INDIANS AND ROUGH RIDERS

HUCKLEBERRYS ENTERTAIN ON THEIR ISLAND.

Make the Roosevelt Braves at Home With a View of Some Rattlesnakes Newly Caught—A Bogus Colonel Who Got Well Larruped When He Was Exposed.

Heave ho, my boys, look, look ahead,
There's just another mile, and
Then you'll see the braves at play
On Huckleberry Island.
—*Broker Charlie Knoblauch to Rough Riders.*

Well it happened. Ever since the Indians of the Huckleberry tribe of the New York Athletic Club heard that Col. Roosevelt was going to be hurrahed on his homecoming and that the Rough Riders were going to gather from all over the country to be present at the celebration they had been planning the party. The Indians have so many friends among the Rough Riders that they decided to do away with customs and precedent and throw the whole reservation open to the visiting ex-warriors. They did it all day yesterday, from sunup to twilight.

It might be well at the outset to mention that the Huckleberry Indians are a tribe numbering 200 selected from and trained by the New York Athletic Club. A mile or two across from Travers Island lies Huckleberry Island, a shady, wooded strip of land, merely a wart on the Sound. There in orthodox costume the Huckleberries hold their powwows, sometimes in conjunction with the Flub Dubs of the Larchmont Yacht Club and sometimes by themselves. At any rate, the island is marked "Private" and visitors are not welcome as a rule.

Maybe there were a hundred Rough Riders who gathered at the Old Guard armory early yesterday morning to receive instructions and a bracer before leaving. It didn't take long to get both put away, and the whole crew was assigned to regular automobiles and a rubberneck wagon that held thirty of them. They shot out straight for Travers Island, not stopping on the way except to visit for a few minutes the Bronx zoo. Arrived at Travers Island at 11 A. M.

As the Rough Riders and reception committee scooted across the water in several little launches the cool salt breeze that met them was a delight. Suddenly they noted a change. They looked at one another curiously, their eyes gleaming. What was in the air? The pure salt air was touched and perfumed by the scent of hops, the sweetest flower that grows. Yes, said Charlie Knoblauch, Chief Warwhooper, we are approaching the island. That is how we know it; we can smell our way.

At Huckleberry Island the guests were met by a carefully selected reception committee. In small groups they were led up the winding paths placarded with signs reading, "If you are an Indian you are invited; if not, take care"; and next, "Trespass not; you'll be sorry"; and still further, "Well, well, such nerve." But when you saw "Drink up" you were certain that you had arrived in the bosom of the family.

When the visitors had peeled off their outer garments, inspected the refreshment stations at either end of the island and had shaken hands with Sachem Jim Haslin, president of the New York A. C., the subject of snakes was launched. The Indians had almost forgotten about them. Only this morning they had caught three beautiful specimens of Mikado rattlers, which they had placed in a box in the woods. Would the gentlemen from the West like to peep at them? Well, a few at a time. Wampum Keeper Bob Kammerer would make arrangements.

Col. Brodie, arm in arm with Charlie Knoblauch, walked a few rods to the snake box. On his knees was Tom Deeley, poking the snakes through a small aperture. Seaweed covered the bottom of the box.

"Take a look, Colonel; they're wonderful," said Knoblauch.

"Wait a second, Charlie," requested Tom Deeley; "wait till I get 'em going."

Col. Brodie leaned over and looked deep into the box. Knoblauch picked up a wide barrel stave, aimed carefully and let the Colonel have it where it hurt him more than it hurt Charlie. Col. Brodie was wise and promised not to intimate that there weren't any snakes until the others had got theirs.

Before they sat down to dinner nearly every man in the bunch had been loudly whacked with the barrel stave. They were so peeved that they refused to talk about it. Just picture Lieut. Dave Goodrich being pounded, and Bill McGinty, the crack bronco buster of the West, and Big Ben Daniels, who's got twenty notches on his pet gun, and Charlie Hunter, president of the organization, and Pussy Foot Muxlow—and all the other big 'uns. But it made them feel at home.

A few more trips to either end of the island followed by a swim in the Sound and it was time to sit down to the feast that Chef Ambrose Guffanti, beloved by the New York A. C., had prepared. When the last load had been brought over from the mainland and hauled up to the great outdoor ovens it was found that there were five barrels of clams, 100 pounds of sea bass, 200 lobsters, ninety chickens, two barrels of potatoes, twenty-five watermelons, fifteen gallons of clam broth and some firewater.

The Huckleberry Indians turned over a large tent with two long tables to the Rough Riders. It was another in the long series of reunions. At the head of the table sat the grand old man of the regiment, G. B. Chapin of Tucson, 68 years old, who says that his military age is still 42 and that he's only 19 while he's in New York and never had a home. Wow! Next to him sat Ed Piper, the trumpeter, who's really the youngest of the Rough Riders. It was worth while hearing them swap reminiscences of the war, even though they were interrupted by Corporal Cullen with his yarns about Comrade Shields, who used to lick regular army officers whenever he got a chance. Later Corporal Cullen slept peacefully at the side of the west bar.

They had got as far as the third course when the big excitement arrived. A fanfare from one trumpet and up jumps Jim Haslin, nattily clad in a bathing suit.

"Gentlemen!" he yelled, "I take great pleasure in announcing that Col. Roosevelt has come over from Oyster Bay to greet you and say a few words. Please keep your seats."

Every man of them stood up and rubbered and whooped. He simply couldn't stay away, could he? Here was their own Teddy, dressed in his khaki uniform, smiling the old smile, strutting with that characteristic gait. He mounted a chair.

"I'm damned if that's him!" said Cullen.

"Sure it is," said Bill McGinty.

Opinion was divided. So "T. R." spoke as follows:

"Fellow Comrades: I greet you. It's good to be back. I am tired of the lancers of Italy, the dragoons of England, the cuirassiers of Norway and the bobbies of France. You in your khaki suits are good enough for me. But honest, I'm delighted to say that I had the corkingest, bullest time you can imagine. And now I thank you for your applause, and let's have a drink."

For fear that some of his friends may read this we shall not tell what happened to Bob Kammerer, who impersonated Col. Roosevelt. He was mobbed, because he had almost got away with it until he spoke. As a matter of fact Bob Kammerer without any extra teeth looks more like the Colonel than the Colonel does himself.

After a while the clambake was finished. There was still a lingering hope that Mr. Roosevelt might run over from Oyster Bay, but at length that was shattered, and there was nothing to do but visit the ends of the island again and go home. The few Huckleberry Indians had their pictures taken with three real Indians of the Rough Riders. Bud Maytubby, Ted Sidham and Ben Corbett, the latter having been Roosevelt's private secretary in Cuba.

Gradually the guests were steered down the hill to the wharf and accommodated in the return launches. The run back to Travers Island was uneventful except for the fact that Pete Goldsby was sore because he fell for the snakes and the bogus Roosevelt. At the clubhouse they got into automobiles and went away from the Huckleberry Indians. Never did they have a better time.

Two hundred Rough Riders, with plenty of admiring friends to watch them, fought the Spanish war over again last night at the Hotel Buckingham. They went through it all, the camp in the South, San Juan Hill, Montauk Point and the mustering out.

The only noises that punctuated the two hour review were occasional cheers and the sputtering of the stereopticon machine of Comrade Edwin Emerson, who stage managed the review. It was the first time Mr. Emerson had ever shown the pictures in public.

Some of the battle scenes showed Col. Roosevelt hustling about like a private, with no sign of his sword. Mr. Emerson explained that the pictures which showed Col. Roosevelt so accoutred could be taken with a grain of salt.

"The fact is," said the speaker, "that the Colonel's sword got between his legs and tripped him up early in the charge and he threw it away. After that he just hustled along like the rest of us."

Another story that Mr. Emerson told was one concerning Col. Roosevelt and Gen. Shafter. The latter wanted the army to move back some miles while the big guns were brought up. Col. Roosevelt demurred.

"You are under orders," shouted Gen. Shafter. "Do you refuse to obey orders?"

"No," said the Colonel, "but my regiment may."

Mr. Emerson told this incident in Saturday's parade: He was carrying the colors—a yellow banner on a 9 foot shaft—when the little metal tip of the latter tumbled to earth. He did not notice it.

Just behind him rode Capt. Curry, now Governor of New Mexico, who leaned from his saddle and scooped the tiny bit of metal deftly from the pavement. This skilful bit of riding set the crowd wild.

One of Mr. Emerson's most interesting slides was made from a double negative which had been twice exposed by accident. The original exposure shows ex-President McKinley, dim and shadowy, on his way to review some troops, while the second exposure shows Col. Roosevelt on his charger looming up in the foreground.

WANTS TAFT TO TAKE A REST.

Aunt Delia Thinks He's Working Too Hard—Useless to Advice Theodore.

MILLBURY, Mass., June 19.—Miss Delia Torrey, President Taft's aunt, and his most outspoken admirer, is about the only woman in the country who can unaffectedly discuss President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt as if she regarded them as a couple of boys who have not yet outgrown the need of mature advice.

"I had made up my mind," she said to a newspaper man yesterday, "that I would never talk to reporters again. Why, somebody published a recipe for making apple pie that he said he got from me. Now, I'm not saying that I can't make apple pies, but that recipe was not mine. Yet it went all over the country and I've been receiving hundreds of letters, some of them suggesting changes in the recipe. If it were mine I would not mind these criticisms, but it puts me in a false light when folks think I have been making imperfect pies for the President of the United States.

"What do I think of the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's homecoming? Well, I haven't though much about it, though I know Will will be glad to see Theodore again and to know that he is safe and sound after his wonderful trip. Yes, I have read the newspapers and have followed Theodore's travels and speeches. I thought his speech at Oxford was very fine indeed, and I was proud that the United States had such a capable representative abroad. I don't care to say what I thought of the Guildhall speech, for I am not sure my opinion is worth while.

"Politics? Why, I don't believe I know anything of the subject. I have said before that most of the criticism of Will has been due to the fact that he has really tried to work out a tariff policy. Now I think nobody can effect a tariff that will suit everyone. People on one side or the other will have some fault to find. Look at the way President Cleveland failed in trying to please the country. Then President McKinley was killed before he had time to take hold of the subject. Theodore Roosevelt avoided it, and that has had a great deal to do with his popularity. But Will has tried to give the country a tariff and he has to stand, of course, a great deal of criticism.

"Do I read these criticisms? Why, I try not to see them and I stopped taking a New York paper that seemed to go out of its way to find fault with Will. That New York editor did not know him, but what could I say to such a man that would influence him and make him see Will in the same light as I do?

"Do I intend to give Will any advice when I see him. I most certainly do, and the main part of my advice will be to tell him not to work too hard. I think that a lot of people don't realize how hard he is working.

"Now don't you dare ask me what I think of Will's political friends. I don't know anything about politics or policies. Of course I admire Theodore Roosevelt, and I hope to see him this summer. Will I give advice to Theodore or Will? Well, as I said, I'll advise Will to take a rest, but I would not dare to say that to Theodore. I know he would not follow it if I did."

HAMMERSTEIN HAS A NEW HAT.

Daughter Brings the Fashion Note Home—Buy Covent Garden? Not Much.

Stella Hammerstein, daughter of Oscar, returned last night from Europe by the White Star liner Cedric with some impressions of her father's activity on the other side. She said she had left him metaphorically building opera houses in Paris, being prohibited from putting them up here. She was his chaperon, she said, when he needed one, which was not often. She really did not know what the French girls did not do to him when she was not looking, and "he poses as a family man at that." Was dad going to buy Covent Garden? That one seat place! She should say not. He was getting talent, the highest class, for the Manhattan. He might present "Romana" here a musical comedy by Joseph Redding, and he doubtless would go as close to grand opera as the line would allow.

Miss Stella said that dad had a new hat, a gray alpine that looked "like a wild dash at early morning," but that she believed he would not have the nerve to wear it to New York. He kept his old high hat in his room and looked at it every morning before breakfast as an appetizer. She believed that her father might come back on an airship, or at any rate that there would be a transatlantic airship by the time he was ready to come back.

Readers Leaving the City for the Summer may have
The Sun
and
The Evening Sun
sent to them by mail at the following rates, inclusive of postage:
THE SUN, daily, per month, 50 cents; daily and Sunday, per month, 70 cents.
THE EVENING SUN, per month, 30 cents.
Leave orders with newsdealers without extra charge. Addresses changed as often as desired.

OPEN AIR SUFFRAGE ORATORY

LAWN PARTY PRIZE CONTESTS, MRS. BELMONT PRESIDING.

Phoenix Ingraham in Suffragette Colors One of the Judges—Eight Members of the Political Equality Association Contend—Man Wins a Second Prize.

Another great stroke for the Cause of Woman was made yesterday on the Thomas estate at Corona, L. I., when more than eight hundred members of the various branches of the Political Equality Association pledged their president, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in several sorts of soda water and then listened with apparent delight to three hours of speechmaking.

The bright particular star of the occasion was Phoenix Ingraham, who motored over from Hempstead with Mrs. Belmont, Miss Inez Milholland, Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, Mrs. Winifred Harper Cooley, the pure food expert, and Sidney Smith. Mr. Ingraham has only recently identified himself with the fight for franchise and displays the fiery zeal characteristic of the recruit. He was attired yesterday in the colors of the Pankhurst suffragettes, his suit and hat being green and his knitted scarf purple. These colors are worn regularly by Miss Milholland, Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, Mrs. Lee De Forrest and others who sit politically at the feet of the English leader.

But Mr. Ingraham did more than merely display colors. He stood for two hours on an insecure plank of the front piazza taking notes on the arguments for the emancipation of women set forth by eight prize speakers. After they had all finished he analyzed the merits of each for for the benefit of Mrs. Harper and Miss Milholland, who had been chosen by Mrs. Belmont to serve with him as judges. This doesn't mean of course that Mr. Ingraham has eschewed initiating débutantes into the mysteries of leading a cotillion, but he did not deny that he found the suffrage question quite as serious and almost as complicated.

The judges awarded the first prize to Miss Elizabeth Moesch of the Harlem branch of the P. E. A., who explained that there were "many reasons why women should be extended the ballot."

"The ballot hasn't made men effeminate," she continued. "Why should it have that effect on women? We all need the ballot to protect the interests of the home just as we need a bath to protect our health."

Miss Moesch received a black leather bag with a gilt clasp as a reward for her oratory.

The second prize, a fountain pen, went to Awid Wechsler of the East New York branch, who was the best stayer of the eight. He talked nearly twice as long as any of the others and didn't pause once for breath. The third prize went to Miss Emma Colech of the East New York branch, a slender, white frocked, blonde maiden, who told her audience in a trembling treble that the mother's influence should really be felt in government.

Alberta Hill got more applause than all the rest of the speakers put together and several persons were heard to remark that a girl with a classic profile and that kind of brown eyes needn't bother herself about the ballot. The judges explained, however, to those who asked why she didn't get a prize that she told too many funny stories to give the type of argument best calculated to convert an anti.

There were, of course, other speeches. Mrs. Belmont welcomed the association and congratulated the members on the progress made during the year.

"To sum up," she said, "we have the parent association with seven branches and five headquarters and a membership of 961. We have held 184 suffrage meetings, attended by 16,570 men and women, besides the 10,000 or more at the Hippodrome mass meeting. We have raised $6,692.99 and expended $6,405.37, apart from $36,176.84 contributed to our association which has been spent in the work of suffrage. We have distributed 22,331 pieces of literature, 95,000 buttons and 60,000 postal cards. We have received and sent out 14,112 letters and 8,637 circular letters. We have been mentioned in 17,000 or more newspaper items, and have had 2,417 visitors at the different headquarters."

Women had tired, Mrs. Belmont concluded, of trying to reform the country by merely holding up ideals for their children to follow, and she adjured the earnest workers to rise up in their might and show the politicians that there was a new force for them to reckon with.

"B-E-L-M-O-N-T! Belmont! Belmont! Rah! Rah! Rah!" yelled the wage earners, and the Harlemites, and The Bronxites and the Brownsvillians in unison. A knickerbockered youngster of eight summers advanced and presented the hostess with a shower bouquet of buttercups, and Emma Podell, leader of the Harlem branch, announced that she had something to say. She carried a flat brown paper package, which she unwrapped as she advanced to the edge of the piazza which did duty as a rostrum, and revealed a black oak frame which enclosed some printed matter with illuminated initials.

"I would like to read something," she began, and at a smiling nod from the president, turned to the illuminated printing.

"At a meeting of the organizers representing the various branches of the Political Equality Association, held June 10, the following resolutions were adopted, she began.

The audience smiled and Mrs. Belmont looked puzzled.

"Whereas we recognize the fact that this is the pioneer movement to establish political settlements in various centres for suffrage propaganda, and in consideration of the active and untiring efforts of our chief organizer and president, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont,

"*Be it resolved*, That upon this, the occasion of our first semi-annual meeting, the 19th of June, 1910, we, the members of this organization, hereby express our deep appreciation and gratitude to our beloved president, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, and be it further resolved that this resolution be suitably engraved and presented to her."

There was a wild burst of applause and another Belmont cheer when Miss Podell extended the resolutions toward Mrs. Belmont. The latter seemed to be greatly surprised, and it was a moment or two before she recovered sufficiently to make her voice heard.

"I like this better than any present I have ever received," she said, "and better than any that I ever shall receive."

Again the association gave the yell and then it was Mrs. Harper's turn to speak.

There wasn't anything more to do after this but to eat ice cream and cake and candy and to watch the motor boats on the bay in the intervals between the tearing off of the refreshment coupons.

Mrs. Belmont presented a suffrage flag in blue and white to each of the four branches represented.

News of Plays and Players.

De Wolf Hopper's engagement at the Lyric in "A Matinée Idol" will come to an end with the current week and next Saturday night will bring to an end a three months run in this city. Mr. Hopper's season is closing in order to give that comedian a short rest before he begins his long trip to the Pacific coast next August.

The Rough Riders will visit the New Amsterdam Theatre on Wednesday evening and there as the guests of Frederic Thompson and Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger witness the performance of "Girlies." Mr. Roosevelt has been invited. On Thursday they will go to Luna Park.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Two landmarks of the Bowery have been missing since last week. The billboards on the curb in front of Atlantic Garden have been torn down. They were made of heavy oak planks and were placed there forty years ago when the Garden was only twelve years old. They had probably received more coats of paste and paper than any other billboards in the city. They received a fresh dress each week. Scores of stage celebrities saw their names appear for the first time there when they were making bids for popular favor as obscure vaudeville performers. The Bureau of Highways decided the signboards were in the way and ordered them removed.

Because the Barkers were always doing ridiculous things in a ridiculous way nobody was surprised at their sending out a mysterious invitation to something, presumably a musicale, because the notice consisted of just four bars of music; but everybody was surprised that the invitation should have been mailed several days after the printed date, which was June 15. One man who never liked to miss anything called Barker up and told him how sorry he and his wife were that they didn't get the invitation in time.

"Invitation?" said Barker.

"Yes, to your musicale. It just came this morning."

Barker sent back an embarrassed cough over the wire.

"I am afraid you didn't understand," he said. "That was my wife's way of letting you know it's a boy. From 'The Messiah,' you know—'Unto us a son is born.'"

"Oh," said the other man. Then he added, "Those crazy Barkers!"

"I was surprised to run across an old acquaintance up at the zoo the other day. The last time I saw him was in the lower part of Brazil when I was trying to push Yankee notions," said a commercial traveller.

"This acquaintance is known as crested screamer. He is one of the best fighters I ever bet my money on. He is about as large as a turkey and as spry as they make 'em when his fighting blood is up. He has four sharp spurs instead of two, and the odd thing is, the spurs are on the wings instead of the legs.

"The birds ran wild, but the flatives tamed them and taught them to fight hawks and other enemies of poultry. They are fine poultry protectors. A fight between two of them is the most exciting thing in the way of sport down there and is more popular than a cockfight."

"The list of casualities at the recent Washington street fire has caused Fire Commissioner Waldo to make the truck companies in the department a sort of ambulance and hospital corps," said a fireman the other day.

"The crew of each truck has had lessons on how to render first aid to injured firemen when overcome by smoke or otherwise injured in a burning building. Each truck is obliged to carry on its run to a fire an assortment of surgical supplies that may be useful. A few of the things are amyl nitrite and aromatic spirits of ammonia for suffocated firemen, a tourniquet for wounds, carron oil for burns, liquid soap, wooden splints for broken arms or legs, absorbent cotton and gauze and bandages, adhesive plaster, bichloride and carbolic acid tablets, unguents, sutures, forceps and knives.

"It sometimes happens that more firemen are knocked out at a fire than the department surgeons can attend to immediately and the amateur helpers can give valuable assistance."

"The next best thing to being a medium is to supply a medium with books and magazines," said the stationer. "I have one for a customer. For a long while I thought I must be supplying literature to a private library, she ordered books and magazines in such large quantities; but well informed neighbors set me right. Finally the medium herself explained the secret of her liberal patronage of current literature.

"'My clients want the books and magazines as souvenirs,' she said. 'At every séance some psychic force sends small objects like that flying across the room and through the cabinet portières. Serious minded persons are very much impressed with that phenomenon and they like to keep the books and magazines as a reminder of the spiritual manifestation. Of course they pay me the regular bookseller's price, sometimes a little more. You can see for yourself what that item in my business amounts to.'"

A letter intended for District Attorney Whitman reached him at the Criminal Courts Building without any writing on the envelope except "City." In lieu of the name and title the sender had pasted on the envelope an unmounted photograph of Mr. Whitman. The post office did the rest.

The owner of a taxicab in Brooklyn makes a good living by patrolling the Shore Road every night for broken down automobiles. He starts at about 11 o'clock and stays until daybreak. Parties that are stranded in the small hours of the morning are glad to pay almost any price for a tow back to town. It doesn't take long to get them there, and then back goes the taxicab for another fare. It is seldom that the chauffeur is not able to pick up five in a night.

"Every Monday morning I hear the thump of a baby carriage on the stairs leading to the roof," said a flat dweller the other day. "Being curious about this regular weekly airing, especially as I knew there were no babies in the house, I accosted the maid as she was returning with the empty carriage one morning.

"'Have you left the baby on the roof?' I inquired.

"'Shure, it's no baby,' she chuckled; 'it's the week's wash I left up there. There's nothing like an old baby carriage when it comes to hanging out clothes.'"

"One interesting thing about the Fifth avenue parade is the funny steps people practise," said a gray headed man. "A few minutes ago four young chaps went past practising the goose step. They were very awkward. Apparently they were only beginning to learn, and anyhow the goose step is an ugly step which very few people except the Kaiser's men can make look graceful. Then I see young women with a mincing gait cultivating a long, swinging stride, while other young women whom nature endowed with a stride are trying to shorten their steps.

"Most of these people perhaps are students in the physical culture schools just off the avenue. They walk singly, in pairs, in groups. They look very uncomfortable stalking along at their acquired gait. Every little while they break step and slouch for a minute in their natural manner, but soon they brace up again and step along goose step, gallop, short step, stride."

Grandson of Gen. Grant Arrives.

Algernon Sartoris, son of Nellie Grant Sartoris and grandson of Gen. Grant, arrived yesterday by the American liner New York from Cherbourg with his wife and his little boy, Herbert C. Sartoris. They have been spending a year in Paris, the home of Mrs. Sartoris, and will visit Mr. Sartoris's mother in Canada. Other passengers by the New York were Augustus Thomas, the playwright; Miss Eugenia Bissell and Miss Lucie Towle, who are respectively daughters of Dr. Joseph P. Bissell and Dr. Henry Towle and who have been three years studying in convents at Liège and Paris; Miss Vera McCord, actress, and Miss Bertina Freeman, singer.

GERMAN GYMNASTS OUTDOORS

LIVELY ALL DAY FESTIVAL AT PELHAM BAY PARK.

Brooklyn Eastern District Verein Wins the Prize for General Proficiency—1,000 Men, Women and Children Take Part—Only Two Minor Accidents.

The German gymnasts—men, women, boys and girls—who go to make up the various turnvereins scattered about the greater city, hold individual meets in their own gymnasiums and halls from time to time, but yesterday was the first annual field day of the combined turners. All day long there were races and drills, calisthenics, dances on the turf, games almost unknown to native born Americans, roundels, pyramid buildings, much good nature and about fifteen thousand Germans under the trees of Pelham Bay Park up near Baychester having an all day time of their lives.

Pelham Bay Park isn't easy to get at, especially when there are thousands of others who on a hot day want to reach it via the limited transportations; but once you walked under the oaks and maples and chestnut trees and saw the regiments of flaxen haired fräuleins in bloomers and white waists, other regiments of girls in light gray bloomers with big bright bows of scarlet silk and scarlet sashes, clean limbed youths in white sleeveless shirts and the long gray trousers that distinguish the turners, squads of little boys in wide gray or blue knickers and all moving rhythmically with wands or Indian clubs, hoops or dumbbells on the sunlit sod of the athletic field—when the gay picture opened out before, you then you were very glad you had come.

Mayor Gaynor was expected to be on hand but didn't come. Borough President McAneny was an early arrival and remained until dusk. President John Purroy Mitchel of the Board of Aldermen also was an early afternoon arrival. Borough President Miller of The Bronx, Park Commissioner Charles B. Stover, Bronx Park Commissioner Thomas J. Higgins, County Clerk Schneider, Principal McAndrews of the Washington Irving High School, G. Straubenmueller, Associate Superintendent of Education, and many other special guests applauded all afternoon the efforts of youngster and oldster athletes.

"I spoke to Mayor Gaynor's secretary some time ago," said President Gustav Schweppendick of the New York Gymnastic Union yesterday, "about inviting the Mayor to be our guest of honor to-day. Later we mailed the Mayor a letter of invitation. There was no answer, but we mailed him another a few days ago. Mr. Gaynor never has bothered to reply to any of our invitations."

But if the turners didn't have the Mayor they had a picnic and games worth while, not to mention much boating, a chorus of 500 singers banded as the United German Singers of The Bronx, two brass bands going it full tilt from early forenoon until sundown and incidentally unestimated kegs of the national beverage under the trees.

Once when a game of hurl ball was at its zenith, a German game about the rules of which even the German-American youths who were playing it had to seek instruction from their elders occasionally, a loud argument began between two heated players. The promptness with which the argumentative were induced to lower their voices by a single command from the sidelines showed the Teutonic love of order even when high jinks are being cut.

"Shut up and play!" yelled a stout old German from the edge of the field. "What you think? You think this is a Yankee game, what?" And the tongue fight instantly was quieted.

That argument among the players was the nearest thing to a disagreement noticed throughout the day. And at times when flying baseballs came too close to your nose as you dozed peacefully under the trees or one of the big beanbags that groups of girls were using in their games of "catch" brought up smartly against the back of your neck, you scarcely could be blamed for wanting to start something. But the Germans just laughed good naturedly and threw the ball or beanbag back to the players scattered everywhere about the 1,700 acres of Pelham Bay Park.

The long athletic field, which Commissioner Higgins proudly says is the best athletic field in New York, held more gayly decked youths and bloomered misses at almost any given moment yesterday than Barnum's arena with all three rings working full time. During the day long string of drills, games, gymnastics on horizontal bars and other apparatus and field events Ambulance Surgeon Dowdle, who had come all the way up from Bellevue Hospital with an automobile ambulance, had only two patients who needed much attention.

Charlie Richter, one of the turners who goes in for broad jumping, early in the day stretched out his feet a bit too far at the end of his jump. Charlie sat down suddenly and in softening his fall he fractured his wrist. Then during the afternoon Miss Erna Platz, a girl of 22 years, who is a member of the Brooklyn Eastern District Turnverein, was swinging gayly many feet above the ground on the flying rings when she fell and broke her right wrist. Dr. Dowdle bandaged her up and then took her to Fordham Hospital to have her broken bones mended. There were a few cases of fainting spells among the women, but that was all.

There were 250 contestants in the morning field events, and these, plus 700 or 800 other turners, turned out for the afternoon drills, games and other exercises. Conductor Emil Klotz, who was the major domo of the athletic field all day, had quite as much exercise as the hardest worked performer as he ran up and down the long field marshalling the different companies into their respective positions. The precision with which the graceful drills and dances were performed stirred up much applause all day.

The picnic and games came to an end with the distribution of prizes of gilt wreaths and engrossed diplomas as dusk was settling upon the park. Prizes were awarded to eight turnvereins whom the judges had found worthy of the following scores for general proficiency:

First—Brooklyn Eastern District, 284.72 points.
Second—Turn Verein Vorwarts, Brooklyn, 277.71 points.
Third—New York Turn Verein, 269.23 points.
Fourth—Mount Vernon Turn Verein, 259.34 points.
Fifth—Central Turn Verein of Manhattan, 227.70 points.
Sixth—West End Turn Verein of Washington Heights, 225.94 points.
Seventh—German American Turn Verein, 225.50 points.
Eighth—Woodstock Turn Verein, 194.96 points.

"The exhibition," President Schweppendick said as baskets were being gathered and the turners were getting into their street clothes, "is free, and although it has cost us much money to arrange all this we are very glad to do the work and spend the money. We arranged it all solely for educational purposes and we hope also that this exhibition and others like it that are to follow will go far toward making more popular in this country the harmless, healthful German games which you saw to-day, some of them, like hurl ball, for instance, almost unknown in America even by name."

The Wall Street "Evening Sun."

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "bid and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are contained also in the night edition of THE EVENING SUN

All Through Trains via Burlington Route now ELECTRIC LIGHTED

The complete electric lighting of all Burlington Route Through Trains became effective June 1. In the history of American railroading no such extensive and costly improvement of coach lighting has even been attempted up to this time.

To inaugurate this service, it has been necessary to entirely re-equip, electrically, seventy-two complete trains and practically all the reserve passenger equipment of the entire Burlington system, consisting of locomotives, baggage cars, mail cars, coaches, chair cars, dining cars, sleeping cars and observation cars.

The dynamo system of electric lighting—the most satisfactory known—is used. An electric dynamo installed in the baggage car of each train generates the current and supplies the entire train with a brilliant, steady light, not only when the train is in motion, but also when standing still. Furthermore, a skilled electrician is on duty on each of these trains for its entire run, to see that the train is properly lighted, ventilated and heated, both by day and by night. On the trains of no other railroad are exclusive train electricians carried.

These electric lighted trains operate between Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Denver, Billings, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and intermediate points.

If you are going west or northwest, on business or pleasure, let me quote you rates, send you attractive folders and tell you about these splendid electric lighted trains. It is my business to assist you, and without charge. Just drop me a postal saying where you are going.

Burlington Route

W. J. O'Meara, Eastern Passenger Agent
C., B. & Q. R. R.
379 Broadway, New York
Phone 6224 Franklin

Burlington trains run "on time" with astonishing regularity.

JOSEPH PULITZER RETURNS.

Proprietor of the New York "World" Is Back From Europe.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York *World*, returned last night on the Cedric from a long stay in Europe, much of the time being spent in cruising in the Mediterranean. In spite of reports to the contrary, Mr. Pulitzer seemed to be in excellent health and told some of the customs officials who met him that he felt very well.

Mr. Pulitzer's yacht, Liberty, which arrived a week ago from Southampton, met her owner at Quarantine, special arrangements having been made with the customs authorities to take her owner off there. On the yacht, which had been cruising about in the lower bay since early in the afternoon, were Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, and their son, Joseph Pulitzer, 3d.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., who are leaving next Wednesday to spend part of their honeymoon in Europe, and Arthur Billings, assistant business manager of Mr. Pulitzer's New York papers. Representing the customs authorities were Deputy Collector J. Castree Williams, Chief Clerk of the Boarding Division Sprague, Acting Deputy Collector Roone and Inspector Cohen.

A wireless had been received from Mr. Pulitzer to the effect that the Cedric had encountered hazy weather and might be detained, but the ship showed up just before dusk. A launch containing the customs officials, Mr. Pulitzer's sons and Mr. Billings put out from the yacht and boarded the ship over the Health Officer's boat as soon as the latter ran alongside. An inspection of Mr. Pulitzer's baggage was quickly made and he and his youngest son, Herbert, who accompanied him, were quickly transferred to the launch, which took them to the Liberty, which immediately turned about and headed for Sandy Hook, it being the intention to anchor off the Hook for the night.

D'ANNUNZIO SLIGHTED.

Grieved by the Conduct of the Priests of Notre Dame.

PARIS, June 6.—Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian dramatist, is very angry with the priests of Notre Dame. A few days ago he wrote them explaining that in the interest of a new book he is about to write he wished to be allowed to remain alone in the church for half an hour while the great organ was being played exclusively for himself. Although against all regulations the permission was granted without delay.

When the poet turned up on the appointed afternoon, instead of being alone he was accompanied by a large party of friends, including many fashionably dressed women, intending evidently to give them the treat of a private concert in the ancient cathedral. The priests drew the line at that and told D'Annunzio that nobody could be allowed in the church. The poet was very much taken aback and had to offer his guests tea and a Tyrolese band at the Bois instead of the stirring tones of the sacred organ.

GIFTS TO THE AQUARIUM.

The Spring Run of Alligators and the Summer Run of Fishes.

Spring is the season when the Aquarium gets the greatest number of small alligators. The young reptiles are brought up from Florida by travellers who after keeping them here for a while tire of them. Sometimes they carry the little 'gators to the Aquarium themselves and sometimes they write a telegram saying that they have an alligator which they would be glad to give if the Aquarium will send for it.

Steamship officers who are interested in natural history and are sailing on vessels plying in tropical or sub-tropical waters bring in as gifts odd or beautiful fishes or other specimens, and such gifts come from various people and various quarters, from people interested in the Aquarium and sometimes such things are brought in by people who offer them for sale.

When summer comes the Aquarium is likely to receive gifts of pet fishes and other things from people who are going away for the summer and who do not desire to destroy the creatures but want to put them where they know they will receive proper care and attention. A notable gift of this sort was lately received from C. Lorenze of Brooklyn, this consisting of a handsome brass framed balanced aquarium tank two feet in length by a foot in width and depth and mounted on a table, the tank being stocked with various aquatic plants and containing eight particularly fine specimens of the Japanese goldfish.

Evans Ale

Try a glass from wood or bottle and experience one of the season's greatest delights. A revelation in liquid refreshers.

On Tap and in Bottles.
Cafes, Clubs Restaurants and Saloons.

75.—Zeta's Rome, Paris, Asmodeus, Merry Bachelor, Salambo, Irish Wit. PRATT, 161 6th av.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms
Nos. 355-361 4th Av., S. E. corner 25th St.
HENRY A. HARTMAN, Auctioneer,
NOW ON PUBLIC VIEW.
Concluding Furniture
SALE OF THE SEASON
A large assortment of desirable
Modern and Antique Household Effects
suitable for city and country home furnishing, to be sold at auction.
To close estates, consignments from private families, and all goods left over from former sales, comprising in part
PARLOR, DINING & BEDROOM FURNITURE
Oil Paintings from foreign and American artists, beautiful Cut Glass, Silver Plate, Persian Carpets and Rugs, Books, Rustic Chairs, European Porcelains, Bronzes, &c.
Days of sales Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 21, 22, 23 and 24, at 2 o'clock each day.

INSTRUCTION.

EFFEMINATE male speaking voice changed to natural masculine quickly and permanently by special vocal exercises. Charge only in case of success. Free consultations next week only, daily eleven to twelve, or other hours by appointment. T. LESLIE CARPENTER, 608 W. 116th St.