GRIEF OF CHORCH THE BARBER

HIS FLOWING BRYAN LOCKS, THEY ARE NO MORE.

The "Best Friend." He Did the Awful Deed While Chorch Slept and Now There Is Mourning in a Shop in the Pants Belt and Unkind Words in the Home.

It's always your best friend. Chorch and Chulius, who for fourteen years have owned and operated without other help the basement barber shop at the southeast corner of Astor place and Broadway, in the heart of the coat and pants belt, said many times on Saturday between shaves and singes that it always your best friend is.

Chorch sighed it oftener than Chulius. Chorch is the real sufferer from mistaken friendship. Chulius merely sighed gloomily with Chorch out of sympathy. As the day lengthened and into the barber shop came Charles Adler, ex-Congressman Littauer and other glove magnates. Isaac V. Brokaw, Harry K. Browning and in fact all the big folks of the pants belt, and each in turn waited for Chulius to shave him, Chorch's heart grew heavier, for he saw that his customers of fourteen years would not let him shave them for the reason that they could not believe that the man standing sadly by his chair, his head hanging in shame, really could possibly be the Chorch that they have known so long.

"New man, eh, Chulius?" they would whisper, indicating Chorch, as they settled down for shaves and trimmings. "I hope Chorch isn't laid up."

When Chorch could stand it no longer he got down his German cap and strode up to Chonnie Krickler's place in Ninth street and waited there until night fell so that he could creep back to his home in South Brooklyn unseen by the pants belt. He tried to forget his troubles by playing skat at Chonnie's, but memories welled up in him. When he could stand it no longer he laid down the cards and told of the way his best friend had wronged him the day before while he slept.

For almost thirteen years the pants belt residents have known Chorch the Barber as the man who looks more like Hall Caine than even Shakespeare himself. Chorch, like Shakespeare, had his hair cut only once every year or so, and then the cutting consisted of a two minute trimming of the long locks at either side and the back. His beard he wore long and pointed. You ought to see Chorch now.

"My wife and I do not now speak," Chorch said. "I have eleven or eight children in my house at home in Brooklyn and they do not speak to me. I am 44 years old to-day and who cares? Nobody."

Chorch went down to Gravesend last Sunday to fish. Chorch does only five things—shave, cut hair, singe, shampoo and fish. His best friend, Gus Shirtle, who works in a printing house in lower Manhattan, likes fishing almost as well as Chorch does, and so Gus went with him. In the party was another man whom Chorch said yesterday he knows very well by name, but that he doesn't remember it well enough ever to speak it right out from the face without looking it up in a letter he has at home in South Brooklyn.

When the party got to Gravesend in the late forenoon they found that they could spend a few pleasant and profitable hours on a porch of one of the many road houses down that way discussing fishing, sandwiches and things and still have time to go out and catch some fish. As the afternoon dragged along something made Chorch feel sleepy, and that was the last time Chorch saw the long hair and beard that he has worn ever since he took an oath in September, 1896, never to cut his hair or beard until Bryan was elected.

Gus Shirtle woke up on the porch of the road house before Chorch did. Sticking out of Chorch's waistcoat pocket were a comb and a pair of shears that Chorch had brought with him to shorten the locks of his "eleven or eight" children. The third member of the party—the man whose name Chorch knows but keeps it in a letter at home—woke up about the time that Gus had cautiously taken out the shears from Chorch's pocket.

The two fell to discussing how Chorch would look if he wore his hair the way other folks do. The third man—let's give him a name—the third man, whose name is Otto, insisted that the long hair added even more to the good looks with which nature in generous mood endowed Chorch. Gus maintained that the undulating lines of so well shaped a head as Chorch's should be revealed.

"The better we should know," argued Gus Shirtle at last, "is it that we should cut off one side and then stand looking at Chorch from the side across from the side on which the long hair is yet on."

Carefully Gus cut off sheaves of hair from the left side of the head of the slumbering Chorch. Even when this had been done Gus and Otto could not reach an agreement, so they fell to discussing whether Chorch would look better without a beard.

It was while Gus Shirtle was cautiously trying to remove only the right half of Chorch's beard without ruffling Chorch or the left half that Chorch woke up.

"It should be a great day for the fish," remarked Chorch as he sat up and ordered a dark. He raised his right hand to stroke his beard. Just the tips of his fingers touched some beard but the hand closed around air. Chorch sat up straighter and suddenly he felt around to find out what was the matter with the left side of his head also.

Gus in the meantime was preceding Otto by several yards in the general direction of the nearest boat landing. When Chorch reached the landing both Gus and Otto were rowing far out over the heaving waves. It was dark before Chorch decided to wander back to his home in South Brooklyn.

"We have nothing for tramps," said Mrs. Chorch Becker to Chorch as her husband came through the back yard. For a long time his wife refused to believe that Chorch was Chorch. In the meantime Mrs. Chorch is not speaking to him, and she says she won't until she and the children are sure that he is he. For the present, however, Mrs. Chorch has decided to permit him to remain about the house.

When Chorch mustered up courage to come over to the barber shop his partner of years, Chulius, also refused to believe that he was he for a long time. Chorch broke down and cried at last, and then Chulius relented.

"Next," said Chulius to Chorch, and Chorch stepped into the chair. Chulius thereupon made Chorch at least temporarily presentable. But until the new crop of hair is in bloom Chorch's heart will be heavy within him, and the pants belt laments that Chorch is as a perfect stranger.

LIGHTNING HITS CHURCH.

One Man Instantly Killed and Many Persons Injured.

ALOONA, Wis., June 13.—The Holy Cross Church at Bay Settlement, five miles from here and eight miles from Green Bay, was struck by lightning to-day during the singing of mass. One man was killed instantly, two were probably fatally burned and fourteen others were slightly burned.

The lightning struck the chimney and ran down the walls of the church, burning those near the walls. In two cases shoes of worshippers were burned off. The dead man is Edward Du Quesne. He was killed instantly, though there is no mark upon his body. Annie Steplyn was badly burned and shocked.

John Greenwood was badly burned but is still alive. The lightning struck his right shoulder and there is a deep burn across his back to the left hip, the burn being through the flesh to the bone. His right leg was also burned.

TECHNICALITIES

Sometimes titles are bad for what seem very trivial causes and then the sellers say we are "too technical." We sympathize with them in their troubles—but, after all, technicalities make up real-estate law. We do not make real-estate laws. We just try to understand them and tell you how they affect you. Don't forget, however, that after your title is insured by us technicalities will not bother you any more.

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PROTEST AGAINST NEW CONSUL.

American Residents in Honduras Say W. E. Alger Is of No Use to Them.

PUERTO CORTEZ, Honduras, June 7, via New Orleans, June 13.—The American colony here and at San Pedro is in turmoil again, this time over the appointment of William E. Alger, now Consul at Tegucigalpa, as Consul to Puerto Cortez, vice A. W. Brickwood, who has been transferred to a Mexican post.

The objection to Mr. Alger is that he has lived here so long, twenty-five years or more, and is so heavily interested in local affairs and so identified with the natives through his wife's relations that he cannot look after the interests of Americans with the same zeal as a man who was closely identified with the home country.

So upset are the Americans over the news that they have started the circulation of a petition to Secretary Knox protesting against Mr. Alger's appointment.

Many things are recited in the petition showing his close affiliation with local affairs, and among other things the petition says that he is a brother-in-law of Jesus Paz, formerly Civil Governor of Puerto Cortes and now a member of Congress, who some time ago in San Pedro caused two native policemen to hold the arms of an American, Dr. O. B. Hunter, while the Governor blacked his eyes and otherwise pummelled him.

The protest declares that the appointment of the brother-in-law of such a man as Consul is offensive to the Americans.

HORSE BITES TWO MEN.

Goes Loco and Has to Be Shot—Owner Thinks It Had Rabies.

A bay horse broke loose in the stable of Frank Savage of 17 Malvern street, Newark, last night and bit its owner, another horse and a veterinarian before it was shot by Louis C. Teed, an officer of the S. P. C. A.

Savage, attracted to the stable by a racket, found that the bay had bitten a valuable stablemate. When he tried to calm it the horse turned and bit Savage several times on the face. Then it tore the coat off J. C. Corlies, a veterinarian who was summoned, and badly bruised his shoulder.

Savage and the veterinarian finally conquered the horse and tied it to a truck. Teed killed it with a shot from a revolver after it had tried to bite him.

Savage says a stray dog which had been around the stable lately was killed on Saturday because it seemed to have rabies. Corlies cauterized the wounds of the bitten horse and will keep it under observation for a few days. He cauterized Savage's wounds and ordered him to go to the Pasteur Institute to-day.

SALVATION NOISE STOPPED.

Stamford Police Take Army Men and Women Into Custody.

STAMFORD, Conn., June 13.—The police to-day broke up an open air meeting of the Salvation Army and brought Capt. S. W. Wilbur, his daughter, Miss Wilbur his brothers J. H. Wilbur and Albert Wilbur, Mrs. J. H. Wilbur and Staff Capt. Joseph Garabed, known as "Joe the Turk," to police headquarters because they ignored the orders of Mayor Tupper and Chief of Police Brennan to cease beating a bass drum and blowing bugles in the street. They were closeted for upward of an hour with Mayor Tupper and Chief Brennan and at the end they were defiant.

Staff Capt. Garabed, who is conducting a series of meetings here, declared that the police interference was an outrage and added that he would head his meetings with the music accompaniments in Atlantic Square again to-night. Mayor Tupper gave definite orders to arrest him or any one else who used a noise or music making device at the meeting.

$3,000 IN JEWELRY GONE.

Tobacco Importer Asks the Police to Look for a Missing Maid.

Henry Oppenheimer, a tobacco importer, who lives on Mott avenue, Far Rockaway, has reported to the police that jewelry worth about $3,000 was taken from his home on Friday night. He asked for the arrest of a servant in the house who disappeared that night.

Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheimer came to Manhattan to attend a theatre. They hadn't been gone long when one of the servants got a special delivery letter and left the house. She left her belongings behind and in a suit case in her room was found lingerie and linen owned by Mrs. Oppenheimer.

Among the jewelry reported missing are a ten stone diamond chain, a solitaire ring, a ruby pearl pin, a diamond scarf pin, a gold locket set with diamonds, a ruby pin set with diamonds and two pearl baby pins.

MISSING FOR 33 YEARS.

Texan Had Not Been Out of His Home County in All That Time.

QUINTANA, Tex., June 13.—Ernest Brown, son of the late Col. R. R. Brown, mysteriously disappeared from his home thirty-three years ago. His father advertised in newspapers over the country but got no trace of the missing man.

To the astonishment of his sister, Mrs. J. P. Ryan, the long lost brother appeared yesterday at her home in Quintana. The prodigal explained that he had been living on a farm in this county only thirty miles away during all these years. He did not know his disappearance had caused any excitement until informed of the fact on Friday. The man is now 60 years old and says that his time was pretty much occupied during the last thirty-three years and that he could not well take a few days off to visit his old home until now.

Lemon Chronicles a Drowning.

Giuseppe Taraito, 40 years old, of 91 Dales avenue, Jersey City, and a Pole known as Lemon, went rowing in the Hackensack River at the foot of Duffield avenue yesterday morning. Lemon returned alone in the boat. When he was asked by some of his fellow laborers at Secaucus what had become of the Italian the Pole replied: "You will not see him any more. He is at the bottom of the river." Lemon later disappeared. Detectives learned that a boathouse keeper saw two men skylarking in a boat on the river. They believe that Taraito fell overboard and was drowned.

HONOR MEMORY OF DR. HALE

SIMPLE SERVICE OVER BODY OF FAMOUS PREACHER.

While Family and Friends Conduct a Simple Ceremonial at South Church Men of All Denominations Pronounce Eulogies at Park Street Church.

BOSTON, June 13.—Unusual simplicity marked the funeral services for the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., held in the South Congregational Church on Boylston street this afternoon.

The rites were carried out in the manner the dead clergyman would probably have wished had he been able in his last moments to express a desire. There were no eulogies, only the brief and simple Unitarian service. At the Park Street Church at the same time clergymen of many denominations extolled Dr. Hale's character and life works.

Before the funeral services, from 10:30 o'clock this forenoon until 1 o'clock this afternoon, Dr. Hale's body lay in state before the pulpit. Surrounded with great masses of rare flowers the coffin was barely in sight, and as a throng of people from every walk of life passed before it they caught only a glimpse of the calm features. A guard of young men who were members of the church when Dr. Hale was pastor stood around the bier and ushered the visitors along in single file. At 1 o'clock the church was closed and reopened half an hour later for the funeral services.

Many distinguished men came to pay their last tribute to Dr. Hale—Gov. Draper, Ambassador James Bryce, President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, Prof. George E. Woodberry of New York, as representative of the Academy of Arts and Letters; the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association; many members of the faculty at Harvard, Bliss Perry, Arlo Bates, T. R. Sullivan and Frederick J. Stimpson, as a committee representing the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and clergymen from most of the Unitarian churches in this vicinity and of other denominations.

After the singing of the doxology the Rev. Charles C. Ames, D. D., of the Church of the Disciples, offered prayer, the Rev. James Denormandie, D. D., of the First Church of Roxbury read from the Scriptures and the Rev. Edward Cummings, pastor of the South Church, offered prayer. The gathering joined in singing two hymns, one of which was the ordination hymn written by Samuel Longfellow when Dr. Hale was ordained at Worcester and the other, "Brattle Street," long a favorite with Dr. Hale. The services closed when Arthur Hale, oldest son of the divine, arose and said:

"In accordance with an old custom of my father I wish to thank you for your attendance here, and through you, all the friends throughout the whole world."

The body was afterward taken to the Forest Hills Cemetery and placed in the family lot. The services at South Church were for members of the family only. At the Park Street Church there was a great gathering, including many people who, although acquainted with Dr. Hale, did not feel that they were intimate enough to include themselves among "immediate friends" invited by the family to attend the services in the South Church. The Rev. Arthur Little of the Second Church of Dorchester began the services with prayer, and in it he made special mention of Dr. Hale's work for the abolition of slavery. Dr. A. Z. Conrad, pastor of the Park Street Church, said Dr. Hale had five great characteristics: his gracious sympathy, his intellectual poise, his moral earnestness, his genuineness and his loyalty to mankind and the country.

Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Theological School spoke of the dead man as a great Christian, a patriot and the embodiment of all that is best in our civic life. Other speakers were the Rev. Charles F. Doll, the Rev. Dillon Bronson and the Rev. Francis H. Rowley.

BEES CLEAR A TROLLEY CAR.

Swarm Among Pittsburg Church People and Cause a Stampede.

PITTSBURG, June 13.—There was a very lively few minutes on a North Side car this evening when bees from the aviary of G. O. E. Knoeh decided to swarm on a flying trolley car which was filled with church people.

The bees appeared bewildered by the alternating darkness and bright lights and when they came in contact with any person they stuck. Those who saw the passengers get off the car declare that the world's record for emptying a crowded car was shattered. Many came out by the windows, while others came out over other people. Before the motorman, who was safely shut in from the bees, could stop his car a block from where the bees got on he had not a passenger left. Even the conductor had fled and many people had been hurt tumbling off the car.

Left with the bees and with a glass door between them, the motorman started for the car barns three miles away to turn his car in as "disabled." It took less than one minute for the bees to clear the car barns of all loafing motormen and conductors and to-night the bees are holding forth on a beam high up in the barns.

Owner Knoeh has served notice on the street railway company that he will expect the return of his bees.

NEW CABINET IN HONDURAS.

President Davila Ousts Ministers and Fills Post With His Friends.

PUERTO CORTES, Honduras, June 7, via New Orleans, June 13.—The political differences which have existed in the official family of President Davila culminated in the resignation or dismissal of the entire Cabinet on June 5 and the appointment of the following new ministry:

Minister of War, Rafael Lopez.
Minister of Hacienda (Interior), Rosendo Centreras.
Minister of Fomente (Agriculture), Marses Carias.
Minister of Foreign Relations, Ochoa Velasquez.
Minister of Public Instruction, Vicente Mjia Colindas.

These are all intimate friends of the President. Lopez was formerly commandante here and he was called down by the commander of the Marietta for failing to answer the salute of the warship for eight days.

ALARM FOR BEATRICE MARKS.

Who Sent Word to Her Parents She Was Married and Disappeared.

Beatrice Marks, 17 years old, who was a stenographer at 122 Water street and lived with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Marks, at 349 East 142d street, has been missing from her home since June 5. Yesterday the father asked the police to send out a general alarm and to request the police of Albany and Chicago to aid in the search.

The day after the girl failed to return from work her parents received a telegram that had been sent from Pier 32, North River, where the Albany boats depart. It read: "Was married this afternoon; don't worry; will write to-night." But no letter has come.

The following Monday came another telegram, sent from Albany. In it the girl said she was leaving for Chicago and would be back in New York in two weeks. Nothing has been heard from Beatrice since.

None of her friends is missing and some of the girls who know her say that she told them she was going on the stage.

NO WOMAN IN BERSIN CASE.

Police Discard That Theory—McCafferty Points to Past Performances.

The police are working on several theories as to the probable murderer of Samuel Bersin, the young painter whose body cut in pieces was left at Henry and Oliver streets Thursday night, but they do not expect to find that there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Capt. Arthur Casey of the homicide bureau said yesterday afternoon that it was not probable that Bersin would have gotten up at 6 o'clock in the morning in order to keep an appointment with a woman. He thinks it likely that Bersin was lured to some house for the purpose of robbery. Bersin wore two diamond rings and a diamond locket, besides a gold watch chain and a nickel watch, and none of these articles was on his person when the body was found.

There are about thirty detectives at work on the case. They have learned that glazed cloth such as the parts of Bersin's body were wrapped in is made by only one concern, an oil cloth and linoleum manufactory in Trenton, N. J., but the police have as yet not the slightest clue as to the place it was bought by Bersin's slayer. The piece originally was 87 inches long and was torn (not cut) into two pieces. The police believe they may be able to find some small East Side merchant who will remember selling it. Little progress was made yesterday or Saturday because of the observance on the East Side of both days. Said Inspector McCafferty yesterday:

"I don't believe in talking like a brass band. We have had very little time in this murder as yet and I think we have done mighty well. There ain't many of them get by us if you will look back over the crime records. And all of the big murders have been cleared up by either Casey or me. It may be that we didn't get the man who killed the two little girls a couple of summers ago, but it is mighty significant that when a certain burglar was killed the killing of little girls stopped. And, too, it is known that one of the little girls who were murdered was in the habit of going out walking with that fellow.

"There ain't many real mysterious crimes in the long run, though all crimes are mysterious first off. But you just wait. Look at the way we landed Uley Burke last week. I never forgot him. I made up my mind to get him the first time I had anything on him. When the Middletown authorities described the way a safe had been drilled I said to myself that was Burke. I knew he was in Union Hill, N. J., and so I sent three of my men over there and they landed him. It was several years before I got my chance at him, but it came. When we have anything definite in this murder we will let all of you know about it."

LEGS WERE A POLICEMAN'S.

Their Owner, So Tony Says, Stole Cantaloupes From His Stand.

Policeman William Hersche of Jersey City was suspended by Chief Monahan on Saturday night pending trial by the police board on a charge of stealing seven bunches of asparagus, some cantaloupes and other things from Tony Maresca's fruit and vegetable stand at Bowers street and Central avenue while on duty on the morning of June 8.

Maresca told the chief that he and his brother Lewis hid themselves under the canvas covering of the stand and Lewis fell asleep. Maresca kept awake and saw somebody slit the canvas with a knife.

"I peeked under the canvas," he said to the chief, "and saw two trousers legs with white stripes on the side seams. The man walked away and I hid around a corner. I then saw a policeman run his hand through the slit and help himself. I walked up to him as he was standing near the curb and he dropped a lot of produce out of his arms.

"'Are you watching and stealing?' I asked.

"'Bums did this and ran away,' he answered."

Chief Monahan took Maresca to the station house, where the Italian picked out Hersche as the guilty man.

Hersche failed to report to his superiors that the stand had been robbed and a charge of neglect will also be preferred against him.

AT ANCHOR IN HELL GATE.

Launch Party Waited Five Hours for Rescue, Playing Pinochle the While.

John Anderson, who lives in the Paula apartments at 1215 Madison avenue, took a party of four men and women out in his 31 foot launch yesterday for a trip to City Island. The party left at noon and went to City Island, where they had luncheon. They started home about 4 o'clock and just as they entered Little Hell Gate opposite Mill Rock the engine gave out.

An anchor was thrown out at once, but it failed to hold and the launch drifted down to Flood Rock. Here the anchor held. They tried to attract attention by shouting and blowing a small launch whistle, but not a boat passed through the channel all the rest of the afternoon. At 6 o'clock it came on to rain and blow and the rain hid the launch from view.

"We were not frightened," said Mr. Anderson. "The men started a pinochle game and we made up our minds it was a case of wait until the rain gave way a bit so that we could be seen."

It was not until 9 o'clock that the captain of one of the College Point ferryboats saw them and notified the harbor police. Sergt. Gillone and four policemen went out to them in a police launch and towed the party to shore.

OBITUARY.

Major Oliver P. Carpenter died at his home in Kingston, N. Y., yesterday morning at the age of 69 years, having been born in Plattekill, Ulster county, on December 7, 1840. He was a lawyer and a prominent Republican and he served one term as District Attorney of Ulster county, being elected in 1872; was Surrogate from 1887 to 1893 and for six years was Recorder of the city of Kingston. Major Carpenter was prominent in Grand Army circles. In 1861 he enlisted in Company E, Forty-fourth New York Regiment, and went to the war, and later served in the Quartermaster's Department under Gen. Sherman, Hunter and Mitchell. He resigned because of illness and several months later again enlisted, this time in the Second New York Cavalry. He served as private, as Lieutenant and as Captain. On the night before Lee's surrender, Capt. Carpenter, in command of the First Squadron, the advance guard, hearing the whistle of a train led them in the charge on Appomatox station, capturing all the trains of supplies, which had just arrived there from Lynchburg for Lee's army. He was mustered out of service as Captain and was brevetted Major on account of gallant and meritorious service.

John C. Plummer, for many years steward of the Park Avenue Hotel, died after a stroke of apoplexy at his apartments in the Hotel Endicott on Saturday night. Mr. Plummer had been ailing for some time. He left the Park Avenue Hotel about a year and a half ago and became manager of the Manhattan Square Hotel. On January 1 he retired and took apartments at the Endicott. Mr. Plummer was 40 years old and married. He had no children. The body was taken to his home at New Hampton, N. H., last night.

James L. Beach, 73 years old, brother of the late C. L. Beach, proprietor of the Catskill Mountain House, died at his home in Catskill last night. For many years before the advent of steam railroads he was agent at Catskill Point for the Catskill Mountain House stage line and the day line of steamers. He was a veteran of the civil war. His brother, the late C. L. Beach, at the time of his death a few years ago, was the oldest hotel proprietor in the world.

George Crawford, who was a prominent builder in Brooklyn until he retired fifteen years ago, died yesterday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry E. Horan of 131 North Maple avenue, East Orange, N. J. He was 82 years old and was a native of England. He is survived by five daughters.

CONVICTS MAY BE DEPORTED

THE RESULT OF SUPT. COLLINS'S INVESTIGATION.

He Finds That 319 Aliens in State Prisons Were Convicted of Felonies Within Three Years After Arrival and Are Subject to Deportation.

ALBANY, June 13.—Of the 990 aliens in New York State prisons Supt. C. V. Collins as a result of a prison census just taken finds that 319 of these convicts were convicted of felonies within three years after their arrival in this country and under the law may be sent back to the countries whence they came. The Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, which has jurisdiction over the deportation of such aliens, will be notified by Supt. Collins of the results of his investigation and the superintendent will recommend to Gov. Hughes that the sentences of all such aliens, which vary from a few months to life imprisonment, be commuted in order that they may be deported en masse. Should the recommendations of Supt. Collins be carried out the present congested condition of the prisons would be greatly relieved and the country would be rid of a class of undesirables who are being maintained at State expense.

In addition to the 319 convicts subject to deportation Supt. Collins found during his investigation that twenty-seven men had been convicted in other countries prior to coming to the United States and that two had been previously confined in insane asylums abroad who should not have been permitted to enter the country at all. One hundred and sixty have been previously convicted in this State and twenty in other States.

Supt. Collins's investigation has been a thorough one, covering several months, and the record in the case of each convict includes his nativity, date of arrival in the United States, port of entry and steamer, whether married or single, how many children, residence of wife and children, occupation, idle or employed when arrested, date received at the prison, county from where sentenced, crime and sentence, previous terms, crimes and when and where served.

Of the 337 married aliens 186 have wives and families residing in this State, twenty-one in other States and 130 in foreign countries. Single men number 584. Fifteen are widowers, six having children in this State, two in other States and seven in other countries. Of the children of these convicts 259 reside in this State, twenty-five in other States, 278 in foreign countries and in the case of nineteen their residences are unknown.

Of the 319 aliens subject to deportation by far the largest number, 187, are Italians. Russia comes next with 44; Germany has 20; Austria, 19; England, 16; Canada, 8; Hungary, 7; France, 6; Switzerland, 2; Rumania, 2; Holland, 2; Ireland, 1; West India, 1; Malta, 1; Denmark, 1; Sweden, 1, and Greece, 1.

"In addition to those mentioned," said Supt. Collins to-day, "there are several hundred convicts in the prisons who are foreign born and who claim to have come to this country with their parents under age. The naturalization of the fathers of these convicts would, of course, naturalize the sons, but the department has no means of learning whether or not the father had become a citizen, and therefore is unable to prove or disprove these statements.

"It would not be the policy of the department to recommend the deportation of aliens having families living in this country who previous to their conviction were dependent upon them for support, as this would tend in a measure to throw such support on county and municipal authorities as well as upon charitable organizations, but I can see no reason why the single men and the married men having families in foreign countries who are here contrary to law should not be returned immediately and in such a way as will show a determination on the part of the Federal and State authorities to rid themselves of this undesirable class who are fast becoming a menace to our country.

"It has been reported to me, with no substantial authority however, that in some foreign countries men who have been arrested charged with crime have been given the alternative of leaving the country or going to prison. If this is true the man, although a criminal, is not a convicted criminal and his exclusion would not legally come within the Federal statutes.

"It has also been reported to me that many men seek employment on foreign vessels coming to this country and immediately upon arrival desert their ships, thus evading the immigration authorities.

"My intention is to confer with Gov. Hughes on this subject for the purpose of formulating some definite plan of action to correct the conditions outlined."

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN'S LOSS.

His Suit Case Missing on the Way From Ithaca to This City.

ITHACA, June 13.—Somewhere on the Atlantic aboard the steamship Oceanic President J. G. Schurman of Cornell University is wondering whether the suit case he lost on the way from here to New York has been recovered.

Dr. Schurman left Ithaca last Sunday for New York. When he boarded the steamship Oceanic he discovered that a suitcase which he supposed had been checked from Ithaca was missing. He immediately appealed to President Truesdale of the Lackawanna before the steamer left New York.

A number of officials from the Hoboken office have been here and, with the local force, have hunted high and low for the case, but so far without result. It is stated by Dr. Schurman's friends that outside of a dress suit which the President meant to wear on the Oceanic there was nothing of importance in the case, but others say that the reason for Dr. Schurman's perturbation is that among other things in the suit case were the parchment greetings that President Schurman was to have presented in behalf of the Cornell faculty to the universities of Cambridge, Geneva and Leipsic on the occasion of celebrations to be held there this year.

NO FUN SAVING BARRY.

He Flies at His Rescuer and Both Go Overboard Again.

Gustav Barry, 22 years old, of 722 Monroe street, Hoboken, got excited last night while disputing with the Hudson Boat Club's floatman at the foot of Hudson Square Park, Hoboken, and backed into the Hudson River. John J. Sullivan of 314 Monroe street saw that Barry was in danger of being drowned and jumped after him.

He caught the struggling man by the collar and lifted him back on the float. In the darkness Barry mistook his rescuer for the floatman and accused Sullivan of pushing him into the water. He tackled Sullivan and in the hugging match that followed both men fell overboard.

Members of the boat club dragged the pair to the float. Barry was sent to St. Mary's Hospital. Sullivan was taken to Police Headquarters, where he was exonerated from blame.

Bwana Tumbo at Y. M. C. A.

Bwana Tumbo is to hunt for one evening in New York at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue as the chief feature of the Fourth Annual Amateur Circus of the West Side Y. M. C. A. on June 17. Bwana Tumbo will be assisted by his entire retinue—Photographers, Undesirable Citizens, Typewriters, Stenographers, Tooth Brushes, Artillery, Magazine Scouts and Next of Kin.

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SEES GOOD CROP OUTLOOK

Secretary Wilson Thinks the Farmer's Chances for Big Crops Are Fine.

CHICAGO, June 13.—James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture and the third member of President Taft's Cabinet to visit Chicago within a week, passed through on his way from his Iowa home, Tama, to Washington, leaving here to-night.

He has made an investigation into the crop outlook in the West, and expressed the opinion that there was every indication of good times for the farmer.

"I cannot say anything about a new 'Patten' deal, if there is one coming," said Secretary Wilson. "The crop prospects are excellent and the farmers have been rejoicing over what they think will be a record breaking year.

"In summing up the wheat situation it is largely a question of weather. If it continues fair and dry with about even temperature the crop will ripen rapidly and will be ready for the market about the middle of July, but if wet weather continues too long naturally the harvest will be delayed, and of course delay the market.

"I have not been South and know only the condition by reports, but I understand that in some parts the harvesting has already commenced, and this I take to be another favorable outlook. The harvest has been a trifle delayed by the rains in the middle West, including my State, and the only thing that can be said is that it looks favorable all over the country.

"Regarding oats and corn the former are still about the same, and with no unfavorable turn in the weather the farmers will have the September crops harvested on time and ready for the market. I cannot say anything about the corn outlook except that no change has been made of late, that is to any extent."

TWO TRIPS IN A BALLOON.

Aeronauts After Night Float Land for Breakfast and Go On.

PITTSFIELD, June 13.—After drifting for seven hours above the clouds last night William C. Bramhall and J. A. Benton of Boston, who made a midnight ascension in the balloon Massachusetts from here Saturday night—Van Sleet, pilot—descended at Dummerston, Vt., at 6 o'clock this morning in a lot near a farmhouse and breakfasted with the farmer.

The balloon was tied to a tree while the aeronauts were at breakfast, and as the sun came out strong they decided to extend the trip and reentered the balloon, which ascended and carried the party to East Alstead, N. H., where a landing was made.

The distance, air line, from Pittsfield is about sixty-five miles. For long periods last night the balloon remained stationary in the upper air and no attempt was made to negotiate a landing. Toward morning by jockeying the balloon an air current was found which swept the balloon over the State line into Vermont and in the direction of Dummerston. This is the first time in the experience of Pilot Van Sleet that a balloon party has stopped on the way for food and reembarked.

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ESTAB OVER HALF A CENTURY

Still Icebergs in Steamship Lane.

Icebergs linger in the lane of the liners due soon to take the northerly route. The steamship New York of the American Line, in yesterday reported having passed on Thursday a large berg twenty-nine miles south of the westbound track. The tank steamship Deutschland, from Rotterdam, which flies higher than the passenger carriers, passed to the north of three bergs on Tuesday. One was 150 feet high and 400 feet long.

Among the New York's passengers were William E. Avery, C. A. Griscom, Mr. and Mrs. Rodman C. Griscom, Morton Fullerton, Mr. and Mrs George M. Cheney and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Varney.

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