WHITES MUST RULE THE SOUTH

SOUTHERN COLLEGE PRESIDENT ON THE RACE PROBLEM.

Alderman of Virginia Defends Depriving the Negro of the Ballot and Insists That Absolute Social Separation Is Needed—North Not Able to Judge.

In the course of a lecture on "The Growing South," delivered before the Civic Forum at Carnegie Hall last night Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, said that the South was convinced that it had acted wisely in the past in excluding the negro from the right of suffrage and that it was determined that the white race should continue to control the political development of the country. In insisting upon absolute social separateness the South, said Dr. Alderman, is agreed that it is pursuing a farsighted policy of justice, both to the negro and the white man.

"A wealth of ignorance has been expended on the discussion of the negro problem," said Dr. Alderman, "which quite sickens the heart. The deeper one's knowledge goes the greater one's desire for silence and patience."

The university president, when introduced by George McAneny, president of the City Club, began his address by saying that the most impressive social movement of the day in this country was the effort being made by the republic to adjust its new self to its old self so organically that it should lose neither its individualism nor its cooperative genius. This effort was more pronounced, he said, in the Southern States, where the whole social and economic life was being turned to master the weapons of present day industrialism.

"The South must pass from an agricultural order, depressed by poverty and misrule, to an industrial democracy," said the speaker, "wherein it must regain its national consciousness. The Southern people have had the political patience and equipoise not to disturb the only good thing bequeathed by the carpetbag government, namely, the provisions for popular education placed in their organic laws. They have developed an overwhelming public sentiment with the social and political agencies necessary to sustain that sentiment in favor of the education of all the people at public expense, thus making of a social system, semi-feudal in character, a democracy in social usage as well as in political philosophy."

In referring to the race problem that the South had to consider President Alderman intimated that didactic conclusions were largely influenced by environment. He left it to be inferred that the South was best fitted to determine the merits of the negro question itself.

"Essentially the negro as an irritating race issue is a question of the presence of the African and his numerical proportion to the whole population," said Dr. Alderman. "In a community of 10,000 white inhabitants and twenty-four negroes the question is an academic one and the doctrinaire and the sentimentalist have a beautiful time with it. In a community of 10,000 white inhabitants and 1,800 negroes there is less philosophy and more silence. In a community of 10,000 white inhabitants and 10,000 negroes the policeman supersedes the philosopher in relative importance and the problem moves along as best it may over the rough ways of democracy.

"Perhaps the chief political constructive act of Southern genius in reference to the negro has been the limitation of the whole idea of manhood suffrage, thus removing the blacks from politics and centring their thought on industrial life, removing frightful temptations from the politics of the white people, and in a large way placing the whole idea of suffrage on the highest plane possible in the republic. When all of its ragged edges are trimmed off and its incidental injustices have been worn away the suffrage regulations of the South in the last decade will be seen to have been wise and philosophical.

"The white race shall control the political development of the Southern States as it will and ought to control the political development of the rest of this republic. As we were European in our origin and structure, so we shall remain, refusing to become either Asiatic on one side of the continent or African on the other."

The speaker continued, saying that 2,600,000 negro children were gaining an education in the public schools of the South even while each State resisted every effort to distribute taxation on racial lines. From a condition of absolute illiteracy after the war fully one-half of the negroes of the newer generation had become literate. The negro race in the South owns nearly $300,000,000 worth of property. The speaker said that this did not seem to indicate that since the war the black race had lived under any conditions of oppression. He continued:

"It has been settled that the negro, having humanity, personality, economic value, shall be trained for citizenship in this republic and that the South itself shall exert intelligent and discriminating influence upon the character of that training, because it is its duty so to act, and because extraneous influence may carry the negro further from understanding and sympathy with his environment. The best Southern thought on this matter is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but watchful and steady.

"No amount of prophecy is going to settle this question, but it is not prophecy but fact to assert that the negro race is steadily declining in the South and must continue to decline in relative numbers; that he will remain socially distinct; that he is yet to undergo the fiercest trials that come to backward races striving to forge to the front in old civilization, and that the nature of this ordeal will increase the migratory impulse of the negroes. Nearly a million now live outside of Southern limits. In thirty years this number will be increased 50 per cent. Already it is the ultimate fate of the negro that is in the balance in America and not the fate of the Southern States."

WHITE BRICKS AS BALLAST.

Bound From Germany to Burma by Way of New York.

The four masted British built German clipper ship Peter Rickmers, in yesterday from Bremen, has aboard 60,000 German white bricks, shipped at Bremerhaven, which she is going to carry with her to Rangoon, whither she will also take from this port a cargo of case oil. Capt. Bachman said his employers had found that the Rickmers, which is slim and heavily sparred, needed a lot of ballast to cross the sea. There was no reason why she should not have profitable ballast and so they put aboard the bricks, which are sold at a big profit in India, and 200 tons of stone fit for Burmese foundations. Incidentally, such is the cargo capacity of the big ship, she took aboard 1,850 tons of sand ballast. She will dump that at South Brooklyn before going to Bayonne to load with case oil, and the sand also will be sold. A cargo of case oil alone would not be heavy enough to keep the Rickmers from ducking under the pressure of a stiff breeze, and that is why she has to take the bricks and stone the roundabout way from Germany.

Capt. Bachman has a fine crew and he is proud of them, but he is going to find out if he can who or what it was that broached his private provision compartment and took out 150 bottles of fine German beer. He will ask the German Consul here to call a court of inquiry. The crew, made up of thirty young persons, mostly Germans, decline to express an opinion on the subject. Nearly all of them play some sort of musical instrument and they were having a rehearsal when the reporter came aboard off Tompkinsville. They admitted that German musicians liked beer.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

After dinner Mrs. A. showed Mrs. B. an album of views of her last summer's European trip, while the husbands smoked and talked stocks. Both women paused over a splendid photograph which showed the Alps covered with snow looming up on every side, while the sinister form of the Matterhorn overshadowed all.

"That is the Matterhorn," said Mrs. A.

"Oh," said Mrs. B., putting her finger on the little stone hotel on the summit of the Gorner Grat, "and I suppose that's where Harry Thaw is?"

"Harry Thaw? Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, you spoke of the Matterhorn, and I knew Harry Thaw was in the Matterhorn prison," exclaimed Mrs. B.

"We were unusually fortunate last month," said a letter carrier. "The shortest month in the year brought us three pay days. This month is a full month of thirty-one days and brings us only one pay day."

"How does that happened?" asked a puzzled listener.

"Well, we are paid on the first and sixteenth days of each month. If either date falls on a Sunday or legal holiday we are paid the day before. February 1 fell on Saturday. February 16 fell on Sunday, and we were paid on February 15. March 1 fell on Sunday, so our paydays were February 1, 15 and 29 and March 16. February pays well for a short month this year."

To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas. The visitor was near sighted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it.

The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger to the paint and he asked the visitor not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The near sighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.

"Ever notice," asked a salesman for a grocery house that makes a business of supplying hotels, "that if you stroll uptown and look at any of the big hotels you will see them all pretty well lighted up? Plenty of rooms occupied, apparently. Well, that's sometimes a bluff. The help has orders to light up a number of the front rooms every evening just so that the hotel won't look like a graveyard."

To buy one's own fowl or joint and watch it being roasted at a public "rôtisserie" at the rate of five cents a pound is a privilege possible for New Yorkers to enjoy. This method has all the elements of novelty to attract the inhabitants of bachelor apartments and the young couples playing at light housekeeping in limited quarters. Capon, squab, and sweetbreads may be cooked here without fear of exchange for an inferior article, as the suspicious housekeeper is invited to sit down and watch her purchase being roasted on the automatically revolving spit. When done to a turn her property is delivered to her in a neat box, which she tucks under her arm.

There was a deal of guessing as to the woman who is a regular attendant at all of the meetings of the Board of Education. She took a seat at the reporters' table, which is well up in front, where all that takes place at the meeting may be heard.

The reporters thought she had been sent by some newspaper and made room for her. When they saw that she neither took notes nor did any writing they knew she was not a fellow worker, but out of courtesy to the sex made no inquiries as to her business.

The members of the board noticed her regular attendance and some of them were puzzled when they learned that she was not a reporter.

She absorbed everything that went on at the meetings, closely followed the calendar, helped herself to the typewritten matter that was distributed, and seemed anxious to keep informed on everything that went on.

One day a commissioner recognized her and then the secret was out. She was an investigator for the Comptroller's office, sent to keep tabs on the Board of Education. Since her identity was learned members of the board and officers of the administration have been extremely polite to her.

The extension of the subway under the East River is making known some of the peculiarities of Brooklynites. For one thing it has disclosed their theatre habits. Brooklyn goes to the theatre in Manhattan in the evening in rather small numbers, but it makes a grand rush to the Staurday matinée. If you attempt to come from Brooklyn by tube between 12:30 and 2. P. M. on a Saturday you will realize the truth of this. Every departing train is jammed to its fullest by women all togged out in their best. It is their last fling of gayety before settling down to the quiet of a Brooklyn Sunday.

SOME ONE HIT HAHN'S MAN.

John J. Farrell, Ex-Alderman, Who Is Pinched, Says It's a Put Up Job.

John J. Farrell, who used to be the Republican leader in the Thirteenth Assembly district and an Alderman, was in the West Side court yesterday morning charged with assaulting Frederick Johnston of 848 Eleventh avenue, who is a lieutenant of Leader William Hahn's.

Farrell swore that he didn't do it. Somebody did, for Johnston was battered and bandaged when he appeared in court. The preponderance of testimony had it that a fracas occurred outside the ladies' entrance to Kelly's saloon, at Eleventh avenue and Fifty-seventh street, and that Farrell, who was not injured, had been in the thick of it.

"Me hit a man?" said Farrell. "Why, your Honor, I never hit a man in all my life. This is a framed up job and that schemer [pointing to Hahn] is at the bottom of it all."

Farrell was held in $500 bail.

PINCHED ALL THE ESCORTS.

Seventy-one Men Arrested Because a Guest Not Invited to the Dance Got Shot.

Who fired the pistol shot that wounded John Merinde, a seaman, was such a puzzle to Capt. Byrnes of the East Thirty-fifth street station that he caused the arrest of seventy-one men in the dance hall at 246 East Forty-first street, where the shooting occurred on Saturday night.

The wounded man was taken to Bellevue Hospital and the policemen had a job of it getting all the prisoners to the station. They were all Swedes. Their women partners at the dance didn't want to go home unescorted.

The wounded man had gone to the dance unescorted, but none of the prisoners would throw any light on the cause of the shooting.

In the Yorkville police court yesterday Magistrate Cornell discharged all but John Suery, the proprietor of the hall, who was held for examination to-day.

EX-PASTOR ARRESTED.

G. A. Francis of Elizabeth, N. J., Accused of Fraud in a Real Estate Deal.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 22.—George A. Francis, once pastor of the Westfield Baptist Church and until recently an active evangelist, was arrested yesterday, charged with fraud. Jack Capitelli of Westfield alleges that Francis got a power of attorney from his (Capitelli's) wife by fraudulent means, sold a house that belonged to him for $2,500 and appropriated the money.

The ex-pastor is engaged in the real estate business with the Rev. Rufus S. Green. He was taken before Judge Toucey, and waiving examination was held in $2,000 bonds to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Francis denies the charge. He says it is part of a blackmailing scheme and declares he was entitled to what money he got for developing the land.

FREAK SUNDAY ON THE BRIDGE

LOCAL CARS RAN ONCE EVERY HALF HOUR OR SO

Until 3 P. M.—No Notice Given to Victims That They Would Have to Wait Long Enough to Walk Across the Bridge—But It Was a Beautiful Day for Walking.

At midnight yesterday morning all Brooklyn surface cars crossing Brooklyn Bridge stopped because of the renewal of the rails on both the east and west bound tracks across the bridge. They have a way of stopping Saturday night for that reason. From that hour on to afternoon yesterday there was trouble on both ends of the bridge, particularly at the Brooklyn terminal of the recently installed surface bridge local. There people who were willing to pay 5 cents to get across the bridge on an elevated train stopping at the Sands street station were forced to pay two and a half cents for the privilege of waiting for a semi-hourly trip of the bridge local.

The suspension of service on the surface cars after midnight threw a heavy crowd of the late Saturday nighters into the cars of the elevated at the Manhattan terminal of the bridge lines. At Sands street transfers were given to surface lines and there were long waits while cars which should have crossed the bridge switched and backed over the frogs about the sides of the station there.

After daylight yesterday morning a feeble attempt was made to run the bridge local of the surface line across on the south track of the bridge and back again by the same track. That was what started trouble at the Sands street terminal.

People from Columbia Heights and lower Washington street who went to the Sands street station to get across the bridge bought tickets, two for 5 cents, and were directed through the newly installed wicket to the bridge local car, which stood south of the station instead of on the Washington street side. There was no sign "Waiting Car" on this local, such as hangs from a sidetracked car at the Manhattan terminal late on cold nights, but a waiting car it was.

Only two of the local cars were operated. As soon as one leaving Manhattan reached Brooklyn the one waiting at Brooklyn made a start for Manhattan. The intervals between trips ranged from twenty to thirty minutes. This latter fact could be ascertained only by waiting with your watch out. There was nothing said about a delay by the gateman who took up tickets or by the conductor who called out the changed location of his car.

All the time that the local car was dozing on the spur track waiting for a clear single track across the bridge passengers from every Brooklyn surface line that crosses the bridge were getting transfers to the elevated trains at Sands street station. They got off the surface cars there, passed through the same gate as those who had dropped in their tickets for the local and went on up the stairs to the elevated lines. All elevated trains made stops to take on these transferred passengers.

At various times when the patience of those on the local had snapped delegations of them were sent to the gateman to know why they couldn't go on upstairs with the rest of the citizens. The gateman's reply was short. They couldn't.

"If I put another two and a half cent ticket in the box can I go up there and take the elevated?" asked one man who had waited twenty-five minutes, timing himself by his watch.

"You can't ride on the elevated on local tickets no matter how many you put in the box," replied the B. R. T. representative. "You've paid a local fare and you'll get a local ride if you wait for it."

Although there was a ticket office for the sale of tickets to the elevated lines which had been in use before the newfangled local bridge car was installed that was closed. If one wanted to get to New York in a hurry he had only to walk a block or two away from the Sands street station, board a surface car, ride back again on that and then with his transfer walk through the little gate where he had before gone through as a local passenger and on up the stairs to the elevated trains.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock there was a crowd of over a hundred people about the place where the delayed bridge local stood and there was a near approach to a general fight more than once. At 3 o'clock the north track across the bridge was opened and more locals were put into service. That relieved the stress to some extent.

It was a fine day for walking anyhow.

CHECK ON COLLUSIVE BIDS.

Comptroller Has a Plan to Keep Crooked Employees Out of It.

Comptroller Metz thinks he has a plan for doing away with any chance of collusion in bidding on city contracts. The plan is embodied in an ordinance introduced in the Board of Aldermen providing for duplicate bids, one copy to be deposited in a receptacle to be known as the "Comptroller's Estimate Box." This box will be opened by the Comptroller himself on the day after the regular bids are opened. If there is any difference in the figures the bid must be thrown out.

The Comptroller has heard that a fight will be made on this by the Aldermen, but he hopes that it will be passed. In a statement given out yesterday the Comptroller said:

"I am a firm believer in the removal of temptation, and as the bids on city contracts are now made and opened there is room for all the harsh things that are so often said. Charges are repeatedly made that employees work in collusion with bidders, making it possible to change figures on a bid after it has been officially received. With a duplicate filed in the 'Comptroller's Estimate Box,' not to be opened until the day after the original bids are opened, such a thing would be impossible.

"Under the old system there were great possibilities for a dishonest employee and a contractor who had a working agreement. The particulars of the various methods by which free competition might be defeated were almost as many as the different kinds of bids.

"For example, where bids were received by items and the test was which bid was lowest on the greatest number of items it was not infrequent that 'those who knew' would bid low on perhaps 90 per cent. of the items and then make up the difference on the remaining 10 per cent., their bids in the aggregate being greater than those of the unsuccessful bidders. The new system was not designed to reach this particular class of cases, but it will doubtless have its effect on them.

"The main point is to avoid any possibility of bids being changed overnight after they have been entered in competition with others. With little check on the bids a dishonest contractor working with one on the inside might raise the price of various articles and increase the total amount of his bid and it would be a rather difficult thing to prove how it was done."

FINED $80,000 IN MEXICO.

Rich Coffee Dealer Mulcted for Violations of the Stamp Laws.

MEXICO CITY, March 22.—Teodoro Kraf, a rich coffee merchant of Cordova, who is well known in the coffee trade in the United States and Europe, has been fined $80,000 by the stamp department of the Federal Government for violations of the stamp laws. His property has been levied upon to insure the payment of the fine.

Stable Fire Scares Hotel Guests at Atlantic City.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., March 22.—Five valuable coach horses were burned to death in a fire which partly consumed the stables of the Hotel Rudolf to-night. The fire started while the guests of the hotel were at dinner and scores ran to the street. The origin of the blaze is unknown.

SEWERAGE BOARD NEEDS MONEY.

$75,000 to Prepare a Scheme to Prevent Harbor Pollution.

The Metropolitan Sewerage Commission, which was appointed by Mayor McClellan in June, 1906, in accordance with an act of the Legislature, to prepare a report upon the pollution of New York harbor and the two confluent rivers and to recommend measures for the abatement of this condition, has reported to the Mayor that in order to accomplish the work, which it must finish before May, 1909, the commission must have more funds. Of the $15,000 allowed it by legislative enactment but $5,000 remains, says the report, and the sum necessary to complete the investigation the commission puts at $75,000.

This body of engineers and specialists succeeded the New York Bay Pollution Commission, which first called the attention of the public to the menacing condition of the harbor in 1905. The membership of the commission as reconstituted by the Mayor on January 10 of this year is: Dr. George A. Soper, president; Charles Sooysmith, H. de B. Parsons, James H. Fuertes and Lindsley R. Williams.

In its partial report the commission says in general terms that the harbors and rivers about New York city now receive all the sewage and manufacturing drainage of the great population located on all surrounding shores and that in the absence of any restriction these waters are being made the dumping place for cities and towns situated some distance in the interior.

"Analyses and inspections made by this commission," says the report, "and by its predecessor, the New York Bay Pollution Commission, have shown that the waters are polluted and that local nuisances occur along about ninety miles of the harbor coast line. Additional sewers now building or projected will double the quantity of these wastes within a few years. It is probable, if the pollution is allowed to continue at the present rate, that offensive conditions will eventually extend over the most beautiful and most frequented portions of the bay, and that public health and welfare, already threatened through the contamination of oysters, public bathing places and fishing, will be jeopardized."

The report continues to state that protective measures against the pollution evil have been taken by the cities of London, Dublin, Providence and Baltimore. A comprehensive plan for the collection and disposition of the drainage of New York harbor would ultimately save the city millions of dollars by preventing the construction of ill considered sewerage projects, besides safeguarding the health of the inhabitants about the harbor shores.

The commission sets forth its need for increased appropriation from the city in these words:

Owing to expenditures over which the present commissioners have had no control we find that the commission is without funds. Of the $15,000 allowed by the Legislature $5,000 remain to be released by the city for the commission's use, but this sum is barely sufficient to meet the outstanding obligations and will leave no means with which to continue the work of the commission.

We estimate the sum necessary to finish the work of this commission in a thorough and yet economical manner to be $75,000. We also estimate the additional time needed to be about one year. The estimated cost can be reduced somewhat if active cooperation in some of the work can be secured from the various departments of the city government, but we are not sanguine that the reduction would be great.

CUBAN KID'S GLORY DEPARTS.

Owner of the Fine Togs He Wore Provides Clothing More Suitable for a Cell.

Andrew Gonzales, known on the West Side as the Cuban Kid, though he was born in Charleston, S. C., didn't look happy yesterday in spite of the glories of a blue serge suit, patent leather boots with white kid uppers and a red necktie. His shining morning face was tarnished by the stains of travel, for he had come from Washington, D. C., in the company of a Central Office detective and stood before Magistrate Walsh in the West Side court charged with grand larceny.

Thomas Epps, a cocoa colored former friend of the Cuban Kid, was there to identify the stolen property and Matilda Epps came along to corroborate the testimony of her husband.

"It was the sneaking way he done the job that got my goat," said Epps to the Magistrate. "I was his friend, and when he didn't even have bread to eat he had a seat at my table and slept in my flat. That's the way he repaid kindness—ran off to the South with my clothes and he's got 'em on now."

"You must have been a swell," remarked the Magistrate as he noticed the difference between the gaudy attire of the accused and the sober garments worn by the complainant.

"They were my Sunday go to meetin' togs and I was at work when him and his wife went to Washington and took along my wardrobe," said Epps. "It wouldn't have made so much difference if he had lifted only such things as he actually needed—he wanted whole hog or none."

"Your honor, I didn't steal a thing that belonged to this man," said Gonzales. "I will admit that these clothes are his, but I came by them honestly. When I left New York for Washington my wife did the packing. She made a mistake and put Mr. Epps's clothes in the trunk, and then when we got there while I was asleep she threw my old clothes away.

"There was nothing else for me to put on but his clothes and I had them on when Mr. Bruckman, the detective, got me. If you wants to get the person what stole the clothes you'd better send to 1432 Q street, N. W., Washington, and get Madeline—she's the lady that done the work and she did it because she was anxious for me to look prosperous."

The Magistrate told Gonzales that he would have to hold him for the Court of General Sessions and that to prove his innocence he had better see that his wife came on from Washington.

"You goin' to lock him up in my husband's Sunday clothes?" exclaimed Epps's wife.

"Unless you can provide him with something more fitting for his position in a cell," replied the Court. The woman turned to the prisoner.

"We sure goin' to strip you," she said. Then she went to her home with her husband.

Epps and his wife returned later with a suit case containing the oldest things they could find about the flat. Gonzales had to wear them.

HEINZE'S FINE TURNED IN.

President Fails to Remit $22,000 Penalty for Contempt of Court.

HELENA, Mon., March 22.—The fine of $22,000 imposed upon F. Augustus Heinze and his two mine superintendents, Frank and Treriz, for contempt of court has been forwarded to the Treasury at Washington, yesterday being the last day of extension allowed by Judge Hunt.

The fines were imposed for violation of an injunction in connection with litigation over Butte mines.

Gov. Fort Will Have an Office in Newark.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., March 22.—Gov. Fort has announced that on April 1 he and his son, Recorder Franklin W. Fort of East Orange, will open offices in the Scheuer Building in Newark, where they have leased a suite of five rooms. The Governor does not expect to transact much law business, though he probably will act as consultant on occasions. His chief object is to have a fixed place in Newark where he can be seen on State business by persons who would find it impossible or inconvenient to go to Trenton.

LIMA'S WELCOME DELIGHTS FLEET

Continued from Third Page.

know what to do with it himself and can't give it away. Take him out of the hood! Give him an air gun! Let him blow soap bubbles! Don't fire until the gun's loaded, sonny! There, the operating lever caught him in the mush! Yer better keep out of the line of fire next time!

BULL REPELS BOARDERS.

The last bull was killed by Lagartijillo. It was the same story, except that just as the matador gave the deathblow the bull hooked him along his right side and tore his clothes. He had a narrow escape. His wounds were only bruises. As the bull sank down dying fully 200 bluejackets jumped into the ring to follow the example of two who earlier in the fight had leaped in and secured the darts in an animal's neck for momentoes. They swarmed at Yankee Doodle. He saw them coming and as they seized the darts rose to his feet and tried to lunge at some of them. It was too much and he fell as the men began to scatter and died at once. Bill said:

"Fine work! He tried to repel boarders, and he done it, too! If yer ship's sinkin' and it's yer last gasp don't never fergit to repel boarders. Ye kin go ter glory satisfied then. They ought ter named that bull Cumberland."

Bill explained the day's events:

"Ye see, the bull ain't got no chance after his ammunition is gone. He was firin' his last three inch guns when he got that Padillo feller. It's a case o' torpedo destroyers and gunboats fightin' an unarmored cruiser with a short supply o' ammunition. When that gives out the cruiser is bound to go. Some o' the destroyers gets put out, as Bonarillo and Padillo did, but there's no use in goin' t' sea unless ye got full magazines and ain't cut off from your supplies. Oh, yes, there's lots o' things to learn from these bullfights!"

BLUEJACKETS INDIFFERENT.

Then Bill shifted his quid and joined the crowd going out. The bluejackets didn't care much for the sport. Some of them left after the third fight and there was a steady stream from the ring afterward. Those who remained had this one comment:

"One feller got it in the neck—got the hook, all right!"

The writer holds no brief for the defence of bull fighting, but he wishes to say that the exhibition, with the goring of horses left out, was no more disgusting than a prize fight between two bruisers. Any contest that has the letting of blood as its chief feature may be called sport if its devotees so choose. This fight was no more brutal than shooting at bears from a safe distance and was not half so cruel as wounding a deer and allowing it to drag itself away and die in suffering. The bulls were in pain from the darts and showed it from time to time, but in their rage they forgot the pain after an instant or two. Giving them a thurst in the heart was no more cruel in the way of killing than it is to hang up a turkey or a chicken, cut its throat and let it bleed to death.

Death came almost in an instant to the bulls. The fighters risked their lives dozens of times. The bull had a fair show at them. Their quick movements, hairbreadth escapes, showed that nerve and rare skill were required. Compared with prize fighting where two sluggers cover themselves with blood, and when one is staggering about from exhaustion the other gives him a blow that makes him unconscious—well, the writer says unhesitatingly that he prefers the Peruvian bull fight. It all depends, you see, upon the point of view.

THE WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN TRIP.

Only a limited party could be the guests of the Government on the Oroya Railroad trip. It was known as the official party. An unofficial party with an engine and a passenger car followed. This Oroya Railroad was started by Henry Meiggs, the defaulting partner of Ralston in California who fled to Chile, got rich and paid up his debts. In 1869 he went to Peru and started this railroad.

Peru had money to spend then. Meiggs finished the road up the mountains as far as Chicla in 1876, and then the money gave out. More than $20,000,000 had been spent in going eighty-eight miles. Later the Peruvian Corporation finished the road to Oroya, on the other side of the Andes, and connections have been made with the road to the famous Cerro de Pasco mines, owned by Mr. Haggin and other American millionaires. Two other branches have been built and ultimately it is planned to extend the road to the head waters of the Amazon in Peru, so as to give the country on the east of the Andes an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean for its products.

The highest place on the line is Galera tunnel, under Mount Meigs. It is 15,665 feet high. The distance is 106 miles from Callao. There is not an inch of down grade in the climb. There are no less than fifty-seven tunnels. Bridges over chasms and foaming cascades and the River Rimac, whose course the road follows, are numbered by the score. For forty-seven miles it is a steady climb beside the Rimac torrent in a desolate country, with the mountains red and bare. There is no rainfall in that district.

TERRACES OF THE INCAS.

Then you come to where the river is hemmed in by mountain gorges, and you have to climb by means of switchbacks. Up you go, tilting this way and that, beyond two layers of clouds. The sides of the mountains become green. You are now in the land of the ancient Incas. Abandoned terraces that lose themselves in the clouds flank scores of mountain sides. The Incas raised their products there by some system of irrigation.

Fine specimens of trees appear, fruit orchards with chirimoyas, palta, nispero and pacay, and willow and pepper trees in abundance. The flowers begin to greet you the heliotrope, solonaceas, spurge and cacti all around. Back and forth you seesaw with massive, towering mountains above you and several lines of tracks far below you. Now and then you come upon a little town thousands of feet in the air.

Then you reach a place where a smelter sends its blasts up in the skies, and you begin to see what supports this road. A footpath or trail climbs the ravines, and you see scores of llamas bearing their burdens and driven by the native Indians. A hundred cascades, some of them with the beauty of Yosemite's bridal veil, leap with their spray down the sheer cliffs. The lights and shadows paint the bare rocks delicate hues, such as you cannot see even in a sunset glow.

You come to the famous Verrugas bridge, 575 feet long and 225 feet high, in its day the greatest feat of railroad engineering ever known. You are now in a belt twelve miles long, where no tourist can live, for there the Verrugas fever rages. It is one of those strange local diseases found occasionally in the world peculiar to a small zone and baffling to medical science.

You see crucifixes all along the route. Still you climb and climb and you see ragged edges of mountains above you which you know you will surmount. You come to a dead stop against the face of a mountain thousands of feet high. You back away up its side, and little by little, twisting and turning you lift yourself above another cloud layer.

MOUNTAIN SICKNESS COMES ON.

The air gets cold, a dash of rain comes as you pass through the clouds. At 10,000 feet high a sharp pain runs through your ears. You take several long gasps of breath and it passes away. A slight headache comes at 12,000 feet. It passes away and finally you reach the tunnel and emerge on the other side of the Andes with the snow all about you and you throw a few snowballs and start back. Your head begins to feel strange. At 13,000 feet it aches violently. The ache is as near like the morning after headache as can be. In the official party not one person escaped it. Half a dozen strong men became sick at the stomach and had violent attacks of vomiting. The mountain sickness was on. Other men were laid out in the cars prostrate.

At this stage came a complication. Heavy rains had been falling below and word was telegraphed that there were four washouts and the party would have to stay in the mountains all night. The faces of the railroad officials became grave. To keep that party at the height of 13,000 feet all night might prove almost fatal to some. It was this trip which brought on the illness that ultimately killed the late Dr. Nicholas Senn.

Word was sent that by care the train might descend as far as 10,000 feet. A hand car was sent on as a pilot and in the darkness and snow that train was piloted down those mountain declivities, where the least slip of the earth would have sent it hurtling down cliffs thousands of feet. The pace was only five miles an hour.

The sickness did not diminish until at 11 o'clock at night Tamboraque was reached, where the unofficial party of officers which had not gone up the full height was stalled. There was one inn with four beds and ninety men to occupy them. The unofficial party was in full possession. They had organized the Society of the Llama, Landslide Chapter. They had a merry night. The official party, sick, worn out, turned in to sleep in car seats. The next morning by walking around landslides and meeting trains in the gaps the party was got down to Callao. Several did not get over the mountain illness for three days. It was a magnificent trip in the grandest scenery in the world, but mountain sickness, all concurred, was worse than seasickness.

By way of return entertainment by the fleet a dinner was given to President Pardo on the Connecticut, and then a fleet reception was held on the same ship the day before sailing. This morning President Pardo boarded the Peruvian cruiser Almirante Grau and the fleet thundered out twenty-one guns on each ship in unison. The Grau passed out to sea and orders were signalled from the flagship to get under way.

ELIJAH ENOCH TOMPKINS!

The first division had just swung around into position and the Georgia was leading the second. Here it is that on Elijah Enoch Tompkins, ordinary seaman on the Georgia, literally leaps into fame. He wanted to stay in Peru. Hundreds of small craft were near the Georgia. The fleet was about to pass in review before President Pardo. Elijah thought his absence would not be noted, and there were plenty of baots to pick him up. He jumped overboard. To his surprise the Georgia thought him worth saving, even if it spoiled a Presidential review. She drew out of line, sounding her siren whistle and lowering away her life boats. The crews rowed lustily and the other ships filled up the gap where the Georgia should have been.

They got Elijah all right and had to struggle with him. There was another quick row of a quarter of a mile, the boats were hoisted in and the Georgia was able to swing in at the end of the column at the right time, and so the fleet passed by President Pardo in the best of style, each ship firing a salute as it went by. It made a fine spectacle. The honors were the same as paid to President Roosevelt in Hampton Roads, President Penna at Rio and President Monte at Valparaiso.

President Pardo sent his thanks by wireless and got a fine reply of appreciation from Admiral Evans, and it was good-by to Peru, with the sounds of cheers coming over the water and the sight of fluttering handkerchiefs from thousands; the last salute. True it was Peru had remembered.

FALSE PRETENCES CHARGED.

New Yorker Alleged to Have Cashed Bogus Pawn Tickets.

NEW HAVEN, March 22.—Whitlaw Connes of New York was arrested last night charged with getting money under false pretences. He is held in $2,000 bonds.

The police say that the prisoner and his wife have got much cash here and in neighboring cities by means of bogus pawn tickets all bearing the name "Y. Gluck & Sons, 1420 Third avenue, New York."

Connes and his wife said they were members of a stranded opera company and told hard luck stories. He gave his age as 32 and his residence as 217 East Nineteenth street, New York. Mrs. Connes was taken to police headquarters, but was not held.

Revillon

Founded 1723

Post-Inventory Sale

As we would rather sell than carry over the few furs remaining from our last year's stock we have re-marked them at prices to tempt far-sighted buyers. Furs purchased now will be stored free of charge.

COLD DRY STORAGE

Our Storage plant—the largest in the world for the exclusive storage of furs and textiles—uses no preservative but pure, cold, dry air. Each garment is hung, separately covered, on its own hanger. Telephone 3761—38th and our messenger will call.

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Spring Overcoats Brown and Grey—we have some for $18 we strongly recommend—of course—we have higher priced ones—but—well, that is your affair—

That Rex-Felt Derby is attracting attention somehow—it suits all faces.

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Broadway at Bedford Ave.

Soft hats catch it to-day.
All from our regular stock.
No "seconds" — nothing bought for a sale.

1111 men's "Alpine" and "College" shapes.
All but 70 were $3.50 or $5.
$1.85.

719 men's imported "Vimenet" hats—"Pocket" and "Telescope" shapes.
A majority were $3.50, the rest $2.50 and $3.
$1.85.

390 men's "Auto" caps.
$2.50, $3 and $3.50 values mostly.
85c.

1835 "Golf" caps—men's and boys' both.
None were less than $1—from that to $2.
45c.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.
Three Broadway Stores.
258 at Warren st. | 842 at 13th st. | 1260 at 32nd st.

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