WASHINGTON IRVING'S FRIEND

WHO KNEW LINCOLN AND GRANT TALKS TO GIRLS.

Gen. James Grant Wilson, Invited to Talk at His Birthday Party of Sunnyside Days, Gives His High School Hosts an Hour They'll Long Remember.

It started out as a little birthday party for Gen. James Grant Wilson. The girls of the Washington Irving High School, in their old building in East Twelfth street, wanted to give him a celebration because he had known Washington Irving, and in return they asked him to tell some of his intimate recollections of his author friend. That was the way it started, but before he sat down the gymnasium full of girls were out on the edges of their chairs and a pair of parallel bars that provided a precarious position for half a dozen young women toppled and all but fell in the interest of the moment. Gen. Wilson did a great deal more than they expected.

The girls managed the party by themselves and Principal William McAndrew and his teachers had nothing to do but sit in inconspicuous corners of the flag draped room and listen. There were girls all over the shop, lined close to the walls, roosting on the bars aforesaid and on sidehorses. Two of the domestic science class sat at a teatable in the centre of the room, where the birthday cake with one solitary candle gleamed. It would have been pretty hard to crowd seventy-nine points of light, the number that would have represented the age that the General has attained, on one frosted circumference.

The president of the students' association, Ada Becker, led Gen. Wilson across the room to a chair beside the piano, where a bust of Washington Irving rested upon an American flag.

As soon as the girls finished their song of welcome Clara Ward, a senior, told everybody some of the things that their guest had done. She said that he had founded the Chicago *Record*, a journal of arts and literature which has passed out of existence; she told of his civil war career that left him a Brigadier-General, of his activity in erecting in Central Park a statue to Fitz-Greene Halleck and one to Columbus, for which he was knighted by the Queen Regent of Spain, and something of the literary work that he had done here in New York. Then a young woman with a strong touch of the Scottish to her tongue recited Halleck's Burns poem. Miss Becker had already recited Browning's poem that begins "And did you once see Shelley plain?" When the General stood up and faced girl in the aggregate the first thing he said was:

"I never knew Shelley, of course, but I did have the pleasure once of meeting his two sisters. And I also met the youngest sister of Robert Burns when she was in her ninetieth year. She said to me: 'I think of all the tributes that have been paid to my brother none has equalled the tribute of Fitz-Greene Halleck, your American friend.' And she gave me a rose to carry back to him."

Gen. Wilson said that he had brought with him a few relics which he hoped would be interesting. One was a copy of "The Sketch Book," inscribed on the flyleaf, "To James Grant Wilson, Esq., from Washington Irving, Sunnyside, September 18, 1857."

Irving wrote the inscription and gave him the book on the pleasantest day that Gen. Wilson had ever spent at Sunnyside, and he had spent many there. Once the General took a year and a half's trip through Europe visiting all the principal libraries and important private collections. From Spain to Russia he had found that Cooper and Irving were in every one. In Helsingfors in Finland he had bought a copy of "The Sketch Book."

The earliest story of Irving Gen. Wilson told necessarily at second hand. It was about the author at the age of two, out walking one afternoon with his Scotch nurse. They met Gen. Washington and the maid told the President that this baby was named for him. And the blessing that Washington bestowed on his namesake was always valued by the author as one reason for his happy life.

Irving told at table that September day when he autographed Gen. Wilson's book a story of his youth. He was threatened with consumption and the family had determined to send him abroad. As he was going up the gangplank of the packet he heard the captain say to the mate:

"There's a young chap we'll have to toss overboard before the end of the voyage." It hadn't been meant for his ears, but Irving never forgot the remark.

The author told that day of his acquaintance with Scott and Moore and all the lions of the day except Byron, who had gone to the Continent. Sir Walter Scott had been especially fond of Irving.

"It is a discredit to the Scottish people," said Gen. Wilson, "that Scott's great-granddaughter, Minnie Maxwell Scott, has been too poor to live in the house at Abbotsford which he built in the belief that it would shelter a long line of his family. His copyrights have fallen and the Scotch people have done nothing to make it possible for her to keep up the place that her ancestor built."

The General told two anecdotes of Irving. He was walking in his grounds at Sunnyside with a friend one day when a storm came upon them. As they stood beneath a tree his friend said: "One of my uncles was killed by lightning as he stood under a tree this way."

"If that's so," Irving returned, "I think I'll find another tree; perhaps it runs in the family."

The author was very fond of a tattered old coat and a very much frayed straw hat. In his orchard once he found a number of small boys picking up apples. They took one look at Irving and then his appearance seemed to convince them that he was no one of importance.

"I said to them: 'Looking for the old man's apples?' said Irving as he told about it. They said they were, and I told them to come and I would show them the best trees, and then I went and helped them steal my own apples."

Gen. Wilson rested one hand on the piano when he had gone this far and said that there were some other relics that he wanted to tell them about.

"There was no one more conspicuous for his gallantry at the battle of Saratoga in October, 1777, than Benedict Arnold," said he. "A few weeks after it the commander in chief met him and said: 'I understand that on that great day, sir, you lost your gold sleeve links. Permit me to give you the ones that I am wearing.'

"Later when Arnold turned traitor and heard some very bitter things attributed to Gen. Washington Arnold ceased to care for the gift and he gave the links to his military secretary, Col. Tarleton, an American loyalist. Before Col. Tarleton died in 1830 he gave them to Fitz-Greene Halleck and he in turn presented them to a young friend who was writing his biography."

Gen. Wilson raised his arms and shot out his cuffs as he said, "There, my friends, are Washington's sleeve links."

The high school girls clapped their hands and began to get excited. They weren't quiet a way.

Gen. Wilson began to tell them about a house party that he attended when he was 17 at the estate of George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of Washington, at Arlington. It was made up of "Richmond beauties and Baltimore belles," as the General said with a smile, besides two young Virginians and two Northerners. Their host was giving them something of his life under Washington's roof. He was astonished to find that the Virginians knew very little about the father of their country. One of the young men from the North, said Gen. Wilson, was better informed, and as a reward Custis gave him a lock of Washington's hair.

"That lock is in this ring," said the General, as he held up his hand. The girls were having the time of their lives. And then he told them about a venerable lady of Washington, Elizabeth Schuyler, the daughter of Gen. Schuyler, who was 98 when he visited her at the age of 17. He had shown her the lock of Washington's hair, and when he bade her his final good-by she said, "The hand that your lips have just pressed has often been pressed by Washington," and she gave him a lock of Hamilton's hair. That was in the ring too.

Gen. Wilson said that in the years he had known President Lincoln he had often dined at the White House. One evening there Lincoln remarked upon the fact that Gen. Wilson had never asked him for anything.

"I told him that I was going to do it then," said the General. "He was surprised, but he asked me what I wanted. When I told him that I wanted a lock of his hair the President cried, 'Colonel, help yourself!' and that's in the ring too," finished Gen. Wilson.

But that wasn't all. It seems that there was a certain Capt. Lahrbush, a soldier of French family, who was an intimate in the house of Gen. Wilson in his later years. Lahrbush had been at Waterloo and when he died he left Gen. Wilson his Waterloo medal and a lock of Napoleon's hair, which the French commander had given him. It had found a resting place in the same ring.

And the natural thing was to have a lock of Wellington's hair beside it. Gen. Wilson said he saw a great deal of the second Duke of Wellington at the estate which England had given his ancestor. On the last visit there the Duke had said that he knew he wouldn't be alive the next time Gen. Wilson came to England and he wanted to give him something. He wondered whether the General would rather have his father's copy of "Vanity Fair," which he had been reading, or a lock of his hair. Gen. Wilson had chosen the hair for his ring. And the last lock to go into the ring was that of his lifelong friend Gen. Grant.

"One of New York's millionaires once said to me," said the General, "'If you'll give me that ring you can have just as much of my fortune as you want.' But I said to him, 'Mr. Vanderbilt, you aren't rich enough to buy that ring!' and here it is!"

He told them a story that Lincoln told him as they sat in the shabby office over a grocery store in Springfield. Lincoln was a trustee of an insane asylum then, and one day when he was passing through a corridor of the institution a little person stepped out and said pompously:

"Sir! How dare you wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus?" Mr. Lincoln said: "I'm very sorry, Columbus," and took it off. Half an hour later he was walking absently through the same corridor with his hat on when the same little man bobbed up with "Sir! How dare you wear your hat in the presence of Gen. Washington?" Mr. Lincoln apologized, but reminded him that a few minutes before he had been Christopher Columbus.

"That's quite correct, sir," returned the small person, "but that was by another mother."

He told them stories of Gen. Grant at the age of 10 worming his way under the canvas at a circus in Point Pleasant, Ohio, and earning a dollar by riding a a recalcitrant mule. He told them of sitting within ten feet of Lincoln when he was delivering the second inaugural address. And then the General recited the lines that are best known in that address.

And when he sat down Patrick F. McGowan of the Board of Education, who had been instrumental in getting the guest there for the girls, said that he couldn't make a speech after that. The girls stampeded to get a look at that ring and those cuff links and the autographed book, and it was a long time before they would let Gen. Wilson get away.

He had to eat that birthday cake too.

THE SEAGOERS.

Some of the Passengers on the Liners That Leave To-day.

Sailing to-day by the Hamburg-American liner President Grant:

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Ackermann, Mrs. William E. Colt, Jr., Willard Chandler, Alan Dale, Mrs. Anson Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Dyer, Dr. and Mrs. Albert H. Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Orr, Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Patch and Lady Walker.

By the Atlantic Transport liner Minnehaha, for London:

Mr. and Mrs. James Bruce, Mrs. E. J. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kenneth Gordon, S. Ainsworth Hird, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Shepherd, Frederic E. Sturdevant, Capt. and Mrs. L. W. Turney and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wheeler.

Passengers by the White Star liner Cedric, for Queenstown and Liverpool:

Mrs. Charles S. Bayles, Mrs. George A. Castleman, the Rev. M. J. Clarke, William E. Copeland, Col. and Mrs. F. R. T. T. Gascoigne, Mrs. Russell Hoadley, Mrs. E. H. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Tweedale and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Rushworth.

By the North German Lloyd liner Koenig Albert, for the Mediterranean:

Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, the Hon. and Mrs. Charles F. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Johnstone, Mrs. John Emery, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Garland and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Stanton.

Aboard the Red Star liner Vaderland, off for Dover and Antwerp:

Mrs. F. F. Buell, Mrs. William Jay Holmes, Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Mrs. George Brenton McClellan, Mrs. J. G. Munro, Mrs. J. H. Packard, Col. and Mrs. J. C. Sanford and Mrs. R. A. Tilghman.

Passengers by the American liner St. Paul, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton:

Mrs. F. O. Conant, E. Spencer Harrison, W. T. Hurnes, Mr. and Mrs. I. V. S. Hillier, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald R. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. W. Norman Powell and Mrs. A. O. Wood.

By the Anchor liner Caledonia, for Glasgow:

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Bridges, Roderick M. Fleming, Dr. J. Wesley Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCutcheon, Dr. William L. Russell and Mrs. James H. Trowbridge.

By the Royal Mail liner Clyde, for Southampton by way of the West Indies:

Capt. and Mrs. W. J. P. Benson, Dr. and Mrs. Percy Dashwood, Mrs. M. A. Talbot, Baron Eric Wolff and Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Layton.

For Havre, by the French liner Chicago:

Prof. and Mrs. A. W. Patchett, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Wheeler, J. Henry Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stetson and W. C. Perrin.

By the New York and Porto Rico steamship Carolina, for San Juan:

J. S. Dunham, the Hon. G. B. Colton, L. W. Fox, P. S. Rossell and H. S. Rossell.

FARRAGUT'S VETERANS.

Annual Celebration and Election Held by Men Who Helped Take New Orleans.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the capture of New Orleans was observed on Wednesday night in the armory of the Sixty-ninth Regiment by the Association of Farragut's Fleet, composed of survivors of the sailors who fought with Admiral Farragut, and known as the West Gulf blockading squadron. The meeting was held in the home of the regiment through the courtesy of Col. Louis D. Conley. Officers for 1911 were elected as follows: Commander, H. J. Kearney; treasurer, P. L. Flynn; secretary, W. R. Browne; sergeant-at-arms, Edward Coppers.

Shipmates from all over the country attended this meeting and the jollification which came afterward. Letters of regret were read from Admiral George Dewey and from Rear Admirals George C. Watson, W. S. Schley, George W. Sumner, O. S. Stanton, Charles D. Sigsbee, C. E. Clark, John D. Ford and A. J. Pritchard and from Gen. James Forney.

A resolution was passed to decorate Farragut's statue in Madison Square on Memorial Sunday and also his tomb at Woodlawn on Decoration Day.

FOUND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

STORIES OF AMERICANS JUST BACK FROM EUROPE.

One Paid Ten Francs for a Cab in Paris When the Rate Was Two Francs—Monte Carlo Cabbies Figure in Dollars Now—Pre-Coronation Practices.

Several Americans who got back from Europe yesterday by the Lusitania agreed that there are pitfalls and snares still spread over there for the unwary Yankee who is suspected of carrying on his person money from which there is a possibility of his being separated. The cab driver of Paris, his brother in Rome, and his cousin of Monte Carlo are all thriving upon the average visiting Americans' ignorance of their language and customs, according to the travellers, and the London waiter is practising on stray travellers from these parts in order to be proficient by coronation week.

"I had it handed to me when I first struck Paris," said one. "The porter who took charge of my baggage instead of steering me up against a taxicab took me to a clockless cab, which he said he had reserved.

"We got in. It was less than ten minutes ride to the Hotel Brighton, and when I got out I found I had no change. I told the head porter of the hotel to settle with the cab driver, and when I came down a little later I handed him a 20 franc piece and told him to take out what he had paid. He handed me ten francs. I asked what the taxicab fare usually was from the station where I had alighted, and he said 'two francs.' As the cab hadn't a taximeter on it the driver had soaked me five times the fare, and I suppose the porter at the station got his rakeoff."

"I can beat that with a story of what happened to me in Rome," said another. "My wife wanted to go to St. Peter's on Sunday morning, and we ordered a cab on Saturday night. It was there when we came out of the hotel, but the head porter was having some sort of an argument with the driver. We got in, and the driver took us around a few corners, then stopped and began to unhitch the horse. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied that something about the harness had broken and he was going to fix it.

"Well we sat there for a time and the fellow made no move toward repairing the harness. I argued with him, but all I could get was a shrug of the shoulders. Finally we had to get out and find our way back to the hotel and get another cab. All the satisfaction we could get was that the driver had quarrelled with the head porter of the hotel and had revenged himself upon us."

"I can go that one better with what happened to me in Monte Carlo," said a third traveller. "There I discovered that the cab drivers have got to figuring in American dollars.

"My wife and I put up at the Hotel Metropole. It was during the boat races, and after the events of one day there was a rush back to the hotels to get cabs for drives. My wife and I got into a cab at the entrance of our hotel and the driver would not start. I don't speak French, and I called to the head porter. He had some conversation with the driver and told me the latter did not want to take us. He added he would send for a cab. A boy went away and came back and reported that he could not induce a cab driver to come. Then the head porter went out himself and came back with a similar report.

"'If you go to the cab rank yourself and get into a cab the driver will be compelled to carry you,' he informed me, and as we were anxious to drive as far as Monaco, I went out and climbed into the first cab on the rank. The driver did not start. He turned around and held up five fingers.

"'Five francs?' I asked.

"He shook his head. 'Non! non!' he said. I was perplexed. Then the driver took five five franc pieces out of his pocket and held them out for me to see. The rascal had taken to counting in dollars. As I would not pay $5 for a drive that was less than two miles altogether, even in New York, I got out of the vehicle. We started down the street and met another, who held up his whip at us. 'How much to Monaco and back?' I asked him.

"He held up five fingers. 'Five francs?' I inquired.

"'No, dollar,' he said in English. My wife and I took our drive in a trolley car.

"But speaking about Monte Carlo, I had a queer time getting into the Casino there. There are all sorts of liveried functionaries about the door, and I was sent from one to another and from one office to another before I found anybody who spoke English.

"'Where is your passport?' this one asked.

"'I am an American and don't carry any passport,' I told him. He shook his head and looked at me doubtfully. Then he said something in French to another man, who looked at me and shook his head. Then the two spoke to another man, who looked at me and wagged his head in the same fashion.

"'Have you a card telling who you are?' demanded the man who spoke English.

"It happened that I had left my card case at the hotel. I hadn't even a letter. He told me that it was absolutely necessary for me to show some means of identification. I searched in my pockets and brought out about $100 in money and $400 or $500 in travellers' checks and asked him if these would do. He put the money on the desk and looked curiously at the checks, which were, of course, made out to me. He ran over the checks and counted them. Then he whispered to another man and the latter looked at the checks curiously. Finally they apparently agreed that I had enough money on me to justify letting me into the gambling parlors, and one man wrote something on a card and gave it to me and directed me to another office. There they took the card, wrote something on another and gave it to me and I found that I was passed."

"Your cab drivers remind me of a London waiter," said a fourth man. "I took a woman I know to the theatre and went for supper to a famous restaurant. My companion does not drink, so I ordered a half bottle of champagne, and in distinct tones. The waiter brought a quart. I told him I had ordered only a pint, but he replied that two persons should require a quart. Now there was only half an hour for me to drink that champagne in and I sent the bottle back. It cost me a row, but I was not going to be stung that way."

MAY IRWIN'S REAL ESTATE.

Henry B. Sire Must Specify His Claim to an Interest in It.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court yesterday directed Henry B. Sire, the theatrical manager, to furnish a bill of particulars in his suit against May Irwin, the actress, to compel her to account for all money received and disbursed under an alleged partnership between them for ten years prior to 1907.

Sire alleged that the actress collected the receipts for the plays in which she appeared during that period and retained part of the money and used part of it in buying real estate. He claims a half interest in the real estate on the ground that it was not only purchased with profits of the theatrical business due him but because he contributed some of the money himself.

The defendant denied that Sire had a half interest in the theatrical productions and that he has any interest in her real estate. The Appellate Division orders him to furnish a statement of his private funds used by the defendant in buying real estate, and also details of the alleged agreement by which title to real estate was taken in the name of the defendant but in the interest of the partnership.

HENRY W. CAREY DEAD.

Former New Yorker Was Interested in Many Lumber Concerns.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 28.—Henry W. Carey of Eastlake, an ex-Regent of the University of Michigan and a director in many lumbering corporations, died of heart disease last night in the Herkimer Hotel in this city. His body was found in his room this morning.

Henry Westonrae Carey was by birth a New Yorker. He was born here on September 21, 1850. His parents were T. Westonrae Carey and Mary Ramsay Carey. Young Carey was educated in the public schools of New York and in the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated in 1870. In the years immediately after leaving college he was in the brokerage business here, and later entered a publishing house.

When he was 31 years old he went West to become private secretary to R. G. Peters, a lumberman at Manistee, Mich. Later he was made secretary and treasurer of the R. G. Peters Salt and Lumber Company.

Latterly Mr. Carey had been closely identified with the Michigan lumber industry. He organized the maple lumber business and became president of the Michigan Maple Company. He was also president of the Hemlock Bark Company, in which he put into practice a scheme for utilizing bark from hemlock stumpage. He was treasurer of the Grand Rapids Roller Bearing Company and of many other local corporations. Before Mr. Carey's withdrawal from New York he was a member of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. N. Y., from which he retired with the rank of Captain in the veteran corps of the regiment. In Michigan he kept up his interest in military affairs and was made Paymaster-General of the Michigan National Guard.

In 1901 he became a Regent of the University of Michigan, a position which he held until a year ago. He was also largely interested in politics. He was a member for many years of the Manistee county Republican committee, was secretary of the Congress committee of the Ninth district of Michigan, and was also a member of the State Republican committee of Michigan. At one time he was vice-president of the National League of Republican Clubs.

He was married in 1879 to Miss May M. Ransom of New York.

GEORGE HALE MORGAN DEAD.

Former New York Man Succumbs to Long Illness at Lenox.

LENOX, Mass., April 28.—George Hale Morgan, who was a brother-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, died this afternoon at his country home Ventford Hall, Lenox. He had been ill for three years, and for the last two years he had spent most of his time in Lenox. He was born in Hartford, Conn., seventy-two years ago. His father was George Denison Morgan.

Mr. Morgan was a graduate of Trinity College in Hartford. Soon after leaving college he entered the banking business in New York. In 1866 he married Miss Sarah Spencer Morgan, a second cousin, daughter of Junius Spencer Morgan, and sister of J. Pierpont Morgan. She died in 1896.

Seventeen years ago Mr. Morgan built Ventford Hall and interested himself in the culture of flowers. He gave the memorial chimes in Trinity Church, Lenox, in memory of his first wife.

He married a second time in 1899. His second wife, who was Mrs. Sarah E. Mifflin of Pittsfield, is living. Three children by his first marriage also survive him. They are Junius Spencer Morgan, George Denison Morgan of Paris and Miss Caroline L. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan was a member of the Down Town, Metropolitan, Union, Church, Century, Ardsley and Lenox clubs and was a vestryman of Trinity Church, Lenox. His home in New York was at 6 East Fortieth street. The funeral will be held in Lenox on Monday. He will be buried in Hartford.

FIRE CHAPLAIN DEAD.

Father Smith Had Served Since 1899—Escort for Funeral.

The Rev. William L. St. Elmo Smith, the first chaplain to be appointed in the Fire Department, died yesterday in the French Hospital, in West Thirty-fourth street, after an illness of a week.

He was attached to St. Vincent de Paul's Church, in West Twenty-third street, and lived at 120 West Twenty-fourth street.

He was appointed chaplain in 1899 by Fire Commissioner Scannell and soon became known among the firemen as the fire parson because of his enthusiasm.

"I often saw him kneeling in icy water at a fire in winter administering the last rites of the Church to some fireman that had been injured unto death," said acting Chief Kenlon yesterday.

"No matter how severe the weather the parson would get out of bed at all hours to go to a fire. He had the rank of a battalion chief and took great pride in wearing the uniform. He was not afraid of being caught by a falling building and pressed in among the men to see if he could give any assistance. Sometimes I used to mistake him for a regular battalion chief and would issue orders to him."

Chief Kenlon said that the chaplain would have a fireman's escort at the funeral on Monday morning from St. Paul's Church. Fire Commissioner Waldo will attend the funeral and so will Chief Kenlon. The escort will be made up of eight companies of ten men each. A number of the officers will attend.

The pallbearers will consist of six battalion chiefs.

Obituary Notes.

Seth Curtiss, one of the oldest and best known conductors on the Erie Railroad, is dead at his home at Almond, N. Y. He had been in the employ of the Erie company for over half a century and was retired last year on a pension. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Forty-second New York Regiment and served until the close of the war, when his regiment was mustered out at Washington. He was prominent in G. A. R. circles and was also a member of the Union Veteran Legion.

REGGIE VANDERBILT BACK.

Knows Nothing of Alfred Vanderbilt-Mrs. McKim Reports—Others on Mauretania.

Reginald C. Vanderbilt, who has been two months abroad recuperating after an attack of typhoid, got back yesterday by the Cunarder Mauretania in excellent health. He was met at the pier by his wife and his daughter, Cathleen. He said he knew nothing about the authenticity of the report that his brother Alfred was going to marry Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim as Alfred had not taken him into his confidence in regard to his love affairs.

Other passengers by the Mauretania were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Geoghegan, who brought an eight ounce Pomeranian dog seven inches long and five inches tall, said to be the smallest in the world; Elisha Dyer, the Count and Countess Rasponi, Major H. C. Lowther, H. T. Ambrose, president of the American Book Company; Walter P. Bliss, Daniel A. Dunlop and Charles Carroll.

Policies Settled for $4,000.

A suit brought by Benjamin Nathanson against the New York Life Insurance Company to collect $10,000 on two policies of insurance for Moses S. Nathanson, a clothing jobber who was found dead in his shop from gas poisoning on January 2, 1910, was settled yesterday by the payment of $4,000 by the insurance company. Nathanson was found bound with ropes, but the testimony at the inquest showed that he was heavily in debt and that he had taken out the insurance only ten days before he died. The insurance company said that Nathanson had committed suicide.

HEARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

SMARTLY DRESSED WOMAN APPEARS IN SANDALS.

She Comes From Los Angeles, One Learns—Why Broken Bow, Neb., Is Broken Bow—The Bellboys' Funeral Wreath—And Frank W. Harriman Is Quitting.

Judge J. R. Dean arrived at the Imperial yesterday from Broken Bow, Neb., and said the town had got on the map the way it has through a former postmaster.

The town, by the way, has stretched into a hustling metropolis of 3,000 inhabitants.

"The place is not over thirty years old," said Judge Dean, "and it is only twenty-five years since the railroad came there. Well, in the early days the postmaster, who was the leading and about the only citizen of the immediate town, was much troubled over a name. He sent suggestion after suggestion to Washington, but each was refused and the postmaster was in despair. He went out one morning and stubbed his toe in the grass. Then he kicked up something that turned out to be broken bow. He had an inspiration and immediately sent the name 'Broken Bow' to Washington and the name stuck.

"Broken Bow is in the centre of an agricultural and stock raising community," continued Judge Dean, "and business is good. We have built a new high school and a city hall and are now putting up a new court house. The farmers are the big fellows out there. They have money and when we want to put any undertaking through we have to interest them."

They were shuddering at one of the uptown hotels yesterday at a narrow escape from being showered with flowers for a funeral which will not occur for the present.

A friend of a man who is ill called to inquire and the carriage attendant went to the elevator boy and asked if he had heard how Mr. Soandso was.

"I think he is dead," replied the boy. The carriage man started back to give the information, then he decided he had better make sure by inquiring at the desk. There he was informed that the patient had greatly improved and was on the road to recovery.

"That reminds me of a bellboy who for some reason or other—it was during baseball season—wanted to get off one afternoon. So he told us his mother had just died. His fellows decided to show their sympathy and got up a collection, purchased a handsome bunch of flowers and sent them by one of their number to the house where the bereaved bellboy lived. The door was opened by the 'deceased' parent herself, and her son never came back to us."

Luis F. Toledo, former Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires of the Venezuelan Legation in Washington, who has returned from a trip to Europe, said yesterday at the Waldorf that he had heard a lot of inquiry over there, particularly in England, about opportunities for capital in his country.

"This was particularly true in England," said Señor Toledo, "and interest seems to be mainly centred in rubber and oils. I understand an English syndicate is going to send a commission to investigate the Orinoco and the Maracaibo regions.

"The economic situation in Venezuela is getting better every day, and the Government, having the approval of all parties, is doing its best to develop the country. The celebration of the centenary has been going on since April 19 and will last three months. There is going to be held in Caracas an important international congress, to be participated in by the five countries of which Bolivar was liberator—Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru—the object of which will be the furthering of friendship and the enlargement of commercial interests. One thing of almost paramount importance will be the discussion of submission to arbitration of all differences among the five countries."

"How about possible trouble over concessions in Venezuela?"

"Our code of mining laws is now very liberal," was the reply, "and all facilities are given to foreign capital, because the Government itself is interested in seeing that the resources of the country are developed."

Frank W. Harriman, who has been manager of the Holland House ever since it opened, twenty years ago, and who leaves when the hotel changes hands to-morrow night, got a surprise party night before last from his associates in the hotel, and McCabe, the hatrack attendant, dropped his favorite subject of the Giants yesterday to describe it. There was a big spread in one of the private dining rooms and Mr. Harriman was presented with a loving cup, which, it was whispered, held thirty-two quarts at various times on Thursday night. One feature of the evening was an eloquent address by Joe Ellsler, the head waiter of the café, who has been at the hotel as long as Mr. Harriman and who is reputed to have acquired a fortune measurable by six figures in the last two decades. Joe repeated yesterday what he had said, but he had forgotten three words, so the speech cannot be given in its entirety.

Mr. Harriman is probably well known to more prominent men throughout the country than any hotel manager in New York. Time after time he has refused tempting offers to head other hotel enterprises, but has preferred to remain with Proprietor Baumann. Mr. Harriman says that he will now take a vacation.

A woman otherwise fashionably dressed and wearing a smart hat caused a small sensation among the observant yesterday morning by appearing in a hotel lobby wearing sandals. They were brown and looked to be of buckskin. Somebody thought it was a well known dancer, but the feet were pronounced too small and the attire did not agree with the pictures of that of the dancer.

It was learned that the wearer of the sandals comes from Los Angeles.

There were stockings.

"There are three Milfords in Pennsylvania," said a man from that State at the Waldorf yesterday, "and a Milford Mills and a Milford square. At Milford, in Pike county, is the country home of a well known New York family.

"A woman was going up from Washington to visit them last summer, and instead of landing at Milford in Pike county, in the extreme northeastern corner of the State, she got off a train at Milford station, Somerset county, which is in the southwestern part of the Commonwealth. On the same platform she found two foreigners, who had also come up from Washington with the intention of visiting the same family. They all had to go back to Washington and start over again. The woman arrived at the proper destination the next day, but the foreigners did not find their way there for three or four days afterward."

Dinner to Senator O'Gorman To-night.

A dinner in honor of Senator James O'Gorman will be given to-night at the Manhattan Club. Justice Dowling will act as toastmaster and the speakers will be Alton B. Parker, Morgan J. O'Brien and Patrick Francis Murphy. Covers will be laid for 300.

The Pioneer All-Parlor Car Train Between New York and Buffalo

And the most famous of all trains—The Black Diamond Express.

You sit in parlor or observation car, in club car or diner, and sweep quietly and swiftly along, drawn by a great racing locomotive over a superbly steady, stone-ballasted roadbed. The most wonderful scenery east of the Rockies is before you.

And the in-car service is as fine as that of an exclusive club.

It is *travel de luxe!*

Tickets delivered on telephone request. Telephone 4212 Bryant. Ticket Office: 1460 Broadway.

Lehigh Valley Railroad

SCULPTOR BOYLE WASN'T DEAD

ALTHOUGH NATIONAL ACADEMY SENT OUT WORD HE WAS.

Clerk Read of the Death of a John J. Boyle, a Mural Painter, and Sent Out Cards—Dead Man Once Pupil of Sculptor—Confusion for Half a Day.

When Sculptor John J. Boyle's telephone skittered yesterday morning he went to it himself and said "Hello."

The voice at the other end of the wire in a tone of conscious gravity said "Hello." Mr. Boyle replied in the same dissyllable. Then the voice after making inquiries as to whether this was Mr. Boyle's apartment in the Albany, Seventh avenue and Fifty-first street, remarked that it was too bad about Mr. Boyle, he was such a promising sculptor, but then he had done some good work already, and this of course would remain, even though —

"Even though what?" interrupted Mr. Boyle.

"Even though"—and the voice paused again. "Even though—well, it's all very sad, now, isn't it?"

Mr. Boyle allowed that he thought it was, though he wasn't quite sure what the speaker referred to. Would he be more explicit? He would. It was Piccirilli Bros. talking, 467 East 142d street, and they wanted to know—

"Yes?" said Mr. Boyle, encouragingly, for they are the persons who transform into enduring stone his cunning handiwork in perishable clay.

"We want to know what's to become of the job," the voice had courage to conclude.

"Why shouldn't it go on becoming just as it began?" asked Mr. Boyle. He thought of fires, of inexpert workmen, of careless chisellers. He was afraid that a group he is doing for the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank had suffered harm.

"Well, we thought," the voice proceeded, "now that he's gone i might make some difference."

"Who's gone?" asked Mr. Boyle in alarm.

Then came a blur in the receiver and Central declared that she was waiting. Mr. Boyle said he'd rather she would wait outside and not interfere, for this was a delicate matter. Then she asked him what number he was talking to; he said he didn't know, but would be glad to look it up.

"Oh," said he in a minute. "Central? Central! I say, Central! oh, Central! It's Melrose, six-two-o. Yes. Melrose, six-two—Oh, is that you, Piccirilli Bros.? Cut off? Well, I should say yes.

"And what were you saying?"

"I said we thought now that he's gone it might make some difference."

"Who's gone?" said Mr. Boyle.

"Mr. Boyle has gone, so we hear," repeated the voice.

"He hasn't gone yet," said the sculptor, "he's going soon, though. But there ought to be time to get the job through before then." Mr. Boyle and his wife are planning to go abroad for a couple of years before long, and the sculptor thought, feeling around quickly for some explanation for the curious talk from Melrose six-two-o, that somebody might have reported that he had sailed already.

"Oh, he's only sick, is he? So the notice from the National Academy was, so to speak, premature?"

Piccirilli Bros. are dextrous in the use of English. They like to address themselves to their tasks with the finesse of artists, though their work is only the work of artisans.

Mr. Boyle, however, met the facts bluntly. "I am well," he said, "and I don't expect to go away until that job is properly done for."

There was a gasp from Melrose six-two-o and Piccirilli Brothers retired.

At the National Arts in Gramercy Park, where Mr. Boyle lunched yesterday with Mrs. Boyle, William T. Evans, the collector, came up to him and shook him warmly by both hands. "Well," said he, "I am glad you're not dead. Curious thing, wasn't it?"

Mr. Boyle declared it must be, and asked Mr. Evans please to let him know what all this meant. Mr. Evans said that he had received a notice from the National Academy of Design to the effect that Mr. Boyle had died, and that subsequently another note had been sent out to the effect that the clerk had been in error.

At the National Academy it was said yesterday afternoon that a clerk had read in a morning paper on Thursday that John J. Boyle, the mural painter, had died in Ocean Grove, N. J., and upon looking through the list of names in the academy's book had come upon that of John J. Boyle. The printer had been given orders accordingly to send out notices to the effect that John J. Boyle of the National Academy of Design was dead.

Mrs. Boyle said yesterday that the young man whose name appeared in Thursday's paper had been a pupil of her husband's at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts eighteen years ago, and that the similarity of names had caused confusion before.

SEA CAPTAIN'S OFFENCE.

Sears Must Answer for Leaving Wrecked Ship Before Passengers.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 28.—Capt. Albert A. Sears, master of the steamship Iroquois, which was wrecked on April 10 off Sydney with a loss of twenty-one lives, was committed to trial on a charge of manslaughter. He was released under bond of $30,000. Several shipmasters testified that the vessel was overloaded. Surviving passengers deposed that Capt. Sears made no attempt to rescue them.

Exhibition and Sale

April 27, 28 and 29

at the **Waldorf-Astoria**—Banquet Hall

of the

Famous Oriental Rugs

(five in number)

Formerly in possession of the

Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid

from the

Yildiz Kiosk (Imperial Serail) Constantinople

After being exhibited all over Europe, these five pieces, which all the leading N. Y. rug experts, who have seen them, have declared to be the most unique and remarkable rugs that have ever come under their observation, are now offered for sale.

On Sunday, April 30th

THE SUN

Will publish an Article on Suburban Real Estate on line of New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad

This article will be interesting to Buyers, Renters and Sellers of New Jersey Real Estate, as will also the Advertisements of this Section which will appear in that issue.