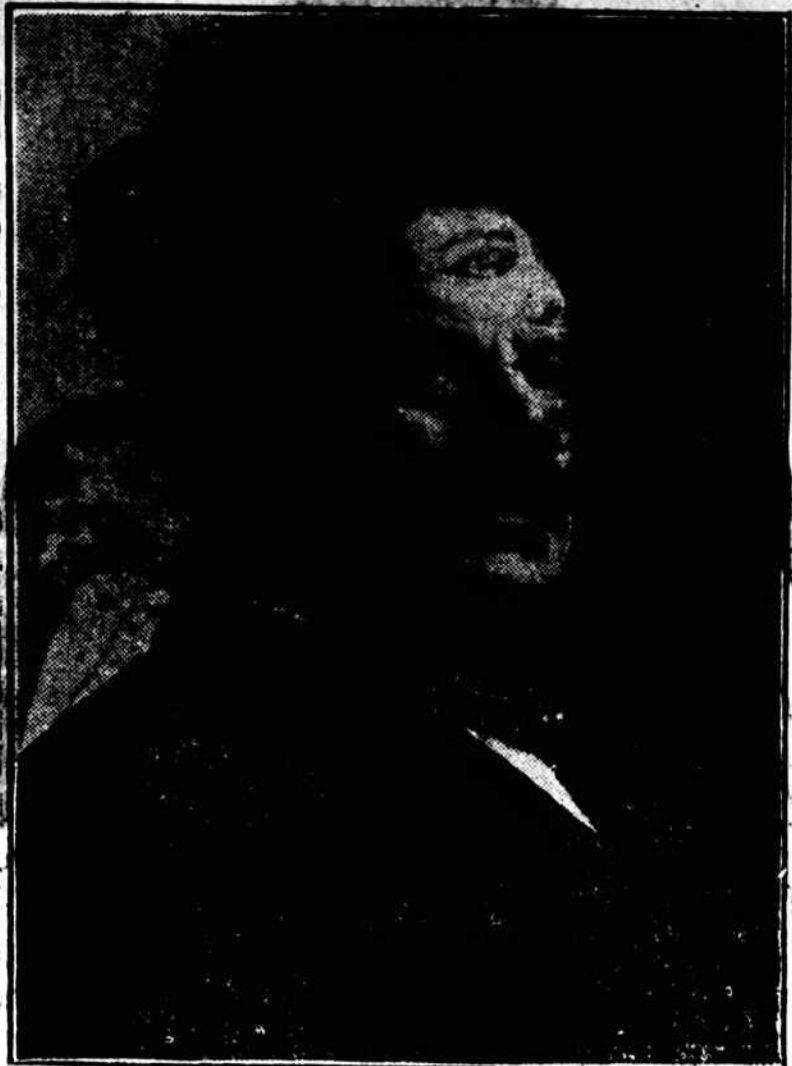


IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

SIX DAYS IN NORGE'S BOAT.

THE White Star liner Cedric brought three survivors of the Scandinavian Line steamer Norge, which struck on Rockall Reef on June 28 last, and went down with more than 600 of her passengers and crew. The three men, August Tornberg, Carl Johansen and Wilhelm Poulsen, had nothing but the clothes on their backs when they boarded the Cedric at Liverpool, but many hours had not passed before a purse was made up by their fellow voyagers.

Tornberg and Poulsen are married and left large families in Sweden. Johansen, a lad of nineteen, is a Dane, who left home to join his elder sister in Chicago. Poulsen was permitted to land and went to a relative in Perth Amboy. The other two men will be cared for at the Swedish Home, near the Battery, until they secure transportation to the West.

The three men were the centre of a blue-eyed, tow-headed crowd of Scandinavians when the Sun reporter reached Ellis Island. They were telling again the story of the wreck.

Tornberg was on the lower deck of the Norge talking to a sailor when the ship-rasped lightly against a reef. A heavy mist hung over the sea. But a few hundred feet ahead, rising high above the water, could be seen the great lonely shaft of Rockall. In another moment there was a terrific crash, and Tornberg fell on deck half stunned. He could hear the sound of water rushing into the gaping hole in the bow, and then came the cry: "Man the boats. The ship is sinking."

Immediately the steerage was in a panic. Tornberg regained his feet as the first boat—the one that was dashed against the side by a giant wave—was being lowered. He lifted a little girl into this boat only to see her swallowed up by a wave a second later. He turned to assist in the lowering of a second boat when a sea broke over the deck and he was washed off with a hundred others.

Tornberg, although a strong swimmer, was nearly exhausted when Third Mate Basse and another of the crew pulled him into a lifeboat. Tornberg jumped overboard again a moment later and helped rescue Poulsen and Johansen, who were clinging to a piece of timber. In the course of fifteen minutes three sailors and seven passengers, all men, were hauled out of the water, making seventeen in the boat. The last man rescued was so weighted down by the gold sewed in his money belt that he could not swim more than just enough to keep his head above the surface.

The boat had all it would hold, and Basse ordered those who were strong enough to lend a hand and row out of the zone of danger. They had not made a hundred yards when the Norge pitched forward and disappeared. A boat and hundreds of living and dead who were near the wreck vanished in the vortex.

Basse's boat had aboard a keg of water and a bag of ship's biscuit. It had not gone far when a second boat with twenty-eight men, four women and two children aboard came along with absolutely no provisions. Basse, confident that he would reach St. Kilda, 150 miles away, in forty-eight hours at the latest, gave them two-thirds of his supply. For two days these two boats and a third that joined them on the first night were in company. The men rowed in relays two hours at a time. About midnight on June 30 the wind rose to a gale and the boats drifted apart.

By this time all of the water and all of the biscuits in the boat Basse commanded was gone and the men were tired and sick. Their hands were covered with blisters and Basse and his four sailors had no little difficulty in keeping them at the oars. The man with the gold they could do nothing with. He was sick and lay in the bottom of the boat alternately praying and offering the gold for a piece of bread.

After about ten hours the gale gave way to a cold rain. They caught some water in the bottom of the boat and got a little relief, but salt water soon spoiled the fresh.

On the fourth day the men could not work more than an hour at a time at the oars, and on the fifth day not more than half an hour.

They had now been three full days without food or drink, and most of them suffered so that they cared little whether they reached land or not. But a two-year-old son in Denmark and meant to see them again. When a man threw down his oar and said he could work no longer Basse would ask him if he had a family. If he hadn't Basse tried on him the photograph of his own boy; or, if necessary, punched his head.

On the morning of the sixth day Basse tore up a number of life preservers and contrived a crazy sail by piecing the coverings together. Late that afternoon this clumsy sail was sighted by one of the crew of the Scotch fishing smack Rattray Bay and in another hour the seventeen men had been taken aboard the smack.

The rescued could not make the rescuers understand much about what had happened. The smack got to Aberdeen on July 6. The boat with which Basse shared his provisions was picked up by the British steamer Cervona, and all her people were saved. Of the third boat nothing has been heard. Basse went to Copenhagen. The man with the gold went to a hospital.—New York Sun.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Tiger skins, elephant tusks, antlers and a dozen other trophies decorated the smoking room of the huntsman.

"You can't guess what this is," he said, and he took down from the wall a piece of curiously woven matting. It was about two feet square, green in color, and five inches thick.

"This," he explained, "is the breastplate that is worn in kangaroo hunting. Without it, the kangaroo, with a foreleg and an accuracy that no prize-fighter could smash in your chest as though it were a pastboard box. This breastplate is a souvenir of an exciting kangaroo hunt in Australia.

AN UNOFFICIAL TRANSACTION.

How One Moment's Dood Was Repaid by Another.

A young man entered a savings bank in Chicago recently and handed the paying teller his book, on which appeared a credit of \$100.

"I'd like to draw it all out," he said. The teller looked the pages over carefully.

"What was that \$45 dollars you deposited yesterday?" he asked.

"Two New York checks."

"Sorry, then, but I can't pay that till the checks come back—in about two days more. I can give you the hundred and fifteen, though."

"But I've got to have it all. I've just been ordered to Portland, Oregon, and I must go to-day. I didn't know it yesterday, or I wouldn't have made that deposit. I absolutely must have that money to-day."

"I'm sorry for you," said the teller, "but I have no option. You may be honest, but you must understand that this is a very old game which has been tried on us time and again. The checks from New York may be worthless. We must have security till return on them is made."

Argument did no good, and the young man, angry and disappointed, pocketed without counting the \$115 which the teller handed him. Two hours later he counted the bills in a ticket office and found that he had \$50 too much. The teller, while talking, had put down a fifty-dollar bill, and absent mindingly counted 115 in fives and tens upon it.

"As I understand it," he said to the teller, "you allow I may be honest, but you can't risk \$45 on it."

"That is the case exactly."

"Please count that pile of bills and compare it with the book. That is just as you gave it to me."

The teller started to say that he could not rectify mistakes after the depositor had left the bank, but changed his mind and counted the bills. He looked at the depositor, then slipping the \$50 bill in the drawer, counted out forty-five in fives, and put in out through the slide.

"Officially," he said, "I suspect you of playing a very old game on this bank. But personally I reckon you are all right. There's your money."

Best Selling Book in the World. The Bible is the best selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade, without regard to what may be called the official distribution.

Every book store which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern, which till recently issued cheap editions of the Bible, said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."—The Century.

Horse Sense. Eat the honey thou canst find; drink the vermouth thou canst not avoid. If thou sayest thou is dirty, what wilt thou say about chimney soot? Even the stupid man is clever enough to make an excuse.

When the nightingale's voice was praised the cart horse began to neigh. "What a pity to lose my splendid boat!" cried the ferryman as he and his passengers were drowned.

When the avaricious man has sold his forest he wants to sell the trees. The bees gather wax and honey; the avaricious man asks that they should also prepare his bread. Do not look too long at the holes in your coat, but put patches on them. He who receives too much praise grows donkey's ears. Spin flax if thou canst not weave silk. Dull silver is better than shining brass. No brass is prouder than that which has lately been coined.—Westminster Gazette.

Walking up Fifth avenue and out through Central Park the Sunday that I landed in New York, among all the varying and sad impressions made upon me, I was especially moved to inquire, Where are American families?

What in the world is the matter with American girls their manners? I saw men and women proming together and I saw not a few children riding unattended by their elders or else in the company of nurses. I saw nowhere what makes the chief beauty of all Paris avenues and parks Sunday afternoon—innumerable family parties—fathers and mothers with their children, small and big, often the grandparents, too, gayly going along, glad of the sunshine, the fresh air, the exercise, and, most of all, glad to be together in their pleasure. Then the girls I saw on Fifth avenue, proming in pairs or in groups, with swinging stride, laughing loud, and talking louder. Where do they get their manners? In Paris, the home of the grisette, les petites femmes, it is the rarest possible thing to see a girl of immodest bearing on the street—myself, during two years' residence here, I have never seen it. This, I think, results largely from the subtly refining influence of schools taught by religious.—Harper's Bazar.

A Man's Feathers. A feather guessing contest was recently conducted by a company manufacturing feed for poultry. Five hundred dollars in prizes was offered for the best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One party, who was probably looking for some catch scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in the millions, the highest estimate being 600,000,017. The correct number was found to be 3120. The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."—St. Nicholas.

A Torse Reply. Canon Melville, who died in England recently, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Used Ages Ago. Addressing the Anthropological Society in London, the Rev. M. Collyer, a missionary, said he had been able to trace the use of the system of identification by finger impressions (recently introduced in Europe) for 1200 years in Korea in the deeds of a slave.

News of Interest TO AFRO-AMERICANS

Next Meeting in Atlanta.

Atlanta has been selected for the next meeting place of the National Negro Teachers' Association.

African Territory Open to Us.

Bishop C. S. Smith, in a recent address concerning Africa said: "All of South Africa is now open to us—a stretch of territory greater in area than that of the United States east of the Mississippi river. The area of the territory now open to us is estimated to be 1,200,000 square miles."

N. N. E. League Soon to Meet.

The fifth annual convention of the National Negro Business League will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., August 31, September 1 and 2.

This meeting promises to be the most successful session ever held by this very remarkable and helpful organization. The local committee having in charge the arrangement of the program for the convention is diligently working for success, and we are sanguine that there will be more enthusiasm in the league in the future than in the past.

A Second Harriet Beecher Stowe.

We have been blessed with a second Harriet Beecher Stowe in the person of Caroline Pemberton, whose timely article in The Philadelphia Ledger has set the intelligent world to thinking. Miss Pemberton has received numerous letters from colored citizens in Philadelphia thanking her for her kind and truthful expressions, and she appreciates very much their expressions of gratitude and good will. Our only regret is that we have not one thousand Caroline Pembertons.—Indianapolis Freeman.

Indianola Postoffice Reduced.

The postoffice at Indianola, Miss., which figured conspicuously last year in a race trouble on account of the then colored postmistress, Mrs. Minnie Cox, and which was closed for months by President Roosevelt, has been reduced from a presidential office to a fourth class office. The post-office department explains that this action was due to the receipts of that office for the last fiscal year falling below the minimum amount established for presidential offices, and not to any desire of the department to further show its disapproval of the course taken by certain citizens of the town toward the former incumbent of the office.

Strikers and Strike Breakers.

Strikers and strike breakers, like corporations and trust combinations conducted in restraint of trade are new forces in the social order, for which adequate laws of control and regulation have not been made, but which will be made, as it is not conceivable that the great public will much longer allow itself to be victimized by organized capital on the one hand and organized labor on the other.

The Negro strike breakers in the Chicago stock yards were "handy with the gun," when assaulted by union strikers, last week. It is the conceded right of a man to defend himself when he is assailed and is fearful of bodily injury. There are those who think that Negroes should not allow themselves to be used to help corporations against striking employees, but we are not of the number, on the theory that a man has the right to quit work if he is dissatisfied and another man has the right to take the job if he wants work and is satisfied with the conditions of employment. The theory that a man may not only refuse to work, but that he may also prevent others from working is an absurdity which cannot be recognized or tolerated without destruction of personal liberty and of business enterprise. This would be the outcome of it if labor unions were allowed to have their way. Equally absurd and intolerable is the theory that rates arbitrarily without regard to the interest of the public, by worse sufferance they are allowed to exist. The forcing of this condition of affairs on the public in the past two decades by capital and labor has been provocative of great loss, suffering and inconvenience to the masses of the people, and calls more loudly for reasonable action at this time than at any previous time. The great drawback to securing the necessary remedial legislation is the fear in which both of the great parties stand of both capital and labor. Neither party will force the matter of relief until the voters of the country compel it to do so. That time cannot be very far off.

Crumpacker on Disfranchisement.

The A. M. E. Church Review of a recent date contains a symposium based upon the following proposition submitted by Editor H. T. Kealing, to the writers:

"Since the recent adverse decision of the United States supreme court in the Alabama disfranchisement case should the Negro still contend for the franchise or demand reduction of representation in the South instead?"

Answers were received from a number of gentlemen, among them Hon. E. D. Crumpacker, of Indiana, whose views we present below. Mr. Crumpacker:

"In my opinion the Negro should insist upon the fundamental rights that pertain to citizenship. He should contend for civil and political equality,

and by this I mean he should claim and be accorded the same rights as are granted to other citizens circumstantially as he is. Equality before the law means equal treatment under similar conditions.

"I believe in an educational standard for the ballot where there is a large percentage of illiterate population, but the standard ought to be impartially applied to white and black alike. It is much better for the colored man that a fair literary qualification be imposed upon the ballot. It will give him something to work for and when he secures the right to vote it will be a mark of honor and will mean something to him. The ballot in the hands of an ignorant person is of no benefit whatever. It is a two-edged sword and he is as liable to use it to his detriment as to his advantage. My idea is that there should be but one standard of citizenship and that the right to vote should be predicated upon character and intelligence and not upon the accident of race or color.

"An educational law will necessarily disfranchise a large number of citizens in the southern states and, under the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, the representation of those states should be reduced proportionately. The purpose of this constitutional provision is not to inflict a penalty upon a state that seeks properly to elevate the standard of its electorate, but to prompt all of the states to educate their citizens and thus qualify them for the ballot. An increase in the voting population of the state among its male inhabitants over twenty-one years of age, according to the constitutional policy, means an increase in representation and a larger share of federal political power. I, therefore, believe that colored men who are fitted for suffrage ought to insist upon it, and that the constitutional provision respecting representation should be enforced as a promoter to states to educate generally in order that the standard of intelligence may be promoted throughout the country generally. Very truly yours, E. D. Crumpacker."

BEATS A CONFIDENCE MAN. Cook on Atlantic Liner Neatly Foils Alleged American Millionaire.

The classical confidence trick has been neatly played on a would-be swindler in Paris by his intended victim. The latter, a cook on a trans-Atlantic liner, had been doing himself better and was too old a bird to be caught again. He struck up an acquaintance with an engaging but obviously sham American millionaire in the train to Paris, confiding in him that he had 40,000 francs in his bag and meant to amuse himself on the boulevards. "Well met, indeed," said the millionaire; "I have also made my pile and intend seeing the merry side of life in gay Paris."

They started the evening with an expensive dinner, paid for by the American millionaire. At coffee the latter exclaimed: "Hullo, I have not any cigars; suppose you go and buy some. You can leave your bag here, where it will be quite safe. But, as you might be suspicious here's my pocketbook. Keep it till you join me again."

As soon as the cook's back was turned the American millionaire, of course, bolted with the bag, but the latter only contained old newspapers and the cook's card, with the words: "I have been had before; you have met your match this time." In the would-be swindler's pocketbook was a sum of £24 in French notes, which the cook took to the police station, asking the officer to whom he told his tale with understandable relish to give the money to the poor.

\$100 FOR AN EGG. Of an East Indian Game Fowl Imported into England.

Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but that is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game hen, which was brought to England some time ago, says Country Life in America.

For centuries the Indian game, or Aztec fowls, have been the very apex of the game breed, for the purity of blood and pedigree have been most carefully preserved for so long that the date of the origin of the race has been lost in the past.

It is almost impossible to procure specimens of the purest blood, for they are treasured by the Indian sportsmen at the highest value, and the best fowls are not allowed to go out of their native country.

As game fowl, they are great fighters. Those who have seen them in India for the finest birds never reach our colder climates—tell of their prowess and unquenchable tenacity in battle. With them it is always victory or death.

In America, however, the game fowls are seldom raised for fighting purposes, but are for show and as pets and hobbies for poultry fanciers.

Forced Contribution. Not long ago in New York some philanthropic effort was started in a church to raise funds, and it was decided to have a special sermon and collection. Mr. H— was appointed one of the members to pass the plate. Meeting a friend on Broadway, and being very anxious for a large collection, he urged his attendance. The friend was compelled to leave the city that very day, but stated that he had given his wife a five-dollar bill for the collection.

As the plate was passed, the lady put in \$3. Mr. H—, instead of passing on, stopped and, in an undertone, said: "No you don't. I want the other \$2. You know your husband gave you \$5." The lady, very much astonished, said: "Do move on, Mr. H—."

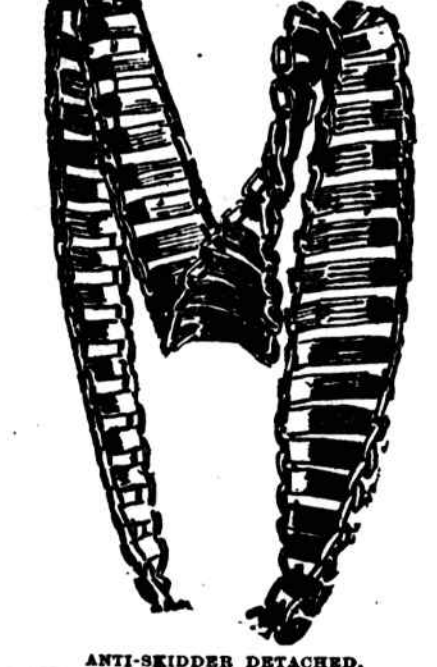
"No," replied H—. "Till remain here till I get the other \$2."—Philadelphia Puwte Ledger.

First American Newspaper. Mrs. Clute of the Petting house, Essex, Conn., has a copy of the first newspaper printed in America, dated at Boston, April 24, 1704.

CREEPERS FOR THE AUTO.

Device Designed to Prevent Slipping of the Wheels.

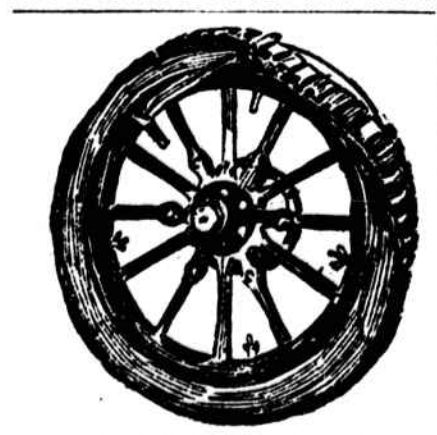
An account of the "side-slip" contest which was held a few weeks ago by the Automobile Club de Saine-et-Oise was given in these columns, and we are enabled to present some views of the winning device. The "anti-skid-



ANTI-SKIDDER DETACHED.

der" which won the prize is known as Lemperer.

As will be seen from the two illustrations it consists of a number of steel plates, connected at their extremities by two encircling chains. The plates are corrugated on their inner surfaces apparently with the object of preventing any "creeping" upon the cover. It is claimed for this device that it cannot leave the tire; that it



ANTI-SKIDDER IN PLACE.

cannot heat, and may be removed or affixed in a few minutes. When not in use it can be rolled up into a very small compass, and therefore takes up very little room on the car. It is said to add considerably to the life of the tire, and to constitute an absolute protection against puncture and side-slip, without reducing the resiliency of the tire.

A Building of One Tree. There is a Baptist church in Santa Rosa, Cal., holding two hundred persons, which is built entirely of timber sawed out of a single redwood tree. Timbers, weather boarding and inner lining are all of wood, there being no plaster, bricks or mortar about it. The roofing, too, is made of shingles sawed from the same tree, and after it was all finished there were sixty thousand shingles left. A sister tree to the above furnished employment for two years to two hundred men, who reduced it to shingles.



TIBETAN CAVALRY. Type of the Force Which Blocked the British March to Lhasa.

TO MINIMIZE FOREST FIRES.

New Devices for Suppression of Smoke and Spark Nuisance.

Among the numerous causes of forest fires probably the most prolific means of all is the shower of sparks which are thrown high in the air from locomotives. Various remedies for this danger have been suggested. Legal pressure has brought into the field numerous spark-arresters, notably in the Adirondacks; but great damage was done before these were finally put into anything like general use. Another arrester has recently been suggested, which is now in use on some of the Western railroads, although for a different purpose. This device is simple in construction, inexpensive and adaptable to any style of locomotive. It consists chiefly of a specially constructed hood, which is extended above the top of the stack, at the height of about two feet, and interferes but little, if at all, with the draught. Its motive consists solely in deflecting the sparks downward, so that they fall harmlessly on the roadbed. Even in case of a high wind the cinders are so effectually deflected downward that



SPARK DEFLECTOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

they will scatter only a very short distance. When not in use this device is released from its upright position, where it is held by a spring, and then it reclines to the side of the stack.—Philadelphia Record.

British Admiral Eight Months Old. The youngest British Admiral is only eight months old.

The infant Marquis of Donegal is the hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, but the office carries with it neither emoluments nor duties. It is an obsolete naval command, which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was necessary to maintain a naval force on Lough Neagh to overawe the natives of Tyrone, Derry, Armagh and Antrim, with whom several actions were fought.—London Daily Mail.

Canadian Bison. The woods of northern British America are still infested with a queer species of bison, known as the "woods buffalo." It is much larger than the bison of the plains.



JOSEPH F. SMITH, President of the Mormon Church.

A Curious Tropical Phenomenon. A curious phenomenon has been noticed in the tropics that can never be seen at higher altitudes. A mining shaft at Sonberete, Mex., is almost exactly on the tropic of Cancer, and at noon on June 21 the sun shines to the bottom, lighting up the well for a vertical depth of 1100 feet or more.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, a popular English novelist, is visiting this country. He is not a stranger here, as he married a Boston girl several years ago.