

New York's Big Fall Affair.

Preparations For the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Well Under Way, and a Great Time Is Expected—A Mayoralty Boom For Roosevelt That Will Not Down.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
(Our New York Correspondent.)

PREPARATIONS for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, which is to be held Sept. 25-Oct. 9, are well under way. The reproduction of Henry Hudson's ship, the Half Moon, is already here, having been sent over in a freighter from Holland, and the Clermont II, being a facsimile of the steamboat with which Fulton first navigated the Hudson, has been launched and is rapidly nearing completion. The Half Moon, or Halve Maen, as it is called by the Dutch, who built it as a popular contribution to the centennial, cuts a queer figure among the gigantic liners that fill the harbor. The ancient vessel in which Hudson discovered the river that bears his name is only a scant seventy-five feet long and seventeen feet wide and



BELL OF OLD CLERMONT—LAUNCHING THE CLERMONT II.

looks like a seventeenth century stage-coach among a bunch of express trains. Fulton's boat, that the highly intelligent nobodies of his day grinned at and said would never go, is a trifle more modern in appearance, but cuts almost as sorry a figure. Yet these two little old ships plucked out of the past are to be honored as scarcely any vessels in history. For two weeks they will be the center of admiring throngs and will be conducted up the historic and beautiful river by a war fleet the largest ever gathered in American waters, with the two exceptions of the fleet at Hampton Roads that started the sixteen battleships around the world and the magnificent collection of vessels that greeted these same battleships when they arrived at San Francisco.

The Roosevelt boom for mayor will not down. Despite the fact that the mighty hunter has frowned on the use of his name and has stated that he intends to hunt the charging rhinoceros and the roaring gysacticus in Africa until next March, after which he will go to Europe to deliver lectures and hobnob with kings, there are still persistent persons in the metropolis who think that he is just the man to beat Tammany and who are determined to run him whether or no. I suppose there is no law against this sort of foolishness, especially in hot weather, when all sorts of bugs abound, but it seems a waste of time to speculate on impossibilities. There is little question that Roosevelt could beat Tammany if he would run, but there is even less question that he will decline to run. After their experience with the third term affair the friends of the ex-president should realize that when he says "No" he means "No" in seven different languages; also in the forty-six other tongues spoken on the east side.

After stating that he was going to Europe and then deferring his departure until Dan Cohalan could offer him the Tammany nomination for mayor and then deny having done so Justice William J. Gaynor of Brooklyn, who is a candidate for chief executive of New York, though nobody knows on

what ticket, has finally taken passage and followed our millionaires and near millionaires to the other side. There is little doubt that Gaynor could be mayor if only he knew with what political crowd he wants to train. But with this uncertainty as to where he stands he may share the fate of the man who fell between two stools and wind up by being the candidate of nobody.

Fifth avenue, the thoroughfare of millionaires and automobiles, is being widened. As a result it is in a state of disarray that makes it even uglier than before. For a mile, stretching from Madison square to Forty-seventh street, stoops are being removed and unsightly fronts, many of which belong to famous houses, are being replaced. Later the widening will be continued to Fifty-ninth street, or the celebrated plaza at the entrance to Central park. The improvement was made necessary by the congestion of chauffeurs and coachmen. At present the autos are so thick in Fifth avenue, especially of an afternoon, that they advance in platoons, battalions and regiments. In the midst of these honking and puffing monsters is an occasional turnout with docked horses and belivered lackeys sitting in the stiff and solemn state of wooden Indians. I do not wonder that they want to broaden the thoroughfare and give each other as wide a berth as possible. Incidentally it is to be hoped that they will improve the looks of the street. At any rate, so far as most of this particular section of it is concerned, they could not make it worse.

The new police commissioner is after the Salome dancers. In future if any female person wishes to wriggle and contort in public she must seek some other than a New York audience. Coney Island is still running its "educational" stunts, the gamblers are coming back to town, the holdup men, the yeggmen and the various kinds of assassins, from the thief who kills for money to the Black Handers and high-binders, were never so busy, but the lid is down on the Salome imitators. The thing never was anything but disgusting, and its suppression ought to make a little cheap reputation for the city administration in the line of morals, which it needs sadly enough. God knows, in the meantime the grafters go on cleaning out the city treasury, and the political Salome dancers of the McCurren-Murphy stripe continue to distort themselves in public more shamelessly than ever did the painted girls before the footlights.

The more the people of Gotham see of William Loeb, Jr., in his new capacity of collector of the port the more they wonder how they ever got along without him. Without trying to say too many nice, saccharine things about the young man, it is but just to state that he has stopped more grafting and other irregularities and made more common sense reforms than all the former collectors the present generation can remember. His latest decision is that there shall be no more "kotowing" to the rich and no favoritism against the poor. By this means he has not only increased the customs receipts, making the wealthy dead-weights that used to slip through pay like everybody else, but he is stopping the worst features of annoyance to the great mass of passengers, is expediting business and is winning golden opinions from everybody except those who have been defrauding the government. As a buffer for Roosevelt, Loeb was the most patient goat that ever browsed in the political pasture, and now that he has a job of his own it is only fair to boost him when he makes good. If anybody now asks who cleaned out the frauds and incompetents from the New York custom house and made the sugar trust and other rich dodgers pay up, it should be a pleasure to answer in the language of other days, "Loeb did it."

There has been considerable talk, some of it unfavorable, about the strict discipline at West Point, but in one respect at least it is to be highly commended. That is in relation to the stamping out of hazing. If other institutions of learning went after this puppy rowdism with the same rigor and vigor it would be good for education and good for manners. The latest case in the institution up the Hudson may seem hard on a few cadets, but it is good for the institution, and it is to be hoped that its example will help other institutions. Besides, the cadets deserve all they are getting, and there is no cause for wasting mawkish sentiment on them.

After an investigation into the affairs of the tenement house commission extending over more than a year the bureau of municipal research has given out a scathing report charging thousands of law violations every year, giving innumerable cases of lax inspection, alleging wholesale failures to

as long as four years and stating in effect that under the present administration the entire system is little more than a farce and a fraud. As the legal designation of tenements embraces all apartment buildings in which the average monthly rental per apartment is under \$25, it is readily seen that the vast majority of the city's population is affected. The violations of the law involve not only unsafe and insanitary buildings, but lack of proper fire escapes and other defects endangering the health and lives of the tenants. While not so intended, the finding constitutes one more important count in the indictment of Tammany misgovernment in this city.

Delance, N. J., is situated in the same county as Burlington, which recently became famous through its bean soup cure for drunks. Delance has now struck on a novel and effective method of getting rid of tramps. It consists in nothing less than handcuffing them and chaining them to large trees. The Jersey mosquito is a lusty citizen of Delance, and the way he is set on to those tramps is a shame and a scandal. The result has been that as soon as the hoboes were released they hit the trail out of Delance, scattering hieroglyphics on the fences and posts warning other Weary Willies away from the place. Any town with an adult and active mosquito population may find this plan effective, although it seems even more cruel and inhuman than bean soup.

Building the Cape Cod Canal

WHEN August Belmont recently turned the first spadeful of clay in the work that has now begun on the new Cape Cod canal he started an enterprise that has been mooted almost ever since the landing of the pilgrims. As early as 1696 a citizen of Sandwich noted the narrow peninsula between Barnstable and Buzzards Bay and conceived the idea of a canal. From a long residence on the southern shore he had come to a lively appreciation of the dangers that attended ships endeavoring to weather the cape, as all must do that sail for Plymouth, and perceived that such a canal as he proposed would do away with the frequent and fatal wrecks that made the eastern shore of Cape Cod then, as it is now, the graveyard of the Atlantic.

Unfortunately for his purpose the council of Massachusetts Bay Colony was too much occupied with other affairs at that time to do more than promise to consider the project, and it was nearly ten years before it took formal action. There is no evidence extant to show that the committee which it appointed to look into the matter ever returned a report. Certainly nothing was done toward digging the canal. Since then numerous companies have been formed to carry out the project and famous engineers engaged to make surveys, but it was only recently that the work was really begun, and now, with such an experienced and successful engineer as William Barclay Parsons co-operating with the Belmonts, who have the capital to finance any enterprise they may undertake, the Cape Cod canal is to be a reality.

It seems an astonishing thing that wreck and ruin should have been at

the United States show that 25 per cent of the wrecks occur off Cape Cod. During twenty years, according to the government statistics, there have been 137 wrecks, costing sixty-three lives and \$2,000,000 worth of property. The record of an average year's shipping is that 30,000 vessels, 29 per cent of them using steam, passed Handkerchief shoals lightship, while estimates of those passing in fog or at night add 10,000 more. The tonnage for the year amounts to 23,000,000 tons register. Of coal alone 12,000,000 tons were carried around the cape, with the lumber, stone, ice, cement and other heavy freights amounting to an equal tonnage.

To make the new canal the Massachusetts law authorizing the enterprise provides for a width at the bottom of at least 100 feet, with numerous passing places twice as wide, a minimum depth of twenty-five feet and a clear sea level canal extending from the late Grover Cleveland's residence at Buzzards Bay to Barnstable bay. The greater part of the canal's distance lies through the beds of the Monument and Scouset rivers, now separated by a ridge of earth rising to a height of but thirty feet above sea level.

The piercing of that ridge and the dredging of the rivers to the required depth is the first imposing task in the course of the work. But, beyond the 20,000,000 cubic feet of earth to be removed, a large breakwater and artificial harbor are to be built into Barnstable bay, and perhaps before the construction shall have proceeded too far the plans may be altered to assure a continuous minimum of 200 feet width and thirty feet of depth. With such a capacity the Cape Cod canal can be relied on to accommodate vessels of the largest size in the coast-wise trade.

Within three years' time the most difficult and most deadly peril in the navigation of this new world's sea will have had its cruel teeth drawn forever. Rage and roar as the ocean may, the endless procession of the ships will sweep calmly into the northern link of the long chain of inland waterways projected for the Atlantic seaboard. Cape Cod and its ancient dangers will lie outside their peaceful course, like Leviathan, baffled.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG.

The Woman Appointed Superintendent of Chicago's Schools. For the first time in the history of Chicago a woman will occupy the position of superintendent of the public schools of that city. The woman is Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, one of the best known educators in the middle west, who has had much experience in the line of work that she is to take up and is splendidly equipped for the position. The appointment was a remarkable triumph for the slender, gray haired woman. Several years ago Mrs. Young began teaching school in the Windy City at \$25 a month. From that she worked up to the principalship of the Chicago Normal school and now springs into the highest school position the city can offer. She knows every detail of the educational system



MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG. In Chicago, is an able teacher and possesses fine administrative ability.

Mrs. Young is a level headed American woman, thorough and practical, and the friends of the schools are highly gratified at her selection. The new superintendent is sixty-four years old and was born in Buffalo. She has been engaged in teaching since 1862.

From 1887 to 1899 Mrs. Young was district superintendent of schools for Chicago and a professor of education at the University of Chicago from 1899 to 1905. She has been the editor of the Chicago Edmonthly since 1896 and is the author of several books on educational subjects. An organization of women principals of Chicago elementary schools is named the Ella F. Young club.

Names Noted In Passing



JOSEPH G. CANNON.

WHILE Joseph G. Cannon has had his work cut out for him this summer as speaker of the house, he has taken matters philosophically and lost little sleep over the situation.

"It is true that I would rather be home," he said in a recent interview. "I have a little business to attend to, but that can wait. I would like to hear the crowing of the chickens in the very cool of the most early morning. I mean the crowing of the roosters. Hens usually don't crow; they cluck. Also I would like to hear the squealing and grunting of the pigs and the bellowing of the bulls, if they will only bellow. I really miss these things because I am used to them. But it is very pleasant here."

"Do you play golf, Mr. Speaker?" "No, I don't play golf. I think I regard it as better than no exercise. It is a game for middle aged persons, and I am too young to take it up. In summer I like to play poker—not for money, but to stimulate the imagination. For instance, I like to call blue checks a billion dollars each, the reds about half a million and the white a hundred thousand dollars. Of course there is no such value in the game. It is make believe."

"In a good stiff game with good fellows you may win a thousand billion dollars. After you have won that much money—in your mind—is when you want to get the real enjoyment out of the game. You can smoke a cigar just before going to bed and think what you can buy with a thousand billion dollars. That's immense! You could give every man, woman and child something. You could buy the good things from all the bad people and give them all to the good people. And the more you dream while you are awake of giving away all that money you have won the grander you will feel, and if you are careful you can go to bed without realizing it isn't true, and in the morning you will be so busy that you won't mind. That's what I call good summer recreation."

The arrival in this country of Mrs. Annie Besant has aroused great interest among her followers in America, and she will no doubt be much in the public eye during her stay with us, owing to the extensive lecture tour

she has planned. A native of England, but by choice a resident of Adyar, India, Mrs. Besant has been at the head of the Theosophical society for several years, succeeding Colonel Henry S. Olcott in that position, and she is now sixty-two years of age. Since her twenties she has been fighting, first to get a separation from her husband, the Rev. Frank Besant, brother of Walter Besant, the author; then for atheism by the side of Charles Bradlaugh; in connection with the promulgation of a pamphlet advocating the deliberate limitation of poor families; then to hold her daughter, sought by her husband; again in the ranks of a good many kinds of radicalism, including socialism, and finally for theosophy.

Mrs. Besant is a little stouter than she used to be, and her gray eyes are clear and sharp, as they have always been, and her face, strong lined and masculine, indicates a masterful mind behind it. Theosophy, or divine wisdom, numbers several thousand American adherents to its doctrines and has numerous disciples in all quarters of the globe. The largest branch is that in India.

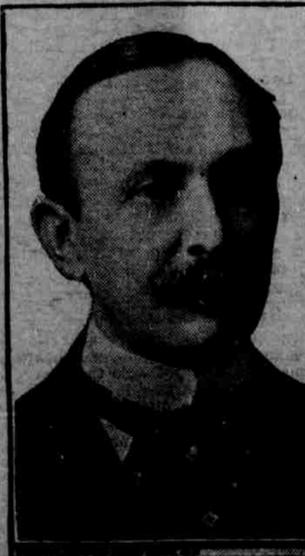
"What is theosophy?" is a question being asked more often now than formerly, and at the same time doctrines of the cult are more widely understood.

Reincarnation, the living of a succession of lives on this sphere until perfection is reached and one graduates to a higher life, is the belief that actuates the followers of theosophy.

During her stay in America Mrs. Besant will visit the principal cities, lecturing to theosophists and attempting to win converts.

"What are the wild waves saying?" murmured the woman as she stood on the silver lining of the mighty main.

"Nothing, Maria," replied the man hoarsely. "They are like some people we know—they make a great deal of noise, but don't say anything."—The Bits.



AUGUST BELMONT.

lowed to rage all these harrowing years around Cape Cod. Figures of shipwrecks along the eastern coast of