

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, grined 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 gyascticus 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 Cohan 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 belonged 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 writhe, wiggle 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 McCarren-Murphy stripe continue to disport themselves in public more shamelessly than ever did the painted girls before the foot-lights.

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 rowdiness 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 nawkish 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

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prosecute, citing cases that have stood 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.

BROWN OF NEBRASKA.

Something About the Author of the Income Tax Amendment.

One of the senators who were brought sharply into the limelight during the recent tariff discussion was Norris Brown, author of the income tax amendment which is now going to the various states for ratification. Mr. Brown represents Nebraska in the senate and since his election has been a conspicuous member of that body. His campaign for his present office, to which he was elected in 1907, was marked by an activity that won him hosts of friends.

As attorney general of Nebraska Mr. Brown was called upon to defend tax suits brought by the railroads against the state. He did so with such success that he was proposed for the United States senate in place of Senator Millard. Allied with him was



SENATOR NORRIS BROWN.

George L. Sheldon, a wealthy young Cass county farmer, who wanted to be governor. They made their fight on the principle that the railroads must be put out of politics. After a battle in more than thirty counties both were nominated and elected.

Senator Brown is a native of Iowa and was graduated from the university of the state in 1883. He began the practice of the legal profession in Iowa, but in 1888 removed to Kearney, Neb., and has been a resident of that city ever since. Mr. Brown has been prominent in state politics for several years and has held a number of offices.

His Excuse.

Magistrate and prisoner faced one another in court.

"Come, come!" exclaimed the magistrate testily. "You claim that this man assaulted you and that you did not even attempt to defend yourself from his attack?"

"That's so!" chimed in the prisoner, with a complacent air.

"How do you explain the fact, then," thundered the J. P., "that in three places he bears the marks of your teeth?"

"Why," explained the prisoner blandly, "he hurt me so when 'e was a-poundin' of me that I 'ad to 'ave somethin' to bite on or I couldn't 'a stood it!"—London Scraps.

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CHINESE ART.

Two Distinct Methods In Depicting Scenes of Nature and Life.

Chinese paintings are subjects that until very recently were but slightly known to occidental students of art. Yet recently light on this subject shows that some of the Chinese artists as early as the first crusade had created paintings not only cleverly drawn and masterfully colored, but filled with that subtle artistic sense that is universally understood and appreciated by cultured mankind.

Chinese temples have furnished the best examples of Chinese paintings, just as the great cathedrals of Europe have given to western civilization the best pictures from the brushes of the Italian, French and Flemish artists. These paintings are mostly Chinese landscapes, although the hunting picture of Chao Meng Fu, called "Mongols Hunting," is one of the most famous Chinese pictures. Nature studies, especially of birds, are frequent.

But the most singular and interesting point about Chinese painting is perhaps the fact that the two distinct methods were used. The first was called the "kakemono" method, in which the view was supposed to be the same as if one stood on the top of a hill and looked down on the painting, in place of standing in front about on a level.

This method, coupled with some queer views as to perspective values, is what causes Chinese paintings to have their weird appearance to foreign eyes when the beholder has never studied Chinese art methods.

The "kakemono" method is sometimes used, and in these paintings the method used is practically the same as in our own schools of art. The finer elements of painting, such as feeling, repression, color schemes, etc., are said by art critics to be superbly demonstrated by a number of the finer Chinese artists.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Another Prescription.

The middle aged man who was giving himself a half hour's walk before breakfast had taken his ten-year-old boy along. "Papa," asked the lad, "do you like such a long walk as this?"

"Not particularly."

"What do you take it for?"

"I thought you knew. I am doing it by the advice of Dr. Ringgold. He says it is the best exercise in the world and every man ought to devote half an hour before breakfast, if he has the leisure, to—"

Honk, honk!

Heeding the warning, they stepped out of the way of a huge touring car, which whizzed past them at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The man who was steering it waved his hand in greeting, and the middle aged man responded rather stiffly.

"Why, he knows you, doesn't he, papa?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"Dr. Ringgold."—Youth's Companion.

Small Mercies.

The young English tourist who had been staying for a week at a hotel in the Scottish highlands for the purpose of taking advantage of the fishing was at the end of that time rather inclined to think that the fishing had taken advantage of him. He had caught nothing, and his expenses, of course, had been none the less heavy.

On the last day of his stay, however, he landed a fine salmon.

"Well, Donald," he said to a canny Scot at the hotel as he proudly surveyed the fish, "it's a nice catch, and so it ought to be. It has cost me £15 at least."

"Aweel," replied Donald calmly, "it's a gr-great blessin' ye didna catch any mair!"

The Chinese Dragon.

The Chinese dragon has the horns of the stag, the ears of the ox, the head of a camel, the neck of a serpent, the feet of a tiger, talons of the eagle or of the sparrow hawk, the scales of a fish. It is regarded as the reptile par excellence, but as a reptile aerial, not making his sojourn but in the highest air, from where he descends, however, sometimes to approach the earth in the case where it is necessary that something extraordinary should happen. The character Chinese which designates it is lounge.—"Memoires Sur les Chinois."

THE UNGAINLY GIRAFFE.

In Flight This Harmless Animal Is Anything but Graceful.

I never care to shoot a giraffe. As a specimen he is unnatural unless mounted as he stands, and standing he would look uncouth unless one found him some such place to stand in as the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

The giraffe is too old to shoot; no one can tell how old he is—much older probably than the elephant. And no one would dream of shooting an elephant were he not prodigiously destructive to the farmer and were his tusks not worth a great deal of money. But the giraffe is perfectly harmless. He was never known to hurt any one, and he gets his living off the upper boughs of thorn trees, which no one can reach but himself and nobody else would eat if he could reach them.

To see the giraffe's beautifully mottled skin towering up among and over the flat green thorn trees is surely one of the strangest and most beautiful sights the animal world offers man. As he stands and dips and bends and twists his nine foot long neck in and out among the armed branches of the tree he is grace personified. I was watching seven of these creatures, the king, his harem and his children, all gathered around one green topped tree. From seven points of vantage they dipped into it at once, stooping under an unusually thinly armed bough bending on another. Their necks seemed to twist two or three ways at once. I had the good fortune to be able to come very near without alarming them—less than a hundred yards—and with my glasses I could see them as though they were not more than ten yards away. But when at last the treacherous breeze betrayed us and they plunged into flight—well, no one could call their movements graceful. The immensely long fore legs are thrown forward, as you see a very high stepping horse sometimes throw his fore legs forward till the hoof for the fraction of a second is pointed straight out in front. The giraffe makes this motion with a sort of jerk at the end of it, as though he intended in the first instance to fling his hoof as far forward as he could, and then with a sort of after-thought brings it to the ground. As it reaches earth he flounders forward with his high shoulders and lifts both ungainly hind legs together, lifting and planting them together or almost together. There is a great antediluvian lizard known to us that had two brains, one to move his body and another to move his abnormally long tail. It looks as though the giraffe, like the long lizard, needed two brains also, one to move his hind legs and another to move his fore legs.—W. S. Rainsford in Outlook.

A Cool Customer.

A woman shoplifter was caught stealing an umbrella one day in a Philadelphia dry goods store. But it was decided not to prosecute her if she would pay for the umbrella, valued at \$2.50, which she did. The next day she returned and requested to see the manager. When that surprised person could recover himself sufficiently to ask her business the woman calmly told him that she had been pricing umbrellas in other stores and found she could purchase one like her own for \$2, and she wanted to know if he wouldn't refund her 50 cents. As a tribute to her monumental nerve the 50 cents was handed her in silence.

Difficulty Easy to Overcome.

"But are you able to support a wife?" asked the old gentleman.

"Well," replied the youth, "you know it is said that two can live almost as cheaply as one in such circumstances."

"Ye-es; I've heard that stated," admitted the old gentleman doubtfully.

"So it occurred to me," went on the youth cheerfully, "that you would not begrudge the slight extra cost that will be entailed as a result of this addition to your family."—Chicago Post.

Weak People

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