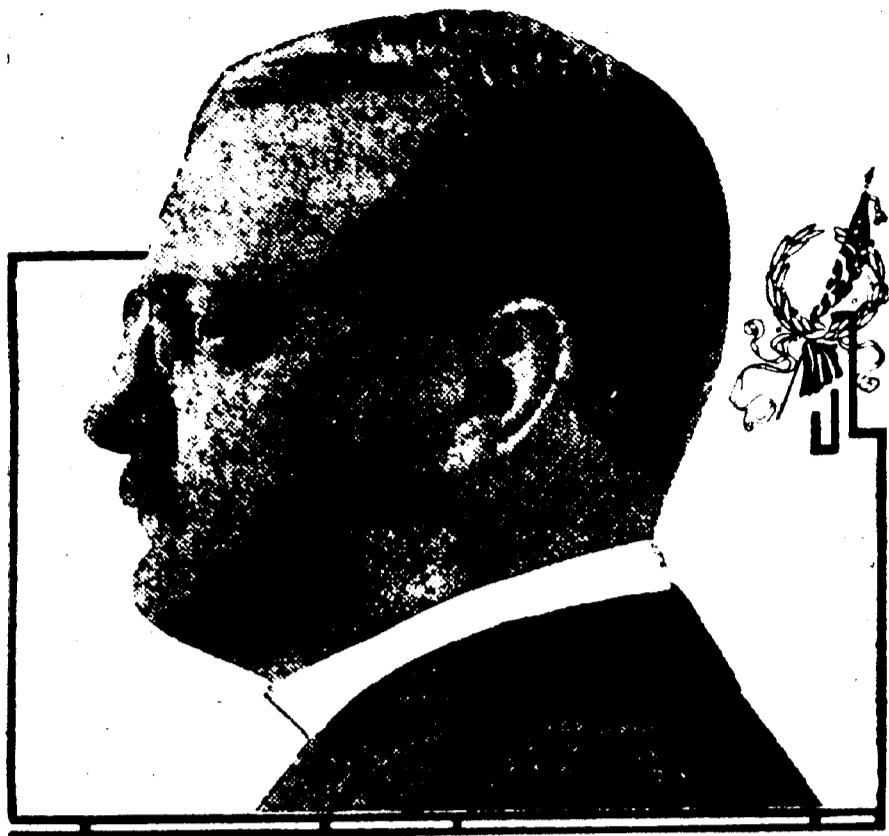


COLLECTOR OF GOTHAM PORT.



William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to President Roosevelt and the present collector of the port of New York...

PHONE BY WIRELESS

New Yorkers Will Soon Talk to Philadelphia.

Antenna, Largest in World Except That on Eiffel Tower in Paris, Erected on Fiftieth Story, 700 Feet High.

New York.—Four thousand feet of copper wire has been strung, forming the antenna for a newly organized telephone company from the fiftieth story of the Metropolitan Life building...

The station on the Metropolitan tower is on the fiftieth floor, 700 feet above the sidewalk, and the antenna extends, umbrella shaped, to the fourth avenue roof of the building...

While the workmen were busy making fast these two wires, an interesting experiment was made as to air currents. A score of toy balloons were liberated and at once were borne away to leeward with the speed of so many frightened gulls...

NEW GEM FIELDS ARE RICH.

German Official Estimates Value of Diamond Find in Southwest Africa as Enormous.

Berlin.—Colonial Secretary Dernberg today informed a deputation of members of the Reichstag who called upon him to inquire regarding the newly discovered diamond fields in southwest Africa...

To Rescue Cook from Arctic.

New York.—Herbert L. Bridgman, who sails this week for the Arctic regions in the schooner Jeanie, expressed his anger at the reports that he would not attempt to rescue Dr. Frederick A. Cook...

THE REAL OR THE SIMULATED

Popular Actor Discusses Question as to Whether Real Tears Should Be Shed on the Stage.

In T. P.'s Weekly, London, appears the first article on "The Actor's Catechism," by Robb Lawson. To the question:

"Do real tears come into your eyes when acting a scene of pathos or tragedy, or are they merely simulated? Some actors claim that real tears do come, but might not this lesson self-control?"

Arthur Bourchier sent the following interesting reply:

"With regard to the question you raise, my humble opinion is that the actor should feel the emotions he is endeavoring to portray, but that he should always be master of those emotions if he is to create the effect aimed at upon the senses of his audience. Unless this is so, a scene of great emotion, for instance, may be, to the actor, complete abandonment, will appear to the audience the ridiculous rather than the sublime."

"The curious difference in temperament of nations was brought home to me some years ago while witnessing a very fine performance of Sardou's old play 'Fernande' at Daly's theater in New York. In the last act the young Italian husband suddenly finds that he has been trapped into marrying a young girl of no parentage whatever—in fact, illegitimate—his rage and grief knew no bounds, yet with it all he loves the girl. The actor wept, and the audience laughed! I presume the fact of a man shedding tears was looked upon as ludicrous by the Anglo-American audience which filled the theater."

A TASTE OF THE REAL THING

New York "Gentleman Farmer" Has Much Fun with Visitors from the City.

A well-known New York man who is developing a superb estate in the Catskills loves to wear his city friends out of a bit when they go up to spend week-ends with him, especially if they verge at all toward the genus dude. One of the chief delights is to meet them at the station dressed as a farmer of the most backwoods type, soiled jeans, no coat, and really more impossible than any genuine farmer would dare to be.

When the train pulls up at his station he is waiting on the platform for his guests, looking as serious as can be imagined, and their expression is a feast for his humorous soul. After he has enjoyed this to the fullest, he takes them around to the other side of the station and there is his out-cart, waiting to take them four miles up into the mountains. Of course it travels at a snail's pace, and gives the victims of this practical jester the jolting of their lives. Also it provides them with a most pronounced contrast to their customary motor method of traveling.

"For heaven's sake, Frank," expostulated a weary youth, as they bounced up the hills, "is this really the way you have to get your friends to your home? Haven't you any other turn-out than this?"

"Oh, certainly, I have," explained the host blandly, "but I thought you'd enjoy a little of the real thing."

Black Ape Helps Himself to Prunes. A big black ape escaped from a private zoo at Pasadena, Cal., recently and for an hour walked up and down aristocratic Grand avenue, causing a complete dearth of wealthy and other grades of citizens on the thoroughfare, and finally walking up the broad lawn to the residence of Bishop P. Johnson, where he entered the dining-room and, selecting a dessert spoon, helped himself for some time to a large dish of prunes which sat on the table.

After he had cloyed himself with prunes he ambled out and returned home, showing evident enjoyment over his little excursion.

The ape's name is Bearfoot Harvey, and he belongs to the monkey colony maintained by E. W. Knowlton, a local wealthy resident.

Their Names Anglicized. Sir William Drinkwater died recently on the Isle of Man. He was descended from a Huguenot family named Boleau, which sought refuge in England after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Many of those refugees translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of their sense, and thus Boleau became Drinkwater; Delamare, By-the-way; Doleu, Waters; Joffreman, Prettymen; Lacroix, Cross; Le Blanc, White; Le Ferre, Smith or Faber; Sauvage, Savage or Wild; Leroy, King, and Loloan, Bird. Other names in course of time lost all trace of their French origin. De Moulina, D'Orleans and De Preux were changed to Mullins, Darling and Diprose, and Beaufoy was corrupted to Boffy.

Here of a Lost Cause. The Polish Jews recall with pride the memory of the great Jewish colonel, Berek Jozefowitch on the occasion of the completion of the first century of his death. He led the Jewish regiment in the wars for Polish independence, and at a later stage of his military career he served in the French army. He was also the founder of the first lodge of Free Masons in Poland. Berek Jozefowitch died a heroic death in a battle with the Austrians, and his name is held in great esteem among the Poles.—Jewish Chronicle.

NEGLECT THE RIVER ROUTES

Writer in Everybody's Magazine Calls Attention to What He Considers a Mistake.

There lies St. Paul, with a ten-mile freight haul of the Minneapolis flour mills, which send 700,000 barrels of flour to Europe every year—and not a barrel of it goes down the grand old avenue to New Orleans and away by the Gulf, says a writer in Everybody's. And there is Minneapolis itself—with yearly a larger store of wheat to draw upon, and English milling competition growing keener every year—only ten miles away from an unbroken river channel. But never a cent is spent to bridge that ten miles and increase the city's prosperity by putting its flour more cheaply into the rich cotton fields of Georgia and South Carolina, running from this land of bolls and ports to the greatest of our cotton ports and carrying scarcely a bale of goods or a bale of cotton down to export. And there is the Ohio, bracing of its wonderful coal fleets, which might be run for half their cost and with greater safety—the Ohio bearing a few creaking, dirty packets so old that in Maine they would be called "old bones," mauling along the bank, picking up freight out of the mud of the shore and dumping more into it, days off schedule, unfit and absolutely unfit for anything like modern traffic.

MADE RECORD HARD TO BEAT

Truthful Yarn That Ended Dispute as to Quickness of Companies in Paying Claims.

A prominent life insurance agent in a western city tells about an argument two rural representatives of insurance companies had recently they were carrying on their conversation on county court day, and were being listened to by a considerable number of farmers and others. One of the agents declared that his company had established a record for the quick payment of death claims. As evidence of this fact he said that not long before a policyholder had died and his widow had been given a check, covering the amount of the policy, while the funeral was in progress. "That's nothing," quickly responded the other. "Our company has its office in a twenty-story building in New York. It is on the tenth floor. The other day a man insured with us fell from the twentieth floor, and our officers, recognizing that he was a dead-sure claim, handed him a check as he passed our window." The farmers gave the verdict to the last speaker.

He Did Not Like the Tune. A poor foreign musician was doggedly wrestling with his trombone outside a village inn. He knew that "The Last Chord" was somewhere in that instrument, but the latter seemed loath to part with it. At length the landlord appeared at the door. The poor musician bowed, and doffing his cap, said, "Must hark hark, and smile."

The innkeeper smiled also, and kindly. "Well, not always," he said; "but try that tune outside that red brick house and I'll give you sixpence."

Three minutes later the trombonist was back again, mud bespattered and forlorn. "You was right," he said, slowly and sadly; "must hark hark, but not always—no. A mad yellow out or dat house came and me mit a brig he knocked down—yes. He not like that tune—no, no," and he rubbed the back of his head.

"I thought he wouldn't," said the landlord; "he's just done a month's hard labor for stealing a clothesline from a back garden."—Dundee Advertiser.

A Long Bombard. An Englishman was once rallying a native of India upon his facility in lying. The native at once replied: "Why, sahib, we are all more or less liars in my country, and if one tells a story another immediately caps it. There were two young men of my country who had a boasting match, and one said: 'My father is so rich and has so many houses that his stable is of such extent as to take a horse 11 months to go from one end stall to the other.' 'Shabash, brother,' replied the second boaster, 'that is very good. My father has a bamboo, so long that he can sweep the clouds away with it when they obscure the sun in harvest time. 'Hi hi!' exclaimed the first. 'That is very wonderful; but, pray, brother, where does your father keep such a long bamboo?' 'Why, you stupid,' was the answer, 'in your father's stable, to be sure.'"

Alumni Associations. The Wesleyan alumni is the oldest organization of the kind in the world, and recently Mrs. Emma Kuns was made the president of it. The alumni organizations take most active interest in the colleges and schools from which they have been graduated. At the Smith commencement the alumni march almost outranked the Ivy procession in importance.

Wedding Ring Etiquette. "What is the etiquette of the wedding ring?" they asked the little green widow. "Do you wear the rings given you by all your husbands, or that of the last one only? I see you don't wear any?"

"You wear the ring of the husband who pays you alimony," said she. "That's why I am ringless."

ASK FOR PLAIN SIGNATURES.

Lawyers Revolt Against the Careless and Illegible Writing of Their Clients.

"Please write signature plainly" is the latest addition to the letterhead of a well-known firm of lawyers. "We are steadily tired of the careless way the average client signs his name," said a member of the firm. "The six nature of many a prominent man is actually undecipherable, and still these are the very men who are busy as to spelling of their names and take it as a personal slight that their six nature should not be recognized. We have several times of late been obliged to insist upon legible signatures and as a last resort have incorporated this request on our letter heads. There's only one man I ever met who took up my criticism of his signature—good naturedly. He was the president of a large company and was obliged to sign many papers officially. One important paper came back to us so abominably signed that the next time his signature was requested it was accompanied by a personal note asking for a more distinct one. The document came back beautifully signed, together with a little note in which he said he didn't blame me for not wanting to accept his official signature—a few little scratches—that looked like a rail fence running north and south. I had to laugh, as this was a first-rate description of his signature."

AMERICA HAS 6,000 DRINKS.

Astonishing Number of Intoxicating Beverages That May Be Had on This Continent.

"We have 6,000 intoxicating drinks in America," said a temperance lecturer. "That, I believe, is the record."

"Expert as our bartenders are, they have none of them mastered the entire American drink question, and they would throw up their wet hands if a man asked for a bak-no-mashalo, a cacasha, a sam, a larangina, or even a mescal."

"You see, all the races that compose America introduce here the drinks of the old homes. Bak-no-mashalo and sam are oriental cordials, sweet and perfumed and nasty, that our soldiers and sailors learned to like in the Philippines."

"A larangina is a delicate, slightly acid, refreshing drink from South America. It is a wonderful mixture of the leaves, flowers and fruit of tropical plants—orange, banana, lime, pineapple, lemon, chocolate, mango, guava, tamarind, and I don't know what."

"Mescal is a Mexican abomination made of the cactus. It goes down like a ball of cactus thorns."

"A cacasha is a powerful sugar-cane rum that the Jamaicans distill illicitly. For one cent you can buy a pint, though half a pint is quite sufficient."

Cocaine Evil. It is said that not one-half of all the cocaine imported into the United States last year was used for medicinal purposes. The use of this drug as a stimulant has increased enormously in recent years, particularly in those states where the sale of liquor has been prohibited. When used in this way the drug shatters the nervous system.

Romanes of Married L.Ws. Really, the romance of life begins only after marriage. It is then that character is developed, that personality is matured, that capabilities are tested. Before marriage (until the individual becomes a confirmed old maid or bachelor), life is more or less in the nature of a stage picture, with comedy and athletics predominating. The most in it is fun and frolic, music and dancing, running and singing, glucking fowers and scattering them. That is excellent good while it lasts. It is afterward, as a rule, that come the realities that make men and women great and noble, or the reverse.

Weakness of Civilization. If the world were actually all civilized, wouldn't it be too weak even to ripen? And now, in the great centers, where is accumulated most of what we value as the product of man's best efforts, is there strength enough to elevate the degraded humanity that attends our highest cultivation? We have a gay confidence that we can do something for Africa. Can we reform London and Paris and New York, which our own hands have made?—Charles Dudley Warner.

Outside Inside. "A patient for whom I recently prescribed some internal medicine and a pretty-lice ointment," returned to my office and complained that he found difficulty in taking the medicine. On inquiry I learned he had used the internal medicine for the outside application and had allowed all the ointment, which he informed me he succeeded in making more palatable by spreading it on bread and eating it in the form of a sandwich."

HERE'S A NEW OBESITY CURE

Women Patronize Shooting Gallery Because Fright Caused by Explosion Makes Them Thin.

"You didn't know I was running a kind of anti-fat establishment, did you?" said the manager of the shooting gallery to a former customer whom he had not seen for several months. "Well, I am, in connection, of course, with my regular business. I have a good many women patrons nowadays. Most of them give me a lesson in marksmanship, but they learn to shoot, but one woman who yearned for target practice scorned the suggestion of marksmanship."

"Burglars never come on our way," she said. "I am going to shoot to reduce my flesh."

"The doctor tells me," she said, "that the only way I can ever train down to normal weight is to get scared half to death three or four times a week. 'What,' said he, 'are you more afraid of than anything else in the world?'" "I didn't have to study one minute for an answer. 'The explosion of frearms,'" said I. "Then," said the doctor, "go some place regularly where you can hear a whole arsenal fired off at one clip. If you can fire the things off yourself you will experience better results. You will get scared worse and will tone down more rapidly." And so, said she, here I am.

"I thought that the craziest idea I had ever heard of, but I humored the woman's whim and helped her to get scared to the limit. I hadn't much faith in that doctor's prescription, but she did soon begin to develop a waist line, and within three months that woman was a regular slyph. Unfortunately, the constant excitement was hard on her nerves. By the time she began to assume willowy proportions they were in a pretty bad fix, and she had to lay up for repairs, but she didn't seem to mind that. The point of her case was that as an anti-fat treatment daily exercise with the rifle had proved itself unequalled, and I now have a notion to advertise it as a warranted obesity cure."

ALWAYS ON OPPOSITE SIDES.

Delancey Nicoll and Clarence Shearn—Like the Connecticut Farmer and His Wife.

When Delancey Nicoll pushes the bell on the pearly gates he'll find Clarence J. Shearn inside trying to serve an injunction forbidding St. Peter to open the portals, says the New York Globe. Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Shearn are, perhaps, the best known-about team in legal vaudeville today. They are so consistently engaged on opposing sides that their tour in the stirring melodrama, "The Gould Case; or, Who Kept the Diary," which should have attracted as much attention as an all-star Lambs cast, was dismissed with a mere nod by the public. And yet it was the gentlemen who are playing the legal lead who ought to be under the performing spotlight, while those who had the name parts in that task show might well be neglected. Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Shearn have fought each other so long that the old story of the Connecticut farmer might well apply. He was riding back from the cemetery with his nephew after burying his wife.

"Well, she's gone," said the bereaved husband. "The nephew assented dutifully. "She kept good care of me for 40 years," said the relic. "The nephew said that was so, alas. "And do you know," said the mourner, "toward the last I almost got to like her."

Soup Without a Spoon. Soup without a spoon seems even harder to negotiate than meat without a fork, and we can sympathize with the complainant recorded in the diary of Felix Platter, a young Swiss who went to Montpellier in 1553 in order to study medicine. He lodged in the house of his professor, Catalan, one of the greatest doctors of his time, and yet, writes Platter, "we were compelled to eat our stew in the usual French fashion, that is to say, picking the meat out with our fingers, and then drinking the broth. In vain we begged our hostess to let us have spoons, for not a single one was to be found in the house, the only implement on the table being a large knife fastened with an iron chain. No one here seems to have ever heard of spoons, which we at home find so useful." Montaigne was astonished, when he visited Switzerland in 1580, to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are people present."

Effect of White Things. The elevated train was filled with perspiring passengers when a naval officer boarded it. All eyes were centered upon him. He was dressed from head to foot in spotless white. It was as if a breeze blew in over the heated passengers, his excessive neatness gave such an effect of rest and coolness.

"I wish I could be a naval officer," said one fat woman to another, "so I could have clean white things from top to bottom every morning of the world. It's the only way to feel as if you were cool even if you are not."

Nearly to Conquest. "Money's everything, isn't it?" "Pretty near. For instance, it is no use for a man to have broad views with narrow means."