

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., IS THE HOME OF A NATURAL SCIENTIST WHO IS AS PICTURESQUE AS HE IS ENTHUSIASTIC

sometimes went from a 25-cent limit to \$2. It was not to be tolerated, so the company issued an order prohibiting Sunday card playing altogether. Commuters can still play innocent games on weekdays if they do not bet on the results.

There are several trains on the New-Haven road which are known as "professional." They are those which leave Boston, Providence and New-London late Saturday night, bound for New-York. It is often necessary to put on extra sleepers, so large is the theatrical travel. Vaudeville players are especially anxious to spend Sunday in New-York, where there is a possibility of a concert engagement. The regular companies, after a series of week stands, are quite as eager to reach the Rialto.

"I came over on one of these theatrical trains last Saturday night," said a Providence man. "I got into the sleeping car late, and every one else had gone to bed. Only once during the night did I waken—when a man in the next berth perpetrated a series of frightful snores. I got up and turned him over and the noise ceased. He did not waken and knew nothing about the liberty I took. Before I got to sleep again a feminine voice did a soliloquy from some melodrama or other. She was talking in her sleep, but I did not dare stop it.

"In the morning the porter woke me with a, 'We are mighty high to New-York, sir.' I dressed as rapidly as the cramped quarters of an upper berth will admit, and was just climbing down when a deep voice in a neighboring upper startled me.

"How do you suppose I'm going to get down from here?" came the gruff tones.

"The voice was that of a full grown man, and a strong one at that. Why he could not climb an upper berth I could not imagine. However, I decided to offer my assistance.

"Can I help you?" I said.

"If you don't mind," said the voice, and the tiniest dwarf I've ever seen presented himself to be lifted down.

"There were five of the dwarfs in that car, and no less than thirteen chorus girls. There were other actor men and women, and the two sleeping cars ahead were likewise filled. The conductor said it was the usual Saturday night exodus from Providence and Boston for New-York."

BINGHAMTON BUG HUNTER.

"DOC" WEBSTER AND HIS PECULIARITIES—BUTTERFLY AND SPIDER PETS.

Binghamton, N. Y., March 11.—Every one in Binghamton knows "Doc" Webster, the bug hunter. He would call himself Dr. C. E. Webster, entomologist, and he might add something about his studies at Harvard.

Many Binghamton people are of the opinion that he is just a little odd on the subject of bugs and rocks, but he does not mind that. "Men devoted to science are always misjudged," he says, and he goes on with the race after a purple butterfly, his long hair streaming out in the breeze and his net flapping wildly.

He has the credit for no end of book learning, has this curiously interesting rural entomologist.

"Why, he's the smartest man in Binghamton," said one citizen, as the "doctor" rode past on his pony, a feather in his cap and a squirrel tail hanging over one ear. "I met him once out on the Scranton road hammering away on a rock. In five minutes he used more big words than I could look up in the dictionary in a day."

They tell many strange tales about the weird and wonderful things which he can accomplish. Some of them are true and some are not. There is one about his method of forecasting the weather which is characteristic.

"He can tell you just what kind of weather we are going to have three or four days before it comes off," said one. "He hasn't the sign of an instrument like the weather bureau man; nothing but an old horse that he rescued from the glue factory, and an electric battery. He hooks the battery to the horse and turns on the current. After a while he begins to comb the horse and according to the way the sparks fly he can tell the sort of weather that is coming."

The "doctor" does claim to be a prophet and the son of a prophet, but he would hardly take the trouble to deny such a story as this of his methods of weather forecasting.

Although he is usually in the most cheerful frame of mind, "Doc" Webster was sorrowing a few days ago when a Tribune reporter called upon him at his comfortable home in Chenango-st. That very morning he had discovered that the "museum pest" had been at work on some of his finest butterflies, destroying many rare specimens utterly. He had not been able to give them proper storage.

His sorrow over this loss got him to thinking about the other great sorrows of his life, two in number. The first and greatest is that every one of his particular associates in the investigation of entomology is dead, and that he alone is left to bring their work to some concrete and definite head. The other is that entomology is "so sadly handicapped by lack of technical language" that he cannot make the general public appreciate his discoveries.

"I am the last survivor of the little group of ardent workers which got together in 1872," he said, "that we might better carry on our entomological investigations. Most of us at that time were members of the Cambridge Entomological Club, and there seemed to be an opportunity for doing a lasting work.

"We numbered a Harvard professor, whose hobby was dragon flies; a member of the Russian Embassy at Washington, who had a wonderful collection of flies; a Brooklyn taxidermist, whose beetles came from all parts of the world; C. V. Riley, who was connected with one of the government departments at Washington; H. K. Morrison, of Philadelphia, who specialized in moths, and myself, holding up the butterfly end. And I am the only one left.

"The professor died years ago from melancholia. The Russian got into trouble with his government and took his own life. My Washington friend fell from his bicycle and was killed. The Brooklyn man died from old age, and poor Morrison, who was my closest friend and co-worker, died in the field, while chasing butterflies in deadly Carolina swamps. In the beginning I seemed physically to be more weak than the others. Yet they have all been taken and I have been left."

His cold, steely eyes softened for just a minute or two, and he ran his hand nervously through his long hair. Just then a beautiful butterfly left its perch on a flowering plant in the window, flew across the room and alighted on his finger. It was a fine specimen of the swallow tailed variety. Strange as it was to come across a live butterfly so early in March it was stranger still to see how nearly tame it was. It crawled up and down his long, lean finger, every now and then fluttering a greeting with its gold and black wings.

"I had a particular reason for raising this beauty," he said, returning the fly's caress. "It was the favorite butterfly of a Boston friend of mine, an entomologist named Paxton, who died several years ago. It naturally comes at the height of summer, and is a visitant on lilac bushes particularly.

"The caterpillar from which this beauty came

had caught a large number of them, and was tired.

"Is this your business, catching butterflies?" the tramp asked me.

"I answered him that it was my business and my pleasure. 'Seems to keep you quite comfortable,' said he, looking me over. 'Guess I'll take a try at it.'

"I let him have the net, and for a time he pursued the butterflies in my immediate vicinity. He kept getting further and further away, and finally put a considerable distance between himself and the tree under which I was taking my ease.

"So long, old bug hunter!" he yelled. 'I'm off for the next county.'

"He started to run, but, seeing that I made no move to follow him, he digressed to chase a particularly large swarm of the little butterflies. He was no an expert at it, and instead of flying away from him they flew at him. Their number was so great, and they circled around him with such persistence, that he was soon bewildered and at their mercy. He was howling by the time I got up to him and frightened the swarm away. He handed over the net without a word, and made down the hill for the railroad track, and as rapidly as he could go."

AN ELLIS ISLAND TRAGEDY

FATE OF EXCLUDED IMMIGRANTS BE-REFT OF HOPE.

It was the hour before daylight and Ellis Island was sleeping more soundly than at any other time in the night. A dim half light was in the big receiving room, which is divided into pens like a Chicago stockyard. In spite of some attempt at ventilation the air was heavy with



"DOC" WEBSTER MOUNTED FOR A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION. His tent and kit trailing behind in Indian fashion.

I found when walking along Washington-st. It was crawling toward me on the sidewalk, and I picked it up. It had been stung by a fly, which had deposited an egg on its striped back. Its struggle for life had been severe, but it seemed that the caterpillar was winning out. I recognized Paxton's favorite, and decided to take it home. In a short time a chrysalis of peculiar color was formed. A few days ago I decided to hatch it out, if possible, and I placed the box containing the chrysalis in a warm place in my bedroom. Yesterday morning as I wakened the first thing I saw was this butterfly. In ordinary summer heat it would have matured in a couple of hours, but in artificial heat it has taken two days. It will probably live about a week."

"Now let me show you the oldest spider in the world," said the "doctor," leading the way to another room. He produced a chewing gum box with a glass top, in the corner of which a large black spider squatted. "The ordinary life of a spider is one year or less. I have managed to keep this fellow over two winters. Therefore I maintain that he is the oldest spider in the world.

"It takes a great deal of time getting flies for this aged prize. There is just one place in Binghamton that I am able to find any this time of year. The spider is hungry this morning, but unfortunately I'm out of flies, so you can't see him eat."

If there is any part of the country within fifteen or twenty miles of Binghamton which "Doc" Webster has not covered in search of bugs and curious rocks he would like to know it. He generally goes into the "field" mounted on a pony. Sometimes he imagines he is going into the Far West, and he rigs up a camp outfit on a drag such as the Indians use. He pitches his tent along the road wherever he wishes to investigate, and is sometimes gone from home for a week at a time.

He tells an interesting story of an attack made last summer by a great swarm of blue butterflies on a tramp who was trying to steal his butterfly net.

"I met him one morning, a 'crankish' looking fellow lying under a tree on top of a hill about five miles up the valley. He was an ordinary tramp, and disposed to make fun of my butterfly chasing. That particular morning I had been on the trail of a number of swarms of little blue butterflies, about the size of a thumbnail. I

the odors of many steerages, the smell of the long unwashed, of mouldy lunches and what not.

In two of the pens men and women were sleeping the sleep of hope. Their right to enter America—the land of promise, where men are free and life is worth living—had not yet been decided. Until the last chance is gone the immigrant hopes.

In two other pens, one for women and small children, the other for men and boys, two-score of unfortunates tossed and tumbled in their sleep. Instead of a soothing hope they were racked with fear, the fear that comes of having to return over a trail on which one has burned all bridges. They slept a travesty of sleep. Now and then a babe moaned on the breast of a restless mother. Once in a while a strong man cried out in a foreign tongue. Every man, woman and child in these exclusion pens was marked "not wanted" and was awaiting deportation.

In easy chairs, here and there about the big room, uniformed guards or inspectors dozed comfortably. When possible, on account of the smell, they got near open windows where the air which came in from the sea was still fresh.

The exclusion pen for men held a few days ago one unfortunate who could not sleep. He was a barber from Miskolez, in Hungary. By his side slept his sixteen-year-old son, a bright looking youth, whose sleep even the dread penalty of exclusion could not disturb. They were ordered deported, and all the night the father had been awake, wondering about the future of his wife and children in the little Hungarian village, of the fate of his son who was barred like himself.

At last he felt around his belongings until he found pencil and paper. He scrawled a periodical note of farewell in Hungarian, slipped it into his son's hand, and risked waking him by planting a feverish kiss on his forehead. He took a revolver out of his baggage. With his left hand he located the exact spot where his heart was beating like a trip hammer. He put the muzzle of the gun there and pulled the trigger.

The report rang out and echoed through the corridors. Before the son was awake the rejected immigrant was dead. Guards jumped from their chairs and hurried through the halls. They knew just where to go—the exclusion pen.

It was just an incident of a night at Ellis

Island. Before the noon hour every one had forgotten but the son who was to go back to the Fatherland without his father.

"The suicide's way may be our way," said one of the men in the pen to his companion, as they looked into the hopeless future. "His troubles are over now. They can't keep him out of that promised land."

A native born American can hardly realize the bitterness of the immigrant's disappointment on being turned back at the very gates of the country on which he has placed every hope. A gambler who stakes and loses his last cent on the turn of a card still has faith in the turning of his luck. The rejected immigrant generally loses faith in everything, from God down to his miserable self.

It was German steamer day, the one on which a Tribune reporter recently visited the island, and the immigrant mail was working with the rapidity of a well oiled machine. The number of rejections was small, for the thrifty German steamship managers have an inspection of their own on the other side of the ocean.

The previous day the island was crowded with Italians, and a score of them, on one ground or another, had fallen below the standard which the government sets. There were also a refugee from Rumania, a couple of doleful Swedes and a few Hungarians.

Woe is the portion of every man, woman and child who gets the "Not Wanted" mark. They take the verdict of the inspectors according to their different natures, but in one respect they are all alike—when it finally dawns on them that they can never become Americans hope goes out of their lives. They are going back—to what? With the aid of an interpreter one can ask them.

"Who told you to come to America?" the inspector asked a hollow chested Italian who was sitting on a bag of his belongings in a corner of the "exclusion pen."

He did not look up, and the interpreter touched him with his foot before he repeated the question.

"I cannot go to America, they tell me," answered the unfortunate, and he looked ready to cry out of his big brown eyes. "Dozens of my neighbors in Calvano have come, and were allowed to stay. They write to me glorious accounts of this great free land. That is why I come."

"How did you raise the passage money for yourself and family?" was the question which brought out the rest of the story.

"I had a tiny farm near the city. I raised the garlic and the potato, and sold them in Calvano. Year after year the yield grew less. I could barely make a living by working every hour of daylight. My children had to work, too, and there was no school for them on account of it.

"In America all this would be changed. I make the money fast. My little boy and girls would go to school. So I sell the little farm, the cow, the pig, everything. It was not for much, but enough to bring us to America."

The way they draw out that magic word, and the tenderness with which they speak it gives one an idea how much it means to them.

"We come many days in the big ship," continued this son of Naples, "and then in a little ship they bring us here. A man terrible cross asks us questions. How much money? Twelve dollars, two for each one of us. It is not enough, they say. Where are our friends? I look for the letter, but it is lost. I try to think where they live, to tell the man, but I cannot. 'No money, no friends,' says the man. 'You have to go back to Italy.'

"What can I do there now? No farm, no money, no chance of getting work to do. We will starve, I suppose. I care not for myself, but my wife and the children, and we were going to be so happy here."

A young Swede sat in the opposite corner, and played away on a cheap accordion, which he had purchased with practically his last cent just before leaving Stockholm. His case was a sad one, for he learned that morning not only of his rejection as an immigrant, but also that he was in the last stages of consumption. It was no wonder he played a weird sort of dirge.

"I was going to have a fine farm in Minnesota," said he in answer to a question. His tense was intensely past, and the tone was entirely bereft of hope. "Then I was going to have a wife." His tune, for he kept on playing softly, took on a bit of life as he spoke of the wife. "There is something wrong with me inside. I am going to have no farm, no wife. Nothing but to die."

In the room given over to excluded women there was still less of an understanding why everything had gone wrong on the very threshold of success. Separated from their husbands for the time being, they are victims of countless fears. It is almost impossible to get them to talk. They have been warned by the men who sold them their passage to say as little as possible. They have their children to occupy their minds and hands, and there is less of moody brooding which so characterizes the "exclusion pen" for men.

The immigration laws were never more rigidly enforced at this port than under the present administration of Commissioner Williams. The steamship companies are beginning to realize this. It is expensive business carrying excluded immigrants back to European ports. An inspection on the other side of the Atlantic to turn