

WORLD WAR NOT LIKELY.

PESSIMISM IN THE EUROPEAN CABINETS NOT WELL FOUNDED.

Kaiser the One Disturbing Element in the Situation—France Expects a Sudden Attack and Is Not Minded by the Pacific Utterances of the German Emperor.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.
LONDON, Dec. 30.—The close of the most eventful year in recent history finds European opinion inclined to regard the immediate political outlook with anxiety and apprehension. It is a pleasure to be able to disagree sincerely with the prevailing pessimism and to record a firm belief that the scarcely disguised fears of a general war in the near future will prove unfounded.

It is in England and France that political alarm is the greatest, and it finds a frank expression to-day in the usual reviews of the year in the chief journals. Thus the *Times* declares that the year closes "with the horizon overcast with anxiety." The *Spectator* says: "It cannot be pretended that the new year opens auspiciously," and "grave apprehension as to the future is entertained in Paris, not merely by the man in the street, but by persons of knowledge and responsibility."

The sole cause of all this anxiety is the universal suspicion felt regarding the purposes of a single individual whose name in England and France has become a synonym for danger to the peace of the world. And yet no man in Europe protests more insistently his love of peace than the German Emperor. It has literally come to pass that Emperor William is suspected and feared most when he proclaims the loudest his peaceful purposes.

The *Spectator* speaks the truth when it says that many well informed Frenchmen believe the Germans have decided to attack them and that they will be attacked with all the suddenness and overwhelming force that modern military organization renders possible. THE SUN'S Paris correspondent, writing to-day, after consulting the French Foreign Office, says:

"France is not misled by the Kaiser's private pacific utterances. Nothing has passed officially to confirm the newly developed peace views of the Emperor. The French authorities are surprised that official representatives of Germany in France are as frigid as ever; at least they show no eagerness in bringing officially to French ears the change of soul in their illustrious master."

The best answer to all these alarms is contained in the question: Is it reasonable to expect that Germany will attack France to-day after she is forewarned and ready, when she held her hand last summer at a moment when France was unprepared and almost at her mercy? The time for Germany to have struck, if ever, was last June. That opportunity will not recur. It is now a matter of common knowledge that war was only averted then by Great Britain's firm declaration that she would make common cause with France if Germany wantonly attacked her.

That position remains the same, for Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, has taken the earliest opportunity to announce the Liberal Government's adherence to this policy. In addition, the French military position has completely changed in the last six months, and never was the French army so powerful as to-day.

There is some confirmation from Berlin itself that the German Government realizes that the time has gone by for attacking France. It is reported that there is a growing coolness between Chancellor von Bulow and the Kaiser. The latter sees now that the Chancellor has played his cards badly. Instead of separating Great Britain and France, he has thrown them completely together and has given France an opportunity to make all necessary military preparations. So, it is said, the Kaiser has abandoned the idea of reducing France to impotence.

There is little doubt that Germany's attitude at Algiers will be as aggressive and blustering as is apprehended, and nobody knows how to play this game better than the Kaiser. Heavy bluffing in a serious international crisis is dangerous, but it is least so when all the other participants are sincerely pacific in their intentions. The whole attitude of the French nation is admirable and there is small chance of their being hurried into a bellicose spirit or tactics. The panic of last summer has entirely disappeared. They are still intensely pacific, but are possessed of a stern determination to defend themselves to the uttermost.

The attempt of a section of the German press in the past few days to make it appear that the new Liberal Government of England cannot be relied upon to support France has not had the slightest effect in Paris. In fact all the Governments which are to be represented at the Morocco conference are earnestly determined to settle all questions fairly and peacefully. Germany alone may have ulterior ends in view. It is difficult to see how she can bring about a rupture save by the most wanton provocation. Even the Kaiser, inordinately ambitious as he is, can hardly put himself in the attitude of forcing an unnecessary war upon an unwilling world. Alarmists are justified, perhaps, in believing that he will attempt to create inextricable confusion, in which the responsibilities will be obscured and any outcome may be possible, but if he succeeds in this it will be the fault of the members of the conference.

It is not too much to assume that the Governments will select representatives of sufficient ability to make this impossible. He can, of course, always turn to some other

NIGHT OF SUBWAY MISHAPS.

FIRE ON TRAIN—TIEUP AT BRIDGE—HARLEM TUBE ALEAK.

Detonations Started Power House When Feed Wire Burned Out on Lenox Ave. Express—No Panic Among Passengers—Airbrakes Give Out and Stop Trains.

Express service in the subway was deranged seriously last night for more than half an hour, shortly after 8 o'clock, by a series of mishaps. A car caught fire on the Lenox avenue branch and filled the tunnel with smoke. The car was taken out of service at Seventy-second street. Then a switch got out of order at the Brooklyn Bridge, just when it was most needed for the shifting of local trains into express.

One of the tubes under the Harlem River sprang a leak, and it was necessary to put the pumps at work to keep traffic going. Altogether the officials had a lively night of it.

The train that caught fire was a south-bound Lenox avenue express. When it left 110th street the lights began to grow dim, and a smell of smoke filled the car, which was one of the copper lined vehicles. By the time the train reached Ninety-sixth street the lights were very dim and word was sent to the dispatcher's office and the office of the superintendent on Ninety-sixth street.

In the power house a series of explosions such as always occur when a fuse is blown out startled the workmen in the building. By the time the train reached Seventy-second street the lights were out, and orders were given to sidetrack the train.

The feed wire from the slip of the car to the motor had grounded. The insulation became so heated that it gave off dense smoke. The paint on the iron work of the car began to sizzle and give out a pungent odor. The passengers in the car began to get nervous before Ninety-sixth street was reached and by the time Seventy-second street was reached they had all fled into forward cars. The theatre rush was over and the train was not crowded. The guard calmed the frightened ones and there was no panic.

Sergt. Bauer of Inspector Flood's staff, who was sitting in the car, got out at the station and telephoned to the Seventy-second street police station, asking the sergeant to send over a couple of policemen and to notify the Fire Department. Sergt. Rehan sent over Policemen Cavanaugh and Brady, and telephoned to Truck 25, in West Seventy-seventh street.

The policemen and a couple of firemen with axes arrived at the station about the same time, but found that there was nothing for them to do.

The train crew had used sand to put out the smoldering fire. The platform men stopped every local train and ran into the cars to get extinguishers. Soon all the fire was put out, but the smoke filled the tunnel and did not fully pass off for two hours.

The southbound express traffic was held up for thirty minutes, while the fire was being put out and the train switched to a dead track just above the Seventy-second street station. Local trains on the Lenox avenue line were also held up for ten to twenty minutes.

The greatest inconvenience was below the Brooklyn Bridge. From the Bridge down to the Battery no trains were running around the City Hall loop. Two or three of them were switched on to the express tracks and run uptown as expresses. At 8:45 the express trains began to arrive in a rush from uptown. While they were coming back from the Battery they met another check.

A local train at the southern end of the Bridge platform was stopped and could go no further because the compressed air which operates the switching machinery would not do its work.

The trains were held up for fifteen minutes, and the northbound expresses had to be shunted to the local tracks and then turned on to the express tracks at the northern end of the station. The quick change in traffic arrangements kept all hands on the jump.

Just as the officials thought that they had affairs straightened out word came of the leak in the tube under the Harlem River, and workmen were hustled up there to get the pumps going. The officials said that that part of the annoyances of the evening was not serious.

WRECKED IN GRAVESEND BAY.

Crew of the Schooner Snow Save Themselves With Difficulty.

The down east schooner Woodbury N. Snow, Capt. Warren McFadden and crew, John Kenny and Stephen Howard, put into Bath Beach early yesterday morning with a cargo of lumber from Rockland, Me.

The cargo was discharged in due time and the schooner put out into Gravesend Bay in the early afternoon, about 200 yards, and was anchored there. The captain and crew were tired from their exertions and went down for the watch below. A gale sprang up in the afternoon and the schooner tugged fiercely at the anchor and at length began to drift.

The captain and crew woke with a start when the schooner began to pitch with a crash against a stone pier formerly used by the Bensonhurst Yacht Club. The timbers forward were crushed in by the impact and the boat began to settle. The three sailors took to the lifeboat, and although it was only 100 yards to the shore they had a lot of trouble to make it, owing to the rough weather. They were cared for at the hotel of Carl Pizo at the foot of Twenty-fifth street. The schooner, which is of 45 tons burden, listed to an angle of about 45 degrees. It is expected that she will be a total loss. Her value is not known.

MRS. TUBBS SEEKS FREEDOM.

Daughter of Herrshoff Alleges Photographs of Husband Do Not Support Her.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Katherine K. H. Tubbs, daughter of John B. Herrshoff, president of the Herrshoff Manufacturing Company, has filed a petition for absolute divorce from her husband, Walter J. Tubbs, a photographic artist, on the ground of non-support.

Latest Marine Intelligence.

Arrived: St. Arkansas, Copenhagen, Dec. 12, at 11:30; Haverhill, New York, Dec. 24, at 11:30; Havana, Dec. 26, at 11:30; Yucatan, Dec. 27, at 11:30.

SOUTHERN PALM LIMITED.

THE ROYAL TRAIN, New York to St. Augustine, Fla., carrying 100 passengers, left New York at 12:30 P. M. commencing January 8th. Two other trains leave daily, one to St. Augustine and one to sleeping cars. Southern Railway's N. Y. office, 27 and 118 Broadway.

ZIMMERMAN HITS MOTORMAN.

Elderly and Lame Wall Street Banker Does Up Bury Bad Name Cauter.

Leopold Zimmerman of Zimmerman & Forsyth, at 9 Wall street, started up town yesterday. He is quite lame from a bad hip, and he had with him as aid and escort John S. Scully, Jr., banker, of the same address.

They tried to get on a car at the Post Office loop. It was a Second avenue car, and it passed them up. Two other cars which went just before it had done the same thing.

Scully, who is young and active, lost his temper. He mounted the car on the fly and jerked the bell hand. That brought the conductor, who said things. Scully talked back, and they mixed it on the back platform.

Three policemen swung aboard and started an investigation. The inevitable crowd gathered and the motorman, Ben H. Gaffen, walked back to get in the game.

All this time Mr. Zimmerman had been tagging the car as fast as his lame hip would allow. He butted through the crowd and climbed aboard. He is small and past his youth, but stout. On the platform he tackled Gaffen, who is tall and young.

"Do you expect a lame man to get on your car on the jump?" he asked.

"With hell as your aid," Gaffen said. "I don't propose to take any back talk from a Mick," said Zimmerman.

The words that Gaffen uttered in answer really couldn't be put into print. They were decorations to the epithet "Sheeny." And he swung his right at Zimmerman.

Zimmerman ducked and smashed the motorman right, left and right in the face. It happened so suddenly that two policemen who were standing on the platform didn't pull Zimmerman off before he had split Gaffen's lip and bloodied his nose.

One policeman held Gaffen while the other dragged Zimmerman, still struggling to get at his man, into the car. They soaked three handkerchiefs on Gaffen's face before they stopped the bleeding.

Policeman John Kelly took all four to City Hall. There the desk sergeant, after hearing what Gaffen had said to provoke Zimmerman, wanted to call it off, but Gaffen insisted on making a charge of assault against Zimmerman, and Chairman Uhl Forder gave \$50 bail each for the two bankers, and they departed, Zimmerman to the Savoy and Scully to Brooklyn.

MRS. HOPKINS WINS SUIT.

Son, Who Was Forced by His Guardian to Oppose Her, Loses.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Dec. 30.—Under a decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court filed to-day Mrs. Fanny Hopkins, widow of the late Major Robert E. Hopkins, who left an estate of \$100,000, has won her fight to have the will of her husband sustained after a contest which has lasted four years.

The contest was made by Joseph W. Mitchell, the guardian of the son, who contended that as the signature of the testator contained fourteen vertical marks through it the will was illegal.

Surrogate Silkman admitted the will when it was originally offered for probate, and now after years of battling in the courts the Surrogate's contention is sustained.

The contest was made famous because it was carried on by the guardian against the wishes of young Hopkins, who, being under age, was forced to fight his mother, as it was contended that if the will was set aside he would be \$500,000 richer than under its original provisions. The battle over the will reached the Appellate Division three times, the Court of Appeals once.

Surrogate Silkman admitted the will to probate once, and two juries decided that the will was legal.

GIRL GYMNAST KILLED.

Lena Wirth, Practising in Sunday School Class, Fractured Her Spine.

Seventeen-year-old Lena Wirth of 2280 First avenue died in St. Luke's Hospital, yesterday, from a fractured spine. She fell on Friday night while doing some practice work on a horizontal bar in the gymnasium of the East Harlem Presbyterian Church at 233 East 116th street.

Miss Wirth helped her father, Alfred Wirth, in his hardware store on First avenue, and was also an active member of the church. When the pastor, the Rev. C. H. Scholey, organized a gymnasium class among the Sunday school pupils some months ago she was one of the first to join. She was fond of athletics and soon took rank as one of the best performers in the class.

The girls were having a practice drill Friday night, and she was the liveliest of them all. She went through a number of exercises. When it came her turn to perform on the bar she told some of the others that she was going to do her best to make a flying turn. She made a grab for the bar, but in some way did not get a firm hold and fell to the floor, striking on her head. She rolled over on her back and lay motionless.

Some of the others in the class ran to her side, and somebody sent for Dr. Louis Rosenbaum of 108 West 17th street. When he arrived at the church he found the girl's body paralyzed from the waist down. Her father was summoned, and he had her taken to St. Luke's Hospital.

While the doctors were considering whether an operation would do her any good she died.

IDAHO'S EX-GOVERNOR SLAIN.

FRANK STEUENBERG BLOWN TO PIECES WITH DYNAMITE.

Bomb Placed at Gate of His Home and Exploded as He Entered—Crime Laid to Cœur d'Alene Strikers, Whom He Prosecuted With Vigor When in Office.

BOISE, Ida., Dec. 30.—Ex-Gov. Frank Steuenerberg to-night at his home in Caldwell, fell a martyr to the cause of law and order, which he espoused when Governor of the State. A dynamite bomb was fastened to his gate in such a way that it would explode when the gate was opened.

At 6:40 P. M. the Governor reached home and as he pulled the gate open, the bomb exploded. Both of his legs were torn off and he lived only twenty minutes.

To the first persons who reached him after the explosion, the Governor said: "Who shot me?" He also asked to be turned over, then lapsed into unconsciousness and soon expired.

His clothing and shoes were torn to shreds and his back was terribly lacerated. The outrage is charged to the Western Federation of Miners, whose Cœur d'Alene dynamiters were relentlessly prosecuted by Steuenerberg when he was Governor.

Gov. Goodin has already been consulted by county officers and will put the full power of the State at work in running down and punishing the perpetrators. The best men of the Pinkerton service will be employed in the work, and the Governor and county have offered a large reward for the apprehension of the guilty persons.

Gov. Steuenerberg was 44 years old, was born in Iowa and had been in Idaho since 1887. He leaves a wife and three children.

It is given as a fact that Gov. Peabody and Gen. Sherman Bell of Colorado are marked for assassination by the same circles of the Western Federation.

Frank Steuenerberg was the Populist Governor of Idaho in 1897, 1898 and 1899. It was in Gov. Steuenerberg's term that the Cœur d'Alene labor troubles occurred in the mining district of that name. On April 21, 1899, the Wardner Miners' Union demanded of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company \$3.50 a day for all men in their employ.

The company agreed to raise wages, but refused to discharge non-union men. On April 29, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill was blown up by means of sixty 50 pound boxes of dynamite, 1,000 men taking part in the riot. Property worth \$250,000 was destroyed and one man was killed.

Gov. Steuenerberg on May 8 put the district under martial law. Nearly 600 arrests were made for the fatal rioting at Wardner, and a prison known as the "bull pen" was hastily constructed. Eight men were indicted as ring leaders. One man was convicted and sentenced to seventeen years imprisonment.

Meanwhile the miners left the country in such numbers that every mill had to close down. The Governor forbade mine owners, during the continuance of martial law, to employ members of organizations which had shown themselves criminal in purpose.

Gov. Steuenerberg testified in March and April, 1902, before the Congressional Committee on Military Affairs, which made an investigation of the Cœur d'Alene labor riots. At the close of the hearing the committee commended the Governor highly for the action he took as well as commending President McKinley for sending troops to Shoshone county on the Governor's application.

Many of the miners driven out of the Cœur d'Alene district by Gov. Steuenerberg's vigorous action went to the Cripple Creek, Col., district, and it was at Victor, Col., that in the fall of 1900, when Theodore Roosevelt was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency, these men pelted his train with stones and eggs.

NOT SHOT ACCIDENTALLY.

Statement Said to Have Been Made by Horner Before He Died.

NORTPORT, L. I., Dec. 30.—A statement came to light through the Rev. Dr. Charles Craig to-day that Bartley T. Horner, who was killed by a bullet from the hands of a Dentist Simpson, his son-in-law, told a physician before he died that he was not shot accidentally. The feeling is strong here against the dentist.

The funeral of Horner will take place from the house to-morrow afternoon. The Rev. E. C. Platt, pastor of the Episcopal church here, will officiate. After the services the body will be taken to Huntington and placed in a vault, where it will remain until a tomb is built on the family plot in the Northport cemetery. The body will be taken to Huntington because there is no receiving vault in the cemetery here.

Mr. Horner was an advocate of cremation, and had often expressed the desire that his body be reduced to ashes, but his wishes will not be carried out, owing to the opposition of his wife.

Dr. Simpson, who was taken last evening to the county jail in Riverhead to await arraignment before Justice of the Peace Charles Partridge on Tuesday next, has retained a New York lawyer named Wilkinson as his counsel. Mr. Wilkinson is said to be the lawyer whom Simpson consulted about the expressed determination of his father-in-law, Mr. Horner, to make a will putting his property in a trust fund so that the son-in-law could not get possession of any part of the estate.

30 IN PERIL ON SCHOONER.

One Hundred Life Savers on Shore Unable to Lend Assistance.

BANDON, Ore., Dec. 30.—Buffeted by heavy seas and a fierce storm, the three masted schooner Advance is on the rocks at the mouth of the Coquille River and is apparently about to go to pieces.

Thirty men on the schooner seem doomed. Volunteers have tried a dozen times to send the men on the schooner to safety, but each time the craft has been overturned a few hundred yards from shore. The life savers are continuing their efforts, and a glass shows that the men on the schooner have prepared to launch a raft. It is believed, however, that no raft could live through such a storm.

Aid has been summoned from seamen all along the coast. More than a hundred men are on the shore expecting the schooner to go to pieces at any time.

FLORIDA'S FAMOUS TRAINS.

"Fla. & West Indian Ltd., 925 A. M. A. C. E. Express, 9:25 P. M. Unexcelled service via Penn. & Atlantic Coast Line, 11:01 P. M. N. Y. Adv.

TWENTY PASSENGERS HURT.

Trolley Car Between Hackensack and Passaic Boils Over.

An electric car ran wild down a hill between Passaic and Hackensack last night about 7 o'clock, and took Stone House curve at such speed that the car was wrenched from the trucks, and keeping its direction, shot off on the roadside and turned over on its side.

It was well filled with passengers. Some were hanging to straps, and this is thought to have saved them and others from a bad jamming when the car tipped over. About twenty passengers were injured, none seriously, except perhaps Louis Levy of Second street, Passaic, whose back was strained and bruised. He was taken to the hospital.

Agnes Caldwell and Lizzie Van Pelt suffered head contusions, but went home in one of the carriages which had been sent to the scene.

The motorman, Clark, was thrown over the dashboard and the conductor, Gray-shack, was driven through the glass of the door. They telephoned to the company's office for help, and an emergency car with several surgeons responded. Most of the passengers were helped out by the doors and the rest by the windows.

EQUITABLE CLERKS DISMISSED.

Leaders in Movement for More Pay for Overtime Lose Jobs.

A demand by clerks of the Equitable Life Assurance Society for more liberal pay resulted in the dismissal yesterday of three of the leaders in the movement.

The clerks have been kept at their desks after hours considerably of late owing to the demands for statements made by the Armstrong committee. For this extra service they have received from the new management only "supper money." The old management of the Equitable used to pay a liberal allowance whenever two clerks worked a little over time. Now there is an organized cry for the "good old days."

RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

First Alarm of Fire to Extinguish It When Dr. Jamison Got Scared.

The reflection of a ray of sunlight on the window panes in the rear of a house on West Forty-sixth street yesterday afternoon made Dr. A. B. Jamison of 43 West Forty-fifth street, who was looking out of a back room in his house, think there was a fire across the way. He ran out into Forty-sixth street and started calling "Fire!"

A man named John Braun, who was passing, took up the cry and ran to the fire alarm box at Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street. Braun turned in an alarm, and inasmuch as Sherry's and Delmonico's are as well as the homes of many wealthy persons in the neighborhood, there was a rapid and full turnout of fire fighting apparatus.

Deputy Chief Langford, after looking in vain for a fire, went to the room from which Dr. Jamison thought he saw the blaze and then the phenomenon was explained.

KAISER MUST HAVE A LICENSE.

Pays Fifteen Marks for the Privilege of Shooting.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN.
LONDON, Dec. 30.—The German papers have recently been engaged in a heated discussion as to whether the Kaiser is compelled to carry a shooting license. The point has now been settled by the newspaper *Wild und Hund* publishing an actual copy of the following license:

"Valid for one year; twelve months shooting license for his Majesty, the Kaiser and King, living and being good from December 1, 1903, till November, 1904. (Signed)," etc.

LAND GRABBERS CONVICTED.

Two in Colorado and Two in South Dakota Sentenced to Prison.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—The Secretary of the Interior is advised that A. A. McKean, District County Clerk of Yuma county, Col., indicted for fraudulently securing timber culture entries in the Akron land district, has been found guilty as charged on sixteen counts of the indictment, and has been sentenced to a term of two years at hard labor in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan.; that the case against D. W. Irwin and others on similar charges has been set for trial on January 19 and 20, 1903.

In the case of Stearns and Hornsell, indicted on the charge of having secured fraudulent entries for lands in Pierre and Chamberlain land districts, South Dakota, the trial resulted in the conviction of both, and Stearns was sentenced to one year and six months in the State prison at Stillwater and to pay a fine of \$1,000, and Hornsell was sentenced to nine months in prison and to pay a fine of \$500.

Reports from a number of special agents in other localities indicate that many persons will be brought to trial within the next few weeks for violating the land laws.

TEST OF STOCK TRANSFER TAX.

Appellate Judges Tied, It Is Supposed—Reargument Ordered.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court ordered yesterday a reargument of the stock transfer tax case, in which Albert J. Hatch, a broker, in a test case, sued out a writ of habeas corpus because of his arrest for failing to pay the tax on sales or transfers of stocks which went into operation on June 1. The reargument will take place in the second week of January.

Supreme Court Justice Clarke upheld the validity of the tax law, and four justices of the Appellate Court heard the appeal. In view of the reargument order it is presumed that there was a tie.

PRESIDENT WROTE TO FITZ.

Sent Holiday Greetings to the Former Champion Prizefighter.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—In explanation of the report that President Roosevelt wrote a letter to Bob Fitzsimmons expressing his sympathy with the pugilist in his recent defeat, it was admitted at the White House to-day that the President had sent a letter. It was denied, however, that the President had made any reference to the fight in which Fitzsimmons lost. The letter was a brief one, conveying holiday greetings. A year ago Bob sent the President a horsehoe inkstand made with his own hands.

BINGHAM GLAD IT'S A FIGHT.

"I'M STILL YOUNG AND I'M ALL FOR IT," SAYS HE.

New Police Commissioner Says He and Secretary Blatter Will Work Like the Devil—Retired General Is Not Afraid of Slang and Smokes Strong Tobacco.

When lightning struck Brig.-Gen. Theodore Bingham, U. S. A., retired, in the form of a telegram from Mayor McClellan offering him a job he was in Boston spending the holidays with his only son, who is a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He hurried to New York to see what it meant, and the Mayor came out with it. He wanted Gen. Bingham for Police Commissioner. These are said to have been the words passed on that historic occasion:

"It's a hard job," said the Mayor.

"I know it," said Gen. Bingham.

"Are you willing to tackle it?" asked the Mayor, anxiously.

"Oh, hell, yes," said Gen. Bingham. He had already accepted the job, the General moved himself and his traps up to Bronxville, so that he would be outside of the corporate limits of New York while he waited. He put up at the Hotel Gramatan, but the newspapers and the messengers found him.

All day long, when he wasn't telling a reporter that he didn't know yet what his policy would be, he was opening telegrams from every part of the country where his wanderings as an army officer have taken him.

It was 6 o'clock, the end of a long day's work, such as it was, when Gen. Bingham toiled up the steps from the smoking room of the Gramatan to the lobby. He hasn't learned yet to manage his cork leg very well, and he is painfully lame.

No one would ever pick him for a retired General. He looks too young. He is tall and thin, and when he stands so that his lameness doesn't show his whole appearance is athletic. It is a clean cut, military face, decidedly handsome in a masculine kind of way. His eyes are large, wide open and dark blue, his nose slightly aquiline and aggressive, and his lips, under a cropped sandy mustache, are full and firm. He has a fighting chin, square and well set, and with the shade of a dimple. His sandy hair doesn't show the first trace of gray, and there is not a line in his face. He looks you straight in the eye, and speaks with the manner of a man who was never afraid of anything, least of all, of you, and doesn't expect you to be afraid of him. A reporter just departing from his presence expressed it inelegantly in passing:

"He's surely got guts," he said.

He navigated to a sofa with the help of his cane.

"I'm sorry I haven't a cigar to offer you," he said. "Fact is, I smoke this—and he pulled a briar pipe, black with use, which he loaded with a plebeian brand of army tobacco that sells at five cents the sack.

"And now I suppose you want to know about my policy," he said. "You all wanted to know that. Well, as I've had about twenty-four hours to think it over, and as I don't know a New York policeman, I haven't any policy. I've just had news from D. G. Slattery that he's willing to be secretary. And all I can say is what I said to him:

"We'll go ahead with this thing and work like the devil!"

"I know it's a hard job, and, do you know, I'm glad of it."

"You see," went on Gen. Bingham, blowing a comfortable cloud of smoke. "When that derriek fell on me and left me with this bad hip—the General isn't afraid of slang—it was an argument for awhile between me and fate as to whether I stay on this side of the Atlantic at all. While I was getting well I sized it up. There I was, retired at 47 on half a General's pay. Nothing to do, if I wanted, but loaf the rest of my life.

"I saw a story about Gen. Jake Smith the other day. He's in just my fix. Smith said that he had to live abroad because this country is no place for a man to loaf in. I agree with that. I'm also aware of the fact that it's no place