LONG CHASE AFTER A BAD MAN

BUT SHERIFF CAMERON GOT TRAIN ROBBER AT LAST.

The Sheriff, Now Arizona's Delegate in Congress, Tells of the Deeds of Jim Parker, Whom It Took Weeks to Catch and Who Had to Be Caught Again.

Ralph H. Cameron, who, he hopes, is the last Territorial Delegate to Congress from Arizona, was corralled yesterday at the Imperial as he was hurrying out of New York after a very brief visit. Mr. Cameron comes from Flagstaff, and he was for many years Sheriff of Coconino county, which job at one time consisted mainly in catching bad men and meant to its incumbent about $35,000 a year.

"How do we feel over the prospect of statehood?" repeated Mr. Cameron. "Fine as silk. We shall be glad to get in, and there is no question that we'll vote against the recall in the Constitution. If we find we want it afterward of course we can put it in.

"The way I look at it President Taft is the guardian of the people's rights. His action in vetoing the original bill was not a slap at the people of Arizona, but in support of the Constitution of the United States. The Territories do not belong to the people in them, but to the Government of the United States. People of course may own property as in States, but until a Territory is made a State the people have not the right to govern themselves."

Delegate Cameron is the man for whom the Cameron Trail in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was named by the United States Geological Survey. He went out to Arizona from Maine in 1883, and as early as 1884 prospected along the Colorado. He was appointed Sheriff of Coconino county in 1891 and then was twice elected to that office.

"You ought to get him to tell you about his experiences in catching Jim Parker, the train robber," suggested an acquaintance.

Mr. Cameron was loath to do it, because he said the fellows out home might not understand his shooting off his mouth so far away from home.

"It was, the best I can recollect, about fifteen years ago," he said, "and the holdup as planned was about the most cleverly devised I ever heard of. For six or seven months the men concerned worked on the scheme, and that it did not come off as planned was due only to the unexpected resource and bravery of an express messenger.

"Parker had been a cowboy and as such was known as one of the most skilful horsemen in the whole territory. He fell in with Abe Thompson, Kid Marvin, Ollie Manker, Baldy Creighton and C. T. Rogers, and they concocted the scheme. They built a hut up on the Hualpai Indian reservation and spent some time laying plans. Two of the men had been in the railroad business, one of them as an engineer, and they coached Parker, the most resourceful of the lot, and another fellow, whose name I am under pledge not to reveal, in all about train work, starting, backing and stopping an engine and uncoupling cars. They fixed caches along a route, corralled a lot of good horses, selected a point of operation and then scattered. Parker announced that he was going to leave the country, and did go over to California.

"At certain seasons of the year there used to be a lot of gold in transit between San Francisco and New York and the gang plotted to hold up an express train a little beyond a place called Nelson, uncouple the passenger cars and shunt them back upon a siding near the station, and blowing open the safe, run the engine and express car some distance from the rest of the train and make an easy getaway.

"The others of the gang were left on a bald hill near the railroad track at the point where the engine and express car were to be brought. Parker and one other man, who had been selected to do the actual work, rode along to the point appointed for the holdup, and staking their horses some distance away from the railroad track waited for the express. It came along on time and was stopped as planned. Parker overpowered the engineer and fireman and made them stop the train, and then uncoupled the cars. Then he ran the engine and express car a little way on.

"But the express messenger, when he discovered the train was being held up, jumped out, and as the forepart of the train left the passenger cars he jumped on the rear of the car. Parker's confederate, who carried the giant powder and percussion caps on his back, was about to leap on the car when the messenger shot him through the back. Parker went back to join his partner, but, of course, could not find him, for the man's body had tumbled off when the engine was still running along, and some distance back. There was no way for Parker to get into the express safe without the explosive the other had carried, so he stood up the mail clerk and went through the mail, getting about $1,500.

"By this time he was becoming alarmed over the disappearance of his confederate, so he left the car and went over to where he had left the horses, believing the other man would make his way there. For about three hours he waited there, jeopardizing his chances of getting away, for it was not long before the news of the robbery had been flashed to every place the telegraph could take it. Parker told me the details some time later, but made me promise not to reveal the name of the man who had been killed because the latter had belonged to a respectable family and this robbery scheme had been his first attempt at crime.

"In the meantime Parker's other confederates had been waiting on the bald hill for the engine and express car to show up, according to plan, but after an hour they decided the robbery had miscarried and took to the woods.

"Not much time was lost in getting on Parker's trail. I started out with a good sized posse and we chased him for several weeks through woods, across the desert and into the mountains. The first night we were out there was a snowstorm and we camped in the snow. We did not of course suspect it at the time, but that very night Parker spent walking up and down under a big tree not 100 yards from us, smoking cigarettes and waiting for the storm to let up so he could be on his way.

"My posse soon dwindled to two white men and one Indian and then the Indian dropped out. Parker had concealed little packages of flour, baking powder and salt at intervals of ten or fifteen miles along the trail. It had been his plan to make for Nevada, where he had a cache. Of course he had to keep near the water. Well, we chased him as far as the Colorado River, which he had intended to cross, but could not at that point because recent rains had swollen the stream. Thinking that by this time we had given up the chase he started to retrace his steps. He was coming up Desmond Creek, walking in the middle of the stream so that he could not be tracked and carrying his Winchester over the back of his neck, when I caught sight of him. He was only thirty feet away, but there was a clump of willows between us.

"'Jim, throw your gun away,' I hollered. He stood stock still, not knowing where the sound had come from. I repeated my command, and he let go the rifle and it fell back into the creek. I told him to come ashore, and demanded to know where his six shooter was. He said he didn't have one, but One Eyed Riley, who was with me, pulled up Parker's outer shirt, and there was the gun underneath.

"Jim lay in the Prescott jail four months, and then he and a fellow named Miller and a Mexican planned to get away. The jail was under the court house. Sunday was usually cleaning up day, when they would let the prisoners out from the cells into the corridor to wash. Bob Meader, the jailer, never allowed a prisoner to go to the jail door alone, but when he heard the signal bell he went down and asked what was wanted. The Mexican, as had been agreed upon, asked to be allowed to go out and get a bucket of water. When he came in with the pail Parker and Miller sprang and held the door and overpowered the jailer. On the table in the Sheriff's room, near the door, lay a double barrelled shotgun, and Parker had grabbed it.

"In a room upstairs the Assistant District Attorney of the county happened to be sitting, writing a letter. He heard the scuffle downstairs, and started down to investigate. Parker heard him coming, and pointed the gun at him. 'You had better stop,' he advised, 'or you'll be shot. The attorney did stop, but he turned around to go upstairs, and Parker pulled the trigger. Jim said afterward he had not intended to kill, but had aimed at the other's leg, and the attorney had stumbled just as the shot was fired, so that he caught it in the back.

"Well, there was a livery stable across the street, and Parker went over there and appropriated two of the best horses in the stable. He took the Mexican on behind himself, as a precaution in case any shots were fired, but the poor Greaser only kept his seat until they got into the brush, when he was swept off, and fell to the ground. He got away, because nobody in the chase was thinking of him. They telegraphed for me, and I was able for some time to follow Parker by the tracks of his horse. He rode across into the Black Hills, forty-five miles away, and then up the Verde River, and then into the Mogollones. Then he crossed the San Francisco range, and then got up into the Pine Springs country, and next into the Hualapai reservation. Then he turned upon his trail.

"There was fellow named Miller who had a camp at the east end of the San Francisco range, and Parker's trail led to the place. I knew that he and Miller had known each other well, so I stopped and asked Mrs. Miller which way he had gone from there. She denied that she had seen him.

"'Why, Mrs. Miller,' I remonstrated, taking a chance, 'you got up and cooked a meal for him last night.' She admitted that this was true, but added that Parker had forced her and her husband to get up and get him something to eat. She said she did not know which way Parker had headed from her house, but I soon found his trail. He had headed again for the Pine Springs country. Up there is a district they call 'The Lagoons,' because of the number of small lakes that are formed by freshets. Nobody lived up there, but Parker had caught a calf and killed it, and knowing where there was rock salt, jerked the meat.

"When I was sure that Parker was in the Lagoons, I had every approach to the region guarded and arranged with the Indians ahead to send in runners if they caught sight of the fugitive. Jim after his jerked veal got low decided to head for Utah and got away from us, but he made the mistake of stopping at a little trading post, thinking there would be nobody in the place who knew him. But it happened that a boy named Joe Lee who worked there had seen him one day in Flagstaff. Joe put an Indian on a horse and sent him to Flagstaff. The messenger covered the ninety miles in fifteen hours, though the last fifteen miles he had to travel on foot, as his horse had given up.

"Well, we got up with Jim the next night at midnight, finding him fast asleep. He had ridden on that journey about 1,500 miles, covering a territory as big as one of your good sized Eastern States. He was tried and hung a little later."

MONTCLAIR'S BIRD PEST.

The Problem of Getting Rid of It Now Looms Up Bigger Than Ever.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Aug. 25.—"The birds are back!" is the doleful word on the Crescent to-day. Thousands of starlings, sparrows, grackles and robins that were scared away by the slaughter of the feathered hosts on this thoroughfare by an agent of the town one night last week have returned to their former haunts and the residents of the Crescent are in despair.

The birds returned last night, and on one tree in which a resident had hung a bell which he thought would frighten away the unwelcome guests they gathered in numbers so great that they kept the bell tolling all night.

Crescent residents have suggested many ways of getting rid of the birds, such as "Smoke them out," "Try a spray of ammonia," "Put camphor balls in the trees," "Illuminate with Chinese lanterns," "Send the small boy up the tree with firecrackers, "Cut down the trees," "Turn the fire hose on them."

It is against the grackle, or blackbird, that the enmity of residents of the street is chiefly directed. In the summer of 1909 these birds had possession of three or four trees. The neighborhood was interested in the presence of the birds and the children sometimes rapped the trunk of a roosting tree to show a chance guest the hundreds of birds that would flutter up and settle down again to their slumbers. Last year more trees were preempted by the grackles and they were joined by flocks of starlings. Two thousand was about the number of the bird colony then. People who formerly lingered to watch the arrival of the birds each evening now avoided the street on account of its bad condition, and residents no longer hesitated to disturb the birds' slumbers by tapping the trees. Indeed they did it systematically and purposefully night after night hoping to induce them to seek quieter roosts somewhere in the open country.

When the grackles went South last November it was hoped that their lease on the Crescent and adjacent streets had expired. This July, however, they returned in greater numbers than ever before. It became the custom of one resident to go about every night with a pair of shingles and make the rounds of his trees, hitting them resounding blows that drove the birds out in flocks. But no sooner had he disappeared indoors than they were joyously returning to their wonted roost. Another effort to dislodge them was made by firing on the trees with blank cartridges. Still another man hung bells on his trees and worked the bell rope from an upstairs window. That plan worked well at first, but soon the birds seemed to regard the bells as instruments to lull them to sleep.

The residents appealed to the board of health, which shifted the solution of the problem to the shade tree commission. The plan of shooting the birds was adopted, but this stirred up such fuss and feathers literally and figuratively that it is not likely to be resorted to again. Henry E. Wrensch, a member of the shade tree commission, said to-day that Chief Forester John A. Anderson, whose name was signed to the permit that Peter Stevens, the town employee carried when he slaughtered the birds, will have to explain his conduct to the commission when he returns from his vacation in Massachusetts. The secretary of the New Jersey Audubon Society was in conference with Commissioner Wrensch to-day in reference to the killing of robins and other protected birds in the general slaughter of last week.

STEFANSSON HEARD FROM

ARCTIC EXPLORER HAS MADE SOME DISCOVERIES.

Found People Who Had Never Seen White Man or Indian, but Had Heard of Them—Eskimos Who Look Like Scandinavians—Back Here in September.

After a silence of more than a year two letters have been received from Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer who went to the American Arctic three years ago. Stefansson headed the expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in cooperation with the Geographical Survey of the Canadian Government. The last word from him was received in April, 1910.

The first of the two letters is dated "Mouth of the Dease River, 1910." Stefansson says:

This is written at the camp of the English travellers Melville and Hornby, near where Richardson and Rae wintered at the time of the Franklin search expedition. I have covered all the ground I said I hoped to cover. I have been on the Colville and on the Coppermine; besides that I have been in Victoria Land, which I never promised to do. There has been more hard, dreary work than was anticipated. We have lived badly at times. We have even had to eat our skin clothes, but I trust we did not do so ostentatiously, and I hope to resist the temptation ever to play that up in a bid for glory.

While on the map it may not show much, the explorer says that the expedition accomplished something ethnologically and geographically. People have been discovered in a region which it was supposed was uninhabited. He adds:

We have lived a few months among people who had never seen a white man or an Indian (though they had heard of both), and did not even know I was not an Eskimo—so little were they informed on what white men are like. We have discovered Eskimos (in speech and habits) who are Scandinavians in appearance. This find is the beginning of the solution of one of two problems: (a) What became of some of Franklin's men? (b) What became of the 3,000 Scandinavians who disappeared from Greenland in the fifteenth century? Or, if neither of these questions is to be answered, then we have introduced a new problem of scientific interest. Why do some of the people of Victoria Land differ markedly from the rest of their race? Why are they so European in type?

Stefansson says there is no River la Roncière, which is pictured on the maps as the size of the Hudson, and when it disappears from the maps he feels he will "have done some housecleaning." A certain cape has been found to be an island and a certain island has been found to be a cape. He found the source of the Rae River, of which Dr. John Rae had seen only the mouth and the lowest ten miles. Of his journey he says:

We left Langton Bay (one sled, six dogs, three Eskimos and myself) April 22, 1910, and headed east along the coast. The stretch to the east of Cape Lyon is a neutral area, which the Western Eskimos have never crossed, nor any Eskimos so far as any one now living knows. It was believed to be a starvation country, and it was very difficult to get any Eskimos to go with me, but we found plenty of game, and although we took along only two weeks supplies we never went a day without food till near the end of July—caribou, Barren Ground grizzlies, polar bears and seals. Twenty days out (May 31) we found people at Cape Bexley, and a few days later on the south coast of Victoria Land we visited the Europeanlike people of whom we heard at Cape Bexley. Two of the men there had beards much like mine, and mine might be impolitely referred to as red. My Eskimo companions said: "These are not Eskimos, they are fo'castle men." There are about forty individuals in this group, and there are said to be others like them further north. I wanted to go further north, but I had said I was going to the Coppermine, so I went on eastward up the Coppermine. There were people and traces of them here and there. The summer and fall we have spent near the northeast corner of Bera Lake with a large party of Eskimos. I was surprised to find they hunt so far inland and I think geographers will be equally surprised to learn it. They say their ancestors always hunted down to the lake shore on the northeast corner of Bear Lake, but always ran away if they saw signs of people, a fact which explains their not having been discovered by any of the numerous parties that have been on the lake. And now that we are here I feel we are almost in civilization.

On the whole everything went well. The expedition started out to find people who had never come in contact with white men, found them and discovered what sort of men they are when "unperverted through outside influences."

Stefansson says that Dr. R. M. Anderson, who went along with him as geologist, had an attack of pneumonia last winter, and had it not been that they had a cache of flour, &c., at Cape Parry they would not have been able to pull him through, as they were in a country where there was no game. In March Dr. Anderson was well enough to undertake a 500 mile trip to Herschel Island to get supplies which the museum had sent but which had not been received. Stefansson had not seen Dr. Anderson from that time, but he supposed that he was wintering on Horton River back of Cape Parry.

In the second letter, dated November 4, also from the mouth of the Dease River, Stefansson said:

In a day or two I expect to start for Lower Horton River to try to find Anderson and to cross on the way, if we can, one of the largest unexplored areas in Canada. No white man has ever been in this district, not even the priest who is responsible for the gracefully drawn rivers that almost join Bear Lake with the Arctic. May the good man have few such responsibilities on his conscience, for God knows one of the rivers does not exist and the devil knows where the other river may be.

I should have liked to have started two or three weeks ago, for now the darkness is almost upon us and the sunless days give us little chance for hunting our living on the road. It is at such times that I envy the man with a good outfit of portable food. We have put in the last three weeks getting together the meat of some thirty caribou to leave with two Eskimos and my outfit (on the eastern headwaters of Dease River) while I go with the other Eskimo and an Indian to look for Dr. Anderson.

Stefansson said that he expected to get back from Horton River last December and to spend the winter and spring getting scientific specimens from the Coronation Gulf district. Stefansson said he expected to get back here in September.

Gov. Dix Dismisses Charges Against Dr. Ferris.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—After a thorough examination Gov. Dix has dismissed the charges preferred against Dr. Albert Warren Ferris of New York city, president of the State Lunacy Commission. Gov. Dix announced to-day that he had received all the papers in this case and given them his careful personal attention. The charge alleged a wrongful payment to Dr. Ferris of an alienist's fee by a private patient, but Dr. Ferris showed a court order directing the payment.

Sohmer Increases His Son's Salary.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—State Comptroller Sohmer to-day announced the appointment of Davis C. Kauer as stenographer in the secured debt bureau of his department in New York city at a salary of $1,500. The Comptroller also announced an increase in compensation for his son, Edwin W. Sohmer, secretary to the Comptroller, from $2,700 to $4,000, to take effect January 1, 1912.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

On a visit of John W. Gates to New York shortly before his last trip abroad he was discussing Wall Street speculation and how dull it was with a friend who sometimes takes a flier in the market himself.

"Let me see," said the friend, "it was five years ago that a Stock Exchange seat brought $97,000; now one can be got for $75,000."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars!" shouted Gates. "If a man went down to the Exchange with $75,000 real money he could get two seats on the middle aisle."

"Tramps that I have met have asked me to buy nearly everything for them from a drink to a ticket to Europe," said the gray headed man, "but not until this morning was I asked to buy a book. The literary beggar stood at my elbow outside a Fulton street second hand bookstore. He was pretty ragged and pretty dirty, but he had a mind above dirt and rags. On the table before us lay 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard' in French.

"'Oh, Anatole France,' said my tramp with a kind of gasp. 'Buy it for me, mister, won't you?'

"I was not in a mood for conferring favors. I shook my head. My tramp picked up the book. They were a good match, one as ragged and soiled as the other. He read a passage.

"'Oh, the dear old innocent,' he said. 'Buy it for me, mister, won't you? Only ten cents.'

"I did not know Sylvestre Bonnard and I did not know French, but I did know that that man's particular need on earth just then was the book, and I bought it."

The organist was not lacking in patriotism, yet he rebelled when requested to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a wedding.

"It is not appropriate," he said.

"Ain't it?" said the bride's father. "For this wedding it is the most appropriate thing you can play. Cut all the rest of the programme if you like, but stick to that. I had the hardest kind of a fight to keep Belle's mother from marrying her off to a foreigner. Between Belle and me we won out for an American and if this isn't the time for the 'Star Sdangled Banner' I'd like to know what is."

"A minister has got to be alive and resourceful to-day," said a deacon of a big metropolitan church. "Ours finds he can't speak well extemporaneously and he reads from a typewritten copy. I never knew how he managed to preach so effectively until one day I happened to see his manuscript. Half of it was underlined in different colors. It looked so curious that I asked him about it.

"'A little scheme of mine,' he said laughingly. 'I found I was delivering what I had written in the same tone. So now, early on Sunday morning, I go over the copy I carry into the pulpit. I keep crayon pencils of six different colors on my desk. Red means one tone, green yet another, yellow and blue yet others. As I turn each page I see at a glance just how I am to speak.'"

"What has come over the head waiters and the restaurant managers," asked a New Yorker who had come back to his native city after an absence of several years, "that they treat a bill of fare as if it were as valuable as the 'Mona Lisa'? There was a time when a menu was to be found on every table and one could look at it leisurely and while waiting for what he had ordered think of the future.

"But all that is changed. The head waiter clutches the menus as if they were priceless. He deals them out as reluctantly as if he feared the guests might eat too much for their health. I'll bet as a matter of fact that they used to order a great deal more when the menu was at hand and they could pick it up at any minute without summoning the waiter and then the head waiter for a glance at the list of dishes."

Candy is a perquisite of theatre ushers seldom taken into account. After a Saturday matinée the enterprising usher can secure enough chocolates and bonbons to last him a week. The more absorbing the play the larger the supply. At an interesting climax the emotional matinée girl forgets her candy box and lets it slide to the floor with several pieces sticking in the corners. Immediately after the performance ushers search the house for discarded sweets.

Those persons who take advantage of the fact that the Aquarium is open in the evenings now are treated to a rare spectacle. The lights in the old building are just sufficient to illuminate the first floor in a dim, indistinct way, but that serves all the better to bring out the beauty of the living pictures along the wall. The numerous aquaria with the glass faces which are ranged around in a large circle like an art gallery, are illuminated from above and the fish show up beautifully against the well selected backgrounds of rock. Those which are particularly conspicuous are the large fantailed goldfish, which shine out amid their dark surroundings in a brilliant reddish gold. Best of all, though, are the albino trout, which are pure white. Their tank is left dark and all that can be seen is snowy fish with large pink eyes suspended in the darkness.

TO IMPROVE HALIFAX HARBOR.

$3,000,000 Contracts Awarded May Help to Beat Borden.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 25.—The Government awarded a contract to-day to the Nova Scotia Construction Company for improvements to Halifax harbor, involving a total expenditure of over $3,000,000. The contract calls for the construction of a pier 800 feet long and terminal sheds for the Intercolonial Railway costing $914,000. Work will begin immediately.

Mr. Borden, the Opposition leader, is a candidate for reelection to the House of Commons from the city of Halifax and the Government is making a determined effort to prevent his reelection. Hundreds of men will be employed on the new works.

DR. BROWN'S INDUCTION.

Will Formally Be Made Chancellor of N. Y. U. on November 9.

William M. Kingsley, treasurer of the corporation of New York University and chairman of the committee appointed to arrange for the inauguration of Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph. D., LL. D., as Chancellor of the university, announced yesterday that Thursday, November 9, had been chosen for the inaugural exercises. The installation will take place in the auditorium at University Heights and will be followed by a banquet at the Hotel Astor in the evening. President Taft has accepted an invitation to be present at these exercises. It was also announced that invitations will soon be sent to the heads of American educational institutions.

Laymen's League to Open New Retreat.

The Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies will open its new house, known as Mount Manresa, at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, on September 8. The exercises will be in charge of the Rev. T. J. Shealey, the league's spiritual director. Mount Manresa, which was known as Fox Hill Villa, has been refurnished, a chapel has been erected and the grounds, covering twenty acres, have been put in order. It is the first time the league has had a house for itself. The house will accommodate forty men at a time and there have been so many applicants that it is expected that it will be filled in September and October.

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HEARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

TAFT STRONGER THAN HARMON IN OHIO

Unless the Tariff Bill Vetoes Have Pulled Him Down, Says an Ex-Governor—The English Night Clerk—Report on Crime in Texas—Other Notes.

Ex-Gov. James E. Campbell of Ohio, who sat in the executive chair at Columbus twenty years ago, is at the Waldorf. He said yesterday he was practising law and getting old, but he seems to be doing both cheerfully. He was asked what he thought of Gov. Harmon's chances for the Presidential nomination.

"Well, Harmon has been elected twice as Governor, he has a powerful machine back of him, which he has built up, and he has a strong personal following," said Gov. Campbell, "but that is as much as I know."

"Which do you regard as the stronger in Ohio, Taft or Harmon?"

"Unquestionably until the recent vetoes Taft was stronger. You have got to consider the fact that Ohio is a Republican State and that by 100,000. Ohio has never gone Democratic in a Presidential election since the formation of the Republican party. What effect Taft's vetoes of tariff legislation have had on his popularity in Ohio it is hard to judge. But if the Tariff Board makes its report next fall and Congress adopts some real tariff reform legislation as a result of its recommendations Taft will unquestionably be much strengthened. If we don't get some tariff reform soon you can count upon its being the issue of the next Presidential campaign. The country demands it. Why, if you walk down the main street of Columbus nine persons out of every ten you will see, I venture to say, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers—whatever their professions or occupations—will tell you they want the tariff reformed."

When Gov. Campbell's attention was called to the fact that Private John Allen, who was in Congress at the same time with him, was also at the Waldorf, he recalled a short speech made by the ex-Mississippian, as Mr. Allen designates himself.

"It was at the time we were talking a lot about pensions in Congress," said Gov. Campbell. "Allen, who was a master at witty speeches, suddenly arose in his place and asked the attention of the Chair.

"'Mr. Speaker,' he said, 'I am much interested in this question of pensions. I must confess, sir, that as much as twenty-five years ago, even that far back, I gave a great deal of consideration to the subject. I resolved, sir, at that time to do what I could to spare this great country the great burden that would be one day put upon it.' He paused and interest was intense. 'So profound, sir,' he resumed, 'was my consideration that on one occasion I retreated across three States.'

"Of course it brought down the House."

"We once had a night clerk who was an Englishman," said a hotel manager yesterday. "You know the call lists, the sheets on which are recorded the hours at which guests wish to be awakened in the mornings, are made out in rows of 7 A. M., 7:30, 8:00 and so on. Well, one night a lot of people had left calls for 7:30 when a man came up to the Englishman and said he wanted to be awakened at that hour. The clerk looked down the list and found that all the lines under 7:30 had been filled. He said to the visitor:

"'Really, I am very sorry, sir, but we haven't another vacancy for 7:30. But we have some under 7 and 8.'"

Richard G. Maury, who is Criminal District Attorney for Harris county, Texas, in which Houston is situated, said yesterday at the Imperial that four years of commission government in Houston had been a great success.

"But the results of a commission form of government depend entirely upon the character of the Mayor of a town," added Mr. Maury. "If he is an able, good man then you have a good administration. If he is not the commission form is bound to be a failure, so great is the power it gives to one man.

"Every kind of crime except murder is decreasing in Texas," said Mr. Maury in answer to a question, "and that is confined largely to the negroes. They seldom kill whites, but do not spare each other. In Harris county more negroes are arrested for wife murder than any other sort of homicide. There were three such crimes in the week before I left home.

"Southern Texas is filling up with Northern settlers very rapidly, and these are a type of law abiding citizenship.

"Almost all the burglaries in Texas are done by negroes; nearly all the thefts and practically all the murders are to be charged to negroes. I attribute this to the fact that the negroes come to town and find they cannot get easy jobs. Then they are insanely jealous of their women. Most crimes in Texas arise from these causes, and not from drink. The old six-shooter man is done for in Texas, and one thing a man can be convicted for down there is carrying a gun.

"We are not having many lynchings in Texas now, and we have kept them down by trying and hanging criminals right away. In my opinion, that is the solution for the lynching question."

Thomas E. Rook arrived at the Waldorf and registered himself as from "Cleveland, sixth city." This was a new one on the room clerk, but Mr. Rook explained that Cleveland folk did that in order to get the goat of citizens of Pittsburg-h. It seems that Cleveland is ambitious to jump ahead of Pittsburg by the time the next census is taken. Some people from San Francisco still register "San Francisco, 1915."

RECIPROCITY SURE, HE SAYS,

Although Wilson W. Butler Is One of the Few Manufacturers for It.

Wilson W. Butler, vice-president of the Canadian Steel Foundries and the Canadian Car and Foundry Company of Montreal, who is at the Waldorf, says reciprocity is going through in Canada. He looks for a Liberal majority equal to that in the last Parliament, but he says he is one of the few manufacturers up there who are in favor of the agreement.

"There has been a good deal of wild, not to say fiery, talk about reciprocity on both sides in Canada," said Mr. Butler yesterday, "but the Liberal party will be returned to power, though Canadian manufacturers, the great majority of them at least, are dead against it.

"We have up there the Canadian Manufacturers Association, which is fighting reciprocity and is therefore aligned with the Conservative party. That fact carries considerable weight and influence, for the association represents many millions of dollars in capital. The majority of the farmers favor reciprocity, and in a way the fight is between the manufacturers and the farmers. I don't believe any reasonable minded manufacturer thinks for one instant he is going to be hurt by reciprocity, but many consider this as a stepping stone to something else, for instance to throwing down the tariff wall. It is similar to the funk manufacturers get into over on this side of the border when there is talk of tariff reform; capital runs to cover and manufacturers are afraid to branch out or take up new lines at such a time.

"The talk of annexation is mere political bluff. The majority of reasoning Canadians feel there is no cause for alarm in that direction. This sort of talk is used in the rural districts, and perhaps effectively. The French habitant is perhaps an ignorant sort of chap and easily influenced by anything sensational, and he is scared by the threat of Canada being gobbled up by the United States.

"I have studied the problem carefully, and I fail to see where our own business can in any way be affected by reciprocity. I can see that business may be disturbed by an agitation over the abolition of a tariff, but Canada has never been as prosperous as it is to-day."

HORACE GRAVES DEAD.

Belated Announcement of His Death, Which Occurred Nearly a Month Ago.

Horace Graves, who was at one time a prominent Brooklyn lawyer and Republican politician and was for many years chairman of the law committee of the Board of Education, died on July 28 last. The announcement of his death was not made until yesterday.

His career as a lawyer was blighted in 1905 when the Brooklyn Bar Association brought proceedings for his disbarment for appropriating a client's money and the Appellate Division prohibited him from practising law for five years. From that time he lived in retirement until early in the present year, when he resumed practice. He had domestic troubles and lived apart from his wife. His death occurred at the home of Mrs. Williams, who had nursed him during a long illness, at 3105 Snyder avenue. The funeral was private and the body was cremated at Fresh Pond. Until yesterday only a few friends knew of his death.

Mr. Graves began the practice of law in Brooklyn about thirty years ago soon after his graduation from Hartford University. He became active in Republican politics in the Twenty-fifth ward and once ran for Surrogate. He is survived by his wife, a daughter and two sons, one of whom, Frank Graves, is president of a college in the Northwest.

OBITUARY.

Edgar Reid Cook, a lawyer of this city, died on Thursday at his home, 404 East 141st street, after a brief illness. The funeral was held last night at his home. Mr. Cook, who was graduated from the New York Law School in 1901, was the son of Thomas H. Cook, a lawyer, who practised in this city for twenty-five years. His mother, Mrs. Louise Cook, and a brother, Henry S. Cook, also a member of the bar, survive him. Mr. Cook, whose offices were at 38 Park row, was a member of the New York County Lawyers Society. He was secretary and director of the Oscar Daniels Company, steel contractors, and of the Folsom Galleries, dealers in antiques at 396 Fifth avenue.

Dr. James W. Rock, formerly of New York city, but a resident of Utica during the last five months, is dead at his home there, at the age of 65 years. He was born in Barbados, West Indies, but from his fifteenth year, excepting for some time spent in Berlin in medical study, he resided in New York and practised his profession here following his graduation until failing health compelled his retirement five months ago, when he took up his residence with relatives in Utica. Besides his wife, one brother, William J. Rock of Perth Amboy, N. J., survives.

Walter Hubbard, a prominent manufacturer of Meriden, Conn., died yesterday at the home of Dr. E. W. Pierce at Burlington, Vt., after a brief illness, of lung trouble. Mr. Hubbard was one of the founders of the Bradley and Hubbard Manufacturing Company of Burlington. He was well known in Burlington's financial circles. He made many gifts to Burlington, among them Hubbard Park, which consists of 1,000 acres of picturesque woodland. He was 83 years old.

George L. Douglas, who was chief sailmaker at the navy yard for several years, and was subsequently chief clerk to the Captain of the yard, died yesterday at his home, 619 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, in his seventy-eighth year. He is survived by his wife and a daughter.

"Reading maketh a FULL man," Bacon. "Get your load" at PRATT'S, 161 6th av.

FOR METROPOLITAN SEASON.

Gatti-Casazza Secures Russian Dancers and Two New Operas.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Aug. 25.—Giulio Gatti-Casazza, managing director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, announced to-day that he had completed arrangements with Max Rabinoff by which the Russian ballet would dance during the months of December and January at the opera house. There will be a ballet of forty-two dancers, headed by Mikail Mordkin, and with him will appear, among the women, Katrina Geltzer, Julia Siedlowa and Mme. Koraly.

The novelties to be added to the répertoire for next year are Thuille's "Lobetanz," which will be sung in German, and Mussorgsky's "Boris Goudonoff," which will be given in Italian.

Katrina Geltzer became known to Anglo-Saxon audiences when she danced at the Alhambra in London in the "Dance Dream." Julia Seidlowa and Vera Koraly danced at St. Petersburg when they were prime ballerine. Katrina Geltzer has been called by Russian critics "Pavlowa's most dangerous competitor."

Retreats Under President O'Rourke.

The Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J., president of Brooklyn College, will conduct the three weeks retreat for the priests of the Brooklyn diocese that will begin on Monday at Manresa Institute, Keyser Island, South Norwalk, Conn. The priests will be divided into three groups, the first going on August 28 and remaining until September 2, the second on September 4 and remaining until September 9 and the third on September 10 to stay five days. Every priest in the diocese except those excused will go on retreat.

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