PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, GOVERNORS AND GUESTS AT NATURAL RESOURCE CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON---MOST NOTABLE GROUP OF UNITED STATES PUBLIC MEN EVER PHOTOGRAPHED

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First row (seated), from left to right: Gov. Harris of Ohio, Gov. Hughes of New York, Gov. Davidson of Wisconsin, Andrew Carnegie, William Jennings Bryan, James J. Hill, John Mitchell, President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Justice Brewer, Mr. Justice White, Mr. Justice McKenna, Mr. Justice Holmes, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Moody, Secretary Cortelyou.

Second row (standing), from left to right: Gov. Post of Porto Rico, Gov. Proctor of Vermont, Gov. Fort of New Jersey, Gov. Blanchard of Louisiana, Gov. Burke of North Dakota, Gov. Folk of Missouri, Mr. Norris of Montana, Gov. Hoch of Kansas, Gov. Woodruff of Connecticut, Gov. Higgins of Rhode Island, Gov. Glenn of North Carolina, Gov. Deneen of Illinois, Gov. Warner of Michigan, Gov. Hanly of Indiana, Gov. Comer of Alabama, Gov. Brooks of Wyoming, Gov. Buchtel of Colorado, Gov. Gooding of Idaho, Gov. Noel of Mississippi.

Third row, left to right: Gen. Mackenzie, chief of engineers of the army, Congressman Burton of Ohio, Senator Bankhead, Dr. Magee of the agricultural department, Gov. Kibbey of Arizona, Gov. Ansel of South Carolina, Gov. Cutler of Utah, Gov. Lea of Delaware, Gov. Dawson of West Virginia, Gov. Floyd of New Hampshire, Gov. Wilson of Kentucky, Gov. Swanson of Virginia, Gov. Crawford of South Dakota, Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania, ex-Gov. Hill of Maine.

Fourth row, left to right: Mr. Shipp, secretary of the conference, Gifford Pinchot, chief of bureau of forestry, Herbert Knox Smith, F. H. Newell, chief of the United States reclamation service, Henry T. Clark, Thomas Pence, Gov. Currey of New Mexico, Gov. Johnson of Minnesota.

TAMMANY TO MOVE

MORE CENTRAL LOCATION DESIRED BY ORGANIZATION.

Present Quarters Have Been Occupied by the Democratic Body Since 1868—One National Convention Held There.

New York.—Tammany is to leave its historic home in East Fourteenth street and move uptown.

A movement quietly began several weeks ago among the sachems of the Tammany society for the sale of the old building and the purchase of a modern, up-to-date one in the center of activity is expected to reach a definite stage soon. Charles F. Murphy favors the change, it is said.

One of the reasons of the secrecy observed was that agents might quietly look for a site. It is intimated that options have been taken on two or three. It is expected that it will take at least a year to erect a building suitable to the needs of the Tammany society and of Tammany hall. It is the present intention of the sachems to

Present Tammany Hall.

erect a large modern hall which can be hired out for public meetings and social gatherings.

Those advocating the change insist that it will be very profitable to Tammany. There has been recently a great demand for the property on which Tammany hall, Pastor's theater and the Academy of Music stand as sites for modern buildings. If Tammany moves, Pastor's theater, owned by the society, would have to go also, and it is regarded as certain that the entire block fronting on East Fourteenth street would be purchased and modern buildings erected upon it.

The main inducement to the change is that Tammany hall is no longer centrally located. A site not lower than Thirty-fifth street and perhaps even north of Forty-second street, is desired.

The existing building has been the home of Tammany since 1868, when the organization moved from its old quarters where is now the New York Sun building. The removal was marked by a notable parade of the braves. In 1868 the only Democratic national convention ever held in this city was held in the present building. Horatio Seymour, who had declared

Quarters of Tammany Hall from 1812 to 1868.

on the platform of the convention that he was not a candidate, was nominated for president.

Puzzling Problem Solved.

In these days of the perplexing servant girl question and the can't-keep-the-cook joke it is interesting to note that there are some striking exceptions to the general rule. The Chicago School of Domestic Arts and Sciences at its recent annual meeting presented a gold medal to a maid who has served continuously in one family for 34 years, and placed on a roll of honor the names of ten others who have kept one place for from 11 to 20 years. Mrs. Nelson Thomasson, the lucky employer of the prize winner, said: "In my opinion, the servant problem would be solved speedily if the old-time affection between servant and employer could be revived. Eliza stays with us because she likes us and we like her. She is one of the family. She has risen above rules and regulations, which are as unnecessary in her case as they would be in mine. She goes out when she thinks it convenient and stays in when she thinks it advisable. When she sees work to be done she does it."

Wherein We Differ.

The duchess of Marlborough, at the dinner given in New York in honor of Mrs. Humphry Ward, said: "From earliest childhood English women are made to feel the obligations of individual responsibility and society itself demands adequate fulfillment. It is this sense of obligation that we American women should foster and develop."

No Wonder.

Mrs. Bacon—I never did like the Chinese, no how!

Mr. Bacon—What's the matter now, pray?

"Why, this paper says, according to Chinese law a wife who is too talkative may be divorced."—Yonkers Statesman.

Human Nature—Yankee Style.

He is a singular man, indeed,
Who does not feel a thrill of pride
Or look with joy upon his boy
Who has, through having blandly lied,
Palmed off an old knife with one blade
For something better, in a trade.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CIRCUS RESCUE

By HUGH PENDEXTER

He Had a Message for the Don Hidalgo Tiberius.

TIB and I met at the pier the circus boss just returned from England, and before the cab had landed us at the Broadway office we had consented to engineer a brand-new deal, twofold in its incentive. First, we were to escort a slap-bang animal show around the southwestern circuit, penetrating the home of the frijoles and tortillas, and wrench from the childish grasp of the Aztecs enough crude silver to pay expenses. We were to go to Chihuahua, and possibly farther. Secondly, we were to pick up a troupe of bull-fighters and Mazeppa-like dons for a big wild-west show. The latter was the real object, only we wished to invade the firesides of the Montezumas in an off-handed manner, with our mission slightly disguised.

"Well, everything went along in the rut of dull routine until after we left El Paso. Then the curiosity of the mestizos, who form one-half of the population of old Mexico, and who, by the way, are in a state of slavery but slightly removed from the conditions after the Spanish Mayflower tripped into the coast, began to furnish us with annoyance.

"However, we had been chambermaids too long to such outfits as our show to be bothered extensively, and although pestered we retained our health and several colonies of fleas, and had exhausted Chihuahua, and were about to close with a tempting offer to show for the winter in Mexico City, when a sun-kissed peon, with a large quantity of aguardiente concealed about his person, came to our show-tent and tried to bite his way by the rotund Vermont man without crossing our palms with silver. That's largely metaphor, as we let them in for what they had, except the alcalde, who entered deadhead. 'Take what you can,' was our motto; but the half-breed forestalled a shake-down by explaining, in badly-fractured English, that he had a message for Don Hidalgo Tiberio, which he would only deliver in return for a front seat. It was written by an Americano, he said, who was in Quelta, an adjacent town.

"We yanked him within the portals and placed him perilously near the hyena's cage, and then received the note. I could see Tib was worked up over the contents, for his round face was drawn down in four curves as he digested it.

"'Too bad, Billy,' he said, in a whisper. 'And one of them worked in Vermont once.'

"'Poor devil!' I sighed; for I knew my irrelevant remark would make him mad.

"'Certainly it's poor devil when a white man fresh from that blessed state is in this plight,' he snapped, his brown eyes becoming two points. 'Here, read.'

"It seems there were four 'poor devils,' all Americans. They were to Quelta, the letter said, waiting to be sent to the salt mines for life. Now a man who knows Mexico would rent the salt mines out to his dearest enemy and live in Hades—if he owned both. The letter was a brief one, the writer merely stating his prospects, and saying he had heard from his guards of Smith's presence in Chihuahua. He begged Tiberius to rescue him if he had any love for the children of the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Tib knew Spanish more or less, chiefly less, but he carried a gilt-headed cane that woudd make up the difference in effect on the average alcalde and a quick trot to the halls of justice gave him an insight to the situation. It seems Murphy, the writer, and his friends had been foolish enough to hire out as a train crew on the Central, and that their train, near Quelta, had run over a big bug's hired man. Now the average peon, after absorbing all the visible supply of aguardiente, will hunt all over the map for the most outre place in which to sleep off his Alice-blue rabbits, and nothing appeals to his sordid imagination so much as a busy railroad track when it comes to trundle beds. But while the United States lines yearly cause the battle of Gettysburg to blush when it comes to boasting of carnage, our little brunette brother beyond the Rio Grande has a way of making it uncomfortable for train crews when a a simple life is crushed out. It isn't because a peon is highly prized as a bit of social bric-a-brac, but because, I reckon, the train crews are usually made up of, or bossed by, Americans.

"The alcalde admitted the defendants had no course to choose, except to run over the man, but he added, with a graceful flirt of his hands: 'The man is dead. What would you have? The lesson must be taught.' He also said that the three judges who sat on the case, at first were of the inclination to let a line of barefooted riflemen toy with the quartet behind a 'dobe wall. 'But,' he concluded, 'we are merciful—we are merciful.'

"After kicking the hyena to stop his howling Tib sat down by the bear cage that night and thought steady for ten minutes. Then he jolted his hat over his right ear and I began to realize we were about to become fair and merry knight-errants.

"'Billy,' he declared, 'I could never paint polka-dots on a greyhound and believe he was a leopard if I left those men to go to the country of saline pursuits. Once we can get them out of Quelta it's a quick dash to the Rio and farewell to the dons of the blue Pacific.'

"That was his poetry. Whenever he was stung into radical action he always talked in circus type. But he had a scheme back of it all that caused my sapphire eyes to bulge out and touch the walls of the tent. I asked him if we were to invade a lunatic asylum that we must indulge in such opera bouffe. I even doubted if Murphy and his friends would submit to being rescued by such legerdemain.

"'I've thought it all over, and it's our only way,' replied Tib. 'The relatives of the decedent would go without firewater a week if those sons of Uncle Sam would only escape into the open and give the bereaved family a chance to shoot them up. Why, look! They are doing real work out of doors, and I don't doubt but what their guards are yearning for them to make a break for liberty. If they did they would never get ten miles from Quelta. So, my way is the only way, my bosom the only haven of refuge.'

"The upshot of it all was I hustled back to El Paso, where we had some green-room effects of a new opera stored, and as fleet-footed as possible I hiked back to Chihuahua, accompanied by two big trunks. Meanwhile Tib had sent our bill poster to Quelta to hang up a few valentines, advertising the coming of the show, and incidentally to slip into Murphy's hand a note of minute instructions.

"This done, Tib tried to get me to go north and sit on the farther bank of the Rio and await the last curtain. Of course I wasn't for that, and he blessed me and said we would probably wind up as salt miners. Then he directed me to throw some hardware and cartridges into the cages, and on Saturday morning, with two closed animal wagons, we started for Quelta. We had one man who could drive chain-lightning, let alone the most erratic Mexican mule, and, best of all, we could trust him. He had lived in Mexico for years, but had never forgotten he came from the land of greatness and graft. He led the way, while Tib and I did the brake act on the second tally-ho. The rest of the show we left at Chihuahua.

"It took us a day to cover the short stretch over their rotten roads, but at last we arrived at Quelta amid a Toltec buzz of excitement, and pitched the side-show tent, as if preparing for the Sunday performance.

"'My plans are built like a watch, and if it don't happen in five minutes I've missed fire,' groaned Tib, as we unlocked the covers to the carts.

"Then it happened. First we heard a yell; then half a dozen champagne bottles opened in quick succession, and the little chapel bell began ding-donging excitedly.

"Next, with fierce panting, four men burst through the chaparral that came up to the rear of our tent and plunged inside the white walls. I had just time to notice they were haggard and unkempt and then in a second the wooden covers were down to allow them to enter the cages, and then snapped back in place again.

"'I'm afraid, Billy,' declared Tib, calmly, as he began sorting out some posters, 'that the rest of the show won't arrive in time for to-morrow's performance.'

"Just as he said this a bevy of villagers, headed by our trusty driver, Collins, burst through the canvas, yelling and brandishing carbines and other impedimenta.

"Four men escaped from the soldiers, Mr. Smith, and I told the guards I thought they came this way,' panted Collins, with an expressive wink.

"'What?' roared Tib, in Spanish. 'Law-breakers escaped! Free passes to the brave men who capture 'em. I believe they did pass this way behind the tent in the brush. I heard a crashing and thought it was a mule. My lion growled fiercely. Hark! He is growling now!'

"The gang paused in running away to hear the growl and Tiberius, standing near Murphy's cage, hissed: 'Growl, you villain, growl!'

"And thereat a most blood-chilling roar came from Murphy's den, and the others, to make sure, began to throw in a series of yells that would cause a Bowery gallery-god to go home and through sheer envy take lessons. The crowd fell back in a wave; it simply swept 'em off their feet, sir. To cap the climax Collins cried: 'Don't let 'em get excited, Mr. Smith! Remember the three men mauled to death in El Paso!'

"After they'd gone, Tib turned to me and grinned. 'I think we'll win the trick. And isn't that Collins a jewel!'

"Now each cage was divided by a grating of bars, and in each cosy nook was one of the comic opera suits I'd brought from El Paso. In designing these animal make-ups Tib had made use of air chambers, so that when a man got tucked into one and the bicycle pump had been agitated for padding you had a real, life-like beast, with muscles standing out like barnacles on a forgotten dredge. Of course, at the best it was a fierce counterfeit and when the quadruped forgot and stood on his hind legs the effect was simply stupendous. First Tib ordered Murphy to slip into the lion's pelt, and Murphy was mad. He said he was Irish and would pose as a harp, but never as an emblem of Merry England. Tib talked to him like a hired man to a sick horse, and at last the metamorphosis was effected. Then the others were speedily transformed into a black bear, a tiger and a hyena respectively.

"After they had struggled into their masquerades and Tib had used the pump on the air-pockets we dropped the covers to get the tout ensemble.

"Tib snapped the barricades in place in a jiffy, and said stiffly: 'I never give a performance unless I have all my animals. These are but the advance wagons and tent. If the others do not arrive I cannot exhibit.'

"'But, senor, I have tickets. I have invited my friends. As alcalde I shall command you to exhibit to-morrow to prove you are not a humbug,' cried the intruder.

"'That comes of profanity, Murphy,' groaned Tib after the alcalde left us. 'I brought these suits along as a safeguard, so that if anyone should get a peep the fleeting glance would not arouse suspicion. Now, hang it all! we've got to give a performance to placate the mayor. For if we don't we can never leave town. So you've got to learn your wild-wood lessons, my lads.'

"Then the unthankful beasts began to protest, and Murphy and Reynolds wanted to be the tiger and sleep, but Weisman swore he'd claw the lining out of anyone that disturbed his feline ease. Burke, the bear, didn't know what kind of a noise to make, and it took Tib ten minutes to teach him to say 'woof' in a bruinesque manner. Then we took each one in turn and gave the key, and made him practice his call of the wild so there would be some individuality. Then we waited for the mayor.

"BY ALL THE SAINTS! IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH HE SPOKE!"

"'I can't see in the bloody thing,' growled the lion as the party swept inside.

"'Fear them not, senors and senoritas. For though they rage and writhe in anger, they know their master's voice.—Look out, Burke, pull in your left leg!'—the last in English. 'They never dream of incurring my displeasure. Nero, here, your excellency, ate three men and two women before he was brought low in captivity, and has added a choice collection of thumbs and fingers to the total since then. The villagers near his wild, free home called him "Ah-Ghee-Dah," which being interpreted means, "He-Who-Eats - Men - Gladly." Growl, Murph. Ah, not so loud. Even a lion has limitations.' And the sound of the Irishman buying freedom with a series of bull-like bellows swept by me and caused the chocolate populace without to shudder.

"'Now we come to the hyena, the most treacherous of all beasts,' continued Tib, skillfully drawing the spectators away from Murphy's cage, as that animal, I observed with horror, tried to scratch his left shoulder-blade with a most union-like contortion. 'His record was kept for three years by my head trainer as to the number of digits he has chewed off, then the task was given up because of its monotony. So, not too near, senors and senoritas—not too near. See him show his teeth in vain—show your teeth, Reynolds—repining for his native lair. Note his antipathy to Nero, the monarch of the Abyssinian wild, for he hates and dreads his roar. —Roar, Murph.'

"But Nero, in desperation to escape a flea, began to clamber to his hind legs, and Tib saw the move just in time to jump to the bars and smite him on the nose.

"'Damn ye!' mumbled Nero.

"'By all the saints! it sounded as though he spoke!' gasped a little, dried-up senorita.

"'Ahem! His long association with men has given his hoarse growl and almost human quality,' said Tib, his face going a bit white. 'Or maybe it's because of the men he has eaten. Down, you devil! down!' he cried, jumping to the hyena's cage and striking him with his cane to distract their attention. Reynolds was lying quiescent at the time, and at the blow promptly raised his head in amazement. 'Snarl!' hissed Tib, in English, and Reynolds made good with a long-drawn hoot that sounded like a barn-owl suffering from diphtheria.

"'These idiots will see their finish yet, Billy,' cried Tib to me, in disgust. 'It's them to the salty brine all right, I guess.'

"This caused the quartet to overdo it as they attempted to cinch freedom by cunning acting. None of them had ever read nature stories, however, and only Tib's ready cane and warning—'Back! back! Not too near!'—saved the day. 'Where I can approach with impunity,' he explained, turning easily to the alcalde, 'you would feel their cruel fangs. Ah, bite, would you?' This to the bear, who was lying perfectly quiet, and Tib gave him a poke that brought a cloud of dust from his flanks, whereat he raised his paw to straighten his head, that now was at right angles with all the laws of nature.

"'Behold the lion about to spring!' shrieked Tib, thrusting into the ribs of the king of the forest and thus bringing him into a more reasonable posture.

"'Fer th' love iv—o-o-o-gh!' spoke and snarled Murphy, in his rich brogue.

"'Wonderful!' gasped the alcalde and his followers.

"But I never heard a lion use such a delightful Irish accent before or since in giving his howl of rage.

"'Now we come to the Royal Bengal tiger, bought by me from the sultan of Skowhegan for $10,000,' rattled Tib, rapidly, drawing his auditors to the second bin. To his horror he found the royal stretched out on his stomach, legs straight behind, while the head, turned upside down, stared complacently at the top of the cage. 'Notice the wonderful elasticity of his neck,'—and snap! Tib had reached in and turned the head-piece into place. It simply swept 'em off their feet, sir. It didn't need a naturalist sharp to detect that the tiger was abnormal in some respects.

"'Thanks, mate, growled Weisman. 'The dust—'

"But the lion and the hyena promptly came to the rescue and drowned the visitors' exclamation of wonder in a series of prolonged yells that put crimps in my tympanums even out at the entrance.

"'Ah, he purrs, senors. He purrs, senoritas.—Purr, Weisman. At last he is in good humor,' cried Tib. Then in sotto English: 'Group your legs, you would-be suicide! Cluster yourself! It's no use, Billy,' cried Tib to me. 'I would have saved them if I could, but they won't have it so;' and all the time he was pointing dramatically at the bear. 'Kindly throw something at Murph. He's about to stand up.' I tossed a tent-peg, that didn't do the harp a bit of good, and his muttered curse was only drowned by Tib's addressing the bear.

"Well, sir, it was the most sweaty 15 minutes I ever put in. You see, if the game was discovered, we were in as bad a box as the fugitives. And when the sight-seers began to file out I felt as limp as a rag.

"'I shall come again when the whole menagerie is here,' declared the alcalde, on leaving. 'Wonderful and marvelous!'

"'Scene first and curtain,' panted Tib, closing the tent-flaps leisurely, while I shoved bottles and fodder to the animals. In three seconds their disgusted faces were slipped free from the head-pieces and were busy with food and drink.

"Then we held a council of war and decided we would leave immediately

There Was the Lion Swearing in Rich Celtic as He Sent Shot for Shot.

while the alcalde and other citizens were having their siestas. And the way Collins and a dozen peons emulated the Arab in striking that tent was a caution. From the natives we learned the guards had got no trace of the fugitives and that Chihuahua was being searched by inches. Tib accordingly decided to skirt the town and make for the Rio.

"We got away from Quelta all right, and whenever we met any of the home people we stopped and inquired for the missing caravan, while the inmates of the wagon let off a few howls to heighten the effect. By night we were abreast of Chihuahua and drove slowly north until morning, when we got a change of mules. Then we crept nearer freedom, but never appearing to hurry, and on the second night out we allowed the four men to ride on top of their homes in their underclothing. But with the sun they again put on their trimmings and hopped inside. By this time Tib and I were nearly dead for want of sleep; for although we let Collins slumber every little once in a while, we dared not quit our posts. At last we neared the Rio, and the men wanted to take off their suits and make one dash for it, but Tib said nay. On inquiring from a half-breed we at last learned we had only a few miles to make.

"'Now let's go through with a rush,' I suggested wearily.

"'We'll have to,' replied Tib. 'I see the glitter of their shields.'

"And looking back I made out a party of horsemen galloping a mile in our rear, while the sunlight played brightly on something they carried in their hands.

"With a yell to the mules we bumped and tore along, the heavy wagons swaying fearfully as we went down a decline. Nearer and nearer crept the pursuers, their shouts now reaching us, but before they could get within shooting distance we caught the glimmer of the Rio, where in the dry season the stream is a mere trickle. Smash went the head cart against a boulder, and a wheel was broken into toothpicks. Then in a second we were all out, making for the rock-studded stream, while the soldiers coming up dismounted and began to take pot-shots at us.

"They had got wind of our game some way and did not seem to be greatly surprised at beholding four fierce denizens of the jungle scrambling, wading and swimming through the stream, each armed with a rifle or revolver.

"I reached home-base first, closely followed by Collins. And, sir, I shall never forget that spectacle. There was the lion, unable to loosen his head-piece, swearing profusely in rich Celtic as he sent back shot for shot. There were the hyena and tiger, very chummy, using revolvers. And in the rear, in the midst of the danger zone, old Tiberius was ruining his show-clothes by supporting the bear by the scruff of the neck. I howled to the lion, and he fiercely turned and went back to assist my patron. Once they got Burke ashore we found a neat bullet hole through his neck, but no arteries or large veins were cut. And I didn't feel a bit bad when I saw that two of the enemy needed the kind care of a physician when they rode away. But, incidentally, we lost one of the best animal shows that was ever foolish enough to leave the States."

Costly Dredging of River.

The depth of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec—originally ten feet—has been increased by dredging to 30 feet, at a cost of $10,000,000.