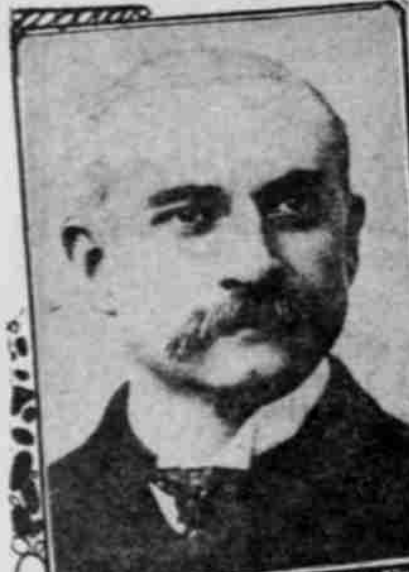


J. E. RALPH DIRECTS MAKING OF 1,100,000,000 STAMPS EACH YEAR

Head of Bureau of Printing Handles Big Contract—F. A. Vanderlip Heads Great Banking Trust—Distinguished Chinese Visitor Leaves—Other Men in the World's News.



F. A. VANDERLIP.



J. E. RALPH.



KING NICHOLAS I OF MONTENEGRO.



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KING NICHOLAS I OF MONTENEGRO.

NEW YORK, July 22.—(Special.)—Joseph E. Ralph makes 1,100,000,000 stamps every year. Mr. Ralph is the head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. For many years the stamp contract was given each year to a private business concern in New York. One day the head of the Bureau of Engraving decided to put in a bid for the work and it was so much lower than the other bids that it got the contract. It has held it ever since. Business is transacted between the departments just as it is between individuals. The Treasury Department bills the Postoffice Department for its stamp work and the Postoffice Department makes out a voucher which eventually goes through the Treasurer of the United States. Though he oversees the private contractor by a considerable amount, the director of the engraving bureau is making money by the printing of the stamps.

The organizing of the National City Company is the first step in the virtual consolidation of banking interests covering the whole country. Indirectly it will make the National City bank, one of the greatest financial powers in the world. The company has been organized under the direction and control of the National City Bank for the express purpose of holding the stocks of other banks which, under the

national banking laws, the National City Bank may not own. Its directors are James Stillman, chairman; F. A. Vanderlip, president; and S. B. Palmer, a director of the National City Bank. Vanderlip is a Chicago man who came to New York after serving as an assistant secretary of the treasury at Washington and was made an officer of the National City Bank. He succeeded Mr. Stillman as president of that institution recently. James Stillman, the well known banker, is chairman of the great National City Bank. He was its president, but was removed of the active duty of managing and retained in an advisory executive capacity. He is one of the three trustees of the National City Company just organized.

Liang Chung Yen is an example of what China is doing to acquire the culture and knowledge of the West. He was educated at Yale and has been for many years in the diplomatic service of his country. At one time he was head of the Wai Wu-pu or Foreign Board. Mr. Liang is supposed to have been in America on business connected with the big loan to China. But he says he is merely here on pleasure. He will sail for England in a few days on his way back to China. Mr. Liang says that if China can be let alone for 20 or 30 years she will become a world power, but if any effort is made to push

her development unduly it will result in her ruin. . . . Some months ago a delegation of American experts, headed by J. Morgan Shuster, went to Persia to take charge of the finances of the Persian Government. This did not suit some of the powers in Persia, and especially the Prime Minister. He fought the change. But recently he has been persuaded to acquiesce in it, and the Americans have taken charge. . . .

holders of American securities had no tip from the King of Montenegro that he was going to mass troops on the Albanian frontier, causing stocks to go down with a rush recently. The Montenegro question and the Morocco question promise international complications of a serious character. At the instance of the Princesa Maltiza of Montenegro, who married one of the Russian imperial family, the Czar ordered the Turks to keep out of Albania. A Montenegrin commissioner in St. Petersburg has been acting as though he were a deputy Czar. There is no doubt Russia is seriously concerned over the period of development from the dagger-repertoire and the Morse telegraph to the Edison and the synchronized biograph-phonograph, the latter being already in operation in a crude way, with prospects of perfect working very shortly.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S POLICEMEN FERRET OUT ICE TRUST DOINGS QUICKLY

Wool Investigation Brings Results as Pleasing to Residents of New York—Underworld Gets Shaking Up—An Industrial Object Lesson.

NEW YORK, July 22.—(Special.)—Mayor Gaynor's plan of sending out a dozen cops to investigate a trust, made the whole town laugh, but it produced results.

The Mayor's order commanded Commissioner Waldo to send out "some of your intelligent men" to ascertain if the ice trust is really keeping down the supply so as to raise prices. Had the Commissioners been in office, like the late lamented Crosey, for instance, the execution of the order would have simply added to the joke. But Waldo is a man with great ability to do things.

In his direction the police department began to revolve rapidly. Within 48 hours, Waldo was able to prove that the trust officials had cut down the number of barges and wagons for a few minutes. They have terrorized their subordinates in office, like the late lamented Crosey, for instance, the execution of the order would have simply added to the joke. But Waldo is a man with great ability to do things.

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of modern scientific progress is furnished when one notes that the span of one man's lifetime may cover the entire period of development from the dagger-repertoire and the Morse telegraph to the Edison and the synchronized biograph-phonograph, the latter being already in operation in a crude way, with prospects of perfect working very shortly.

This is the first time on record that a trust has been investigated by a squad of cops, but the general public is mightily well pleased with what they have accomplished. And so is Gaynor.

The ordinary course of procedure would have been to ask the Corporation Counsel for advice in this time of stress, with the result that about the time the snow began to fly the Mayor would have received a communication in the effect that section 224 of the laws of 1875, had it not been repealed during the draft riots, would probably have been amended to read "any person who under the circumstances it would probably be best to refer the matter to the Hague Tribunal for adjudication.

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That safety appliances pay, was demonstrated in the Subway the other day, when an automatic device saved a trainload of people from death.

A motorman tumbled to death from the window of his cab, and no one on the train saw him fall. But before any further damage was done the train came to a halt.

On the subway cars there is a button or knob set in the handle of the controller. To start the train, the motorman must first press down this "dead man's button," and then waving the controller handle around. If after the power is on, he releases the downward pressure of his hand, which keeps the button down, the air brakes are automatically applied, and the power shut off. In this particular case the train ran less than the length of four cars before it came to a halt. The body of the motorman was found

under one of the trucks of the train. . . . The most unfortunate that the man was killed but his death furnished a practical demonstration of the value of our safety device, in the way General Manager F. W. Hendricks was the Interborough survived up the case after making a personal investigation of the accident.

Residents of Queens' Borough are beginning to find out that prosperity depends to a great extent upon good roads, and there is almost a revolution in the governed section at the present time.

Throughout Queens County there are many homes of wealthy men, and their expensive establishments, mostly along the coast of the borough. But the rich men are closing up their homes, selling when and how they can, until little by little the woods almost reached the dignity of a revolution.

Everyone knows the cause of this, the disgraceful condition of the roads, built at vast expense of the cheapest possible materials, are worse than cowpaths in the backwoods. Queens will rack an automobile more than a journey from New York to Chicago, experts say.

A year ago there were fully six thousand automobiles in Queens. There are at present, and this despite the fact that the number of car owners has doubled. The men with tax maps will not risk them on the roads across the river and are turning to Westchester County in great numbers. The result has been that the business in Queens has been deprived of customers, the tradespeople are complaining, and the value of real estate is going down fast. And all because a few grafters wanted to get rich rapidly.

Meetings of protest have been held throughout the district, but with little effect. The city will have to spend any amount of money, realizing how former appropriations have been wasted and if the cash were set aside the same old goal so there seems to be little or no relief for Queens in sight.

Mayor Gaynor has strengthened his pull with the auto owners by decreeing that the tolls on bridges owned by the city shall be abolished. He takes the ground that tolls should be as free as are the streets, and regards the toll as "an annoying and unjust infliction." The total amount gathered the last year from two classes of vehicles was only \$74,000, and this, the Mayor believes, can be raised more readily by direct taxation.

When the pioneer span, the Brooklyn bridge, was opened, car passengers paid five cents a ride, while foot passengers had to pay a penny. Later the fare was reduced to two cents for five cents, while the tax on pedestrians was reduced to five cents for 25 tickets. In the course of years this foot tax was wiped out, but now it has been re-imposed, even bicycles, have been compelled to pay. Now this is all done away with.

A minister has come out of the West to preach in a Summer amusement park here. And his venture seems to meet with success.

This pastor is the Rev. Dr. Francis P. Egan of Denver. He can be found every night at Painesdale Park, just across the Hudson, entirely surrounded by rollercoasters and barkers of all beliefs in the outdoor gospel.

"We must go to the people with our services," he said, "they did in long days and generations. This, I am convinced after 20 years of evangelical work."

"Science is the real redeemer. It will put honesty above hypocrisy; mental veracity above all belief. It will teach the religion of usefulness. It will destroy bigotry in all its forms."—Robert G. Ingersoll



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunlight or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—there are peace in the midst of battle, in the rear of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living or dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Incorrect statements have been printed in the past as to the scenes around Ingersoll's deathbed. Here is our authentic account:

"Do not dress, papa," said Mrs. Ingersoll, "I will eat upstairs with you."

"Oh, no," replied Ingersoll, "I do not want to trouble you."

Mrs. Farnell, Mrs. Ingersoll's sister, then returned after the hundreds of times you have eaten upstairs with her."

Colonel Ingersoll glanced at Mrs. Farnell, and then Mrs. Ingersoll said: "Why, papa, your tongue is coated—I must give you a lozenge."

He looked at her with a smile and said: "I am better now, and as supposed, in the light of a hemisphere was out."

It is considered remarkable that the death of Robert G. Ingersoll (due to angina pectoris, the same disease which caused the death of the other orator, William Phillips) should occur on the anniversary of the death of Robert Burns.

"Broke," Father and Son Go Home by Ox-Team Route

Loss of Wife, Daughter and Fortune Marks Expedition From Missouri in Search of Wealth.

BOZEMAN, Mont., July 22.—(Special.)—Driving an old-fashioned ox-cart covered with tattered canvas and drawn by a yoke of long-horned oxen, Abraham Redden, formerly a farmer on a farm near Jefferson, Mo., recently a miner of Goldfields, Nev., passed through Bozeman a day or two ago en route for the old home in Missouri. The only other person on the cart was his 18-year-old son, the son of the venerable driver.

At the rate of eight miles a day, they are making their way toward the Missouri river, to reach Jefferson City by early fall.

The old man was not talkative, but was finally induced to tell the story of his present condition and circumstances, a tale full of pathos and quaint humor. He owned a prosperous dairy farm and stock farm in Missouri until the fall of 1888, when he was induced to sell his ranch and invest the proceeds in the stock of a mining concern at Thunder Mountain, Idaho. He had never heard of the game of rackets, but he had bought the stock on the recommendation of a chance acquaintance who had become a promoter.

Though he lost \$14,000 in this deal, Redden did not lose heart and when the Goldfields excitement began, he determined to visit the camp and try his luck. He left with a party of five, and with the outfit at Jefferson City and struck out with his wife, daughter and son in a wagon behind a team of mules.

Yonkers has an assistant to the late Leslie Sanders, a noted philanthropist and head of the firm, \$25,000 was distributed among 27 employees who had been at the one job for 20 years or longer. Five who have worked in the shops for 40 years or longer, received \$2,000 each, the others getting \$1,000.

The capital and labor can dwell together in amity is demonstrated by the experiences of bosses and employees of D. Saunders & Sons, manufacturers of tools at Yonkers. As a promoter Redden had no success. He returned he would retrieve his fortunes. His wife was stricken with fever and died. The daughter followed the mother and died a few weeks later. Redden's little pile soon dwindled away. The mules had died, but the old man still kept the "prairie schooner" which had borne his family to the mining camp of Nevada. The son was growing to young manhood and the father worked as a mucker when- ever he could get a job and sent the son to school.

Six months ago he traded a one-third interest in a party prospect on the north side of a yoke of oxen. Thus his worldly possessions were reduced to the old wagon and the oxen, and Redden determined to try his luck in Nevada. Accordingly, he and his son struck out from Goldfields early in March and have been traveling toward the East ever since by the way of the Pacific Northwest and elsewhere.

Where who have never read any message that Ingersoll has left, and consequently do not have any ideas of his thoughts in sublime language. Here is a sample of Ingersoll's style in speaking, taken from his lecture on "Shakespeare":

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought within which were all the ideas of destiny and will: ever which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness and despair and death, and all the sentiment of content and love, and within which was the intellect of thought, the intellect of intellect—toward which all rivers ran, and from which now the ideas and contents of thought rise and flow.

Oxen Secured on Trade.

How Safety Appliances Pay.

Rockwood's Death Recalls History.

That safety appliances pay, was demonstrated in the Subway the other day, when an automatic device saved a trainload of people from death. A motorman tumbled to death from the window of his cab, and no one on the train saw him fall. But before any further damage was done the train came to a halt. On the subway cars there is a button or knob set in the handle of the controller. To start the train, the motorman must first press down this "dead man's button," and then waving the controller handle around. If after the power is on, he releases the downward pressure of his hand, which keeps the button down, the air brakes are automatically applied, and the power shut off. In this particular case the train ran less than the length of four cars before it came to a halt. The body of the motorman was found

tainly is refined, elegant, courteous and gay. When one mingles with it for a few minutes, one is affected magnificently by its excessive nervousness. From no other crowd does one find so many emaciated, the English crowds have fists. The French crowd has claws, and one feels that these claws would be used on the slightest provocation. I cannot say that our working class is strong, patient and good; but I will say that it is wonderful. All classes of society produce refuse and trash, principally from the ranks of the first strata, are, perhaps, less thick than those of the same strata in England. They contain more femininity, more spite and more consumption of cigarettes. When some, but also work fresh by divine agents, I am sure that they will both give valuable results.

Conversations, social duties, dinners, love-making, the bringing together of estranged couples, church worship, and the numerous incidents affecting a social mode up to the latter are, perhaps, charming yet critical femininity over all. Side trips are taken to London, Bath, Bristol, etc. In the latter place, only one day is spent in the city. The play of Lady Rose Moser, a daughter of a Duke, Lady Rose, who lives apart from her husband, is a hopeless drama and an admirable scene in a powerful appeal for temperance in living and conduct.

It is significant that over 120,000 copies of this book have already been printed in the French.

The Visiting. By Susan Glaspell. \$1.35. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

An Army girl, Kate Jones, idle, romantic and good-hearted, is resting after a game of golf in the Mississippi River, when she sees a girl about to drown herself.

Quite an original start for a novel, is it not? Ann, the rescued girl, comes into Kate's life when the latter is getting bored in the midst of her vacation and humor in the management of her own affairs. The novel is a measure of Miss Glaspell's maturity as a writer. Here is how one of the characters replies to criticisms on that army:

But we of the army learn often to relinquish the things we most treasure, the homeliest for the blindest sense we have, the most precious for the most worthless. I am a soldier's wife, and I am proud to see my men do nothing but the things that count. I am proud to see my men do nothing but the things that count. I am proud to see my men do nothing but the things that count.

Mark Twain and Letter to the California Pioneers. By Mark Twain. \$1.50. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

This almost historical letter was written by Mark Twain from Elmira, N. Y., October 11, 1869, in reply to an invitation from the New York Society of California Pioneers, to attend a banquet to be given about that time to visiting members of the Society of California Pioneers at the Hotel de Ville in San Francisco. The letter is an old scrapbook. It is stated that the letter has never been published in connection with any of Twain's previously published letters. The letter is a masterpiece of wit and humor. It is a masterpiece of wit and humor.

Mount Hood: Our Indians' Path to. By Mary Alice Congdon. \$1.50. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

A little book which suggests a souvenir for a keepsake, or a gift to send to absent friends. The pictures show the mountain in its various shapes and moods, and the message is in fine poetic form. The book has an excellent typographical appearance, and the poem starts thus:

Up to the stars, have we well read The tale untold, and the story un-sung, Can we thy wondrous hieroglyphics tell, Need we some sage to bring us light, On that more than mortal mountain-top, And then thy story to historic lore?

Woman and Labor, by Olive Schreiner. \$1.25. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

Mrs. Schreiner has been well called the writer and prophet of her age. Her work is more powerful, more eloquent than in this new book. She admits that women's present unrest and entrance into the working world are due to an unconscious demand for the higher appreciation of the sacredness of all relations. In other words, more spirit.

Thorp's War, by Moley Roberts. \$1.25. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

As delightful a novel as has appeared this year. The scenes are English. Thorpe is a social insurgent, and his frank, unadorned, and his own sense of the cave man, but he is worth knowing. So is the young lord, Gloomy Fanny.

The Darling Twins, by L. Frank Baum. \$1.50. Illustrated. The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago.

No fairy story. The twins are Phil and Phoebe. The recital of their home life is well told. The book is for young folks, and has a good tone.