme law" through the agency of John L. Roberts, second reader, and his wife, Rosalind Roberts, first reader, of the Fifth Church, Christ, Scientist, in West Forty-fifth street.

The new law, which Justice Deuel thinks will stop the punishment of Byrne, says: "No person shall practice medicine unless registered and legally authorized, but these things are catalogued as not being the practice of medicine: Osteopathy, the administration of family remedies, emergency medicine, or the practice of the religious tenets of any Church." That, Justice Deuel thinks, throws wide open the door to Christian Science healers.

Justice Deuel said he had no objection to granting an adjournment, but thought the defendant ought to be paroled. Byrne was released in the custody of his counsel, C. F. Horner, until this morning. When he heard Justice Deuel raise the point of the legality of the proceeding Byrne could hardly restrain himself in his exultation. He released he hurried into the hall and declared that he knew it all the time.

"How could the Judge do anything else?" he asked, his eyes dancing. "I could have told you just what he was going to say. I knew all the time that it was illegal to arrest me. The Holy Spirit kept me informed in my cell."

How could the Legislature help pass the new law? What can the law of this State or any other avail against the Supreme Law? It is true Violet Byrne passed out, ceased to breathe, and died. But she was two daughters left, two out of twelve, we are willing all of us to submit to His holy will. Glory to God! We shall triumph. It was a magnificent manifestation by the Judge; it showed the power of the Holy Spirit.

"Were you disappointed by the non-appearance of any members of your church?" he was asked.

"At first, yes. But I see it all now. They preferred to stay away and concentrate their prayers on Justice Deuel. That was it."

In other words they gave Deuel about treatment to-night," said the Coroner.

He said the new law exempts only persons who practice healing for religious reasons. The statute for the protection of children says nothing about the punishment of non-practitioners of medicine, but insists on medical treatment. Byrne was not charged with having practiced medicine without qualification nor with healing. He is under arrest for refusing to provide medical attendance.

Another Brooklyn Theatre. Empire City Company to Have Two Houses in That Borough.

The Empire City Company of Cincinnati has purchased a plot of ground 120x125 feet at Flatbush avenue and State street, Brooklyn, a short distance from the new Academy of Music, on which a \$170,000 theatre will be erected. Work is to begin within sixty days. The Empire City Company is building another theatre in Brooklyn at Ralph avenue and Quincy street.

Tropical Suits for Men

Homespun Crashes Flannels Worsted Serges Coat-and-Trousers Models, Quarter-Lined or French-Faced \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00

For the sake of comfort we have gone to extremes in tailoring our tropical suits for men.

Extremely light-weight fabrics, little or no lining and "skeleton" integrals.

Extremely good tailoring—so good that even a suit fashioned of a ten-ounce fabric is none the worse in style and character, for what it lacks in weight.

Extremely modest prices—so modest that we know they would stand a material addition and yet would the garments justify them.

Straw Hats, \$2, \$3, \$4

The government records no letters patent on a straw hat. Until it does you may be certain to find all the "exclusive" models in our stock. And you may be certain to find them at prices that are not influenced upward by the "exclusiveness."

Equador Panama Hats \$6 to \$40

"Equador" implies more than a matter of geography—it insures a tightly and regularly woven hat, from crown to brim. Yes, that applies to the Panamas at \$6.00.

Smith, Gray & Co.

Broadway & Warren Street, NEW YORK, Broadway & 31st Street, Broadway & Bedford Ave., BROOKLYN, Fulton St. & Flatbush Ave.



A Flood of Light

greet the home-comer at the touch of a button where the EDISON SERVICE is used.

As a protection against unwelcome visitors it leaves no dark corners and safeguards the home in the most practical way. Summer time is wiring time.

The New York Edison Company, 55 Duane Street New Phone 3000 Worth 30 W. 32d St. 27 E. 125th St. 115 Delancey St. 3d Ave. & 149th St.



O. HENRY'S

The Trimmed Lamp

AND OTHER STORIES OF THE FOUR MILLION

Twenty-five stories of New York's greater society, told with the consummate art of the born story teller. Each is a gem—a brilliant, vital presentation of some phase of metropolitan life.

"After his own original fashion, this writer is a new-century Balzac, portraying the human comedy of his time with deft, sweeping, soaring, sensitive, and delicate care." Philadelphia North American

With frontispiece. \$1.00

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO. 44 East 23d St., N. Y.

The Coward Shoe

Vacation Footwear

Whether your feet turn toward seashore or mountains, we have the right Coward Shoe for every occasion.

Russet, glazed kid, calf, patent leather and canvas, in styles and sizes for men, women and children.

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE. JAMES S. COWARD, 268-274 Greenwich St., N. Y. (NEAR WARREN STREET.) Mail Orders Filled. Send for Catalogue.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE JULY FICTION NUMBER JULY

Ed. Fielding, Amelia, Joseph Andrews, Smollett's Peregrine Pickle, Roderick Random, PRATT, 181 6th St.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF ECZEMA

Affected Hands, Arms and Legs—Endured Terrible Itching and was Unable to Sleep—Would Tear the Bandages to Scratch the Skin—In less than One Week

CURED BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I had eczema nearly fifteen years. The affected parts were my hands, arms and legs. They were more in the winter time and were always itchy, and I could not keep from scratching them. I had to keep both hands bandaged all the time and at night I would have to scratch through the bandages as the itching was so severe, and at times I would have to tear everything off my hands to scratch the skin. I could not rest or sleep. I had several physicians treat me but they could not give me a permanent cure, nor even could they stop the itching. At last I was cured by using the Cuticura Soap, one box Cuticura Ointment and two bottles Cuticura Resolvent for about six days the itching had ceased, and now the sores have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. Edward Wrook, Band 30th, U. S. Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska.



The most torturing and disfiguring humors, eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, and inflammations of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair of infants, children, and adults, are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the Cuticura Remedies, when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Infantile Eczema, and Acute Scabies, consists of Cuticura Soap (2c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (5c) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Pills (10c) to Purify the Blood. Sold Everywhere. Potters Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Preps., Boston, Mass. Depot: London, Kentucky, 21 Carterhouse Sq., Fort St., Roberts, 8 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France. Mailed Free. How to Cure Skin Troubles.