CONGRESSMAN CUSHMAN DIES

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Death Followed an Operation in This City —Known for His Witty Speeches —Had Had a Varied Career—Made a Ways and Means Member by Cannon.

Francis W. Cushman, Representative in Congress from the Second Washington district, died of pneumonia at Roosevelt Hospital at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. At his bedside were United States Senator Piles of Washington and Andrew F. Burleigh of this city, a lifelong friend of the Congressman. They had been at the hospital almost constantly since it became evident that the illness which attacked Mr. Cushman while he was weakened by an operation was likely to be fatal. The body will be sent to Tacoma to-day. A deputation of Congress will accompany it from Pittsburg or Harrisburg.

Mr. Cushman came to New York with some friends three weeks ago. He was not sick at that time, but presently went to Roosevelt Hospital to be treated for an abscess that developed in his neck. He was recovering rapidly when pneumonia set in. His wife went to Tacoma in June to escape the heat of the capital. His mother also is in Tacoma.

Mr. Cushman was an interesting figure in the national life and was solidly popular at Washington. He was at once the House wit, a thoroughgoing debater and a master of some phases of the tariff. Moreover he was the tallest and by some considered the homeliest man in Congress. He was an inch and a half taller than Vice-President Fairbanks.

Mr. Cushman was born on May 8, 1867, at Brighton, Washington county, Iowa. He got his schooling at Brighton and at the Pleasant Plain Academy in Jefferson City, Iowa. The biographical sketch supplied by him to the Congressional Directory recites that he worked as a water boy on the railroad in summer vacations, and after he had finished school as a railroad section hand. At the age of 16 he went to Wyoming Territory. For five years he was successively cowboy, lumberjack, teacher and law student. Then he was admitted to the bar in Nebraska. In 1891 he migrated to Tacoma, which has been his home ever since.

Prior to his election to the Fifty-sixth Congress as Republican Representative at Large from Washington he had held no office, elective or appointive. He served five terms as a Representative at Large. Washington was then divided into three districts and he was reelected to the Sixty-first Congress from the Second district.

One of Cushman's first speeches made a hit in the House. In lamenting the panic of 1893 he said that his constituents were so impoverished by the hard times that they had to live on clams washed ashore until their stomachs rose and fell with the tide.

In the course of the debate on the Payne tariff bill Representative Cushman made a speech favoring the retention of the duty on lumber, but his acquiescing in a rule for a vote on the bill with the lumber rates reduced assured its passage. Cushman likened himself at the moment to a cowpuncher who was about to be lynched for having raised a thousand cattle in a summer with only one cow as a starter

"They asked Bill what he had to say," explained Mr. Cushman. "He rolled his quid in the other cheek and said: 'Well, gentlemen, I s'pose I've got more interest in this performance than any other gent present but I am the least enthusiastic over the programme.'"

As a cub Congressman Mr. Cushman thus attacked Speaker Henderson:

"No member who introduces a bill can get it considered unless it suits the Speaker. Who is the Speaker? Is he a mortal like the rest of us? Who is the Speaker that sets up his immaculate judgment on every bill that is introduced? When a committee reports a bill it goes on the calendar. Calendar? It ought to be called a cemetery, for therein lie the whitening bones of legislative hopes.

"I am not trying to tear down the Republican party, but I should like to put my hand upon the throat of one or two men who conceive that they are the Republican party. We are sitting here unconcerned while the great power of this ancient house is being evaded, belittled, debauched and destroyed.

"There are people in Washington city to-day going to the theatre and paying out 50 cents each to see a performance of Lilliputians. What a sinful waste of money, when they can come up here and watch the House perform six days in a week for nothing!

Speaker Cannon recognized Cushman's ability by making him a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

JOHN LAWRENCE RIKER DEAD.

Descendant of an Old Dutch Family and Prominent in Financial Affairs.

John L. Riker of 19 West Fifty-seventh street, an officer and director in many insurance and trust companies in this city, died last night at his summer home at Seabright, N. J. Mr. Riker was in his seventy-ninth year. He was born at Bowery Bay, L. I., and was a descendant of an old Dutch family that came to this country and received lands at the Wallabout by patent from Gov. Kieft of the Dutch colony in 1640.

His father, also John Lawrence Riker, was the son of Samuel Riker and Anna Lawrence of the Lawrence family of Long Island and was the youngest brother of Recorder Richard Riker.

John L., the elder, married successively two daughters of Sylvanus Smith of North Hempstead, and John L., the younger, was a son of the second marriage. His mother was Lavinia Smith. The son was born at Bowery Bay, L. I., 1830. He went into business in New York early in life and was for many years a prominent merchant. He retired from active business some years ago. In 1857 he married Mary Anne Jackson. He is survived by his wife, four sons and three daughters.

Mr. Riker was vice-president of the Bank of New York, a director of the Second National Bank and the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, vice-president and trustee of the Fifth Avenue Safe Deposit Company, trustee of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the Greenwich Savings Bank and the Metropolitan Trust Company, director in the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railway Company, the Central and South American Telegraph Company, the Continental Insurance Company and many others. He was a member of the Holland Society, the Union League, Down Town, City, Metropolitan, Riding and New York Yacht clubs.

DR. ASSELTA DEAD.

Unable to Survive a Necessary Operation for a Disease of the Throat.

Dr. Raphael Asselta, prominent in the Italian colony of New York, died last night in the New York Hospital while undergoing a necessary operation for an affection of the throat. Dr. Asselta had been ill for a week. On Monday he sent for a friend, Theodore Palumbo, an undertaker, of 247 Mulberry street, said he did not believe he could live and asked Palumbo to take charge of his affairs.

Dr. Asselta was 52 years old and received his degree from the University of Naples in 1884. He came to this country soon after, and had since practised in New York. He was the family physician of Lieut. Petrosino and many of the better known Italians in the city. John Lordi, a banker of 62 Mulberry street, is his brother-in-law

Dr. Asselta was twice married. His first wife left two sons. Dr. Asselta is survived by his second wife, by the sons, and by a young daughter of the second marriage.

The funeral will be held from St. Patrick's Church, Mulberry and Prince streets, on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

CABIN FULL FROM EUROPE.

Commodore Gerry, Kingdon Gould and Princess Dhuleep Singh Among Arrivals.

The North German Lloyd liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie, in yesterday from Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg, brought the largest number of cabin passengers that have arrived at this port on a single ship since the beginning of the summer. Elbridge T. Gerry returned with his wife and two daughters from his annual visit to the south of France. His seal cap, which he has registered at the Custom House many times, was stowed in a trunk. He and his family will go to Newport. Kingdon Gould, another passenger, will resume his studies in engineering at Columbia University in the fall and meanwhile will make an examination of his father's railroad interests here. He had several midocean wireless talks with his father, who is bound east on the Hamburg-American liner Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

The Princess Dhuleep Singh, who is a stepdaughter of Maharajah Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, a Captain in the Royal Dragoons, said she was here to look at the country, which she has never seen, and to enjoy herself. She was born in Paris and her mother was English. She is about 20 years of age. She will be the guest for a time of Mrs. Daniel Gillette at Lake George. Other passengers were:

Valeska Suratt and Marie de Campi, who will appear here in musical comedy; Oumiroff, the tenor, and his wife, who will take a look at the country before he sings in concert; Gertrude Hoffmann, the dancer, who will appear at Hammerstein's Roof Garden on Monday and a few weeks later will, she declares, startle Broadway with a dance that she feared to attempt on the other side; Olga Samaroff, the pianist, who is bound for Bar Harbor; Ernest Rutger von Brüning, a German diplomat here on a special mission; G. Mondello, Italian Minister to Cuba; W. F. Havemeyer, Mrs. E. Morill Johnson, bringing the body of her husband, who died abroad; Count Butler, Marcella Lind-Jellinek, the opera singer; Murray Guggenheim, Mrs. Moses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Roosevelt, Harry Rubens and Leo von Raven.

HONORS FOR MODJESKA.

Polish Officials Ask That Body Be Allowed to Lie in State.

LOS ANGELES, July 6.—When Count Rosenta, husband of the late Mme. Modjeska, left here for Poland with the body of his wife he was in doubt whether the authorities of Poland would permit her burial because of her revolutionary opinions.

His friends here who have received letters from him say that public officials in Poland instead of interfering with the funeral desire to show conspicuous honor. They have asked that the body lie in state in some national building. The funeral will take place in Cracow.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the White Star liner Oceanic for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton:

Mr. and Mrs. C. O'D. Iselin, O'Donnell Iselin, Miss Adrienne Iselin, the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts and Blaine Coppinger.

Passengers by the Cunarder Lucania, for Queenstown and Liverpool:

Mrs. Lloyd Bingham, Frederick Cromwell, August Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Winslow.

Aboard the Hamburg-American liner Pennsylvania, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg:

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Colston, Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Bristow, Mrs. William C. Lester and Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Ashton.

OBITUARY.

Benjamin Franklin Eshleman of New Orleans died at Narragansett Pier yesterday of heart disease. He was one of the oldest merchants and most distinguished citizens of New Orleans. Col. Eshleman left New Orleans a few days ago for an annual vacation, apparently in good health. He was 80 years old, a native of Lancaster county, Pa. He worked as a boy in the hardware business in Lancaster and in 1850 moved to New Orleans, where he was made a partner by his uncle, Isaac Stauffer, in the firm of Stauffer & Eshleman, which became one of the largest hardware houses in the South. He was one of the organizers of the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans during the civil war, became a Captain and afterward a Major and commander of the battalion. He was dangerously wounded at Bull Run. He commanded the artillery at Gettysburg and fired the signal shot that started the battle. His command was part of the Confederate army which surrendered at Appomattox. After the war he was active in business and social circles. He was president of the New Orleans Board of Trade, of the Louisiana Historical Society, of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, of the Louisiana Confederate Veterans, also surviving charter member of the Pickwick Club, a vestryman in Christ Church Cathedral and active in all the carnival associations.

Fordham Morris of 45 East Thirtieth street, New York, died suddenly last night at Lenox of Bright's disease. He went to Lenox for the summer early in June. Soon afterward he was taken seriously ill and his daughter, Mrs. R. Horace Gallatin, was summoned. After a fortnight he began to improve and seemed to be much better. Last night he again became seriously ill and failed to rally. He was 67 years old, a son of Lewis G. Morris of Fordham, N. Y. He served in the civil war with distinction in the Artillery Brigade. For years he was a member of the New York bar. He was a trustee of the College of the City of New York, a member of the Yale Legion, of the New York Yacht Club, of the Century Club and of the St. Nicholas Society. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1864 and Columbia law school in 1868. He is survived by a wife and one daughter, Mrs. R. Horace Gallatin.

The Navy Department has been advised of the death of Lieutenant-Commander William K. Gise, U. S. N., at Tutuila, Samoa, on Monday. The despatch did not give the cause of his death. He was born in Dwight, Ill., on June 22, 1871, and entered the service as a naval cadet on June 14, 1889. He was promoted to Ensign on July 1, 1895, and served during the Spanish-American War, 1898, on board the U. S. S. Texas. On October 22, 1907, he reported for duty as ordnance officer of the U. S. S. Ohio, performing that duty until detached on June 27, 1908. From June 28, 1908, to July 26, 1908, he was attached to the U. S. S. Panther. On July 27, 1908, he reported for duty on board the U. S. S. Annapolis, station ship at the naval station at Tutuila, Samoa, and was engaged upon that duty at the time of his death.

Benjamin Simcox, a veteran of the Crimean war and of the civil war, died at his home in Lexington, Ky., yesterday at the age of 79 years. He served in the Crimean war as a member of the Forty-seventh Crown Regiment, and participated in several noted engagements. He served as a member of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry in the Union army from July 14, 1861, to September 23, 1865. Mr. Simcox was born in Staffordshire, England, in the reign of George IV., and was a lad of 7 when Queen Victoria began her reign.

Abraham Garrison Burtnett died at his home in Bronxville on Monday at the age of 72. He was formerly a florist in Maiden lane. His father, Daniel Burtnett, a veteran of the War of 1812, was the first president of the old Pacific Bank, at Broadway and Leonard street, and was also president of the Citizens Fire Insurance Company. The son married Julia L. Masterton, whose father built the old Assay Office. His brother-in-law, Livingston Roe, is a vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. His wife and two sons, Robert and Bertram G., survive him.

Frederick W. M. Kamm, chief clerk for Lazard Frères, bankers, died of heart trouble at his home, 240 West 138th street, on Monday night after a month's illness. He was born in 1847 in Bonn and came to this country in 1852. He had been with Lazard Frères thirty years. He was a member of the Arion Society and a collector of old prints. Two unmarried sisters, Theresa and Annie Kamm, are living.

Harry A. Hackett, a clerk in the Manufacturers National Bank of Brooklyn, died on Monday at his home, 810 Van Buren street, Brooklyn. He was past grand knight of Montauk Council, K. of C., the youngest in the State, being 26 years old at the time of his death. He was a graduate of the College of the City of New York.

Frederick Stahlberg, a marine surveyor with the Board of Underwriters at 49 Wall street, died yesterday of apoplexy at his home, 499 Halsey street, Brooklyn. He was 81 years old and for forty years had lived in New York city. He is survived by his wife, four sons and two daughters.

MAKE THEIR OWN PAPERS

AMATEURS IN NEWS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Wind Up With a Dinner at Which James M. Beck, Who Founded the Association, Is Toastmaster — Woman Chosen President—Prize for the Best Work.

The National Amateur Press Association consisting largely of youngsters of moods and minor poems, closed its thirty-fourth annual convention last night with a final splurge at the Broadway Central Hotel. Some of the amateurs had come to forty years, but as one of them, James M. Beck, said, "Once an amateur, always an amateur."

As a matter of fact the young folks who organized the association back in 1876 have all ceased to publish the little papers all their own in which they put things that simply ached to be published. They have been organized into the fossils, while a new generation of amateur writers prints monthly and convents annually.

The silver cup for the best paper went to Edward Cole, 17 years old, of Boston, who published deep thoughts in the *Olympian*.

The toastmaster was Mr. Beck, the honorary guests Edwin Markham and Miss Isabel Ely Lord, librarian of Pratt Institute. Some of those who talked were James F. Morton, the speculative anarchist and Sunrise clubman; Mrs. Edith Miniter of Boston, who was made president-elect by the feminist element in the association on the suffrage issue; Frank J. Morton, deputy clerk of the Board of Aldermen, and Tim Thrift of Cleveland.

There was a great deal of reminiscence by Mr. Beck, John Winslow Snyder of Kansas City and Charles E. Heuman, Timothy Woodruff's partner, all of whom were at the first convention in Philadelphia on July 4, 1876—when it was a durn sight hotter, stranger, than it was last Sunday.

Joseph Miller, editor of the *Single Tax Review*, was one of the nineteen speakers.

Mr. Beck said that the burning question that raged in the columns of the amateur press when he was a boy was whether Libbey Adams, also an amateur, was a boy, or a girl masquerading as a boy.

The 150 delegates to the association's convention sifted into the city Sunday and on Monday really got their convention started with a business meeting at the convention headquarters, the Broadway Central Hotel, in the morning. The Gotham Press Club, which is one of the New York chapters of the association, stood treat at the hotel for luncheon and afterward everybody climbed on sightseeing automobiles. At night they went to Chinatown and saw the sights there.

Yesterday morning there was another meeting and after luncheon the officers for the coming year were elected. The slate reads:

President, Mrs. Edith Miniter of Roxbury, Mass.; first vice-president, Paul Oliphant of Cleveland, Ohio; second vice-president, William Headrick of Chattanooga, Tenn.; recording secretary, Alfred Fingulin of Cleveland, Ohio; corresponding secretary, Anthony Moiterst of San Francisco; treasurer, Victor J. Singer of New York, and official editor, George J. Houtain of Brooklyn.

James M. Beck, who presided at last night's dinner, founded the association in Philadelphia back in 1876.

ORTHOGRAPHIC ECONOMY.

Dissertation Upon Local Monosyllabic Nomenclature.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The *Republic* recently printed a list of 365 names of towns in Missouri that are spelled with four letters or less, according the place of honor to Hy, Oregon county. It inquired "How is that for high?" or at least something to that effect, and challenged the States of the American sisterhood to produce its equal.

THE SUN reproduced the list, and answered the challenge by pointing to Ka, Texas, and Ka, Virginia. A correspondent of THE SUN rummaged among the .32 calibre short ammunition contained in the United States Gazetteer and came out with a handful of Al's—one from Alabama, one from Georgia, one from North Carolina and one from Ohio, and the department of orthographic economy of that excellent paper added Za, Virginia; My, Mississippi; and O. K., Kentucky; O. K., Mississippi, and O. K., South Carolina.

This is excellent, but it by no means exhausts the subject. Kentucky has likewise Oz and Ed. Oklahoma has Ti, and Georgia produces Ty—almost a tie. Ur and Uz are respectively in Texas and Virginia. A. B. C., Tennessee, ought certainly to stand at the head of the list rather than the foot; it connotes the beginning of culture.

Some singular facts force themselves upon the attention of the thoughtful in connection with this list. With the solitary exception of Al, Ohio, every one of the eighteen biliteral names is from the American Mid—the land of the cypress, the mint julep and the prohibitory statute. The North will none of the automatic cut off as applied to names of towns, with the solitary exception of Ohio, the home of William H. Taft.

What does this suggest? Of the eighteen names, six—the four Al's, Uz and Ur—are from the Scriptures. Did the namers of towns in the North know that these names were there? The three O. K.s are, of course, tributes to a legend of Old Hickory; they may be said to have a political flavor. Ka has a Kipling jungle suggestion. Oz suggests comic opera; Ti and Ty savor of tea chest Chinese art. As for Ed, that is a Swedish surname in good and regular standing in Minneapolis, Rock Island and other flourishing Swedish communities. But My—oh, my! what does that stand for?

Of the eighteen names, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas muster two each. Kentucky, however, has three. How strange that the Commonwealth that produces the longest men should also be prolific of the shortest names! As for A. B. C., Tennessee, we rejoice to note this solitary and conspicuous instance of the perpetuation in the name of a community of a mighty people's allegiance to the pedagogy of the fathers, and its protest against the "word meithod" of those who don't know their a-b abs and their e-b ebs.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

Difficulty He Has to Find His Place in the World.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It was my fortune, contrary to that of "Importer," to start this world's struggle with a college education. He speaks with authority and as one who has had experience with men who have been at college, and those who have not.

The trouble with fellows like myself who are just getting started in the mad rush for existence is that they have no definite idea as to what they want to do or what they are suited for. One out of twenty strikes something which interests him at once, but the rest are dissatisfied. They want to do more than is set them and wish to advance more rapidly than the fellow next them, who has not had the mental training, and is not prepared or ready for the same amount of work. This is natural, yet the "boss" thinks the one is no more fit than the other, and so tries to sit on the ambitions of the man with education to back him. This kills the keen edge of ambition with which most college men are armed when they step into the world, and causes them to be out of sympathy instead of in sympathy with their surroundings. To my mind there must be a place for every man, and the laws of supply and demand work here as elsewhere, but the trouble is in many cases that it takes a long time to find that place.

I do not take the stand of "Importer" when he says the supply of college men does not seem to be large enough for the demand, for the trouble is that those who create this demand do not go about filling it in the right way. I should like a chance to discuss this point with "Importer" or any other man who takes his stand, for it is of interest to all college men. A COLLEGE MAN.

NEW YORK, July 6.

Ketchel—Binney.

STAMFORD, Conn., July 6.—Miss Helen Binney, daughter of Edwin Binney of New York, was married at her home in Sound Beach this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock to Farrand D. Ketchel of New York. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. D. L. Ketchel of New Haven, an uncle of the bridegroom. Miss Binney's maid of honor was her sister, Miss Dorothy Binney. Another sister, Miss Mary Binney, and Miss Josephine Waterbury of Stamford were bridesmaids. The best man was Teal Childs of Ridgeway, Pa., and the ushers were J. Bradford Warder, all of Stamford and John Snead of Easton, Pa.

MLLE. DAZIE DANCES.

New Pantomime at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Along Novel Lines.

Mlle. Dazie opened a vaudeville engagement at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night with an elaborate pantomime in two scenes which she calls "L'Amour de l 'Artist." Ten persons are used in the production. The first scene is a street in the Montmartre section and the second is the studio of the artist in the case, who is played by Frank Reicher. Mlle. Dazie appears in the first scene as a flower girl, and a woman who has the ungrateful name of *Another* on the bill and who is played by Lillian Lovett, becomes jealous of her. In the second scene the flower girl exchanges her first act costume for the red tights, red stockings and red ballet skirt of a dancer and dances before the artist, only to be killed by the *Another* person for her trouble.

The production is elaborate and pleasing and Mlle. Dazie is—Mlle. Dazie.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The Shuberts Acquire a Canadian Theatre —A New Spanish Dancer.

The Shuberts announced yesterday that they had signed a lease with the Canadian Entertainments (Limited) by which they take over the Princess Theatre of Montreal at a rental of $25,000 a year for a period of ten years from the Canadian Theatre Company of Montreal. The Entertainments (Limited) is a Toronto company. Its head is Cawthra Mulock, the man responsible for the building of the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. As a result of yesterday's contract in Montreal the Royal Alexandra also becomes a Shubert theatre.

The New Brighton Theatre management has engaged La Estelita, the Spanish pantomimist and dancer, who presents a one act pantomime entitled "The Dancer and the Toreador" in addition to her dances.

On Sunday, July 25, at the Arverne Pier Theatre, Arverne, L. I., Joseph Weber will present "The Climax" at a benefit performance for the Hospital for Deformities and Joint Diseases.

The National Amateur Press Association notified the management of the Lyric Theatre last night that the convention would attend to-night's performance of "The Motor Girl."

F. Ziegfeld, Jr., yesterday reengaged Charles A. Bigelow as leading comedian for Miss Anna Held in "Miss Innocence." The piece goes on tour late in September.

Another Open Air Theatre.

Building Superintendent Murphy has approved an application for another open air theatre for Manhattan during the summer months and early fall, to be operated on the vacant plot at Lenox avenue and 145th street. It is to be called "The Airdome" and will be devoted to moving picture shows with vaudeville.

HUNTERS' LICENSES IN JERSEY.

Provisions of the New Law That Went Into Effect Yesterday.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 6.—The new resident hunters' license law for the State of New Jersey went into effect to-day. The licenses may be issued to any citizen of the State by any municipal clerk or County Clerk. The fee of the clerk for issuing resident hunters' licenses is $1.15. Unnaturalized persons must pay a fee of $10.50 for the license. Licenses for non-resident hunters may be procured only from the County Clerk and the fee is $10.50.

The new law does not prohibit granting licenses to minors nor is there any prohibition against minors hunting in a lawful manner. The licenses is not transferrable and cannot be used by other than the person to whom it is issued. The license must be carried by the owner while hunting and if it is lost a new one may be procured. Non-resident hunters are required to take out a license whether they own property in New Jersey or not. The law applies to all resident citizens of New Jersey, but it does not prevent the occupant of a farm or members of his immediate family from hunting on his farm during the hunting season without taking out a license.

PIKE COUNTY ON DECK.

Prolific This Season in Critters Indigenous to Its Soil.

From the Milford Despatch.

Warren Van Gorden has quite a curiosity at the Delaware House. It is a snow white groundhog.

Rupert Nilis of the local post office has in his possession one of the largest bullfrogs ever seen in this vicinity. It measures thirteen inches and weighs two and a half pounds.

George Husson, while walking over a much frequented path on his father's farm in Frenchtown a few days ago came upon a skin which had been shed by a monster rattlesnake. The skin measured exactly 5 feet 4 inches.

Edward Shepherd shot a large yellow rattlesnake on his farm in Long Meadow Sunday afternoon. It measured about four and a half feet in length and sported sixteen rattles. The snake was in the act of swallowing a good sized red squirrel when Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Peiper came upon it. The rattler had swallowed all but the hind parts of the squirrel when it was killed.

Snakes are very plentiful this year. Weber Howey killed a blacksnake on the roadside near Chestnut Ridge Cottage which measured over six feet and was as big around as a man's wrist.

Bert Quinn got a shot at a big bear on the Charles Quinn farm in Dingman township about 4:30 Tuesday afternoon, but was not lucky enough to secure the trophy, although he wounded it in the front leg. Bruin disappeared in the woods on the farm and Bert tracked him for a half hour or more but could not get close enough to get another shot.

While William Smiley and C. E. Ross of Stroudsburg were automobiling near Lanna they captured a groundhog, which was placed in the tool box of the car for safe keeping—as a pet for the remainder of the run. Mr. G. Hog was more pleased with his cage than the captors thought, for they discovered upon opening the box some time afterward that he had eaten several valuable automobile tires.

Mr. E. L. Parks, corner Twenty-fifth street and Fourth avenue, New York city, has been using a small house built on the highest peak in this section of Pike county as a camp and place of recreation. He occupies it alone. Last night after reading until too dark to see he retired. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the whippoorwills began a grand chorus about the house. Suddenly their notes ceased, and with flapping of wings they flew away. About this time Mr. Parks heard a crunching among the refuse of meals thrown out of the back window, and tiptoeing there looked out for the cause. A few feet below he saw the biggest brown bear he ever laid eyes on. He carried a .32 calibre revolver with him and this he discharged at Bruin's back. The bear looked up at the shot, shook itself and ambled away to a big pine tree stump, where it rubbed itself and then disappeared in the brush. Mr. Parks had a good view of the bear at close range and thinks it would weigh nearly 400 pounds. Meeting Billy Padgett this morning at the Rift and telling him of his experience, Mr. Padgett said that he and others had seen the bear and that it had been long hunted as the biggest of its kind in Pike county.

Youthful Kansas Financiers.

From the Kansas City Star.

Some young boys near Alma have been practising high finance by gathering crow eggs and putting them in a hen's nest to be hatched. In Kansas a bounty of one cent is allowed for crow eggs, but there is a bounty of five cents on crows and a sitting hen charges no commission.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

TALK O' THE WORLD.

How Thought Sifts Through the Alien Understanding.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In 1898 I went from here to London. I worked there with a lot of Frenchmen. They spoke excellent English and said they understood American. I asked them if they were interested in American slang. They said they were. "Rubberneck" was the gem of the hour. It I brought forth, explained its uses and pointed out the nicety of the comparison. They twigged the significance at once and were delighted. They shouted hurroo, they clapped their hands for joy. Then we ordered another bottle of wine. The French are strong on the association of ideas thing, as for instance in their cooking a ripe tomato with the lid sliced off, looking red and juicy, is à la Robespierre. If a whole apple is served with a dish the dish might be called after William Tell, or if a dish is well garnished with potatoes they might name it after Parmentier, their first potato man. Rubberneck appealed to them. I had made a big hit and I knew it; but somehow they never seemed to use it. I gave up using it after a while. I had to. I couldn't stop to explain each time. They never knew.

Two years later I was on a farm in Ohio not far from Cincinnati. The boys came in to dinner and reported that Ring, the dog, had "treed" a squirrel in the tree by the spring. When they came in for supper that said that Ring had "treed" a rabbit under a haystack. When the farmer's wife fed the pigs with the garbage she said she "slobped" the pigs. A good crop of corn was called a "right smart of corn." One of the men failed to report for work one day. The others said he had been "flying his kite" in Cincinnati. Next day I asked him if he had "had his kite out." He said, "Yes, and pretty high too." This is Cincinnati for getting drunk. The term was very common. I never heard it or anything like it anywhere else.

In 1903 I went to Australia on a British bark as a sailor. The men called me "the queer fellow." The name had no bearing on my mentality. I was of the land and naturally queer. I was borne on the ship's articles as an ordinary seaman. The mate said I was the most extraordinary seaman he ever knew. This last is an ancient and honorable joke of the sea. Most of their jokes are ancient and honorable. Let them have them in their own.

The natives of Western Australia are called "sand gropers" by the other Australians—sandy soil and easygoing methods, I presume. That State is often called "the land of sin, sorrow, Satan, suffering and sore eyes." My landlord in Melbourne would break even with Old Man Greenhut. He served notice on me early that he didn't want any "erudition displayed" there. He said he was "chief erudition displayer" for that place. One day a man came from Dargo and stopped at our hotel. I picked him for a "tightwad" at sight. The landlord took him in hand to show him the view. Standing with their backs to the bar, as near the bar as possible, he pointed out an excellent view of the Victoria Docks; and there was nothing doing. Standing with their backs to the Victoria Docks he pointed out an excellent view of the bar but there wasn't a leaf stirring. The landlord then spoke of the harm of using much alcohol, but said that the highest medical authorities agreed that a little alcohol was beneficial in old age—the landlord was over 70 and the man from the Dargo a close second. Even then the man from the Dargo Plains didn't open up.

When the man from the Dargo went to bed the landlord said he was a "dryskin." Nobody affirmed or denied. The landlord wasn't in the right mood.

Then a man from down Dromana way eased up the situation very nicely. He "shouted" for all hands. Frank T. Bullen in "The Cruise of the Cachelot" says a whale barren of oil is called a "dryskin." The landlord was a whaler in his young days.

Confidence men in Melbourne, and there are many, are called "guns." A man robbed by a "gun" is said to be "taken down." One of the magazines the other day used "guns," but applied it to "strong arm" men. The Melbourne "gun" is gentle and persuasive, full of expediency and suggestion. "Shook" is synonymous with "stuck" in matters of love. "I'm shook on you" squares even with "I'm 'stuck' on you." Football is the ruling passion in Melbourne. It is played by the "plain people" as our baseball here. A "rooter" or "fan" is called a "barracker"; he "barracks" for his team. If a "barracker" is too partial to see no good in the opposing team he is called "one eyed" and is advised to try to get in for half price, inasmuch as he sees only half the game.

"As crooked as the Yarra" is their simile as we say, "a dog's hind leg" or a "ram's horn." The Yarra-Yarra is a river which runs through Melbourne and nothing could be crooked enough. The tiller is called the "back blocks," a big ranch a "station," a native black woman a "gin." "Good night" is used at meeting or parting. It sounded strange to me, had a sort of a "here's your hat what's your hurry" sound and I never got quite used to it. I tried to argue it out, but the Australians asserted that it balanced even with good day, which term is used each way even by Americans.

The American phrase "pulling your leg" was very popular. I first heard this phrase in San Francisco in 1892. If it took ten years to cross the Pacific will "rubberneck" get there in due course of time? Who knows but "rubberneck" may reach London via Australia and may break even with those Frenchmen yet.

I worked a passage on a passenger steamer to London. We put into Albany, Western Australia, with a little bit of trouble. The first "a" in Albany is short, as in "pat," as the Australians say it. One day four of us sailors took the lifeboat inshore—we were at anchor—for a passenger. As we were lounging at the landing in our oilskins, there was a bit of a sea on—a little girl with two pigtails down her back came up and said, "Are you sailors?" "We are," said one of the boys, "all except that fathead over there; we haven't weighed him up yet." This was for me. I was standing apart, disregarding the special classification, the little girl asked, "And are you going to London?" "Yes," came the answer. Then she said, "Oh, I'd like to go away in a big ship and go to London, where the King lives." "London, where the King lives," is the way we always say it to the kiddies in Australia, and their eyes become serious and go wide with wonder. What pictures the words paint on little brains. I sincerely hope that particular kiddy gets her wish some day.

In Durban, South Africa, the stevedores were Zulus and Kaffirs. They spoke very little English. The white boss stevedores spoke Kaffir and Zulu fluently of course. If the natives ever understood this so-called acquired language it was when I wasn't around. The orders were nearly always repeated in English. The only Kaffir or Zulu the natives ever appeared to understand was "alla righta" and "that's alla." A story is told of a Scotchman in Bombay who hired a new servant. His former servant was an East Indian. His new servant was a Chinaman, but the Scotchman thought he was an Indian. The Scotchman had a fine side line of Inverness Hindustani which he unrolled before his astonished man servant. Command after command, request after request, and all he got was a puzzled look. The Scotchman dismissed the coolie with the pitying remark, "Weel, weel, poor creature; he doesna ken his ain language."

While in Durban Yorky, a Yorkshire sailor, who by this time had the "word bug," came over and said, "Come over here and hear what this Zulu is saying." He meant the man who landed the slugs or draughts of cargo at the top of the hatch. The black used a word as a signal for the winch tender, also blacks, to start or stop the winch. It sounded like "arrierre" as a Latin would say it, with a good roll to the "r's." When the winch was running the word was a signal to stop, when stopped a signal to start. Yorky, whose former voyages took him to Spain and Portugal, said he was sure the word was the same or similar to what he had heard used in those countries by the stevedores. He argued that the word was in East Africa as a result of the Portuguese occupation further north at the Delagoa Bay country. I agreed with him and we were for "hiking to the hinterland" to find out, when the bo's'n came and with much vigor and little ceremony got us "back to our jobs."

They told us to use "Wenna" when we addressed the Zulu rickshaw men. We did and it went. It might be man, boy, fellow or garcon, I couldn't find out which, and we were warned against using it when speaking to the Cape boys at Cape Town. One big husky Zulu at Durban spoke English with a provincial Dutch accent. Far have I been and much have I seen both as a man and a boy, but it seemed to me that this was the strangest thing of all. I heard an old Chinaman in 1894 in the Central American country deliver a lecture in pidgin English at the galley door on French and Spanish. I heard a West Indian negro from Trinidad at New Orleans speak English in "braid Scotch." But this Zulu from the Transvaal speaking like a Weberfield was like charity—the greatest of these.

At Teneriffe the use of Spanish put an end temporarily to my word search; my bag was nearly full, anyhow. I listened as we took coal for my "arrierre" word but heard it not. I am still curious: can any one help out?

On the way out from Hamburg to New Orleans with sugar Dick Cummins, who hailed from the Barking road, away in the east of London, spoke up in the fo'c'stle. Dick was big and violent. He had a nasty way with him at times. He spoke up and said he had no use for Liverpool people, that they were "indignate" sort of people. I got him right, for he repeated. He spoke directly at me, and asked me if I "didn't think so, too." A ship's fo'c'stle is like the United States Senate—new members are not expected to say much. I was a new member, but Dick spoke straight at me. I told him, "Yes, I thought so too." Paddy Boyle, another sailor, was speaking of the eagerness of the land ladies and other lady friends of the sailors to welcome them home to London and a far payday. "They'd be that glad to see you back they'd be down to the dock to welcome you home. They wouldn't be so anxious to welcome you home when you'd be going away though, broke." Oddly enough, though, this was said to a full house. Prince and I were the only auditors who noticed this very fine bull. We didn't laugh; our glances met and crossed each other.

The sugar people in New Orleans sweep the holds of the ships lately for loose sugar after the bags are out. It seems to be a new departure. A colored stevedore told me that the loose sweepings is the "percentage." He didn't call me "honey" or "chile" or indulge in any old fashioned Southern terms. He spoke like a man handing down a great truth. Heaven knows by what strange roads thought travels.

The other day our office boy—he's a near stenographer now—was about to take down a letter for me. I got as far as "Dear Sir" and hesitated. "Come on; pass out the chin goods; toss out the chatter," was his impatient command. I was almost speechless owing to the richness of the find. I got as far as "I beg to submit" when I "um-err'd" again. "Come on, shoot some of it across; I want to see what yer got," was the next and with biting emphasis. Which goes to show that the slang smiths thrive well in Greater New York and move onward and upward to higher thought and bolder theories. POREPUNKAH

NEW YORK, July 6.

WOMEN.

Let Them Bear Responsibilities and They Will Show Their Metal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In a letter headed "Hats or Votes" in THE SUN of June 12 Mr. Philip Snyder says: "Persons opposed to woman suffrage, particularly its female opponents, might make a hit by gathering a museum of female hats and bonnets worn during the last hundred years and inviting their inspection." He concludes his letter by saying that when he was younger and his observation was limited he favored woman suffrage.

His observation at present is entirely limited to women's headgear, however, so that it is probable that he is, if I may be permitted to use a slang expression, "talking through his hat." At any rate observation is one thing, and the inference drawn from it is quite another. To parody the verse about books:

Both see the same hats day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

It is just the absence of the right to apply what they know that makes for so much vanity among women, as I view it. "Knowledge without justice is cunning rather than wisdom," as General Porter said in his address to the cadets at West Point yesterday. If, therefore, the United States Government were to extend the right of exercising their political functions to women it would tend to eliminate jobbery and supplant it by justice not only in the State but in society.

Your correspondent says "some women seem fitted for it—but not many," and forgets that the same statement applies to men with equal force. He says that he is opposed to "universal suffrage." It is to unite the forces of the fit men and women that universal suffrage is being asked for by such men as Henry B. Blackwell, whom I beg leave to quote in reply to your correspondent as follows: "When women get as much interested in the ballot as they are in millinery they will get what they want." "A lim