NOTES FROM GOTHAM

PROMPT RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR RELIEF OF PORTO RICIANS

The Navy Will Participate in the Ceremonies Incidental to the Homecoming of Admiral Dewey—The Price of Meat—A Timely Protest.

The people of Porto Rico are experiencing one of the many benefits of American control in the prompt and vigorous response of the people of this country in the hour of disaster and distress. Scarcely had the telegraph announced the awful disaster on the island, when Secretary Root called for contributions from the people. New York's response to the appeal was immediately and generous. Acting Mayor Guggenheimer issued a general request for contributions to the relief fund, and several unofficial subscription lists were opened. The Merchants' Association and the wholesale clothiers came forward with money and supplies and express and steamship companies offered to transport them

Loading the Relief Ship.

Many Stock Exchange firms announced their intention to respond, and it is expected that Wall street will be well represented in money contributions. James Speyer, of Speyer & Co., bankers, telegraphed to the Acting Mayor from Newport that he had mailed to him a check for $1,000 as his contribution to the Porto Rican relief fund. Hundreds of others have not only acted, but they have acted with such commendable promptness that all that human effort can do for the relief of the stricken will be done.

President Invited.

The entertainment committee of the Dewey testimonial fund of New York headed by former Gov. John S. Wise chairman went to Bluff Point and invited the President to attend a performance to be given at the Metropolitan opera house. The President promised to be present if possible but said he could not give a positive answer. Before giving a final decision the President said he would consult Secretary Long, who was expected at Bluff Point. Chairman Wise acted as the spokesman for the committee. The committee returned to New York.

Navy Will Participate.

Orders have been issued by Acting Secretary Allen to Captain Robey D. Evans, who commanded the battleship Iowa during the war with Spain, directing him to confer with the Dewey Reception Committee and with Rear Admiral Sampson respecting the navy's participation in ceremonies incidental to the homecoming of Admiral Dewey.

Rear Admiral Sampson has been directed to prepare a programme, for the ships of his squadron in the reception of the Admiral, which will be formally approved by the department. Admiral Sampson is also expected to confer with the reception committee, so that there may be no confusion. It seems to have been finally decided that the North Atlantic squadron will not go abroad to meet the Olympia, but that the Admiral will be requested to send to the department before leaving the Azores notice of the exact route which he will take in crossing the Atlantic so that Admiral Sampson's command may meet him perhaps a day's sail from New York. This, however, is a detail upon which Admiral Sampson will report. The entire squadron will be assembled to honor the Admiral and when it falls in with the Olympia will fire a salute of seventeen guns, and the drums will give four ruffles and flourishes. Admiral Sampson is entitled to a salute of thirteen guns and two ruffles and flourishes. Admiral Sampson will be expected to make the first call upon Admiral Dewey, who will return it, and the vessels will then proceed to New York for the joint ceremonies. It is expected that the War Department will assign a military officer to arrange with the New York committee for the participation of the army in the celebration. Up to this time no selecton has been made.

The Price of Meat

Wholesalers and retailers throughout the East are advancing the price of beef and mutton because the big Chicago houses from whom the supply of meat comes have decided to charge more for their products. The excuse given for this action is that cattle are scarce in the West, but this assertion is not corroborated by the statements of independent and unprejudiced investigators. It would seem to be more likely that the Chicagoans, appreciating the fact that they are absolute masters of the situation, have decided to secure more profits from their business. But in arbitrarily forcing up prices they may overreach themselves, for the more profitable they make their business the more attractive it becomes and the greater are the inducements for competition.

For the Aquarium.

On the steamship Trinidad, which arrived from Bermuda recently, came the last shipment of fish which the biological department of the New York University has been collecting for the Aquarium. Although the consignment includes sixteen different specimens, only one species, a file fish, is new to the Aquarium. This fish takes its name from a file-like projection back of the head. A more striking peculiarity is that it uses its caudal fin for steering and its dorsal and anal fins for propulsion, and keeps its poise by the pectoral fin. The fish is marked with many stripes and blotches. It is not particularly rare, and ranges from Cape Cod south to Florida, the West Indies and the Bermuda Islands. Other specimens which arrived by the Trinidad were spotted snappers, squirrelfish, Mollie Milles, cowfish, amberfish, better known in Southern waters as shipjacks, ladyfish, so called because of the gorgeousness of their coloring; yellow grunts, yellow coneys, four eyed fish, surgeons and sergeant majors.

A Timely Protest.

Some of the newspapers are making a timely protest against advertising in the street cars. One paper truly says that the street cars have received their charter to transport passengers, and not to be advertising bureaus. These street car advertising signs very often have the effect of making a lot of people look like ticketed freaks in a dime museum. The next time that you go into a street car just see what kind of a freak the car advertising is going to make you out to be before you sit down. But apart from this, the publishers of the land have invested large sums in the business of publication. An important and vital part of this business for reader and publisher is the advertising department. It is the method recognized by the social order and therefore by the law which is the expression of that order, for maintaining an established bureau of information for the reading public which has wants to be supplied. The professional advertiser should be protected as well as the professional healer or professional adviser in law or in morals.

Money for the Crops.

New York bankers are preparing to meet the annual demand for money to move the Western crops, which always begins to be made at this season. The reports from the West indicate that a greater volume of money will be required for this purpose than ever before but the demand upon Eastern bankers will not be so great, because the Western banks are better supplied with loanable funds than in many previous years. Kansas is the centre of the corn and wheat crop, and the reports from there are extremely gratifying to the business men of this city, because they insure a period of great and lasting prosperity. According to the estimates thus far received the Kansas corn crop will reach 340,000,000 bushels. Not for ten years has there been a crop approaching this amount, the largest previous yield being in 1899, when the total was 270,000,000 bushels. The report is based on the statements of fifteen hundred correspondents, and it covers every township in the State. There are about 1,400,000 persons in Kansas, and if this year's corn crop were divided among them every man, woman and child would receive about 254 bushels. If a similar distribution were made among the residents of Kansas City alone each person would receive about 9,000 bushels. As regards wheat they would not be so well off. The total

Wonders of the Deep in the Aquarium

of winter wheat is 33,231,754 bushels and of spring wheat 975,435 bushels, which is less than it was a year ago. Of oats however, they would have an abundance, for the crop is the largest since 1895, the total being 27,338,425 bushels. When these enormous crops have been marketed, and the money received by the producers there will be such a demand for Eastern products as was never before known, and gradually the enormous sums of currency now flowing into the West will return to this centre.

Water Contract.

The attempt made in the Board of Finance to make a forty-year contract with the Ramapo water company, involving an expenditure of $200,000,000 was temporarily side-tracked by the firmness of Comptroller Caler. The scheme is pronounced a gigantic scheme for plunder, and prominent politicians and financiers are said to be interested in it. Comptroller Coler declared that he would rather retire from public life than countenance such a contract. He declared that the purpose of the movers was to make this contract, involving such an enormous sum without giving the financial officer of the city a chance to look into it. The vote on the contract was a tie and this sent it over for another week. The press of the city is awake, and it is probable that they will kill the job with publicity.

The following entertaining and truthful story we find in one of our exchanges: "A farmer stepped into a printing office and said to the editor: 'I'd like to take your paper, but I'm too poor.' 'Go home,' said the editor, 'and pick out a hen, call her mine, sell or save the eggs from her for me and if she wants to sit, let her, and next fall bring her and the produce from that hen. I'll send this paper.' When fall came he found he was paying the price of two papers. After that he was never too poor to take a paper. Besides, when he wanted to borrow his neighbor's paper he was always reading it, so he had to wait until the news was old or take it second-handed. There is nothing like taking one of your own ad getting the news from first hands."

THAT LITTLE GIRL.

I.

I often hear folks talking, a-laughing and a-talking
About a little girl who "lives not very far from here";
One who's "extremely mussy"
And "meddlesome" and "fussy,"
Who "loves to wander through the house and get things out of gear."
I'm glad I'm not so mussy
and meddlesome and fussy;
I cannot see why any girl can be so very queer.

II.

I've just heard mother joking, a-scolding and a-joking
About a little girl who "does not live a mile away."
She says she is "a midget
made up of mostly fudget,"
and "from Monday until Sunday, she does nothing else but play."
I'm glad I'm not "a midget
Made up of mostly fidget,"
I'm glad I'm not so little that I cannot quiet stay

III.

I once heard papa hinting, a-talking and a-hinting
About a little girl who "does n't live up in the moon."
He says she 's "very silly,
And her first name is n't Billy,"
That she "talks the blessed morning, if she does n't sleep till noon."
I'm glad I am not silly,
Though my first name is n't Billy,
And I hardly ever talk at all, and always "get up soon."

IV.

I've heard some folks complaining, a-sighing and complaining,
About a little girl who lives "next door to folks they know"
They say she 's "very lazy,"
She "almost sets them crazy,"
That she 's always doing nothing, and does it very slow."
I'm glad I am not lazy,
I never set folks crazy,
And I won't so very, very much I've hardly time to grow

—Claude Harris, in St. Nicholas.

THE BENGAL'S BREATH.

"Why do you put me up on a tree Oomerkahn, while the burra sahib stands on the ground? Do you think me a coward?"

Oomerkahn touched his closed hands solemnly to his dark forehead as he replied:

"The bravest man, sahib, is not safe to face the tiger till he has felt the tiger's breath."

I had heard that proverb before, but never supposed that it really meant any more than my own nursery rhyme about salt on the dickey bird's tail. There was no help for it, however, for Oomerkahn was conducting the hunt, so I accepted the proverb as a polite way of assuring me that in reality he did not consider me a coward, and disposed of myself upon the branch where he directed, mentally resolving to be on the alert till I showed the stately Hindoo his mistake, and then give him a piece of my offended mind.

This was my first experience, and I felt as brave as any one has a right to under the circumstances. I was a novice in India, and my host, the "burra sahib," as he was called about his plantation, had taken me into the hills for an initiation.

No sooner had we arrived at his plantation than there came an appeal from the nearest village for him to rid them of a man-eating tiger that had settled in their neighborhood. Oomerkahn was the native superintendent of my host's farm, and at once received his order to organize a hunt.

There were several guests, all well mounted and early in the morning we rode out to the village. The tiger had been tracked to a jungle two miles away. He had made an extraordinary raid the night before, taking both a man and a calf before he was satisfied, and there was no doubt about finding him ensconced in his lair sleeping off the effects.

Oomerkahn arranged us in a half circle, two hundred yards from the jungle, while he, at the head of a hundred or more natives, entered the dense grove from the opposite side. They were the beaters, and with sticks and torches and tom-toms and strong lungs they began the greatest noise possible.

They were arranged in a long line and worked their way toward us, intent on frightening the tiger out of the jungle into our semi-circle, where according to the position in which he appeared, we were to have our turns at shooting.

It was an hour of intense excitement, each hoping that the tiger would show himself in his particular division, but the beaters came out without finding him at all. They were thoroughly exhausted, and declared that the tiger was not there.

"But I tell you he is!" exclaimed our host, impatiently. "No tiger ever started on a pilgrimage after such a supper as he had last night."

He dismounted, and, leaving his horse with a coolie, he deliberately entered the jungle on foot. Seeing this we all followed his example, in spite of a caution from Oomerkahn.

The burra sahib was an experienced tiger hunter, and in half an hour he pointed to a dark spot under some bushes, saying to a coolie, "Throw a stone in there."

The stone disappeared without striking anything.

"There's a hole there, at all events," the burra sahib muttered, himself creeping a little nearer, and throwing a stone with all his strength.

Suddenly the air began to tremble. There was a distinct sound, but it was like the first breath of a great organ.

"He is there," said the burra sahib, and it was then that Oomerkahn hastily placed his forces, which resulted in my being safely lodged on the limb, with what I considered a doubtful compliment.

Then the order was given to burn him out, and while Oomerkahn and one or two coolies built a fire as close to the mouth of the cave as possible, the burra sahib took a position beside the trunk of a tree directly in front and perhaps ten feet away.

The jungle was so thick that not a ray of sunlight fell anywhere about us. It was like a twilight, and the fire lit up with a frightful, ghostly glare, while on every side sounded the cries of the frightened birds and animals.

As soon as the fire was burning well the coolies crept away, while Oomerkahn caught some of the blazing sticks threw them directly into the mouth of the cave, and sprang back. He was none too quick. I saw the burra sahib's rifle leap to his shoulders. His acute ear had caught a change in those deep, rumbling notes to which we were becoming accustomed.

In his haste the Hindoo had stumbled and fallen upon his back. The next instant there was a crash. A huge form burst from the shrubbery half concealing the entrance to the cave, and a royal Bengal tiger was literally gliding through the air.

He swept like a dark cloud over the darting flames and prostrate form of Oomerkahn. His huge front paws were extended. His eyes were shut. His great jaws, which had so recently crushed the life out a human being, were stretched wide open. His long, savage teeth gleamed in the firelight as he passed over it.

He was not leaping toward me. He could not by any possibility reach me, yet the sound of the roar and the sight of that huge, tawny body as it swept the flames filled me with such terror as I never felt before. It caught my breat away. My heart stood still. I clutched my rifle, utterly helpless.

No, I was not to be trusted to face a tiger. There was no doubt of that. In blank astonishment I saw the burra sahib standing calmly by the tree. I saw the flash and heard the report of his rifle as the ferocious beast came abreast of him. I saw him lean behind the tree as he fired, the next instant, with a wild yell, the tiger struck the ground not five feet from where the burra sahib had stood. For a moment it lay coiled where it fell, a great mass of fur, then gave one fearful contortion, and stretched itself to its full length, shuddered, and died.

Even then I trembled from head to foot as I climbed down from the tree, and hardly dared to approach the lifeless mass.

I did my best to be markedly civil to Oomerkahn through the rest of the day, and quietly made up my mind that it would take more than feeling a tiger's breath to make me safe to face a tiger.

It is strange how easy it is to leap from one conclusion to its opposite, but I had an opportunity to discover another mistake a short time afterward.

Mounted on elephants, my friend and I were making a trip into the interior toward my destination. The weather was so hot that we rode early in the morning and just before dark. I was sitting in my howdah, half asleep from the effects of the heat and the peculiar motion of the elephant, when I was suddenly roused by a shrill shriek from the elephant, accompanied by a quick jerk, a sharp ejaculation from the mahout sitting on his head, and a loud cry from my friend, who was riding not far behind. Opening my eyes, the first thing I saw was a tiger in midair, apparently flying toward me.

Altogether the situation was thoroughly bewildering, and I confess that from the start my wits forsook me.

Thanks to the sudden lurch of the elephant, which was made for that express purpose, the tiger missed his aim, and instead of striking the howdah, he hit upon the elephant's haunch where his gleaming yellow claws sank into the thick hide. For an instant he hung there without another motion, looking directly up at me.

"He'll begin to climb in a second," my friend shouted, hurrying on behind, while my own elephant moved faster and faster in an effort to dislodge his burden. "Aim for his breast. Shoot steady and sure. Don't miss him for your life!"

One who has never faced a tiger will doubtless think it simple cowardice, though I have met many old tiger hunters who have recounted the same experience at the start—yet had it not been for that warning call from my friend, I positively doubt if I should have once thought of my rifle.

As it was, I lifted it mechanically to my shoulder. I did not trouble myself about the aim, for I could not take my eyes from that savage face. I was thoroughly benumbed and bewildered. My hand shook so that more than once my finger slipped from the trigger before I mustered strength enough to pull.

The moment the report sounded the mahout turned the elephant sharply to one side. That is one of the common regulations of tiger hunting with elephants, when the tiger is lodged, in order to throw him off before he can do any damage, in case he is not instantly killed. It was new to me, however, and I was not prepared for it. As the tiger fell to the ground, with a fierce howl, I came within an inch of following him. Fortunately I landed upon the very edge of the howdah, and held on.

The next I knew was that my friend was shouting again.

"Look out for him!" he cried. "He's only wounded. He'll spring! Load quick, and finish him the minute he lands!"

So long as I was not facing the tiger I could move quickly enough. A fresh cartridge was in place in no time; but the elephant had not gone twenty feet when the tiger lunged, tore the earth for an instant, precisely as I have seen a cat attempt to tear a rug, then made two catlike bounds and another flying leap, landing, in spite of the elephant, within six inches of the mahout sitting upon his head.

The tiger did not pay the mahout the slightest attention, however. His eyes wre fixed upon me. He was making for the howdah.

His red and quivering gullet and glistening teeth were already on a level with my feet. I stood there petrified, looking down into that yawning cavern out of which the hoarse breath came in short, harsh gasps.

"Give it to him! Give it to him!" my friend shouted. I heard his words as though they came from a phonograph, and had no connection with me. I knew the danger I was in, and that there was no time to lose, but I was absolutely powerless.

The tiger began to crawl toward me. "Shoot! Shoot!" my friend yelled, and I tried to; but though the hammer was already raised, and the rifle pointed in the direction of the tiger, I could not lift it to my shoulder; I could not even pull the trigger where it was.

The tiger took another step. One paw rested on the top of the howdah. I could see the sharp claws splintering the wood. I could feel the hot breath on my hands as it came rasping out of that yawning throat. I heard my friend's voice again, and realized that he had come up close beside me, but this time I could not distinguish a word he said. I could hear nothing, feel nothing, but that tiger.

The muzzle of the rifle was in the creature's way. He caught it in his jaws and gave it a savage jerk. The involuntary action of my muscles in clutching the rifle to prevent its being torn away, pulled the trigger.

The tiger recoiled, and with one spasm fell dead upon the ground. The bullet had pierced the roof of his

BIG HEARTED ACTORS.

An Incident of Joseph Jefferson's Love for Children.

The life of very young actors and actresses is generally a far from pleasant one, but from all appearances the experience of little Miss Virgie Glydon and Master Harold Welsh, the two clever children in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, are notable exceptions. Mr. Jefferson is generally known as a great lover of children but some of his many kindnesses to the little folk around him are beautiful characteristics of a great man.

It is said that during the long rehearsals when these two little folks were learning the parts which they have to play in "Rip Van Winkle," Mr. Jefferson would never allow the stage manager to be cross with them, and when he saw that they were getting tired he would suggest a game of tag or hide and seek. Can you imagine anything nicer to a tired little actor than a big romp behind the flies and around great piles of stage property?

It is said that at such times Mr. Jefferson is quite as interested a player as the children and that he can run plenty fast enough to make it a hard matter to catch him. When he is hiding among the big piles of stage property he is able to use his voice in such a way that it is sure to fool the person "blinding," and in this way he often gets in free.

After they have played until every one is out of breath they sit down to rest and talk it all over, and the children point out the mistakes made in the game by Mr. Jefferson, and he tells them that if they had done so and so they never would have been able to catch him. And then they go back to their real work, and so, perhaps, Mr. Jefferson is responsible for at least a part of the cleverness with which these children play their parts for he always keeps them so much interested in their work.

A Swinging Bed.

Here is a swinging bed which a venturesome boy has constructed and arranged to swing out of his window so as to sleep in the open air with no canopy except that of heaven above

him. It is a risky thing for one to do unless he is perfectly certain that he will not roll out or attempt to walk in the night. But its location on the breezy side of a house gives one all the air there is.

Sunday in the Italian Quarter.

Every Sunday all the little strolling Italians — monkey-boys, concertina players, organ grinders, and plaster-image sellers—stay at home in their little houses of the Italian quarter. On this day they put on their best clothes, and it is a pretty sight to see them going to church with their fathers and mothers. The little girls are spotlessly clean; their white blouses have been freshly washed, and the pink kerchiefs on their heads have been carefully folded and ironed. The small boys are not so carefully washed, because their parents evidently think that they are not required to be so clean as girls, but they generally wear good corduroy suits and well-polished boots. The church where they go is a very large building in Hatton Garden, called the Italian Church. Once or twice during the year a very pretty ceremony takes place in the church. Hundreds of little Italian girls, in white dresses, white stockings and shoes, and long white muslin veils, walk slowly round the large church, carry lighted candles. Behind them comes a procession of small Italian boys dressed in dark suits and white gloves. They also carry lighted candles, and some of them bear green banners of silk. As they march round solemnly, the organ peals out and fills the great church with a mighty sound of music while the children sing a pretty hymn with a great number of verses.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Dewey's Thanks to a 9 Year-Old Admirer

Rita Cosgrove is one of the proudest little girls in Philadelphia. She has received an autograph letter from Admiral Dewey in which that hero thanks her for a little remembrance which she sent him after she had read of his great victory at Manila. Rita is nine years old and is expert with her needle. She was much excited during war time and Admiral Dewey became her idol. She worked hard over a table spread, embroidered in national colors. When it was finished she surprised her parents by saying that she was going to send it to Dewey. It was wrapped with great care and intrusted to the mails. Rita scarcely hoped to hear of it again, but Admiral Dewey was pleased with the child's gift and a short time ago the postman handed to her a letter, the envelope of which was covered with postmarks. The letter was as follows:

"My Dear Miss Cosgrove: My sincere thanks for your present, which I appreciate very much. Also, for your kind wishes and sympathy. Very sincerely — George Dewey."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

OUR ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Why It Is One Must Be Careful in Use of Words.

There is no reason at all why any girl, in however humble a station in life, should not try her very best to speak good English. Reading the best literature and listening to well educated people are both great means of helping her, especially if she offers both the sincere flattery of imitation. There are a good many every-day faults in speaking which one hears often from the lips of people in different stations of life. They are the weeds of speech, and the moment one is recognized it should be promptly pulled up by the roots and cast aside. The curtailing and alteration of certain words is not pretty. Say an "invitation," not an "invite;" a "face," not a "phiz," or, worse still, a "mug;" a "cousin," not a "cos;" and remember to say "photograph," and not "photo." That poor word "got" is often sadly used, or rather misused. It is wrong to say that A is "going to get married," she is "going to be married," and you can express your meaning quite as well by "I have a brother" as by "I have got a brother." People who speak good English avoid long words, and prefer saying "buy" to "purchase," "house" to "residence," "begin" to "commence." Also they never speak of "sherry wine" or "carriage drives," but "sherry" and a "drive." They also recollect to apply "ride" to its proper use. They "ride" a bicycle, a horse or donkey, but they "drive" in a carriage, team, or omnibus, and "travel" in a train. There are some expressions which are not pretty or indicative of gentle breeding. I dislike the word "vulgar" so very much that I must denote these expressions by the term "common."

"That fat is in the fire," an expressive of a quarrel or scene, is much used by uneducated people, who also speak of "eatings," and worse still, "drinks." Instead of saying, "I got that pattern from," they say, "I had it off her," which sounds very bad indeed. In alluding to servants, do not say, "the girl," or, "Miss A keeps two girls," but use the word "maid," or "servants." It is better to say, "I had to stay indoors," and "stay at home," rather than "stop at home." The words "stylish" and "genteel," are equally objectionable words. "Father" and "Mother" are far preferable to "pape" and "mamma," and the latter words sound very foolish in the mouths of those who have passed childhood. In speaking of your parents to acquaintances say "my mother," "my father," not omitting the possessive pronoun. When anyone is speaking to you, do not jog them by saying "yes, yes" constantly; it is not polite. Let people take their own time for saying what they want to say. A little bit of it is perhaps nowadays from girls who years would have been deemed for using any. He well to use a little discrim a great deal of slang used boys, men, or others, is able of a girl. "A vulgar" used by some people should be avoided, and that "a" "lady" when they say day, or to say they are they were "going out of town," is quite correct. But don't by that ugly and inoo say they "enjoy and foolish You may say or "breakfasted you must say, which obtain nipping of the To hear of etc., "grates on one's rect speech does, or kin says: "A well man"—and it applies man—may not know —may not be able to his own. But whatever knows, he knows words he pronounces tightly. Above all, the peerage of words knows of true decent and ancient blood glance from words of modern Provincial dialect, he also remarks "is not vulgar but cockney dialect so in a deep degree, because corruption of a finer language usually heard." With care and attention a great deal may be done, good enunciation be attained, or at as a selection of words in speaking which will show a knowledge of English "As she should be spoken."

Verdi's New Opera.

Verdi has now gone back to Milan, where he is keeping a patriotic secret in the house of retreat for old musicians which he is founding there and which is now rapidly approaching completion. At the same time he is working, says "M. A. P." on a new opera.

For several months past he has kept this a dead secret, and even his most intimate friends knew nothing whatever about his project. But eventually they began to make discreet inquiries as to the reason why the maestro shut himself up for many hours daily in his study, and in this way they learned that he was writing an opera.

But even now Verdi [illegible] upon this subject. All that is [illegible] definitely known is that the scene of the work is laid in Egypt, and that the passages which [illegible] over to his intimate friends are of exquisite beauty. [illegible] to the world Verdi [illegible] advice of his friends, [illegible] that [illegible] child of his [illegible] the world will [illegible]

Verdi [illegible] Tito Ricordi [illegible] exceptional [illegible]