PRESIDENT MONTT ARRIVES

CHILE'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE RECEIVED WITH HONORS.

Military Escort Dismissed at the Pier to Avoid a Wetting for the Party—The President Talks of Panama Canal On His Way to Europe for Health.

President Pedro Montt of Chile arrived yesterday on the steamship Tagus, which he boarded at Colon. When the Tagus, displaying the Chilean flag, entered the Narrows the guns at Fort Wadsworth gave the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns, and that was the beginning of reception formalities which kept President Montt very much engaged from that hour, 2 o'clock in the afternoon, until dinner was served to him in his suite of rooms on the sixth floor of the Plaza Hotel overlooking the Sherman peace monument.

A little before 2 o'clock the army quartermaster's boat the General Harvey Brown put in at the Battery and took on board a committee designated by President Taft to receive the Chilean President. There were in the reception committee Chandler Hale, Third Assistant Secretary of State; Major-Gen. William H. Carter, U. S. A., assistant chief of staff, and Capt. H. M. P. Huse, U. S. N., commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The army and navy officers are assigned as aides to President Montt during his stay in this country. The official reception committee was joined by Alberto Yoacham, Chargé d'Affaires du Chile, and John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington. At the Quarantine station the General Harvey Brown drew up alongside of the Tagus and took on board President Montt, his wife, his sister-in-law, widow of a brother of the President; Col. Bari, the President's military aide; Dr. Munich, the President's private physician; Hernan Echeverria, the President's private secretary, and a private chaplain.

The representative of the State Department first greeted President Montt and conveyed to him President Taft's message of welcome and other polite expressions of Presidential regard. Then Mr. Hale introduced to the President the army and navy officers assigned to duty as his aides and President Montt's private secretary completed the round of introductions on behalf of the visitors. Then the little quartermaster's boat was headed for the city pier at the foot of East Sixty-second street.

Nearly twenty years ago Pedro Montt was Chilean Minister in Washington and during that time he made some acquaintance with New York. But what he could explain about the skyscrapers and the bridges soon ceased to satisfy the curiosity of his young wife and his sister-in-law, and Gen. Carter and Capt. Huse were called upon to answer a thousand questions the ladies of the party asked with lively interest.

At the Sixty-second street pier Major Schumann, U. S. A., was in command of two companies of coast artillery from Fort Hamilton and one from Fort Wadsworth and a company of infantry from Governors Island. There was also in line a company of marines from the Brooklyn navy yard. The force was drawn up from the pierhead extending back into First avenue and it was the intention to make it an escort of President Montt to his hotel. When the General Harvey Brown was made fast to the pier Major-Gen. Carter at once escorted President Montt and his wife to an automobile and then cast an anxious eye at the skies, where there were many ominous signs that a summer shower was imminent. Then he glanced at the young and handsome wife of the President, who had laid aside her wraps and was dressed all in white of some flimsy, fluffy stuff and wore a white picture hat and altogether confirmed what travellers say that the ladies of Chile daily receive fashion hints from Paris.

Then Gen. Carter spoke to President Montt, who smiled and waved his hand, whereupon Gen. Carter gave an order to Major Schumann to dismiss the military escort. The point was that marching soldiers would delay the trip to the Plaza too long for weather safety, and the wisdom of this little thoughtfulness on the part of Gen. Carter was proved when within a few minutes after the Presidential party in fast automobiles had reached the Plaza a sharp downpour of rain came along.

President Montt, as has been said, spent two years in this country and he knows all about interviewers and seems rather to like the interesting experience. But in the twenty years since he was here the newspaper photographer has been developed to a point which quite amazed his Excellency. He had been snapped on the Tagus and snapped on the General Harvey Brown and a whole battery of camera men had snapped him at the city pier. The ordeal had got a little on his nerves. When his automobile pulled up at the Plaza he blinked a little impatiently as another battery of cameras shuttered and snapped at him.

Then when he stepped out of the automobile a young camera person approached him and demanded of the President that he pose for some more snapping. President Montt turned his back with expressive suddenness and said something in Spanish which did not sound like "Bless you, my boy!" and hurried into the hotel lobby after his wife and Gen. Carter.

As to the interview, however, he was more than complacent; good natured, indeed. He had not been in his rooms more than half an hour before the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires came down into the lobby and told the waiting reporters that the President would be glad to see them. And when the reporters filed into his parlor the President instructed Mr. Barrett that he wanted to be introduced personally to each of the newspaper men. This little ceremony over President Montt promptly revealed that he had certain ideas of his own about the interview. That was to smilingly tell the reporters how great was the American press and how pleased he was to receive its representatives.

Then he pretended to forget his English and said he had nothing more to say. A little urging, however, induced him to talk about the Panama Canal. He had abandoned the work on his way here and declared that the progress made there now was extraordinary.

"And will the canal be completed in five years, do you think?"

The President shrugged his shoulders, smiled and after a pause said:

"Well, that is according to the estimates. Yes, they are estimating that it will be completed in five years."

The President seemed to regard the estimates with a great deal of respect. He would not give his own opinion on the subject, but smilingly continued to declare that the estimates were that the canal would be opened in five years. He had a opinion of his own and freely expressed it as to the effect the canal when finished will have on commercial and other relations between his country and the United States. He had no doubt, he said, that railroads and through steamship lines would connect the two countries. He thought indeed, that Chilean enterprise and capital themselves would establish such lines.

Chile, he declared, would benefit greatly from the canal. Aside from increased commerce between the two countries he hoped that means of comfortable and relatively fast trains between the two countries would induce many citizens of this country to visit his and he felt certain that many Chileans would then visit this country. It would certainly profit and benefit both.

The President's plans, he said, during his short stay here were to rest here to-day, go to-morrow noon to Boston, remain at the Hotel Touraine there until Saturday noon and then proceed to Beverly by a Government boat (the Mayflower), which President Taft had kindly placed at his service. He would have luncheon with the President at Beverly and return to New York on Saturday night. On Sunday he would rest and on Monday probably accept President Taft's invitation to visit West Point. Of that he was not quite certain. He would like to go to Washington to see the new building of the Bureau of American Republics. But well, West Point interested him greatly.

And West Point it probably will be, if the President is influenced by the lively desire of his military aide, Col. Bari. The Colonel wears a helmet quite like those in which King Wilhelm is pictured. He explained that the Chilean army had been organized on the German army model and similarly uniformed.

The President and his party sail on the Wilhelm der Grosse on Tuesday and will soon be at Bad Nauheim and take the cure there. He wants the rest more than the waters, he said.

"I am tired," he said. "I want to rest."

President Montt will remain in Europe until the end of the year and then return to Chile and resume his fight for a gold standard of currency.

He did not use the expression of resuming a fight. That was explained to the reporters by another member of the party. President Montt is a Liberal and there is a Liberal majority in the Chilean Parliament. But like some other Presidents history tells about, he sometimes cannot induce his Legislature to adopt his policies. For years his pet policy has been to abandon paper currency and resume gold payments, but as yet he has not been able to make Parliament see things financial as he sees them. A recent Congress passed a currency law which President Montt vetoed and Parliament passed the law over his veto. The difference is political wholly, not personal.

Worn out by his struggle with an obdurate Congress, he was so much in need of rest that his physician stopped advising him and commanded him to leave the country and all official cares for a several months trip abroad. Then President Montt wanted to resign, but Congress told him that if he sent in his resignation it would be laid upon the table. They would not listen to any talk of his resigning.

The President is a fine looking man. His abundant hair is almost white and brushed back from his forehead. His mustache is scarcely tinged with gray. He has a big brain box and a body so sturdy that one would suppose that he had been a soldier in his youth rather than a lawyer.

But it was as a lawyer that Pedro Montt, son of Manuel Montt, a former President of Chile, was educated. He was elected to the lower house of Congress soon after his admission to the bar, in 1868, when he was only 22 years of age. After several years in the lower house, during which he became the Liberal leader, he was elected a member of the upper house. Nearly all his life he has held office under his Government, and at the same time he has built up a large practice in the law. He has been Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, a Councillor of State, and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington.

As President, Montt has been a powerful force for peace. During his administration there has been a notable development of Chile's railway system. He has said that so far as he has influenced it he was prompted to do so by his study of American railways. During his Presidency he has travelled in France and Germany to study their educational systems, especially in the technical branches. He has visited England to study its public service, and Italy to study its methods of irrigation.

A Chilean writing in the London *Times* said this of President Montt:

"He has a mind very much his own, and this is acknowledged to have been the main reason why the people of Chile made their choice of him so overwhelmingly. British investors in Chilean securities need not fear that Montt's administration will permit any further issue of paper currency or inflated budgets or an aggressive foreign policy. His greatest ambition, often avowed, is to return the country to its former high position in the financial world, to govern the nation with the greatest economy compatible with efficient public service, and to live at peace with all its neighbors."

SAGE FOUNDATION HOTEL.

It Will Be One of the Largest on Long Island and Will Be Located at Forest Hills.

Plans for the erection of a hotel to be built at Forest Hills, L. I., by the Sage Foundation, of which Mrs. Russell Sage is the founder, were filed with the Building Department of Queens in Long Island City yesterday.

The hotel is to be built in conjunction with the modern homes which the Sage Foundation is building at Forest Hills for workingmen and others of moderate means. The hotel will be one of the largest on Long Island. It will have three wings, the dimensions being 245 by 218 by 35 by 54 feet. The main wing is to be eight stories high, the second wing five stories and the third wing three stories. The hotel is intended to accommodate single men and women and other persons who do not wish to keep house. It will have several hundred rooms. It is to be a steel skeleton and reenforced concrete structure. A roof garden is planned for one of the wings. The building will cost several hundred thousand dollars. It will stand on the west side of Station Square, near Continental avenue, facing the splendid station which is being jointly erected by the Long Island Railroad, the Sage Foundation and the Cord Meyer Company.

The building permit has been issued and it is understood that work of building will be started at once.

The ground floor will be occupied by stores and also in the building will be the offices of the Sage Foundation Homes Company, which is putting up the building and the cottages near by.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the North German Lloyd liner Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen:

Charles H. Baldwin, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Reginald Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. Austen George Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Milo R. Maltbie, Dr. M. D'Arcy Magee, George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Strawbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Enrique de la Riva-Aguero, Mr. and Mrs. Columbus O. Johnson and Mrs. Simeon Ford.

By the French liner La Touraine, for Havre:

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Duryea, Mr. and Mrs. William Dart, Victor M. Osborn, C. H. Marshall, Judge Idington and E. C. Simonson.

By the Italian liner Taormina, for the Mediterranean:

Ray H. Carter, Henry J. Forman, the Rev. E. Reagan, Frank Carbone and the Rev. Domenico Tavani.

The St. Joseph's Hospital Bazaar at Far Rockaway.

The bazaar on the lawns of St. Joseph's Hospital at Far Rockaway opened last night with addresses by prominent clergymen of various creeds and a band concert. It will continue until the evening of August 6. The Ladies Aid Society has held weekly meetings in the home of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Young Ladies Auxiliary has also taken an interest in the affair. The money raised by the bazaar will be devoted to the erection of an administration building three stories high with wings on each side. There will be four wards in each wing. The buildings will be of fireproof construction and fronting on Broadway will overlook the ocean.

DANK DRAMA OF CHINATOWN

BOWERY GETS A THRILL FROM A PLAY CLOSE AT HOME.

If the Sweet Innocent Girl Had Heeded Warnings Her Body Wouldn't Have Been Thrust Into a Trunk. But Chinatown May Wouldn't Have Got Revenge.

Even though the name of the playwright does not appear on the programme of "The Chinatown Trunk Mystery," now in its fourth consecutive night at the Lipzin Theatre, Bowery, opposite Prince street, it soon becomes evident to any one who has given even cursory study to the work of the younger school of American dramatists that the similarity between the methods employed to attain effects in this play and the peculiar craftsmanship of the jolly farce which Owen Davis while an undergraduate at Harvard wrote for presentation by the Pi Etas—we refer to his skit in one act, "The Effect of Nonelectrolytes on the Catalysis of Imido Esters" is more than a mere coincidence.

Nay, more. When Mr. Davis first arrived on Broadway from Harvard with the manuscript of the most pretentious effort of his Harvard days, a tragedy in blank verse called "The Phenomena of Peripheral Vision as Affected by Dark Adaptation," the present writer had the good fortune to read the manuscript. Here again the similarity between this early drama and the heart interest scenes of "The Chinatown Trunk Mystery" preclude all doubt of the authorship of the later study in Oriental psychology. The manuscript of the tragedy in blank verse unfortunately was lost some place between Forty-second street and the Battery just after Mr. Davis upon submitting his play to Mr. Morris Gest for production had a can tied to him and was chased into the upper bay.

Much praise, to begin with, is due to the "P. H. Sullivan" named on the programme as the producer of "The Chinatown Trunk Mystery" (Sullivan, again oddly enough, is the middle name of Mr. Al Woods) for placing all the feminine rôles of the new Chinatown play in the hands of large and well fed young women, the faces of most of whom will be familiar to playgoers who remember the Percheron ballet in the early days of Messrs. Reilly and Woods's sparkling troupe, The Combined Beef Trust and Saratoga Chips Burlesquers.

The action of "The Chinatown Trunk Mystery" is redolent of the Now, even down to very slight details such as the cooking of opium pills over incandescent light bulbs, a practice that was begun in Chinatown only within the last few weeks. The hold that the drama had upon its audience last night was evident from the manner in which tense listeners fired by the realism before them unconsciously would cry out from the 75 cent seats and even cheaper ones.

"What sound is that?" cried the villainous *Chong Song*, for instance, as the heroic plain clothes man, *Arthur Vincent*, rapped upon the barred door of the wicked Chinaman's den. "What sound is that, I say?" as the detective rapped again more hardly.

"It's a knock on the door, you big fathead!" cried a young lady seated in one of the horseshoe boxes. If it were not for the pathos of the moment the incident would have been positively ludicrous.

The plain and fancy clothes man, *Detective Arthur Vincent*, well might show impatience as he knocked, for in that den stood the heartless *Chong Song* clasping with the talons of one yellow hand a poisoned needle, but partly concealed by the folds of the rich crimson cosey corner he wore. Rich and powerful among his people was this Chinese tong leader, who leered down at the frail girl who crouched in terror before him. She cried out to the Oriental for mercy, mercy, and it seemed that even his heart had been touched as he leaned toward her. And again he handed her another wallop on the jaw.

It seemed only a moment before, on the streets of Chinatown it was, that this trembling girl of education and refinement had won you by her evident virtuousness and breeding when all in modest brown you heard her say as she presented her friend *Marion Grey* to *Detective Vincent*, clipping her words prettily as she introduced them.

"'Igotta li'l fren' I want yuh t' know, *Deteckatif Vincen*."

She was a good girl then, as good as pretty *Marion*, but less discreet. And she was virtuous even up to the moment when she was lured to that Chinese opium hell where her high hopes of bringing religious peace to the terrible *Chong* were so soon to be shattered ruthlessly by the Chinaman when he made good his threat to accomplish his fell purpose by hitting her with a flatiron at random.

Bubbling with girlish enthusiasm this young maid had forsworn the luxuries of an elegant three story and basement home in a fashionable part of Harlem to come down here among the poorest of the Chinese to bring to them the light. Earnestly had her friend *Marion* pleaded with her in words that were choked with tears and with tear stained cheeks and in a gown of neat pink lace over a pink silk underskirt, the bodice caught to the shoulder with a rope of mother of pearls, box pleats and a slight sherring on the revers and with a large hat attached to the head by broad pink ribbons tied with rhinestones.

But the stout young girl had laughed at *Marion's* fears. All her life she had been carefully fostered with tender care near 121st street and Second avenue, and her only amusements were her nightly visits to the moving picture shows, where—and at numerous matinées—she learned again from the lessons the films reeled off that the first false step is but the beginning of a realization of the hollowness and mockery that lie in the laugh that comes from painted lips, besmirching the lily of virtue; that though all may seem gayety, down in the heart is that longing for other days and the peace which once dwelt there, until, when smothered in the slime of drink, she ought to be in the bosom of her home circle tending the phonograph for her aged parents.

Plain clothes man *Arthur Vincent*, a noble figure wearing in the first scene a one button tan sack and pants and a cravat and spats of écru, warned the girl, even after *Marion* had informed her of things that even a carefully reared girl should be called aside to be told. It was innocence, not waywardness, therefore that prompted the girl to take *Chong Song* into her Sunday school class while the plain clothes man was in the station house across the street changing a yachting costume, as it was high noon.

"I know you have chose this life from high motives," the plain clothes hero had said to her as he paused on the station house steps, "but I warn you," he went on as he began to unbutton his waistcoat before entering, "that you will rue the day you first set a virtuous foot into this sink of iniquity." But she only smiled and shook her head confidently, and he strode between the green lamps shaking his head in sorrow and unfastening his collar and ecru cravat. *Vincent* was one of the best dressed plain clothes men in all Chinatown.

A more experienced girl would have seen the sinister look in the eyes of *Chong* when he told her of his longing for religious instruction, but the girl was but a child, big and stout though she was, and so she fell for the con. Only for a moment did she hesitate and as she looked about for that moment at haphazard it began to rain hardly and she led *Chong* into the mission school, for she had no umbrella.

Chong lay stupefied with opium in his den so on after this although he had promised in the school room scene, and even had made a bet over it with the teacher of the infant class, to go on the wagon until the following Christmas. As he lay there *Chinatown May*, who also had once been a good girl until she slipped, passed an open door to enter by a window, and she could have killed *Chong* as he lay there—anyway she said she could but it had been ordained that his time was not to come until later in the play. So *Chinatown May* went out again and nothing came of it.

Time and again *Marion* and even *Chinatown May* had warned the young mission worker that if she ever entered *Chong's* den with the feeling that she would prefer death than to accede to his base purposes she would get it. He would kill her. *Deteckatif Vincent* further had warned the girl that *Chong* would kill her. And *Chong* himself, before he fell into his opium sleep, had said that he would. And so he woke up and killed her.

Into a trunk he placed her body, but *Chinatown May* had learned of the crime and now had *Chong* in her power. It seemed that his villainy could go no further, but a moment later when two transfer men came to the den to carry the trunk away *Chong* sent these men out of his life without tipping them.

But one day poor *Chinatown May*, a wreck of her former self but filled with a wild longing to reach upward toward better things and live down the shame of her past, got stewed to the eyes and got to talking about domestic affairs as a housewife will when soused. Plain clothes man *Vincent*, pleasantly dressed, already had his suspicions about *Chong*. He brought the tong leader before *Inspector Farley* at Police Headquarters and all the police kicked the Chinaman frequently. But *Chong* refused to talk as long as he remained conscious, and when he had been beaten into unconsciousness he was unable to talk, and the police therefore released him from custody.

But in act IV., the steamship dock, "Go While the Going Is Good," *Chong* came to the water edge without waiting to put on his iron undershirt beneath his outer clothes, and there *Chinatown May* got him. He had shot *May* near the stringpiece, however, before she sank the dagger into his heart, and as she lay dying the handsome detective fell in love with the beautiful *Marion* just before the final curtain.

The detective was proposing to *Marion* while *Chong* stood out at the pier end listening to them, his life blood oozing from the knife thrust in his heart. The villainous Chinaman listened to the plain clothes man's hot words of love for a moment and died while falling back into the North River.

He took her in his arms—that is the detective took *Marion*—and crying, "My own! My love! Come with me, dearest!" he summoned the wagon from the Second police precinct and turned in an ambulance call for the prostrate *Chinatown May*. Ambulance Surgeon McGuire of Gouverneur Hospital responded and pronounced the woman dead. She was later removed to the Morgue and her relatives were notified. It is said the woman possessed considerable real estate in Brownsville. So far as known she was unmarried.

NO RUSSIAN BALLET THIS YEAR.

Will Come Over Next Year—Pavlowa and Mordkin to Return.

It was announced here yesterday that Giulio Gatti-Casazza has found it impossible to bring the Russian ballet dancers to the Metropolitan Opera House next winter. During the following year Tamara Karsavina and Nijinsky, who is regarded as the greatest man dancer in the world, will come with an entire ballet corps from St. Petersburg to the Metropolitan Opera House to dance in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," "Cleopatra" and Tschaikowsky's "La Belle au Bois Dormant."

Anna Pavlowa and Michael Mordkin will dance for six weeks in the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter in addition to their preliminary engagement there in October. But the only dancers who appeared during the recent Russian season at the Opéra in Paris, who will be seen here this year are the Loupkhova trio that is to dance in "The Echo" at the Globe Theatre.

ALLAN HINCKLEY RETURNS.

Opera Singer Comes Back for a Time and Will Return to London.

Allan Hinckley, the first member of the Metropolitan Opera Company who returned to this country, arrived on Tuesday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and left yesterday for Bar Harbor, where he is to appear in concert with Alma Gluck.

Mr. Hinckley, who sang in the act of "Tristan und Isolde" given by the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang afterward in Hamburg. He will sing in San Francisco and Los Angeles before sailing for Europe again on September 20 to appear in October with Thomas Beecham at Covent Garden.

Mr. Hinckley will return to the Metropolitan Opera House in November.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

"The Echo" Ready for Presentation Ten Days Ahead of Time.

Charles Dillingham discovered yesterday that rehearsals of his production of "The Echo," in which Bessie McCoy is the star, were so far advanced that the piece was ready for the public ten days ahead of time. He notified Klaw & Erlanger and within a few minutes he received word that arrangements could be made for him to have a week at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, beginning on next Monday. The dress rehearsal was held last evening. After the week in Atlantic City the comedy will open at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday of the following week.

Rehearsals for Winchell Smith's new comedy, "Bobby Burnit," with Wallace Eddinger in the title rôle, which Henry B. Harris will present at the Republic Theatre, formerly known as the Belasco, on Monday, August 22, are in progress under the personal direction of the author.

Wagenhals & Kemper have made up their third "Seven Days" company and it will start rehearsing at the Astor Theatre on Monday morning. This is the organization that will open in Pittsburg on August 29. Some of the members have been playing in "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre this summer in place of those who have been on vacation.

James J. Corbett in blackface will be the special feature with George Evans's Honey Boy Minstrels, which will open the season of the City Theatre on Saturday, August 13. Mr. Corbett will act as the interlocutor for the show in the first part and then will tell his story of the recent Reno engagement.

There will be an entire change in the fireworks programme at Manhattan Beach to-night.

Gertrude Augarde, last season with Mr. Faversham, has been engaged for a comedy part in the new play "Home Ties."

Loupoukhova, Russian Dancer, Arrives.

Lydie Loupoukhova, the youngest of the Imperial Russian première dancers, arrived yesterday on the Oceanic to fulfil her eight months engagement with Charles Frohman. She is accompanied by her brother, Feodor, a well known dancer, and Alexander Volinine, a classical dancer. Last spring the trio attracted attention in Paris. There was a rush to secure them, but Mr. Frohman's special agent in St. Petersburg secured contracts allowing the American tour. They will appear here in one of Mr. Frohman's musical comedies.

Man Hit by Taft Auto Well Again.

BEVERLY, Mass., Aug. 3.—Michael Grigordio, the Italian laborer who was struck by an automobile driven by Robert Taft several weeks ago, was discharged to-day as cured from the Beverly Hospital. Grigordio was thought to have suffered a fractured skull, but the physicians to-day declared him to be all right. The President paid his hospital bill.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, prevents tooth decay and imparts purity and fragrance to the breath.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"The garbage man entered this Flatbush butcher shop with an interrogative air.

"That garbage is pretty dirty," he stated.

"What of it? Take it away," replied the butcher. "Does the city employ you to discriminate?"

"I am not expected to take away such garbage," observed the man, and went away, leaving it.

"When I first came I had to tip 'em to get it emptied regularly," said the butcher mournfully, "and every one told me I was foolish. So I stopped tipping 'em and now they let it accumulate for days."

Light broke upon the householder.

"I begin to see," she said, "why our trash barrels go unemptied. I used to think it was just carelessness, but I know now what I shall do."

Drowsing in a hotel lobby on a hot afternoon were some fifty men in different stages of somnolence. Presently a bellboy passed shouting: "Zachary Taylor. Is Zachary Taylor here?"

The name made everybody sit up.

"Zachary Taylor?" said a smooth faced youth. "That name sounds familiar."

"Familiar!" snorted the graybeard beside him. "Good lord!"

Then Zachary Taylor appeared. He was a dapper little fellow known to nobody except a personal friend who had wanted him paged, yet for once in his life he attracted as much attention as royalty.

"Scenes like that are common in hotel lobbies," said the clerk. "Nearly every day some name once famous is paged in New York hotels. Of course the boy is not trying to call from the grave the original possessor of the great name, but the loungers in the lobby show almost as much interest as if he were. Usually the appearance of the present owner of the famous name is disappointing. Not once in a hundred is he any relation to his great predecessor, and even if he is rarely does he come up to expectations."

"In spite of his seeming popularity," said a Forty-second street dealer in second hand books, "there is but little demand here for the writings of Theodore Roosevelt. Occasionally some one calls for his hunting stories, but I doubt if his 'Naval History of the War of 1812' has been asked for in my store twice in the last year. Just now I have two sets of his 'Winning of the West' and they have been on the shelves for months. One of his books that is sought for by collectors is one that the general public knows little about. It is a small pamphlet on the birds of Oyster Bay and was written when the former President was a very young man. It has been out of print for many years."

"It's a funny thing," mused an old subway guard, "to notice the difference between the tastes of men and women who read on the trains. For a whole week I kept a pretty close tab on the people in my car and this is what I discovered. Women stick to books—popular novels as a rule—while the men cling to newspapers. When I struck an average at the end of a week I found that there were seventeen newspaper readers among the men to one woman. As book readers the women outclassed the men six to one. Among the men three out of four seem to give about all their attention to the sporting pages."

"Fifteen years from now if I have any teeth left for anybody to fool with I shall hire a certain Chinese boy to do the fooling," a city salesman said. "He will be grown up then. I saw him the other day down in Chinatown. He was pulling pegs out of a board with his fingers. The pegs had been driven pretty tight into holes in the board and it took a good deal of strength to get them out.

"That is a funny game for him to play,' I said to a white man who knows the quarter.

"'It is not a game,' said he. 'The boy is going to be a dentist. His folks have made up their minds about that and he has commenced early to strengthen his fingers. They train them that way in China because there they pull teeth with the fingers. He will not pull with his fingers here, but the strength and skill will come in handy just the same.'"

"Maybe my little peep won't count for much in the general chorus of complaint against the high cost of living, but I want to chip in just the same because I have struck an original note," said a typewriter salesman. "Last week I moved. I do that pretty often. This time I went into a rooming house where the landlady requires a deposit on latchkeys. It was an ordinary key.

"'Thirty-five cents,' said she.

"'How's that?' said I. 'I have roomed other places where a deposit was required, but they only wanted a quarter.'

"'I know,' said she sadly, 'but everything is so high these days.'

"That argument was incontrovertible, so I paid the deposit."

Brooklyn Lien Against Hammerstein.

A mechanic's lien for $66.50 has been filed in Brooklyn against property owned by Oscar Hammerstein and one time intended as a site for a million dollar opera house. The property, situated at Bergen street and Bedford avenue, is now used as an open air moving picture place. The lien names Hammerstein and John Reynolds, manager of the show.

Crosby—Crandall.

County Clerk John F. Crosby of Hudson county, who lives in Hoboken, and Mrs. Emily J. Hewitt Crandall of Jersey City were married at 12:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Grand and Van Vorst streets, Jersey City, by the Rev. J. J. O'Connor. The ceremony was originally scheduled to take place at 3 P. M. but the pair decided to have it all over with before their friends put in an appearance. The County Clerk and his bride will keep house at 61 Monroe street, Hoboken.

In all seasonable unfading colors.

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Hose that is guaranteed to wear six months or new ones free.
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TYLER'S GRIST OF STAGE FOLK

RETURNS FROM EUROPE WITH NUMEROUS CONTRACTS.

Director of Liebler Forces Will Present Mascagni's New Opera, "Ysobel"—Plans for Its Production—New Plays for Miss Anglin—Other Catches.

George C. Tyler, managing director of Liebler & Co., returned from Europe yesterday on the Oceanic bringing many contracts with well known European authors and actors. Twenty new plays will be produced, and in addition the firm will continue the fifteen successes of last year and the year before.

The most important announcement concerns the new Mascagni opera, "Ysobel," in which Bessie Abott will sing the title rôle. Mr. Tyler spent three months in Italy in conference with Miss Abott, Mr. Mascagni, and Luigi Illica, who has written the book. Miss Abott has taken a residence at Salsomaggiori, and near her at Mr. Illica's villa in Castellarquato—the librettist and Mr. Mascagni are established.

"Ysobel" is the story of Lady Godiva set to music. The scenery is being painted by Rovescalli of the Scala, who for years has painted all the original productions there. The Scala forces are also at work on the costumes. The cast will be entirely Italian with the exception of Miss Abott. A company of seventy-five will be required to interpret the opera. The orchestra will number sixty and will be under the personal direction of Mr. Mascagni.

While in London Mr. Tyler arranged with Israel Zangwill for a play just completed by that author, which will be Miss Viola Allen's next production. Miss Allen will open her season in "The White Sister," which she used last year, and later will come the Zangwill play.

Mr. Tyler brought two comedies for Margaret Anglin. One is called "The Backslider" and is the work of George Egerton. The other is written around the character of an Irish girl, a costume play of the days of King Charles I. Louis N. Parker wrote this one, which hasn't a name yet. Both manuscripts have been sent to Miss Anglin.

Albert Chevalier has been induced to abandon the music hall stage and take his place as a star in regular plays. His first appearance under the new arrangement will be in "The Caretaker," in which he will have the part of an old Frenchman.

In "Marriage à la Carte," a new musical comedy by C. M. S. McLellan and Ivan Caryl, Mr. Tyler will present Miss Emmie Wehlen, playing in London at present. She is a Viennese born, but speaks and sings English perfectly. Miss Wehlen made her reputation in "The Merry Widow."

Liebler & Co. will manage the tours of George Arliss. The first play will be by Louis N. Parker, written around an incident in the life of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Arliss will be the *Beaconsfield*.

Other plays contracted for are "Pommander Walk," by Louis N. Parker; "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess," by Anthony Hope and Miss Harriet Ford; a new play, as yet unnamed, by Justin Huntly McCarthy; Hall Caine's "The White Prophet," and a play on the subject of Andrew Jackson by Constance Fletcher.

GAYNOR DAY AT STATE FAIR.

Roosevelt Day Also—Traffic Policemen to Appear in the Horse Show.

The officers of the forthcoming New York State Fair, which is to open in Syracuse on September 12 and continue for five days thereafter, announce that Mayor Gaynor has promised to participate in the special events of one day of the fair which is to be set aside as "Gaynor day." Following a similar promise which the managers of the fair have received there will be a "Roosevelt day," and President Taft, Vice-President Sherman and Gov. Hughes have each said that they would be at Syracuse on the opening day of the festival.

The Mayor, it is announced, has granted permission for a detachment of the mounted traffic squad policemen of New York to go to the fair and enter their mounts in the horse show. Curtiss, the aviator, will have his planes there to do a little skyhooting.

Special prizes to be competed for at the horse show have been given by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Paul A. Sorg, George C. Clausen, the American Saddle Horse Breeders Association; Fiss, Doerr & Carroll, Major Ernestus Gulick, the English and American Hackney Horse societies and other individuals and organizations.

SUNDAY BALLPLAYERS WIN.

Jury Says There Was No Cause of Action Against Them.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 3. This afternoon at Frankfort, in Herkimer county, a jury decided that there was no cause of action against players of the Binghamton and Utica clubs of the New York State League who were arrested on July 17 by the Sheriff of Herkimer county on a charge of violating the Sunday law.

The owners of the Utica team testified that a sacred concert was given and that upon its conclusion a private game of baseball was played, the gates being locked at the close of the concert and no tickets of admission being accepted after that time.

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