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Mothers!!

Mothers!!!

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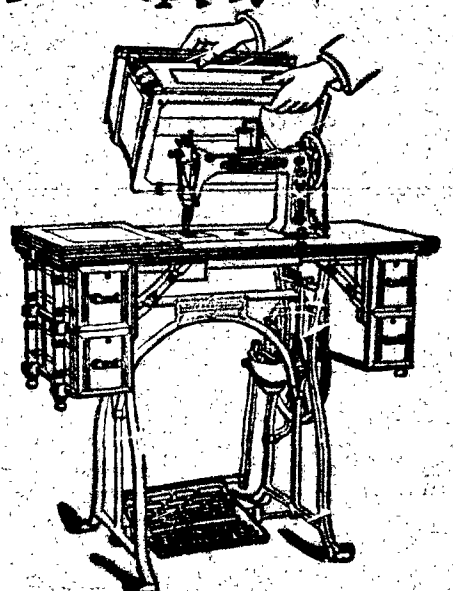
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WHAT WILL HE SAY?

WHITNEY'S COMING NOW AWAITED AT SARATOGA.

Will Reach New York Today and His Answer Will Decide the Action of the Democratic Convention—Gaynor Refuses to Reconsider—Cook's Name Looking Up—Teacher Now for Second Place.

SARATOGA, Sept. 23.—There is no situation and there will be no situation until William C. Whitney arrives in New York today and gives his ultimatum," said a party leader. "If he says no, then there will be a hustling on the part of the prominent candidates and undoubtedly the springing up of new candidates that will prolong this convention over Thursday."

This view of the situation is concurred in by every politician on the ground. The convention meets in the Casino rink, where Governor Flower was nominated in 1891, at noon today.

If great haste is made the decision of Mr. Whitney will hardly reach here before the convention meets, so that the candidates in the field besides him will have little chance to work up their individual names and will undoubtedly seek for adjournment so that a canvass may be made.

This will bring the nomination for governor late into the night and following that will come the canvass for the office of lieutenant-governor and judge of the court of appeals.

For these offices few names have yet been mentioned, and another recess will have to be taken probably until Thursday when the delegates to present the names which as yet are stored away in vest pockets.

If Mr. Whitney says no, Mr. Lockwood of Buffalo will come into the field as a prominent candidate, as against Frederick Cook, John Boyd Thayer and Judge Gaynor, and the fight will be a lively one. The friends of all of the candidates are extremely confident.

The Gaynor boom, which languished during the morning because of the allegation that Judge Gaynor would not consent to run, and that his telegram here containing such information were evidence of that fact, had a revival when the reporter gave the leaders a copy of a telegram signed by Judge Gaynor in which he refused all statements sent out from his place concerning his affairs.

Mr. Tawna, who gave out the telegram, said when shown Judge Gaynor's reply: "I understand that Judge Gaynor did not intend to intimate that he was not a candidate and that such construction placed upon his messages sent here were incorrect."

Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan when shown the message said: "I presume that means that Judge Gaynor is still in the race. Well, the more the merrier."

Senator Murphy, who was with Mr. Sheehan at the time, said: "These several candidates are all undecided as to their own attitude."

The supporters of John Boyd Thayer are rather enthusiastic over his chances, but at the same time some of them seem to be perfectly willing that he should accept second place on the ticket providing Mr. Whitney's answer is affirmative; but contend that if that gentleman answers in the negative, Mr. Thayer is the logical candidate of the party.

The Lockwood boom is still in a state of apathy. Mr. Lockwood will not absolutely declare his intentions and the Erie people are therefore a little at sea.

By far the brightest boom, exclusive of course of Mr. Whitney's, is that of Mr. Cook of Rochester, because at present he is favored by both Senator Hill and Mr. Sheehan.

Mr. Sheehan will of course be for Mr. Lockwood if Mr. Lockwood is a candidate and is presented by Erie county, but at the same time the lieutenant-governor believes, as does Senator Hill, that Mr. Cook is the strongest candidate yet mentioned.

It is urged that there is a very large German vote in the state which is usually Republican, but that could be obtained for the Democracy in case Mr. Cook was a candidate.

It is intimated here that Mr. Cook will only be a candidate when told to be so by leaders of his party. That is to say that Mr. Cook either wrote a letter declining the nomination or accepting it as he may be told to do by Senator Hill, Mr. Murphy and Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan.

At present the leaders are divided. As has been said, Mr. Sheehan and Senator Hill favor Mr. Cook's candidacy, while Tammany and Senator Murphy are for Whitney, if Whitney will have it. But as present all these combinations, all these booms, are at rest. Nothing can be determined and nothing will be done until Mr. Whitney steps into New York city and answers definitely the inquiry which the party leaders will put to him.

Messrs. Gilroy and Crimmins and Senator Murphy are quite confident that Mr. Whitney will say yes, urging that the only reason that he declined before was because he believed that Governor Flower would take a re-nomination.

THE PLATFORM.

Text of the Declaration of Principles of the Convention.

The committee on platform met and elected William J. Sheehan chairman. A subcommittee, headed by D. G. Griffin of Watertown, was appointed to draft a platform and present it to a meeting of the full committee.

The subcommittee met immediately after adjournment of the full committee. Among those appearing before it were Mrs. Greenleaf and Miss Susan B. Anthony of Rochester, asking for the insertion of a woman's suffrage plank in the platform.

A committee from the Tax Reform association, composed of Thomas G. Sherman, Fred W. Heinerich, Robert Baker and Alfred B. Mason, appeared before the committee and asked for the insertion of this plank:

Resolved, That we favor such taxation of franchises and monopolies as will lighten the burdens of personality, farms and improvements.

A committee from the State Workingmen's assembly and other organized labor, headed by James H. Dullin of Albany, presented an address from the labor organizations of the state, relating that for years they have importuned the legislature to repeal the odious conspiracy law and that they now appeal to the Democratic party to assist them in what has been denied them by the Republican legislature and embody in the platform an improvement of the measure known as the anti-conspiracy law.

The committee promised to give the matter attention and later decided to put in the platform a plank favoring more

FLAMES IN PORTLAND.

The Pacific Coast City Visited by a Disaster Fire.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 24.—The most disastrous fire in the history of this city broke out at the dock of the Pacific Coast Elevator company and lasted for three hours, destroying property valued at nearly \$1,500,000.

The fire started in the dock below the Pacific Coast Elevator company's main buildings and the wind soon drove the flames to the elevator itself.

The coal bunkers of the Northern Pacific Terminal company on the west were next attacked and soon were a seething mass of flames.

On the sea was the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's wharf, 400 feet in length, and this, too, was soon on fire. There were stored on the dock about 600 cases of salmon from the lower Columbia river and Puget sound, awaiting shipment for the East. It was valued at about \$50,000 and was partly insured.

The large steamboat, *Willamette Chief*, moored at the yard, took fire and was burned. She was used as a towboat and was valued at about \$15,000.

Three men are supposed to have perished in the elevator. Charles Anderson, a man named Brown and one named Turner were seen at an upper story window of the elevator and it is thought all were burned.

Railroad Trunkmen in Session.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 24.—The Brotherhood of Railroad Trunkmen began their annual meeting and celebration of their 10th anniversary here. There were about 300 delegates present and there were also represented the Locomotive Engineers, the Firemen, the Conductors and the Telegraphers associations. Two sessions were held at the Academy of Music and services in the evening at William street Methodist church.

Havemeyer and Scaries Indefinite.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The expected judgments against Messrs. Havemeyer and Scaries of the sugar trust, who resist a number of questions asked them by the senate investigating committee, have been finally framed in the district attorney's office, and only await the action of the grand jury, which will present them to the court.

Made a Break for Liberty.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 24.—John Kelley and George Norton escaped from the jail here. Kelley has four charges of assault against him and Norton is charged with highway robbery. They had saved their clothes off, and when the sheriff entered the cell on his daily tour of inspection they made a rush and got away.

Motorman Sentenced for Man-slaughter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Michael Lewis, the motorman on the South Orange line who ran over and killed little Martha Henry on Aug. 4 last, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for manslaughter.

Pleadingly to Foster Law.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 24.—T. V. Feenerty, the labor leader, was formally admitted to the bar of Lackawanna county today. He has about determined to open a law office in New York city and locate there.

SAVED BY A BADGE.

A STORY THAT WILL INTEREST ALL COLLEGE MEN.

There Was a Hope Lined the Gamma Beta Man's Neck, and He Was Almost Strangled Up When His College Society Emblem Was Seen by One Who Knew It.

The sixtieth annual dinner of Gamma Beta was certainly a great success. At the long table sat 150 guests, of all ages and from all parts of the land. The feast was seated when the captain arose from his place near the head of the board. Straight of figure and alert of eye, he had his 40 years lightly.

"Boys," says the captain, "I have been to a Gamma Beta dinner for 40 years. The last time I went I was a boy in college. As I look around me I am glad I am not the oldest man here, for I feel as young as any freshman. But I came here tonight to tell you a story, and if you have patience to hear me I may as well begin. Remember, we old ones are garrulous at times and stop us when you have had enough."

His audience was all attentive, and the captain lighted a fresh cigar, blew out a puff of smoke and began.

"I was the first northern man to plant cotton in Arkansas after the war. The state had declared for the Union early in 1864, but there was plenty of lawless sectionalism about, and a northern man's life and property were none too safe. Before I had been long at my plantation I got a notice from some of my sectionalist friends that I must stop operations or leave the district if I had any regard for my life—in short, they gave me to understand that if they caught me they would string me up to the nearest tree as sure as my name was Jim Roberts. Now, I didn't intend to stop planting, and I didn't intend to be hanged, so I went ahead and told them they could hang me—if they could catch me."

About a month after that I was riding across country one afternoon to get a little business done in the nearest town. As I entered a lonely piece of road a dozen men jumped out of the woods, pointed their guns at my head and ordered me to halt and dismount. I saw I could do nothing but surrender at discretion, so I came down from my horse and was marched off in silence. In a few minutes we turned into a lane that led deeper into the woods and kept on until we came to a little clearing. One of my friends brought out a rope, slung one end of it over the limb of a convenient tree and had the other end slipped around my neck in a hurry.

"Probably some of you has seen the hangman's rope around his neck, so you can appreciate the state of my feelings at that time. I'll tell you, I felt very serious and thought my last of 'em had run out for certain. But a man willing to life at such times, and all at once I had a happy thought. I remembered that I had a package of excellent cigars in my pocket, and I drew it out.

"Gentlemen," I said, with as much coolness as I could muster. "I know that I have but a few minutes more to live. I want to ask one favor. Give me time to smoke out a cigar before you swing me into eternity. Will you join me? You will find them most excellent."

My captives grimly assented, and we lighted our 'weeds' together. No one said a word. Well, boys, I made that cigar hold out, you may depend. But it would burn. Little by little the web began to get longer and drop off until there was just so much left. And the captain held up his smoking stump, measuring its small remnant critically with his finger.

"Well," thought I to myself, "here goes for a few more puffs anyway," and I was just getting the very last of them when we heard a horse coming through the trees. A fine looking fellow rode up, who seemed to be a sort of commander of the company. "Hello, boys!" he called out, "who've you got here?" "We've got Roberts, and we're going to hang him," said they. "All right," said the officer and came over to have a look at me.

"Now, I had on my watch chain this little badge here," and the captain touched a jeweled monogram of gold that hung to his breast. "I have always worn it since and expect to as long as I live. My coat was open, and as the Confederates came up his eyes caught the badge. Well, boys, he turned all sorts of colors, and leaning close to my ear whispered the name of our organization, at the same time grasping my hand with the good old Gamma Beta grip, gives with the strength of a giant. Then he turned to his men. 'Boys,' said he, 'this man is my friend. You must let him go.' And in an instant he took the rope from my neck, led up my horse, pulled a pair of pistols from his pocket and handed one to me. 'Now, brother,' said he, 'defend yourself and get away as best you can.' I lost no time in following his advice and made my escape. And here I am today, and that is all."

There was a storm of applause when the captain had finished and had taken his seat.

"But, captain," cried more than one, "you'll have to finish the story. Who was the man that got you free, and did you ever see him again?"

The captain arose again, smiling. "Who was he? Well, he belonged to one of our southern chapters. And did I ever see him again? Yes, I did."

The captain laid his hand on the shoulder of an elderly man in the next seat to him. "Yes, I can see him this minute. Well, tell the boys your side of the story!"—New York Tribune.

A Different Opinion.

Contributor—I have here an article on "What Boots Have Said of the Moon."

Editor—That would interest no one, but if you can give me an elaborate account of what the moon has said about the poets during the past few thousand years I would willingly pay you double rates for it.—Pick Me Up

THE GAMMA BETA BOOM.

He Claims That It Was a Boomerang Almost Instantly.

When the railroad men left the cabin on the bank of the Mississippi river, the captain's eyes were fixed on the man who rode on with him. The man was a tall, thin fellow with a long nose and a pair of spectacles.

"What's your name?" asked the captain.

"My name is Jim Roberts," said the man.

"How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you," said Jim Roberts.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Gamma Beta dinner in New York," said Jim Roberts.

"That's a good idea," said the captain.

"Yes, it is," said Jim Roberts.

"I've been to a Gamma Beta dinner for 40 years," said the captain.

"I know," said Jim Roberts.

"What do you think of the Gamma Beta?"

"I think it's a fine organization," said Jim Roberts.

"I'm glad to hear that," said the captain.

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They Are Made by Sewing Women in the Employ of the Navy Department.

The natty uniforms of the enlisted and marine of the United States navy were made by a corps of women employed by the quartermaster of the Brooklyn navy yard. They are well made, and the production of tailors or seamstresses is sought for by women who have a liking for making garments. The resulting line of the broadness of the waist, and more than 100 applications. All work is done by the piece, and the wages vary from \$1 to \$1.25 a week.

The applicant must present her name to the civil service board. Her application must be signed by at least two respectable persons. Not only must she come well recommended as a seamstress, but the condition of the workshop is carefully considered. The quartermaster makes it a point that no work shall be done in sweatshops or in places where the clothing is likely to be infected.

Once approved, the applicant visits the tailor shops of the navy yard, where she receives a bundle of goods to be made up into garments. The government furnishes all the trimmings and threads. From 20 to 30 hours are allowed every morning. It usually requires two days to finish the garments. The work is delivered and a few days later the overcoats are made of heavy cloth, and the maker receives \$1.25 a week. Dresses and undershirts are also made, and of 11 ounces and 4 green blanketed. The seamstress is paid \$3.00 a week. The maker is paid 50 cents a piece for the cloth trousers and 50 cents for the working trousers. Overalls of heavy and light weight flannels are also made. Jumpers are made of white drilling at 20 cents each.

Some of these women have been in the employ of the navy yard from 15 to 30 years. The other employees are temporary and receive barely four times the cost of the article.

The garments of the navy yard are not only at the officer's request in the city, but also in the country. The uniforms are made at the navy yard by the quartermaster, New York.

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