

## ODD BANK VISITORS.

CRANKS ARE ALMOST AS MUCH TO BE FEARED AS CROOKS.

**Paying Tellers Have to Be Models of Vigilance All the Time to Dodge the Schemes and the Schemers That Lie in Wait For Them.**

Many are the uses and the schemes that are devised for the purpose of beating the paying tellers in banks, and the cranks are as much to be feared as the crooks.

"That old man who has just left the bank," said the teller as he ran his fingers quickly over the new bills, "has been coming to this place every day for the past two years calling for money. He comes in every morning exactly at 11 o'clock and asks quietly if his check has arrived. I always have to tell him no, and he thanks me graciously and goes away. I was new at the bank when he came in the first time, but I saw at a glance that he had something the matter with his headgear. When he asked about his money, I told him that we had nothing, and he looked greatly surprised and worried. He asked many other questions and then left. He returned the next morning and the next, and he has been coming ever since. One day he failed to show himself, and I thought he had given up the hunt as a bad thing. For a month he kept away, but by and by he bobbed up suddenly again.

"I've been sick," he said, "and I hope I have not caused you any inconvenience in holding my money. No money here? What? That is strange." "With this he thanked me and went away. He will be here again in the morning, and he'll keep coming day after day until death sends him to a bigger bank. The man is just a sample of what we get every day, although he is the most regular chap of the kind I have ever seen. The boys around the bank feel rather superstitious now if he fails to come in, and I'll gamble that that black porter yonder will quit his job the very first time that old man fails to make his daily visit."

The teller leaned on the counter, "Yes," he went on, "it would surprise you to know how many people come here day after day to get money when they have absolutely no reason for coming. They have no papers on which money can be secured, but they just come right along, hoping, I guess, that some day they will hit the bank. Now, last week a big fellow who had evidently been drinking rushed in and yelled to me that he wanted \$1,000. I had never seen him before, and he made no pretense of handing up any papers. He said he was in a big rush. I realized at once that he was crazy, and I acted quickly. Reaching back to my drawer, I put my hand on my revolver and waited. He did not see the weapon. "The vault is closed," I said, "and you cannot get any money today." With that he reached his hand to his hip pocket, but I did not move. I looked him squarely in the eye and waited. He stood there for 20 seconds, with his hand on his hip and his eyes on me, and then he bowed. Without a word he turned his back to me and walked out. I tried to find out who the man was, but failed, and he never came back to repeat the demand.

"Another time I had a really dangerous crazy man to handle, but I acted like a flash and possibly saved my skin. It was about 1 o'clock one summer day when the weather was stifling. The front and side doors were propped open to let in the breeze, and I was looking over the books when a big fellow ran in the front door screaming. I looked up and saw him flourish a butcher knife, which fairly glistened in the light. "Where did he go with that money?" he called at the top of his voice as he halted and looked at me. "Right out that door," I said quickly, and in a moment the man had dashed through the door and went sailing down the alley. A policeman was called, but the man was not seen afterward. I am sure I would have felt the edge of his dangerous knife if I had not sent him out that door.

"Another strange thing happened once while I was working as a clerk in another bank. I was standing by the teller's counter when a nicely dressed young man came in, walking rather awkwardly. He managed to reach the teller and presented a paper. "Will you please cash this for me?" he said. The teller took the paper mechanically and looked at the stranger. "Why, this is no good," he said. "This is only a piece of white paper. What kind of a game are you trying to work?" The man gasped. "Why, it is a check," he called quickly. "Not much," said the teller, handing it back. The man looked at it. "Good God!" he cried. "Then I am blind!" They took him away, and he died at the hospital before he had a chance to explain. The doctors said it was a mystery, and the man's body was kept for six months. Finally it was sent to Kansas on the order of a woman who wired a description and said it was her son's."—New York Sun.

### The Banyan Tree.

In the fruiting season the banyan tree is an arbut for the feathered creation, and a rude temple is often set up under or close to its shade, at which the wayfarer stops to cook a meal more frequently than to offer a prayer. These sacred trees, with their grateful shade, are common in every part of India, and are confined to the tropical zone. As timber they are of no value, but gularac is obtained from their juice, and the bark is used by the Hindus medicinally.

The doll is probably the most antique of toys. It has been found inside the graves of children of ancient Rome.

Every man is either a hero or a coward, but the majority are never unyielded.—Chicago News.

## CHINESE PRONUNCIATION.

Three Simple Rules That Will Help You in the Task.

An acknowledged authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names as transliterated into English assures us that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers if the speaker will remember that the vowels in these names are uniformly those of the Italian or continental alphabet—namely: (1) a, always about as a in far; e, always approximately as e in here or then; i, very like i in machine or pin; o, as either the o of song or how, and u, always as the u of rule. (2) Also, it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value and should be given that value in pronunciation. (3) As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written. These three rules will secure as correct a pronunciation of Chinese names as can be secured without oral instruction.

For example, under the first rule one would say takhoo for Taku, not take-yoo, as one may frequently hear the word pronounced; lee hoong chahng for Li Hung Chang, not lie lung chahng; pek-ing for Peking, not pek-in; shahng-hah-ee for Shanghai, not shahng-hai; tsoong-lee-yahmen for tsung-ly-yamen, not tsung lie yay-men, and so on. Under the second rule Tien-tsin is pronounced teyen tsin, accenting the yen syllable, not teen tsin. General Nieh's name is Nee-yeh. The Chinese coin tael is not tale, but tah-ale, pronounced quickly. Yunnan fu is yoon-nahn-foo, not yunnan-fun.

In like manner all words are pronounced with syllabic distinctness and with uniform vowel sound. Under the third rule the province name Szechuan is sounded, not zekuan, but nearly as zehchooahn, touching the choo very lightly; Nganluwei as ingahng-hoo-wayee, dropping the initial i sound, and the German possession Kiau Chau is Keeahloo chlahoo.

However, without multiplying examples, the reader of news from the much troubled far east will find his way through the many difficult names he is to meet in his reading in the near future with sufficient safety if he will but observe the three simple rules here given for their correct pronunciation.—Boston Transcript.

### The Breach of Promise Record.

Many records of different kinds have been broken of late, but I will take a long time indeed to break the one that has just been made by the Bavarian gentleman, Mr. Alois Frankenberg, remarks the New York Sun. His case came up the other day in the assizes court of Graz, Austria, in which the testimony against him, the truth of which was admitted by himself, footed up a total of 120 cases of breaches of promises to marry. Young girls, old maids, widows, brunettes and blonds, fat and lean, long and short, all figured in his gigantic dossier. And yet his mode of procedure was simple enough. After he had spent a fortune of 100,000 marks leading a wild life in different countries he returned to Graz penniless.

His last resource lay in his good looks and winning ways. He put an advertisement in several papers inviting ladies desiring to marry "a gentleman of fortune" to put themselves in communication with him. And they did. His bonnet fortunes were phenomenal, even though his "fortune" was fictitious. In a short time he had sweethearts galore, and to buy furniture for nice flats in their castles in Spain, he obtained money from them.

That is what brought him into trouble. After sparking all that was profitably sparkable in Graz he abandoned his beloved ones in that town and set up in business as a matrimonial merchant in Munich, where his success was still more extraordinary. Then he returned to Graz, where he was denounced, arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for two years and six months with hard labor.

### The Old Time Shipbuilder.

The man with the broadship is gradually disappearing. He is very hard to find in Canada, but a few of his tribe are still scattered along the New England coast, mainly on the Kennebec. It is probable the tribe will die out on the spot where the first blow of the broad was struck. The man with the rivet is the next step in marine evolution. He is a noisy fellow, just a part of a machine, and he can never replace the quiet, contemplative philosopher in the red shirt and overalls who stood in the American shipyard in days that are past.—Boston Herald.

### British Museum Hoxed.

Francis Douce, a famous antiquary, who died in 1834, bequeathed a box to the British museum trustees, stipulating that it should not be opened until 1900. At a recent meeting of the trustees the box was unsealed and unlocked by the curator of the museum. It contained nothing but fragments of paper, torn book covers and other rubbish, with a note from the donor saying that, in his opinion, "it would be wasting any more valuable or interesting objects to leave them to persons of the average intelligence and taste of the British museum trustees."

### Saved by a Little Girl.

O. C. Sigworth, an Indiana man, in catching a black snake recently, grabbed it back of the head, when it wrapped around him and squeezed his arms close to his body. He was unable for some time to get the reptile uncoiled, but finally received assistance from a little girl, who was with him, who grasped the snake's tail and walked around Mr. Sigworth and uncoiled it. Mr. Sigworth says the bravery of the little girl no doubt saved his life, as the snake was slowly but surely squeezing the wind out of him.



## PERSONALITIES.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to this country, has become an accomplished golf player.

The Earl of Airlie, who was killed in action near Pretoria recently, boasted of a title 250 years old.

Stephen Crane used to do nearly all his writing very late at night, frequently working until 8 or 9 o'clock and then sleeping for six or eight hours.

General Chaffee, who has been ordered to China, was to have delivered a course of lectures on the lessons of the Spanish-American war at the Newport Naval War college this summer.

Edwin G. Cooley, who succeeds Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews as head of the Chicago public schools, is not a college graduate and, though a learned man, began his education late in life.

Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, who landed the United States marines at 1861, graduated from Annapolis in 1861 and went immediately to the steam frigate Wabash, assisting in the blockade of the southern coast.

William G. Nash of Weymouth, Mass., is thought to be the oldest worker in the United States, he having entered the business as an employee in 1831 and having conducted a store of his own for the last 67 years.

Julian Ralph, the war correspondent of the London Daily Mail, who was invalided home, writes that his injuries are not at all likely to be permanent. He will return to America early in the fall to deliver a course of lectures.

Simon Newcomb, America's great astronomer, has had an honorary degree conferred on him by the University of Cracow, Austria, something extraordinary for an American to receive. He lives in Washington and is 65 years old.

General Marcus P. Miller drove into a barn near Great Barrington, Mass., during a thunderstorm a few days ago. While he was there lightning struck the barn, killing two cows and stunning a farmhand with whom he was talking, but passing over the veteran soldier.

Among those honored by mention in the dispatches of Generals Methuen and Buller is an American lad of 17, Midshipman W. W. Sillern of San Francisco, whose mother is now wife of the English vice admiral, R. G. Kinahan, and who is a nephew of Mrs. Ben All Haggin. He is mentioned for conspicuous bravery.

The Gaunt family of Australia is versatile. The father is a Melbourne judge; a daughter, Mary, is a colonial novelist who has made a considerable reputation in England; a son in his navy, Lieutenant Gaunt, distinguished himself during the fighting in Samoa, and Captain Cecil Gaunt, another son, was among the defenders of Ladysmith.

## STAGE GLINTS.

Teresa Carreno is to return next season to this country.

Lewis Morrison, after next season, will have a new play on the order of "Faust."

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are giving a revival of "Olivia" at the London Lyceum.

Madeline Lucretia Ryley's latest play is called "My Lady Dainty." It will be produced in London.

John Coleman's adaptation of "Paricles," which has not been seen for years in London, is soon to be acted there.

Miss Maude Adams has returned from her trip to London and Paris and has gone to the Catskill mountains for a summer rest.

Marie Wainwright has engaged Justin Huntly McCarthy to write for her a one act comedy which she will next season exploit in the vaudeville.

Marie Halton, the American soubrette of "Gelsina" fame, made a great hit at the Berlin Theater des Westens in a new comic opera called "Rhodope."

James A. Horne has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of removing from his system by a course of medicinal baths the last traces of rheumatic gout.

The Gerry society is more active in New York than ever and has just stopped the performance of two Japanese acrobats, arresting them on the charge of teaching young children their acrobatic tricks.

James Young is negotiating with Mary Johnston for the right to produce "Prisoners of Hope." If the arrangements are consummated, he intends making a big spectacular production of the piece next season.

## USES OF SALT.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney. Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in solution inhaled cures a cold in the head.

Salt on fresh ink stains will help to remove them.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out the moths.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt in the water is the best thing to clean willowware and matting.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

**The Wall of the Peasimist.**  
Why is it that the wandering fly,  
Who might be happy in the gleam  
Of summer sun, prefers to die  
And thereby spoil the breakfast cream?

Why does the hateful sparrow thrive  
While song birds into silence sink?  
Why does the paste brush still contrive  
Somehow to get into the ink?

Why does it rain each holiday  
And shine throughout the toilsome week?  
Why does the freckle find its way  
Unerring to the fairest cheek?

Why do the weeds displace the flowers?  
Why does a discord drown the song?  
In short, upon this world of ours,  
Oh, why does everything go wrong?

—Masonic Standard.

**Real Riches.**  
Men, creeds and nations die, but right lives on.  
Old customs fade and disappear from earth;  
The ages vanish, and new epochs dawn;  
New systems and new races come to birth,  
But through the wreck of empires that have gone  
There is no death to anything of worth.  
The cause of love, of justice and of truth  
Continues onward in immortal youth.

There is a power in beauty to outlast  
The dash of states, the ravages of time.  
Go read the records of the distant past,  
Whose are the lives that seem the most sublime!  
Not titled imbeciles of rank and caste,  
Nor conquerors who lived by war and crime,  
But those who taught, who painted and who sang,  
Whose fame and works remain forever young.

In ruins lie the temples of the Greek,  
And yet the muses from their sacred hill,  
Through their sweet songs and melodies still seek  
Our hearts with the old power to touch and thrill.  
Demosthenes and Socrates yet speak,  
And Plato teaches, Homer charms us still.  
Though Rome has fallen, down the ages flow  
The words of Horace, Virgil, Cicero.

A good thought in the world is like a spark  
That kindles in our souls a sacred fire,  
That brightens lives which hitherto were dark,  
That cleanses hearts from lust and low desire.  
A noble, helpful sentence leaves its mark  
And teaches other spirits to aspire.  
'Tis thus a light that triumphs over death  
Floods all the world from him of Nazareth.

A word that's uttered, or a deed that's done  
To help the holy cause of liberty,  
In cherished recollections will live on.  
Throughout the ages they are yet to be.  
Though centuries since then have passed and gone,  
Men gaze enraptured on Thermopylae,  
And so in coming ages hearts will thrill  
To hear of Gettysburg and Bunker Hill.

Truth, love and beauty, liberty and right,  
These are the real riches of mankind;  
These are the priceless gems which never die,  
The inward, heavenly kingdom of the mind.  
Come up, come up, my brothers, to the light  
And leave life's dross and baubles all behind.  
Seek ye the treasures that will help and bless  
And aid to the world's good and happiness.

—Denver News.

**"As the Twig Is Bent."**  
Good Uncle Riley sent the lad  
A box of little tools—  
A plane, a hand saw and a file,  
A chisel and some rules.  
The child began to play with them  
And shouted loud with glee,  
While Uncle Riley said 'twas plain  
A builder he would be.

His grandma sent a story book,  
With many pretty views;  
The print was large, the book was strong,  
So it could stand abuse.  
The youngster seized it with delight;  
"Oh, yes, as sure as fate," he said,  
His grandma said, with glowing pride,  
"He'll be a writer great."

The father gave his son and heir  
An engine—just a toy—  
And in two hours the working parts  
Were scattered around the boy.  
"Ah!" said papa, swelling up;  
"He's all right. Never fear,  
That boy will yet be known to fame  
As a great engineer."

An old maid aunt, wishing to  
Improve the youngster's mind,  
Sent him a useful history,  
Inscribed with wishes kind.  
The boy turned over the pages big,  
With interested stare,  
And aunt quickly said, "He'll be  
A statesman, I declare!"

The years rolled on. The little boy  
Has grown to man's estate.  
He's "engineering" many things  
And "building" and "fixing" state.  
He "writes" occasionally, too;  
He's up to statecraft's tricks;  
He's fulfilled all the prophecies,  
For he's in politics.

—Baltimore American.

**A Song of Summer.**  
Out in the open country fields,  
With the green grass blowing merrily,  
The daisies nod, and the dewdrops shine,  
And the sunbeams dance right cheerily,  
A lassie and laddie come tripping along,  
Like the fair day smiling brightly;  
They pluck the flowers, and they hum a song  
As they shake off the dewdrops lightly.

The song tells how neither you nor I  
Nor any one else they know  
Has drunk the full cup of the joy of the fields  
Where the daisies and buttercups grow.  
You may rise when the flowers open their eyes,  
You may bathe your feet in the dew,  
You may live as the children of nature live  
The whole long summer through.

But there'll still be a secret of nature's own  
Beyond your human ken;  
It is known to the fairies who dwell in the grass,  
But is hid from the sons of men.

Yet whenever together a lad and a lass  
Trip hand and hand through the fields,  
They fancy they drink with elixir race  
All the sweetest that nature yields.

Out in the full, free light of the sun,  
Where the green grass bloweth merrily,  
The lass and the lad go dancing by,  
Singing their songs right cheerily.

—Mary Almee Goodman.

**A Prayer.**  
Lord God, thou lettest the green things start  
A new life every year;  
Out of their sunken selves they rise  
Erect and sweet and clear.  
Behold the lilies' pure white leaves  
Unfolding by each mere!

Again the asp mounts in the fir  
Through every swelling vein;  
Again the clover struts and thrills  
Responsive to the rain;  
Again the tender grass makes green  
The lone breast of the plain.

Hear the new, golden flood of song  
The lark pours to the blue!  
Behold the strong, undaunted shoot  
Pushing its brave front through  
The fallen tree! Lord God, Lord God,  
Let me begin anew!

Out of my own self let me rise  
For, God, if it can be,  
A new and noble growth may spring  
From my decaying tree,  
Surely a strong, pure life may mount  
Out of this life of me.

—Ella Higginson.

**Sin and Mercy.**  
Of sin remembered why should man complain?  
Why should it cause him more or less of pain?  
Knows naught of mercy he who knows no sin,  
And but for sin all mercy would be vain.

—H. G. Keene in Temple Bar.

## CURTAIN RAISERS.

Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will spend the vacation at New Haven.

Burr McIntosh will support Mary Manning in "Janice Meredith."

Cora Urquhart was 16 years of age when she married James Brown Potter.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will go to Switzerland after the close of her London engagements.

Abney Sage Richardson will dramatize William Sage's "Robert Tournay" for Daniel Frohman.

Augustus Thomas is the author of the unnamed comedy in which Willie Collier will star next season.

Wagner's "Siegfried" will be produced in 1901 at the Grand Opera, Paris. "Die Gotterdammerung" will be produced in 1903.

"L'Education de Prince," the farce to which Anna Held secured the American rights early in the spring, has failed in Paris.

Robert Mantell has accepted a new play written by W. R. Tremayne, author of "The Secret Warrant" and "The Dagger and the Cross."

Miss Marcia Van Dresser, who was with the Bostonians last season, has decided to return to the dramatic stage next autumn. She was formerly in Daly's company.

Carl Sontag, the celebrated actor, who made a tour of the United States some 15 years ago, is dead. He was a brother of the equally famous comedienne, Henrietta Sontag.

The taste for war plays, even old ones, does not die out. Since its revival two years ago it is claimed "Shenandoah" has netted its author, Bronson Howard, \$20,000 in royalties.

One of the plays in which E. S. Willard will appear the coming season is by Elwyn Barron, formerly a Chicago newspaper man, but now a resident of London. The title is not yet announced, but the place will be Italy and the hero an actor.

## FIGHTING THE STANDARD.

Nebraska's Attorney General Begins Investigating the Oil Monopoly.

New York, Aug. 29.—Attorney General C. J. Smyth of Nebraska, who is in the east for the purpose of taking testimony regarding the operations of the Standard Oil company, has opened the hearing in New York. Mr. Smyth was appointed by the supreme court of Nebraska as one of two referees to find out all he could concerning the operations of the Standard Oil company, the information to be used in an inquiry as to whether the company, which does a large business in Nebraska, is or is not a trust, that state having a stringent law against trusts.

Mr. Smyth was anxious to examine John D. Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler and W. H. Tilford, all connected with the Standard Oil company, but was informed that the gentlemen were not in the city. He says he will await their return. Meanwhile Mr. Smyth began proceedings by calling as a witness George Rice, who at one time was in the oil business at Marietta, O., and who has been fighting the Standard Oil company for a number of years, claiming they forced him out of business.

Mr. Rice in his testimony gave figures purporting to be the cost of piping and refining the crude oil and the cost of carrying it to Nebraska and claimed that it could be sold at a profit for 4½ cents a gallon in Nebraska by the carload. He said the present price of oil was 2½ cents for export and 8½ cents for wholesale dealers in the United States.

## BASEBALL SCORES.

Results of Yesterday's Games in the Different Leagues.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.			
At Boston—	R.	H.	E.
Boston.....	0	0	0
New York.....	0	1	0
Batteries—Dineen and Sullivan; Hawley and Grady.			
AT BROOKLYN.			
Brooklyn.....	0	1	0
Philadelphia.....	0	1	0
Batteries—Kitsen and Farrell; Frazier and McFarland.			
AT CHICAGO.			
Chicago.....	0	0	0
St. Louis.....	0	0	0
Batteries—Griffith and Dexter; Young and Cregar.			

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.			
W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
Brooklyn.....	60	37	419
Pittsburg.....	55	47	539
Philadelphia.....	50	49	505
Boston.....	49	50	495

AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
At Indianapolis—Indianapolis, 1; Minneapolis, 4.			
Second game—Indianapolis, 7; Minneapolis, 2.			
At Cleveland—Cleveland, 4; Chicago, 3.			
Second game—Cleveland, 0; Chicago, 8.			
At Buffalo—Buffalo, 0; Kansas City, 8.			
At Detroit—Detroit, 2; Milwaukee, 6.			

EASTERN LEAGUE.			
At Hartford—Hartford, 5; Worcester, 4.			
At Springfield—Springfield, 6; Providence, 4.			
At Montreal—Montreal, 6; Syracuse, 4.			
At Toronto—Toronto, 6; Rochester, 7.			

**Locomotive Works to Close.**

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 29.—It is announced that the Rogers Locomotive works will permanently close its doors as a locomotive works and also probably as an ironworks on Dec. 1 next. Fifteen hundred skilled hands will be thrown out of employment. The works were started in 1800 by John Clark of Paisley, Scotland, and Thomas Rogers became a member of the firm in 1834. The Rogers family has since that date been the principal owners of the plant. The principal owner now is Jacob Rogers. He said that, although the works are running at their full capacity and business is good, the plant is hampered by lack of modern machinery and improvements, and he, being advanced in years, does not care to invest money to bring them up to modern standards.

**Mr. Bryan's Movements.**

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 29.—Mr. Bryan has decided definitely to leave Lincoln for Chicago next Friday evening. He will probably spend Saturday in Illinois, making speeches, going on to Chicago that evening. After making his Labor day speech in Chicago Monday he probably will make other speeches in that vicinity, remaining away from home for two or three weeks.

**Mother Found After Long Search.**

Brockton, Mass., Aug. 29.—John Shaw of Whitman, who as a child was placed in the custody of an uncle when his parents separated 19 years ago, has just discovered his mother in Philadelphia. He searched for traces of her in England and in the west for years and had given up hope of ever finding her.

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