

TALKS ON CITY BEAUTIFUL

WOMEN AMONG THE DINERS WITH MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY.

Frederick Crowninshield and H. B. F. MacFarland Join in Their Praise—The Latter Suggests That the City Should Have Power of Recalling Some Statutes.

When the Municipal Art Society and the society's guests had finished their annual dinner at the National Arts Club last evening every body settled back comfortably to listen to edifying speeches on "The Beautification of Cities." But the diners found instead unlooked for diversion from the speakers' table, some of it induced by the presence of the numerous women, hatted and hatless, who graced the tables, and some of it quite unconscious. To begin with there was a magnificent preponderance of men at the speakers' table, but the preponderance was turned to naught by the splendor of the women adorning the lesser tables.

Frederick Crowninshield, president of the Fine Arts Federation, was the first to perceive and interpret the handwork of the heads and headgear, and he had not been five minutes on his feet before he declared himself a feminist and won the immediate and enthusiastic support of all the fairer diners and their properly trained escorts.

"Get a membership not of 1,000 but of 10,000," Mr. Crowninshield told the Municipal Art Society, "but get the women with you. [Dainty applause.] We men are here—what for? [Vigorous applause.] It isn't money we want, we artists; it's the sacredness of money. [Dubious applause.] You want, we want, the aid of the women. [Emphatic assent.] They are so much braver than we men are—and disinterested. Get them with you. The field must be prepared for art to grow in and to bloom in."

At this point Mr. Crowninshield, finding that he had his audience with him to a woman, sat down amid heartiest applause; but he had previously won the plaudits of the lesser half of the audience by his acknowledgment of the originality of the formula with which the chairman, William J. Coombs of Brooklyn, president of the society, had introduced him.

Mr. Coombs had begun by saying, "It is hardly necessary for me to sound a bugle note or announce a policy; or if it was it would only be necessary for me to follow the dictum enunciated by my predecessor, Charles E. Lamb, that art is an essential asset of a municipality. That we have with us to-night as guests representatives of the city department is itself true. I shall not make the mistake so often made by chairmen of meetings of making a long speech, and in announcing Mr. Crowninshield I simply announce him."

Mr. Crowninshield plunged at once into the subject uppermost in his mind although it mystified his audience for a moment. "I can't often say," he said, "that Providence comes to the aid of a public speaker in afflicting him with laryngitis. At this point everybody smiled, as Mr. Crowninshield spoke with a clear voice. "But I must apologize for this affliction," after which significant utterance which, however, was received with more laughter. Mr. Coombs was forgotten by the president of Mr. Crowninshield's bugle note for feminism which was presently taken up by Henry B. F. MacFarland of Washington, a Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

"I feel," said Mr. MacFarland, "a good deal like Daniel in the Lion's Den in this company of lions, except that on that occasion no after dinner speech was expected. I came to New York not to teach but to learn, and I have roamed New York to-day seeking the American quarter—in vain. The fact that an art commission in any city should have not only the power of referendum but of initiative and also of recall—especially of some of our open air statues. "But in this country if you want anything you've got to have the women with you. This country isn't a republic or a democracy, it's a gynocracy. [Great cheers.] The whole country is run by women. I governed, I too, am under authority. I learned long ago how to be happy under a woman's thumb. It's simple. Don't wiggle."

"With everything thus going the women's way Mrs. Storey of the Federation of Women's Clubs was introduced as the next speaker, and she kept the ball rolling as she said that while she had often spoken before distinguished women this was the first time she had spoken before distinguished men. "And," she added, while another round of applause rolled, "I have another disadvantage attending—the presence of my husband." Then Mrs. Storey gave every body a shake, and everybody applauded her some more.

John La Farge, bowing to the previous speaker, said that he had only promised to talk for five minutes. "Take ten," was the immediate cry. "Ah, but that's just what I want to give," he exclaimed. Then Mr. La Farge said that the Society of Mural Painters, of which he is the honorary president, but once had just the same ideals and objects as the Municipal Art Society. "And Mr. Crowninshield was with us at the head," he added, "until—until he reached larger things."

Becoming more serious, Mr. La Farge said that he had been saddened by law at thinking of what he and the late Augustus Saint Gaudens had talked over, of what they had thought of what this city might become. "None of us," he said, "is to pass," he added, "but not all that might have come about had Saint Gaudens only lived to do more of the work of beautification of which he was so capable. Henry Smith told me on the pavilion," he said, "and who wanted to sell me the grease, and those who wanted to get on. One of them, an old man, told me that I'd get ahead if I had a backbone. That same day my boy gave me a definition of backbone. 'It's a vertebra,' he said, 'and that's a flexible bone situated in the body. Your head sits on the end of it and you sit on the other.' Mr. Smith said he hoped he had that, and then he said that all the talk of spending millions for the resoling of Central Park was both, he believed, and in that belief he had asked the bureau of soils of the Department of Agriculture to send some experts here to help him find out what to do and the bureau had responded who also came and sent on two men who arrived here yesterday to look the ground over."

After this return to the soil Mr. Storey said toward the realms of art again and said, "As long as I am connected with the Park Department, unless some one has a veto over me, American art will prevail there."

And this was one of the few remarks of the evening that was not applauded at the dinner of the Municipal Art Society where the topic was "The Beautification of Cities."

BOYS CONFESS BURGLARIES.

Two Young Brooklyn Thieves Caught With Silverware Which They Got From Flats.

The suspicious actions of two fifteen-year-old boys, Charles Kane of 136 Lewis avenue and William Kruse, who lives at 1579 DeKalb avenue, in front of a pawnshop in Myrtle avenue near Tompkins avenue, Williamsburg, yesterday, caused Detective Babington of the Vernon avenue police station to question them. He found that they had a lot of silverware which they were going to pawn.

Kane owned up that he and his companion with the aid of false keys had entered the flat of Mrs. Nellie Wagoner, 447 Willoughby avenue and stolen silverware and furs valued at \$150. Kane admitted that on Monday he entered the flat of Mrs. Anna Sternberg, at 128 Stockton street, with false keys and stole property valued at \$100.

Both boys were taken to the Vernon avenue police station, where two charges of burglary were made against Kane and one against his companion. Then the two were taken to the shelter of the Children's society for arraignment in the Children's Court.

CELLA NOT MURDERED.

Coroner's Jury Decides That Wine Merchant Killed Himself.

Coroner Harburger's jury, in the inquest into the death of Gerolamo Cella, the wine dealer who was found dying from poison and a fractured skull in his store at 528 West Broadway at 1 o'clock in the morning of February 23, yesterday returned a verdict of suicide.

Coroner's Physician Schultz, the first witness, testified that he performed the autopsy and that he did not believe the wounds could have been self-inflicted. Policeman Kluber of the Mercer street station testified that Dominico Cella called him into the store at 1:05 A. M. on February 23. He quoted him as saying "Look at my brother."

Kluber declared that Cella then called his attention to a letter on the desk with the remark "Do you think it all. Don't overlook it." Kluber testified that Cella's head was resting on his folded overcoat. He bent over him and asked "Who did this? Did you do this?"

Kluber says that Cella then nodded his head. In conclusion Kluber stated that the windows were spattered with blood.

Dr. Murphy of St. Vincent's Hospital, the ambulance surgeon who attended Cella, testified that when he asked the wounded man who attacked him he answered by pointing to himself. In answer to a question by Assistant District Attorney Ward he said that he thought Cella was conscious.

"In your own judgment," asked Coroner Harburger, "do you think the wound in the head could have been self-inflicted?"

"I do not," was the answer.

"Do you think it possible?" asked Abe Levy, who was acting for the Cella family.

"It might be possible," answered the witness.

Dominico Cella, the brother of the dead man, testified that when he found his brother dying and asked who had struck him Gerolamo pointed to himself and to the letter on the desk.

"Was there a cushion under your brother's head?" asked the Coroner.

"There was," replied the witness.

"Do you know who put it there?" asked the Coroner.

"I do not," answered Cella.

The witness also testified to finding a second letter in his brother's handwriting in his safe a few days later. This letter, he stated, had become unrecognizable and that he had decided to die.

The testimony of other witnesses pointed to suicide.

SAD TALE OF A GALANT COP.

Honored a Lady Averse to Patrol Wagons, and Here's What He Got.

Policeman Shea of the Jefferson Market court squad always has borne the reputation of having an easy way with the ladies, but his resources were taxed yesterday morning when he undertook to escort Gertrude Hurley from her home on East Thirty-ninth street to the Jefferson Market court.

Shea's introduction to Miss Hurley was a warrant which he had for her arrest on the charge of writing Henry C. Hall, superintendent of an apartment house at 135 Madison avenue, threatening letters and keeping his telephone wires hot for several hours a day. She went with him to the East Thirty-ninth street station, but talked when Shea, who was in plain clothes, suggested that they ride together to court in a patrol wagon. She would walk or not go at all.

They had walked several blocks in amity when without warning Gertrude Hurley gathered up her skirts and was in full flight. She turned west on Twenty-ninth street and ran in and out among the shoppers screaming for help. Shea came up to find her begging the crowd to save her.

"He's a Black Hand and a blackleg," she cried, "and I'm going to kidnap her for my money! Will no one save me?"

Several men volunteered to punish Shea, but he showed his shield and that satisfied the mob, but a street cleaner, Phil Steele, he was all for rescuing Gertrude Hurley. Shea finally blew his whistle for help and grabbed Steele and Gertrude. A number of uniformed policemen dispersed the crowd while Shea bundled the woman into the discarded patrol wagon and made speed for the court.

Magistrate Corrigan sent Miss Hurley to Bellevue to be examined as to her sanity. He fined the gallant street cleaner \$10.

NEWARK TENEMENT SET AFIRE.

Young Man Accused of Arson Plot—Furniture and Baby Were Insured.

Alex Matuzza, 21 years old, was arrested yesterday morning half an hour after the apartments of Matuzza's brother-in-law, Christian Lukaszek, on the second floor at 14 Monroe street, Newark, were found to be afire in five different places. When the flames were discovered, about 7:45 o'clock, Matuzza was attending mass in Holy Trinity Catholic Church, in Adams street.

The police sent for him and found that he had a fire insurance policy for \$500 on the furniture and a life insurance policy on his sister's baby for \$100. These, he declared, he always carried for safe keeping, but his sister's question by the policeman, as she turned them over to him yesterday, as she was afraid she would lose them. Matuzza was accused of having set fire to the building.

The fire, which started in the three parlor chairs had been saturated with kerosene oil, in which the fire occurred forms the centre section of a triple three story tenement in which nine families live.

GOV. FORT'S EXCISE IDEAS.

They Are Put Into a Bill Which is Expected to Get Through the Legislature.

TRENTON, N. J., March 3.—There was introduced in the Senate to-day an excise measure which embodies the views which Gov. Fort excites in both his campaign speeches and his messages to the Legislature. The bill is accepted here as an Administration measure and it is expected that it will be passed instead of the local option or other excise measures which have been introduced and have formed the subject of animated hearings and debates throughout the State.

The new measure fixes a minimum license fee of \$300 in municipalities of less than 3,000 population, \$250 in municipalities having between 3,000 and 10,000, and \$400 in cities where the population exceeds 10,000. It also fixes in first class cities, where the fee is fixed at \$600.

The bill provides that saloons must close at midnight and must remain closed from midnight Saturday until 6 o'clock on Monday morning. Licenses are to be limited to one for each 300 inhabitants, with the proviso that this restriction shall not revoke any license now in force.

RUEF LIES FOR EXPENSES.

Alleges He Was Compelled to Pay \$4,050 to Keep Out of Jail.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2.—Abraham Ruef to-day filed suit against Judge Dunne, Rudolph Spreckels, District Attorney Langdon, Detective Burns, Francis J. Heney and W. J. Biggy for \$4,050, alleging that this is the amount put up by him for prison quarters, automobile hire and living expenses during the time he was in charge of Edisor Biggy under the order of Judge Dunne. Ruef says he is able to prove that unless he paid his own expenses he would be taken to jail.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the White Star liner Majestic, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton: Capt. Asel Adams, Jr., Dunbar Marshall, Mrs. Archibald H. Norfolk, Mrs. E. Robins Parks, J. W. Ryckman and Mrs. J. W. Wade.

CREDITOR SHOOTS A BANKRUPT

BUILDING CONTRACTOR WOUNDED —PLUMBER ARRESTED.

Charles Epstein Overpowered After Firing a Bullet Into Max Cohen's Body in a Law Office in Williamsburg—Says Business Troubles Had Made Him Crazy.

Max Cohen, a building contractor with desk room in the law office of M. H. Newman on the second floor of 714 Broadway, Williamsburg, was shot in the abdomen last night by Charles Epstein, a contracting plumber of the firm of Epstein & Deisler. The surgeons, who thought just after the shooting that Cohen couldn't live long, recovered last night that he had a chance to recover.

Epstein, who is 27 years old and lives at 82 Tompkins avenue, has his business office at 2099 Pitkin avenue. He told the police that Cohen owed his firm \$3,750 and that other business troubles had driven him (Epstein) almost insane.

Cohen is 49 years old and lives at 425 Bushwick avenue. He contracted with the plumbing firm to do the plumbing work in fifteen dwellings for \$11,100. Of this amount \$6,350 was paid, and Cohen, it was alleged, gave promissory notes for the balance. He went into bankruptcy a few weeks ago just before some of the notes fell due. Lawyer Newman looked after his affairs and from time to time there were meetings of creditors in Cohen's office.

There was another meeting yesterday afternoon, and after it was over Epstein appeared at the office. He became greatly agitated when he learned that Cohen had taken place. Calling Cohen aside he asked him about his claim. Cohen is alleged to have replied that as soon as his business affairs were straightened out he would see what he could do for Epstein.

Without another word being spoken Epstein whipped out a .32 calibre revolver and pointing it at Cohen's abdomen shot him, Cohen fell backward to the floor with a groan. Epstein tried to shoot him again, but he was seized by the injured man's son, Samuel, who was aided by Herman Heiler, the office clerk, and Abraham Schickelkraut and Joseph Miller, real estate dealers, who were in the place at the time. Epstein fought desperately to retain possession of the revolver and as a result he was terribly beaten.

The shooting was heard in the street and a large crowd collected. Police Captain Cruise of the Clyburn street station and Detective George Gasman were in the immediate neighborhood at the time, and when they saw the crowd they hastened toward it, meeting Policeman Jacquillard of the Stagg street station, who had also been attracted by the shooting. When they reached the lawyer's office Epstein was in the firm grasp of the men who had been in the office. The police took him in charge and an ambulance was summoned in a hurry from the Williamsburg Hospital. Drs. Barnes and Dangler found Cohen to be dying and removed him once to the hospital. He had been shot in the stomach.

Epstein was taken under a heavy guard to the station house, where he said he had been driven almost insane by all his troubles. He added that Cohen had telephoned to him to come to his office, and when he reached there he got no satisfaction. Epstein bled so profusely from his injuries that he had to receive medical treatment, after which he was locked up on a charge of felonious assault. Kennedy was notified by the police to take Cohen's ante-mortem statement.

PRINCETON ALUMNI ORGANIZE.

More Than 100 of Those Who Live Out of Montclair Way Form an Association.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., March 3.—A Princeton Alumni Association, including graduates of Princeton University who live in Montclair, Glenridge, Caldwell, Verona and other towns in this section, was organized at the Mountain Top Hotel to-night. The meeting was in the grill room, which was decorated with the Orange and Black colors. More than a hundred Princeton graduates were present.

H. H. Condit of Glenridge, the chairman of the meeting, spoke of the benefits of organization and told of the objects of the proposed association. Royal S. Goldsberry of Glenridge gave a history of the Princeton Club of Glenridge, which will be merged with the new association. James H. "Beef" Harrison of Caldwell also made a rattling speech. Among the Orange alumni present who made addresses were E. D. Duffield, Harry Buxton, R. E. Ammin, Wilson Farrand and George McCampbell, president of the Orange association.

The officers of the new organization elected to-night are Robert S. Yard, '83, of Glenridge, president; Dr. J. C. Love, '83, of Montclair, vice-president; Harry N. Reeves, '87, of Montclair, secretary; and Frederic M. Davis, '81, of Bloomfield, treasurer. Among those present were:

Montclair—James W. Ames, Patterson Atkinson, Oliver K. Badgley, Joseph S. Batten, W. H. Belling, Harry B. Davis, George W. Brooks, Shirley S. Carr, Edward W. Carter, Robert W. Carter, entry J. Chapin, Jr., Israel Crane, the Rev. John Crawford, Harry R. Decker, Samuel W. Dodd, the Rev. William M. Doolittle, Clarence D. Durand, Charles V. Gabriel, John G. Galt, Herbert W. Hopkins, Walter M. Howell, Dr. L. C. Love, Frederic L. Merritt, Edward S. Prieth, Harry N. Reeves, William H. Schoonmaker, Charles P. Thompson, Jr., Warren M. Tower, James H. Walker, Robert W. Williams, Robert S. Yard.

Bloomfield—Robert P. Anderson, William A. Baldwin, Howard M. Bradley, Frederic M. Davis, Raymond E. Davis, George W. Lyon, Peter C. Mann, Henry E. Richards, Dr. Edwin M. Ward.

Caldwell—James H. Harrison, Edward Crane Lyon, Thomas C. Provost, Edward N. Teal.

LEHIGH HOLDS ITS JOBS

In Times When the Telephone Company Has to Let an Unlearned Per Cent. Go.

Union N. Bethell, president of the New York Telephone Company, amused the eighty odd Lehigh men who attended the eighteenth annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association at the Hotel Astor last night with a recital of some of the kicks that come into a telephone company's office.

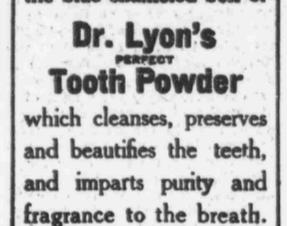
One man, said Mr. Bethell, wanted to know why the company was so tight with its college education by saying one while from 1,800 to 2,000 men out of the 25,000 employed in the companies with which he was connected had been laid off in the last seven or eight months. Lehigh, who had just got the blue envelope. Roughly speaking, his companies had about 100 men from that college in their service, so that the law of averages would call for the dismissal of from fifteen to twenty of them, had it not been affected by the higher education the men had received.

President Henry S. Drinker told how the problem of paying college professors a fair wage had been settled at Lehigh by the endorsement fund and outlined the future importance of this fiscal scheme. Others who spoke were Dr. H. R. Price, one of the trustees of Lehigh, and Prof. McKibbin. A. Parker Smith was toastmaster. Those present included George W. Wickelmaier, H. F. J. Porter, C. H. Yeeder, R. B. Honeyman, P. D. Honeyman, C. U. Boynton and L. B. Stiwell.

THE BRIDE with her dainty trousseau, is not properly equipped for her new life unless her traveling bag contains the blue enameled box of

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder

which cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and imparts purity and fragrance to the breath.



CYCLE COPS CLOSE SHAVE.

Pursuing an Auto, He is Thrown Almost Front of an Express Train.

The chase of three motor cycle policemen after a speeding automobile in Jamaica, L. I., yesterday came near causing the death of one of the chasers, Luke H. Grace, who crashed against a crossing gate, broke it and rolled onto the railroad tracks within a few inches of a passing train.

The policemen—Ennis and Van Cleef were with Grace—picked up the flying auto in Rosedale and set out to catch it. The race led along Merrick road, the auto going, so the policemen said, forty-four miles an hour. When the chauffeur reached South street, Jamaica, he turned into it, nearly toppling his car over. Grace was but a few lengths behind.

Nearing the railroad tracks the chauffeur threw out the brakes stopping only a few inches from the gates which had been lowered for an approaching express. Unable to stop his cycle, Grace went almost at full speed against the horizontal arm, snapped it off and fell on the tracks. The journal boxes just touched his body.

Ennis and Van Cleef, who had managed to stop their cycles, arrested the automobile, who said he was Arthur Bailey of 148 West Ninety-eighth street, Manhattan. The three men picked Grace up and took him in the automobile to the police station at Jamaica, where he was attended by a surgeon from St. Mary's Hospital, that town. His left leg had been badly lacerated, the flesh had been torn from a part of his right arm and he was suffering from many bruises. His uniform was in shreds and his motorcycle a wreck.

DIED WATCHING FOR HUSBAND.

Brooklyn Woman's Body Found in an Arm-Chair Near the Window.

Mrs. Margaret Dunn of 108 Berry street, Williamsburg, was found dead sitting in a chair at a front window of her home yesterday. She had been dead at least two days.

A week ago her husband, John, 60 years old, disappeared. He was formerly in good circumstances, but lost nearly all he had in a speculation. What property he saved he converted into cash, which he deposited in the Williamsburg Savings Bank. He became mentally deranged, and while in that condition disappeared.

Mrs. Dunn was 55 years old and not well, searched for him nearly every day, but was unable to obtain any clue to his whereabouts. At night she would keep vigil at a front window. Neighbors last saw her moving around her rooms on Saturday night. Two policemen who were near her home early yesterday morning were told that nothing had been seen of her and they formed a search party. They found her dead in an old armchair at the window. On a table lay a book showing deposits aggregating \$20. The woman was a neighbor, James McGill, who is a Catholic priest in Buffalo.

FOREIGN WARRIORS DINE.

Capt. Watson Pines for \$20,000,000 for the National Guard.

About thirty members of the Military Order of Foreign Wars attended the seventh annual dinner of the society in the yacht club room of the Hotel Astor last night. Gen. Joseph W. Pines of Newark, president and Charles L. Madison of Jersey City, vice-president, presided. The society's chaplain J. Otis Glazebrook of Elizabeth, who served in the Confederate army on Stonewall Jackson's staff and in the Spanish-American War as Chaplain of the Third New Jersey Volunteers and Gen. Edward A. Campbell of Newark made addresses.

Robert W. Pines, who is a bookkeeper wanted to see the national Government appropriate \$20,000,000 a year instead of \$2,000,000 for the National Guard, and said that the volunteer service needs to be brought to its highest efficiency until the men were put under pay.

These officers were selected for the following year: Gen. Joseph of Jersey City, commander; Gen. Edward H. Campbell of Newark, vice-commander; Capt. Alvin H. Graf of Newark, secretary, and Capt. William A. Lord of Newark, judge advocate. Dr. S. J. Kofo of Elizabeth and Major William B. Martin of Elizabeth, both of whom served with the Third New Jersey Volunteers, were elected members.

EXECUTED FOR ROMER MURDER.

Negro Tells Witness of His Death He Hopes They'll Be Kept From Temptation.

TRENTON, March 3.—Benjamin White, alias George Wilson, the negro who killed Frederick Romer, an undertaker of Orange, N. J., was executed yesterday at the State Prison to-day. White, who was being placed in the chair he pleaded for a chance to say a last word to the dozen or more persons in the room.

"Give me just one minute," said the negro. "I am satisfied and ready to go, and hope to meet you all in heaven. I hope you will all be kept from temptation. I am ready to go. White had frankly admitted that he had great temptations and up to the moment of his death asserted the justice of his punishment.

Romer was found dead in a room of the Park Hotel, Orange, on December 13 with his skull crushed in. White, who formerly was a bellboy at the hotel, hid in a closet before Romer entered the room, and then when he appeared struck down the undertaker. He stole a diamond ring and overcoat, the former being recovered from a Philadelphia pawnbroker. This gave a clue which led to the arrest of White. He was taken to Newark, tried and sentenced.

MURDERED FOR \$5.

Russian Wall Killed With Hammer in His Lively Stable Cot.

Andrea Muchalshav, a Russian sail, of whom nobody the police have located apparently knows anything, was found murdered in his cot in the loft of a lively stable at 261 South street early yesterday morning. His head had been crushed with a sledgehammer, which lay marked with blood beside the cot. Six dollars in bills which the man had displayed in a nearby saloon on Monday evening was missing.

Muchalshav was a sailor who had been allowed to sleep in the loft of Koern's stable to return for his nominal services as watchman. Jacob Cohen, who keeps a horse in the stable, was the one who found the body. The hammer came from a blacksmith shop on the ground floor.

Detectives of the Madison street station arrested on suspicion Ivan Kudla and Andrea Mariushko, two men believed to have been friends of Muchalshav, who were found loitering in the vicinity.

Advertisement for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, featuring a portrait of a man and the text: 'Has a larger paid circulation than any other weekly publication in America. The edition for last week was 879,500 COPIES. This is, by far, the largest circulation ever achieved by any weekly magazine in this country. We have been for some months advertising our minimum figures of circulation of 750,000 copies weekly, but for months past it has been steadily gaining. It argues for the soundness of popular taste that so large a public is attracted by such a magazine. For one thing, we have not been unduly prejudiced in favor of old things—"classic," they are sometimes called. We believe in the worthwhileness of life to-day. And if you will read THE POST, you will be impressed with our success in translating "the glory that was Greece" and "the grandeur that was Rome" into the enthusiasm which is Chicago. Five cents the copy; \$1.50 the year. Our Boys are Everywhere. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.'

DRAGNET FOR BANK ROBBERS. Mexican Police Suspect American Experts —Arrests in Chihuahua. MEXICO CITY, March 3.—A despatch received here to-day from Enrique Creel, Mexican Ambassador to the United States and Governor of the State of Chihuahua, who is president and principal stockholder of the Banco Minero of the city of Chihuahua, which was robbed on Sunday night of \$200,000, says that more than a score of suspects have been arrested, but it is not known that the right persons have been captured. It is believed by the police authorities of Chihuahua that the robbery was committed by a gang of expert American bank robbers.

Many American hoboes are in Chihuahua and a number of them have been arrested on suspicion. Every possible avenue of escape is being guarded and the whole secret service system of the Government is in operation to apprehend the robbers.

Eleven-story Building Combed for a Roulette Table. Four detectives from the new West Twentieth street police station were sent to the eleven story office building at 16 East Eighteenth street yesterday on a tip that gambling was going on there. They arrived about 6 o'clock, after almost everybody had gone home, and had to climb the fire escape, jimmy open a window and work down from the eleventh floor. A roulette table was found in a vacant room on the fifth floor.

TRENTON, N. J., March 3.—Gov. Fort sent these nominations to the Senate to-day: Winton C. Garrison of Newark, to succeed himself as chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries; ex-Senator J. Henry Bachelor of Newark, reappointed a member of the State Water Supply Commission; William S. Ackerman of Passaic, member of the Passaic Valley District Sewerage Commission; George W. Jagel of Essex, member of the board of managers of the State Hospital at Morris Plains; Richard H. Moldenke of Somerset, manager of the State Village for Epileptics.

NEW YORK CITY — Wall Street Men may leave subscriptions and advertisements at the Wall Street office, 25 Broad Street, Telephone 2200 Beekman. 1393 Broadway, near 38th St. 241 West 125th Street.

BROOKLYN — 106 Livingston Street, near Court Street.

BOSTON, MASS.—Room 26, Globe Bldg., Washington St. —T. P. Harrison.

NEWARK, N. J.—794 Broad St.—F. N. Sommer.

CHICAGO, ILL.—1002-1004 Tribune Bldg.—Guy S. Osborn.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Walter E. Edge.

BRANCH OFFICES. The Sun. DAILY SUNDAY EVENING. ADVERTISEMENTS and subscriptions may be left at these offices, where the rates are the same as those charged at main office. :: :: ::

Advertisement for VICHY CELESTINS VICHY. Includes text: 'VICHY CELESTINS VICHY. STANDARD. NATURAL ALKALINE WATER. FOR GOUT AND INDIGESTION. Ask your Physician. The receipts of the Brooklyn Post Office in 1902 amounted to \$2,436,157.95, an increase of \$14,567.67 over the previous year. There was an increase of \$60,127.36 in the money order business, and the total number of pieces collected was 231,118,262, as against 232,452,116 in 1901. Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, will give a lecture on "The Forests and the Future," illustrated with lantern slides, at a special meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in the Auditorium of the Engineers Building, 33 West Thirty-ninth street, to-morrow evening.'