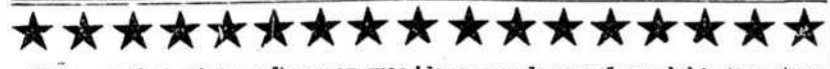




Caught in an Ice-Floe

By WILLIAM A STIMPSON.



The sun that winter afternoon was quite warm, but the north wind, blowing down the ice laden river, cut like a knife. Philip Ross, captain of the barge Bessie, standing in the bow of his clumsy craft directing a gang of men unloading the stones which comprised the cargo, shivered as the strong blasts rushed by, and drawing his heavy overcoat closer about him, took refuge behind the supporting mast of the derrick where his body was not so much exposed.

Quitting time arrived before all the stone had been raised and landed, and Captain Ross blew his whistle as a signal that work was over for the day. The teamster unhooked the horses from the derrick tackle; the laborers gathered up coats and dinner pails, and in an incredibly short time they were lost to sight down one of the city's streets. The two members of the crew and the cook had been granted permission to spend the evening on shore and left at the same time.

When all had gone, Philip walked to the stern of the barge and stood looking out over the water. The tide was ebbing, and the blocks of ice in the stream were being borne along toward the bay in heaving masses. The river, with its shipping, its miscellaneous cargoes and the suggestions of new and strange places the sight of incoming and outgoing vessels were always bringing before his mind, was dear to the young man, and he longed for the day when the firm by whom he was employed would send him to sea on one of their ocean going steamers.

One large cake of ice directly opposite him attracted his attention. He followed it with his eyes as it went tumbling along on its way to the sea, and wondered how long a time would elapse before the action of the salt water would melt it.

All at once the entire flow seemed to pause in its onward progress. At the same time the deck on which he stood began to rock like a vessel in motion. The sensation awoke him from his reverie, and glancing hurriedly over his shoulder, Philip saw that the bow of the barge was swinging about, for the bowline, a thick, heavy hawser which held the forward part of the craft to the dock, had parted, leaving only the lighter line at the stern to keep the barge from drifting away from her moorings entirely.

Instantly Ross saw that another line would have to be run ashore to take the place of the broken hawser, and at once, or the barge would be adrift. The distance between the barge and the dock was too great to leap, so throwing the loop in the end of a line over a bit head he dropped the coil of rope into the bottom of the dory fastened to the river side of the larger craft. Cutting the boat loose he picked up the oars and began to pull rapidly, following out a plan he had formulated almost as soon as he perceived that the bowline had parted. This was to pass around the bow of the barge, reach the dock, fasten the other end of the rope to the snubbing post, and thus hold the unwieldy hulk until he could get a tug to tow the barge back to her position.

There were at his disposal only a few seconds for the accomplishment of his object, and Philip bent to his task and sent the dory out in the river with strong, swift strokes. Then turning the boat's head up stream and shoreward, he put forth all his strength and skill in his efforts to make the dock before the barge had floated the rope's length down the stream.

But, riverman though he was, Philip had failed to consider the difficulties of his task. No sooner was the dory well out from under the lee of the barge than the floating ice struck it, effectually stopping its progress. One huge cake caught the small boat in its embrace, and while Philip was working around the block the tide was carrying the ice and boat down the stream.

By the time he had succeeded in getting clear of the cake he was so far below the barge that it was useless to try and gain the dock in time to snub her, and Philip realized that his efforts were to end in failure. The unwieldy craft had swung around and floated down stream as far as the stern line would allow. This hawser held her, much to Philip's surprise, but he felt certain the rope would not stand the strain long.

The captain swept the river with his eyes in search of a tug to tow the barge back, but while there were many vessels in sight, they were all too far away for him to signal. Then, too late, he thought of his plight and that he was being borne down the river toward the bay with a tide against which it was not easy to pull. However, he had no reason to doubt his ability to regain the bank, and bending to the oars again, pulled his best.

Slowly the boat began forging ahead against the tide, and pointing the bow toward the spot where he wished to land, Philip settled himself on his seat for some hard work. The warm sun earlier in the day had loosened great quantities of ice in the upper branches of the river, and it was being carried down the stream in mighty floes, some of which extended all the way across and were particularly thick between the boat and the bank. Philip had not pulled two minutes before he found himself surrounded by masses of floating ice that offered such resistance that his strokes were of no avail.

Provoked at his failure he turned the dory towards the middle of the stream where he thought the ice might not be so thick, but it was growing dark and he could not see very well. Too late he found that instead of bettering his position he had gotten into a floe of larger proportions than the one which had first held him. Somewhat alarmed at this discovery he wheeled the dory about and sought to pull shoreward again, but the ice was getting thicker every minute and he could make no headway in that direction either.

The masses of floating ice were larger and more formidable than they had seemed to Philip from the deck of the barge, and buffeted about by the wind and current, were thrown against the sides of the frail craft with dangerous force. While using the oars to ward off the larger cakes that came toward him, he tried at the same time to work the boat forward in first one direction, then another, but fifteen minutes of this course demonstrated its futility. Reluctantly he gave up all hope of regaining the barge and directed his energies in efforts to steer clear of and push aside the largest of the tumbling cakes, husbanding his strength for a time of need.

The floe that held his boat swept along in about the centre of the channel and was avoided by the smaller craft plying up and down across the river, while the pilots of ferryboats that came close enough for the young captain to half did not seem to think his danger sufficiently great to warrant their stopping in midstream and taking him aboard.

The floe with which his boat was floating soon approached the lower end of the city where the water was more frequently churned by vessels, and Philip began to entertain hopes of speedy rescue. But he was doomed to disappointment. Each vessel that came anywhere near his boat sent ugly waves toward him, and these threw the cakes of ice about so that several times he fully expected the planking of his frail craft to be crushed. All his attention was required to keep the dory from being struck a fatal blow, and he had little opportunity to signal his plight.

Passed by again and again, Philip grew disheartened after two or three such experiences, and was about to sink down on a seat in sheer despair when he saw right ahead of him the lights of a vessel anchored in the river. The ice was bearing down upon the stationary hulk, and hope rose again in his heart when a turn in the current caused the floe to veer, and he passed by so far away that his shouts were not heard by any one on board.

Then a little further on a ferryboat, loaded with passengers bound for the suburbs on the opposite side of the river, plowed through the ice not fifty feet ahead of him, but the pilot's attention was on a tug and its tow crossing his quarter, and he did not see the small boat and its occupant frantically waving his overcoat. The passage of the big ferryboat disturbed the water so much that the blocks of ice were thrown about more roughly than ever. One huge cake fell directly across the bow of the small boat, and for a few seconds Philip thought the dory was going down and then another. But the block slid off into the water finally, and immediate danger of sinking was past.

On swirled the ice floe unerringly. It soon reached the point where the river widened into the bay. There were fewer vessels there, and Philip was forced to the conclusion that his chance of rescue was extremely slim. But he comforted himself with one thought. The wider expanse of water allowed the ice cakes to float further apart, and imminent danger of being sunk by contact with a huge block was over.

Encouraged by this he placed the oars in the rowlocks and tried again to row, but the floating ice was still too thick to admit of any progress that way. Giving way to his despair he croaked as far forward in the bottom of the dory as he could, drawing his heavy coat about his form as a protection against the piercing wind. But the keen blast penetrated beneath the thick garment and numbed his whole body.

Then a change came over him. Tranquilly he viewed the situation and resigned himself to his fate. In a half stupor he sank further in the stern as the blood began to move sluggishly through his veins.

For fully fifteen minutes he sat thus, so oblivious to his surroundings that he failed to see a tug with a tow of three barges approaching in line that, if continued, would have cut the dory in half, until the hoarse whistle, warning him to get out of the way, had sounded twice. The second blast aroused him. He looked up dully and saw the lights of the tug.

In a second he was all animation. Leaping to his feet he pulled off his coat and began waving it around his head. The pilot had comprehended the situation when Philip failed to heed the first warning, and as soon as the young man began waving his overcoat, rang for the engineer to stop the engine. Then opening the wheelhouse window he leaned out, the better to see through the deepening gloom.

"I'm fast in this ice-floe and can't get out," Philip shouted, but his lips were so cold that he did not speak very distinctly and the pilot had to guess his meaning.

Philip's senses were sharp enough even if his body was numb, and he took in the significance of several sharp orders given by the commander of the tug during the next thirty seconds, in answer to which two men cast off the hawsers leading to the three barges. Then the man at the wheel rang for half speed ahead.

Philip heard and understood the signal and was filled with a fear that the prow of the tug, forcing its way through the ice, would push the big cakes against his dory and sink it before he could be taken on board. Some such thought must have flashed through the pilot's mind at the same time, for he suddenly left the wheel, and leaning out of the window again, scanned the floating ice that tumbled about so threateningly between the two crafts.

"The ice cakes here are big ones, and you'll crush my boat if you're not careful," Philip called.

The helmsman observed the mass of floating ice with a critical eye, then gave another order to the engineer through the speaking tube, in obedience to which the tug's propeller reduced its revolutions until the vessel had just headway enough to keep stationary in the current.

Half a dozen men—all of the crew except the engineer, who remained at his post, and the pilot, in the wheelhouse—crowded to the bow of the tug, ready to lend a hand if needed, for the ice, impeded by the larger craft, was piling around the frail looking dory, now and then striking the gunwale with such force that only the stanchness of the little boat kept it from being demolished.

With the oars, Philip tried to clear a passage ahead toward the tug, but in his eagerness he bore down too heavily on one of the blades and broke it off short. Throwing the useless piece of wood aside, he picked up the other and went to work with that, but he was afraid to strain that one very hard for fear of snapping it also, and slowly the ice hemmed him in. Clearly he saw that it was only a question of time when the dory would go down and its sole occupant be precipitated into the icy water.

All hands realized that this would occur before the boat could reach the tug, and at a suggestion from the pilot a sailor threw Philip a rope.

"Tie that around your waist, and when I give the word, jump for the tug. We'll haul you aboard," he cried cheerily.

Philip did as he was told, and, prepared to leap at the signal, stood watching the distance between him and safety lessen. One moment it would seem to the anxious lad as though the space between the two crafts was not diminished an inch; then the heaving mass of floating ice would thin out a trifle and the current would bear the dory forward perhaps six inches.

With the line securely fastened about his waist, Philip felt a temporary assurance of safety, followed immediately by an almost overpowering desire to throw himself overboard and trust to the rope and the eager crew to haul him upon the deck of the tug. But he put the temptation aside, assured that the older man knew best.

Slowly the seconds dragged along, and foot by foot the little boat and the tug drew together. The distance narrowed to twelve feet, and although the ice cakes were threatening every instant to capsize the diminutive craft, the dory still held her own. Ten feet was the distance when the long looked for deathblow was received. With a loud crash a huge block slipped over its fellows, and snapping short the light air Philip interposed, hurled itself against the dory and struck it a glancing blow that stove in the gunwale. The boat began to sink slowly, but Philip, whose control over himself had grown more rigid as the danger increased, heard no order to leap, and held his position, although it seemed like courting death to do so.

When eight feet away the gallant little craft was still above the water but struggling painfully to keep afloat. Not until the distance to the tug had narrowed to six feet did the pilot shout a loud, "Now then!" and Philip leaped, just as a big wave washed entirely over the boat sending it down instantly. The great ice cakes came tumbling together in the spot where the dory had been. Philip found an instant's footing on one of the largest of the blocks, and was just about to lay hold of the outstretched hands, when a wave tossed a big cake on top of the one giving him his temporary footing, knocking his feet out from under him.

Had the man with the rope retained his presence of mind and hauled in on it when Philip leaped, the latter would have escaped another harrowing experience. But the sailor was slow, and Philip went in the ice laden water, the huge blocks and smaller pieces jamming together over the spot where he had disappeared, and when he would have thrust arms and head above water, he found a barrier over him which he could not pierce. The strong current, pushing the ice-floe against the hull of the tug directly in its path, kept the cakes wedged together so tightly that to break through from beneath was an impossibility.

Quick and strong manipulation of the poles was all that saved the young barge captain, for when an opening large enough for him to force his head and shoulders through was made, and Philip's white face arose, he was gasping for breath. Leaning over the side of the tug the men seized him and drew him aboard.

Two hours later when he had had his bruises attended to, had been rubbed dry by the kind hearted cook on board the tug, warmed with hot coffee, and attired in a suit of the mate's clothes, Philip hurried ashore and up town to where he had left the barge, and found it tied snugly at bow and stern.

A passing tug captain, so he learned the next day, seeing the barge about to break her moorings, had towed her back and mended the broken hawser.—Young People.

There will be a husking to-night. The boys have selected about thirty huge and solid pumpkins for seats, and the stocks of corn stand twenty feet thick, all around outside. Wires are fixed, on which to hang the lanterns of the workers. Inside the seats, the whole centre of the yard is left clear for the clean golden ears after they are stripped. Josiah Andrews and Ephraim Foote are the chief competitors; only old man Denison gives them a close race. It is a curious and pretty piece of business. At 7 o'clock every seat is occupied with laughing, story-telling farmers, farmers' boys and farmhands. Grandfather Hull gives the signal. Lifting a stalk deftly, so as to bring the ear to the left hand, he strips the husks down with the right, and then twists the golden spur cunningly out of the stalk and the husks—quick as a flash tossing the ear to the ground. Soon there is a pile, and each man and boy has his own heap. Now all are at work. The jokes grow fewer, the talk lasts. Ears fly thickly through the air. There will be one hour's pull, and every bit of it will be farmer's science. With all their inventions they have never yet got a better corn husker than the two human hands, with brains running through them. You will easily see that it is brains if you watch that pile. Modern invention has spoiled mowing and reaping, and indoors there is no more sewing or knitting or candle making, but corn husking is, and I think it will long remain.

The kitchen is lighted with unusual brilliance, and there is a hum of business inside. Paint odors of doughnuts come to the champions. If you could only look indoors you would see a long row of pumpkin pies, and there are seven jars of honey, for these huskers are hearty eaters. Parson Chase is here, and Deacon Hanford, and they are doing work neither need be ashamed of. After the feasting, when it comes to the dancing, and the champion leads the girl of his choice, the parson smiles and says genially: "Folks do not see things as they used." "Bless the Lord, no!" says the deacon. "There's no use manufacturing sins. There's enough of them in the nature of things."

The hour is up; yes, a good long hour and a half. The village clock strikes 9 before the huskers shove back from the stocks—what there is left of them. The girls are coming from the house with arms full. Cider first—a genuine brew. I should like to stop right here, to sing the praise of real cider—September cider—made half and half of pound sweets and gravensteins. But really if I were to tell you all that I know, and all that I think of this pure brewing of the best fruit God ever made, I should never get to the end of the dancing and feasting, and we should not get home until midnight. Only this I say, cider is fit for mortals only when made of sound apples, and every one washed at the spring. Coffee comes for those whose blood goes slow, and are already sleeping or nodding. This is one of the fine things about farm life, that as soon as the work is done the worker sleeps.—From "Corn and Grapes," by E. P. Powell, in the Outing Magazine.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is at least one redeeming feature about air castles, and that is we do not have to pay taxes on them.

The kindness of insincerity is like the beauty of artificial roses; we value it for what it is intended to represent.

When you are in error never be ashamed to acknowledge it. It gives the other fellow no excuse for keeping up the argument.

If you want to know how people speak of you behind your back, listen to the reckless manner in which they pitch into others.

The man who is always proclaiming that he is in the right is intolerable; the man who admits he has been in the wrong is charming.

A couple of interviewers spent the night in a cell with a man who was doomed to be hanged, and in the morning the prisoner was perfectly willing to die.

Better be defeated in an honest effort than to be discouraged and cease to make that effort. Up and at it should ever be the watchword of the man who feels that he has right on his side.

There is always more than enough brightness in life to offset the gloom, if we will look for it. And there is still enough gloom in life to quench all brightness, if we are determined to have it that way.—From "Nuggets of Wisdom," in the Real-Hive.

AMERICAN SHIP ST. PAUL SINKS BRITISH CRUISER

Gladiator Goes Down Off Isle of Wight in Twenty Minutes.

CAPTAIN AND CREW SAVED

Vessels Collided in Thick Snowstorm on the Solent—Liner Puts Back Into Port—Wreck Reached For Safety.

Southernhampton, Eng.—The American liner steamship St. Paul, which cut down the British cruiser Gladiator in the Solent, arrived at her dock here, bringing some of the survivors of the Gladiator's crew, who had been picked up by her boats.

The official account of the disaster issued by the Admiralty in London says the Gladiator was beached after the collision. All the officers except Lieutenant Graves were saved. Three members of the crew were drowned. The cruiser now lies a hundred yards offshore. Only her keel is visible.

The St. Paul's bows are badly stove in. She will go into dry dock immediately and the repairs necessary will require several weeks. No one was injured on board her.

The St. Paul sailed from this port for New York at noon. She had only twenty-one first cabin passengers, with a fair list in the second cabin. As she proceeded down the Solent the thick weather developed into a dense snowstorm, amounting to a blizzard.

The Gladiator left Portland at 10 o'clock in the morning for Portsmouth. She was running at a speed of eight knots an hour. Captain Lumsden was on the bridge.

The liner was forging ahead at a low rate of speed, making for the Channel, when at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, between Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and the Needles, she struck the Gladiator.

The Gladiator began to sink rapidly. She hit almost amidships and cut far below the water line. The St. Paul, standing by, launched her boats at once. There was a very light sea running and the thick weather was the only embarrassment to the work of rescue.

Several of the messengers were seen to have perished. An eyewitness of the collision says the crash came with scarcely a moment's warning. The liner was proceeding at half speed in a blinding snowstorm in the Solent. The pilot was still in charge.

The shock to the St. Paul was severe, but no one was injured. The watertight compartments were closed instantaneously. The blow to the cruiser was terrific. Its force was so great that it threw her instantly almost on her beam ends. About 150 of her crew were on deck, and fully a score were pitched overboard by the shock and many were injured.

Order was quickly restored and boats were lowered. The Gladiator could be seen just ahead. She was already heeled over, and there was a tremendous gash amidships where the St. Paul's bow had cut half through her. One of the St. Paul's boats sank during the life saving efforts, but the crew was immediately picked up.

The loss of life through the collision is much greater than was supposed. It has run up to thirty-six and may go beyond that figure.

FATAL ONTARIO AVALANCHE

Mountain Slides Onto Hamlet, Wiping Out Half of Town.

Buckingham, Ontario.—Half of the French hamlet of Notre Dame de Salette, sixteen miles from here on the Lievre River, lies buried under a sliding mountain, and at least thirty persons are known to have perished.

The town and a mountain towered behind it. Spring rains have been melting the snow and ice. At 5 o'clock a. m., as the residents prepared for early mass part of the mountain started to slide toward the river. It tore a path of death and destruction, and those who were not killed when their homes were engulfed were buried under the mass of rock and earth.

THE PRESIDENT, IN MESSAGE, APPEALS TO CONGRESS

Legislation on Lines of Previous Recommendations Urged

Denounces "Sordid Multimillionaires."

Washington, D. C.—President Roosevelt sent to Congress a message reiterating his recommendations for various kinds of legislation, particularly relating to the limitation of the power of injunction and amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Mr. Roosevelt reminds Congress of his message of March 25 last, and says there is good ground for hope that various measures then advocated will be enacted, including financial legislation providing for temporary measures of meeting any trouble that may arise in the next year or two, and for a commission of experts who shall thoroughly investigate the whole matter, both here and in the great commercial countries abroad.

"It is much to be wished," the President adds, "that one feature of the financial legislation of this session should be the establishment of postal savings banks. Ample appropriation should be made to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to carry out the very important feature of the Hepburn law which gives to the commission supervision and control over the accounting systems of the railroads."

Mr. Roosevelt finds there is doubt about the enactment of measures to do away with the abuse of power of injunction and to strengthen control by the National Government of corporations doing an interstate business.

"The President declares that recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Minnesota and North Carolina cases show the impossibility of dual control of national commerce. The failure of Congress to act has left the regulation of such commerce, he says, to the occasional and necessarily inadequate and one-sided action of the Federal judiciary."

"A court can decide what is faulty, but it has no power to make better what it thus finds to be faulty."

In the message the President urges a national incorporation law, or, if that be deemed inexpedient, a commission "in the Executive service" which shall pass upon any combination or agreement in relation to interstate commerce.

Portions of the message are devoted to a lecture on the need of honesty in business and money making. Certain brands of the rich are verbally trounced by the President.

"In this lecture on business honesty," with which the message concludes the President says, "Among the many kinds of evil, social, industrial and political, which it is our duty as a nation sternly to combat, there is none at the same time more base and more dangerous than the greed which treats the plain and simple rules of honesty with cynical contempt if they interfere with making a profit; and as a nation we should not be held guiltless if we condone such action. The man who preaches hatred of wealth honestly acquired, who inculcates envy and jealousy and slanderous ill will to throw those of his fellows who by thrift, energy and industry have become men of means, is a menace to the community. But his counterpart in evil is to be found in that particular kind of multimillionaire which is almost the least enviable, and is certainly one of the least admirable, of all our citizens; a man of whom it has been well said that his face has grown hard and cruel while his body has grown soft; whose son is a fool and his daughter a foreign princess; whose normal pleasures are at best those of a tasteless and extravagant luxury, and whose real delight, whose real life work is the accumulation and use of power in its most sordid and most elevating form."

"In the chaos of an absolutely unrestricted commercial individualism, under modern conditions, this is a type that becomes prominent as inevitably as the marauder baron became prominent in the physical chaos of the Dark Ages."

PILGRIMAGE OF UNEMPLOYED

Foreigners Go From Church to Church Praying in Vain.

St. Louis.—Fifty men knelt before the various churches in Granite City, pleading for work, and when their pilgrimage from church to church ended in failure Christo Antinous, a Hungarian, shot himself through the abdomen.

Through pouring rain and knee deep mud the men, nearly all foreigners, bareheaded and many without coats or shoes, straggled from church to church, each unkempt Hungarian, Slav and Magyar begging for bread for himself and children.

ACCUSE PASTOR OF HERESY

After 25 Years the Rev. R. H. Cotton of St. Paul, is to Be Dropped.

St. Paul, Minn.—Robert Hamilton Cotton, D. D., aged sixty-seven, for twenty-five years an Episcopal clergyman in Minnesota, is charged with heresy, and Bishop Edsall has refused to give him a license to preach because he declared publicly that the story of Christ's resurrection was a fairy tale.

WAGE CUTS AND THE UNIONS

How Mill Operatives Have Accepted the New Schedules.

A Total of 140,000 Hands Affected in New England—Apparent That There Will Be No Resistance.

Providence, R. I.—The reduction of ten per cent. in wages of cotton mill operatives has now become effective in all of the mills of New England, except at Fall River, and it is becoming apparent that there will be no resistance by the labor unions. At New Bedford, where the cut went into effect last week, affecting 22,000 hands, the union leaders, after some agitation and fruitless urging of plans for more extensive curtailment of production as an alternative to cutting the wage scale, advised the weavers to continue at their looms under the lower rate of pay.

The unions all voted to accept the reduction except the union machinists, who voted to apply to the officials of the national union at Washington for authority to strike, the manufacturers having failed to reply to a request for a conference. They voted, however, to remain at work under the reduced scale until authority to strike is given by the national union officials.

A strike by the machinists, comprising a small proportion of the workers in a mill, would be exceedingly unfortunate at this time for the thousands of weavers, spinners and other classes of workers. It is not probable that the mill owners would yield, especially at this time, when idleness of looms would undoubtedly be a good thing for the trade.

There was a little strike of weavers in the Manville Company's mills, in Rhode Island, based on a claim that the change in the wage scale amounted to a reduction of more than ten per cent. But the strikers returned to their looms after a couple of days of idleness.

Forty thousand operators were affected by the reduction of wages put into effect at New Bedford, Lawrence and Methuen, Mass., making a total of 140,000 hands affected in New England since the beginning of the movement to lower the cost of production. The movement has now been extended to yarn and thread mills, as well as cloth producing concerns. Twenty-five hundred workers in the mills of the Coats Thread Company, at Pawtucket, R. I., were affected by a reduction of ten per cent, which has just been put into effect.

In Fall River the sliding scale agreement will expire on Monday, May 25, and manufacturers and operatives are looking forward to that date with concern. Mill men and labor leaders want the agreement renewed. At the monthly meeting of the Textile Council, held at Fall River, the report made by President Tansy showed that the average margin for 123 working days of the present six months period is 84.564.

The last report of the Council since the last report was 62.4% cents. The price from 11.05 cents per pound to 11 cents. The price of standard print goods has fallen from 3 1/2 to 3 1/4 cents, and the price of 38 1/2 inch goods from 4 1/2 to 4 1/4 cents. Cotton is quoted at ten cents per pound, standard prints at 3 1/4 cents per yard, and 38 1/2 inch goods at 4 1/4 cents. The margin now is 62.437%. The highest margin since the last report was 70.9862, and the lowest 59.4837. If the above margin is maintained until the last Monday of May, the average margin for the six months would be 80.34, and this would mean a reduction of wages under the terms of the sliding scale of 13.67 per cent.

F. A. McINTYRE & CO. GO UNDER

Bear Failure and Liabilities May Exceed a Million.

New York City.—T. A. McIntyre & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Cotton Exchange, the New York Produce Exchange, the Chicago Board of Trade, the New York Coffee Exchange and the Liverpool Cotton Association, announced the suspension of the firm. A representative of the firm admitted that the liabilities would probably be not less than \$1,000,000. The firm had branches in Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Hartford, Binghamton, Syracuse, Rochester and Hot Springs, Va.

LIABILITY BILL SIGNED

Bonaparte Says It Is Not an Unconstitutional Act.

Washington, D. C.—President Roosevelt signed the Employers' Liability bill upon receiving an opinion from Attorney-General Bonaparte that the measure was constitutional.

The bill makes railroads or other common carriers, while engaged in interstate commerce, liable for the injury or death of an employe if the injury or death results in whole or in part from the negligence of any of the officers, agents or employes of such carriers, or by reason of any defect or insufficiency in equipment.

Saltpeetre From the Air

Berlin.—The associated aniline manufacturers of Treptow announce a big increase in their capital for the purpose, among other things, of operating the Norwegian scheme for obtaining saltpeetre from the nitrogen of the atmosphere.

Anna Gould Arrives in Naples

Mme. Anna Gould arrived in Naples, where she was met by the Prince de Sagan.

Hughes Makes Threats

Governor Hughes in speaking at Albany for the race track bills declared that if they were not passed by the Legislature at the special session they would be made an issue of the next campaign.

Disciplined Cadet Resigns

Lieutenant H. Fairfax Ayres, who was one of the West Point cadets disciplined because of the overcoat incident there, has resigned from the Army.

Athletic News in Brief

Gouging and biting are not champion wrestling forms.

F. L. Lukeman, of the Montreal A. A. C., made a new world's record for the short dash at the M. A. A. indoor races, Montreal, his time being 6 1-5 seconds. The previous record was 6 2-5 seconds.

Playing in irresistible form Jay Gould, of Georgian Court, Lakewood, won over Eustace H. Miles, of London, England, in the challenge round of the national court tennis championship at the New York Racquet and Tennis Club.