DR POTTER'S PERILOUS CLIMB.

Detectives, All Aghast, Saw Him Slide from Roof to Roof.

POISED CALM IN MIDAIR.

They Wouldn't Follow and Risk Life for the Sake of Any Mission.

POTTER IS VERY CHEERFUL.

Says His Jailers Don't Hold Him Prisoner Within, but He Keeps Them Captive Without.

It is an admirable prison that the pastor, or ex-pastor, of the Baptist Tabernacle, on Second avenue, near Tenth street, is in.

He stays, surrounded by his best friends, who are two of his sons, the organist of the Tabernacle, and Mrs. Ross, the housekeeper. There is a fire in the grate of his study, there is food in the dining room. He looks through the glass of his window at the trees of the avenue and the steeple of St. Mark's Church.

There are twelve agents of the Baptist City Mission watching him, but, really, he is not made by them a prisoner inside. He is making of them prisoners outside. They have locked every entrance to the parish house that they know; they have cut off the electric bells; they are wide awake sentinels by night and by day. None may enter. The Rev. Daniel C. Potter is isolated, like the Man with the Iron Mask, or like the leper in Aosta.

"So much the better," the Rev. Daniel C. Potter wrote last night. He may think and talk at leisure, without being troubled by anything. Annoyances, sorrow, absurd events do not penetrate his solitude; he possesses Time.

He communicates when he wishes with the outside world by means of letters and twine, with which supplies for his garrison may be hoisted by him through his third-story window. His jail would be a terrestrial paradise if he were not pursued by the phantom of the word liberty. He seized even the reality of that for several hours Thursday, and in his absence sentinels barricaded the house, stood guard over the scuttle on the roof, and, sure that he could not return, walked in a starry triumph.

He returned. How? The watchers would not tell. They said that they did not know. The neighbors shook their heads and said that such things were explained by witchcraft in the time when the Puritans were intolerant. The Rev. Daniel C. Potter himself said: "It is too long a story." One man, weary of conjecture, walked in the minister's track yesterday.

He went through the narrow, dark alley of the house No. 302 East Eleventh street into the backyard, up the rickety stairs of the six-story tenement in the rear, to the roof. The slope of the Baptist Tabernacle slides past the tenement roof, in diagonal shingles, and has a snow guard, which is made of iron at its edge. This snow guard, only slightly raised, was like a bridge railing to the brave Rev. Daniel C. Potter.

He jumped from the tenement roof to the sloping roof, slipped down to the snow guard, and, catching it with his left hand, crawled southward through the whole width of the Tabernacle roof, to a bay window of his apartment, which is never latched. The sentinels saw him accomplish this perilous feat, although they had denied all knowledge of it.

"If you didn't see it, then you were not doing you duty," the man who had tracked the minister said to J. C. Connors, watcher at the Tabernacle, "or you were doing exactly the reverse of your duty."

"We saw it," said Connors, "but we were not going to risk our lives for the benefit of the Baptist City Mission. We were thunderstruck, anyway. I would not go over the same ground for a fortune."

The Rev. Daniel C. Potter did not do it for a fortune. He smiled at his window, yesterday, with the air of a man whom money matters do not annoy.

"Thank you. My only fear was that I might have to spend the day without the Journal, and you have wrapped a copy of it around your delicious cigars. Get out of the cold into the drug store at the corner and I'll write you a letter," he shouted.

He wrote: "The Journal is both charitable and kind. Fortunately I need nothing at present. I have known E. S. Clinch and his methods so long I was abundantly prepared for what happened, and yet I did not think the Baptist City Mission Society cared for further advertisement of this kind.

"I am deeply grateful, though, to Clinch. He has done, he is doing, a substantial service to me. All I could say would never convince the public of the strength and truth of my various contentions with the society, as has this second scandal and outrage.

"Where there are courts to dispossess people unlawfully occupying houses in a law-abiding city like ours, fair and honest, people whose methods are open and straight do not hire ruffians to break locks and terrorize women and children."

E. S. Clinch is the attorney of the Baptist City Mission Society. He would not explain his action yesterday, nor explain why, if the minister might be dispossessed, he was not dispossessed by legal measures.

"A" shows the trap door on the roof of the adjacent six-story tenement.
"B" is the window of Doctor Potter's house at which he effects entrance to his prison.

Some Features of the Rev. Dr. Potter's Incarceration in the Baptist Mission House

HAS MAYOR PAT A WOOING GONE?

Rumor That Gleason Flitted Away to Wed a Trenton Widow.

LEFT HIS VALET BEHIND.

Late Last Night He Escaped from His Boudoir and Went to Lakewood.

Hon. P. Jerome Gleason's luxuriously appointed boudoir over Conway's livery stable on Front street, Long Island City, is vacant. Mayor Pat is absent on a matrimonial mission, so the gossips say, and rumor has it that the battle axe hero will return with a blushing Trenton widow on his strong right arm.

He flitted silently away to Lakewood last night, leaving behind his milk bottles, the seltzer siphons and "Scotty," the valet.

It stands to reason that no man, not even the Mayor of Long Island City, would get married with a bottle of milk in his hand. They say, too, that the Mayor did not go to Lakewood for his health, and another significant fact is that P. J. Murphy, the confidential friend of Gleason, gave a rush order for a claw-hammer coat, and is now at Lakewood, prepared for the worst. "Scotty," the valet, refuses to be interviewed.

The flight of the Mayor was discovered by an eminent citizen returning from a cock fight, with his arms full of dead roosters. Scotty first emerged from the shadow of the livery stable carrying a valise, which presumably contained His Honor's trousseau, as Scotty handled the baggage with scrupulous care. Close behind his faithful valet came Gleason, and they both sprinted for the Thirty-fourth street ferry. The man with the dead roosters was thunderstruck, and said so afterward in a saloon. No one ever heard of the Mayor leaving town in that fashion, particularly when there were no warrants out for him.

Then somebody recalled frequent trips to Trenton, where dwells a certain fascinating widow who, it is said, would not spurn an offer of marriage from a distinguished gentleman and statesman. The episode of Mr. Murphy's sudden departure with the clawhammer coat was too full of meaning to be overlooked, and so it is settled that the wedding cards will soon be out. In fact, the knowing ones intimate that a "To Let" sign may shortly adorn the door of the boudoir over the livery stable, and that a new birdie's nest will be builded elsewhere.

Gleason was sounded on the subject of matrimony a few days ago, but he only smiled and looked as much like Solomon as possible. He generally confirms or denies a rumor, but in this case he did neither. And all the cohorts of the house of Gleason close up like clams when questioned on this absorbing topic. So there is nothing for Mayor Pat but to return in a position to confirm the alleged intent of the expedition.

SAYS BENHAM IS GUILTY.

Coroner's Jury at Batavia Declares He Gave Prussic Acid to His Wife.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The Coroner's jury at Batavia to-day rendered a verdict finding that Mrs. Florence Benham came to her death from a dose of prussic acid administered by her husband, with felonious intent and for the purpose of killing her. The jury had heard testimony a month.

Important testimony was given to-day by Mrs. Mary Ann Farrant, mother of Mrs. Benham. She said that the night before her daughter died she was awakened by the crying of the Benham boy. She went to his room to quiet him, and when she was returning she saw Benham in his wife's room. She was awakened half an hour later by loud talking in her daughter's room. She heard Mrs. Benham say: "Howard, I don't want to take it." She could not distinguish Benham's answer.

Then Mrs. Benham said: "Howard, I don't see what you want me to take that stuff for." Mrs. Farrant declared that Howard Benham was evidently forcing his wife to take some medicine.

A few minutes later Mr. Benham went to Mrs. Farrant's room and called her. She went to her daughter's room and found her unconscious and gasping. Ten minutes afterward Mrs. Benham died.

Mrs. Farrant said that on previous occasions she had seen Benham try to force his wife to take medicine which he had prepared in another room.

Benham was much depressed upon hearing the verdict of the Coroner's jury.

TORPEDO BOAT NO. 6 TAKEN.

Secretary Herbert Waives Delay Because of Her Wonderful Performance.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Secretary Herbert this afternoon waived the usual formalities which have hitherto invariably made the acceptance of naval vessels a tedious procedure and accepted torpedo boat No. 6, which is now enrolled on the naval lists, though tried only two days ago. This procedure, which usually consumes months, was expedited in this instance by the almost marvellous performance of the little vessel as described by the members of the trial Board, who have returned to Washington, and who have made a preliminary report on the test which is complimentary in the highest terms.

Secretary Herbert has telegraphed congratulations to the Herreshoffs on the remarkable performance of the torpedo boat. The Cushing will be taken at once to Norfolk, and her crew will be sent back to Newport to man No. 6, which will then be brought to Washington, in order that she may be seen by the naval committees of Congress.

Battleships for the Mardi Gras.

Washington, Feb. 12.—The battleships Texas, Captain Glass, and Maine, Captain Crowninshield, have been selected to represent the navy at New Orleans during Mardi Gras week, and Admiral Bunce has ordered them there before March 1. They are expected to enter the Mississippi River on Saturday, February 27.

BLACK'S CAPITOL SCHEME IN SENATE

Proposition to Have Aldridge Complete the State House.

PATRONAGE IS INVOLVED.

The Republican Combine to Strengthen Itself by Controlling the Work.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE PLAN.

The Measure, It Is Charged, Confers Too Much Power on One Man. Will Be Strongly Opposed.

Albany, Feb. 12.—Surely and carefully the Black-Payn-Aldridge combination is extending its control over the patronage of the State government, and if the "good" work goes on all the power to be gained by the distribution of patronage will soon be in the hands of this triumvirate of practical politicians.

Senator Ellsworth, at the request of Governor Black and Superintendent Aldridge, to-day introduced in the Senate the combine's bill which ousts from office the five Capitol commissioners and places the authority over the Capitol completion in the hands of Superintendent Aldridge. The latter is charged with the execution of the scheme of the Governor to have the Capitol completed before the expiration of Black's term, two years hence. Some eminent architects assert that the ambition of the Governor will not be attained and that the Capitol cannot be completed within the two years.

Provisions of the Bill.

The bill, after killing off the five-headed commission and substituting Superintendent Aldridge in its stead, declares the manner in which the contracts for the completion of the Capitol shall be awarded. After reciting that bids for the work must be advertised for and the award made to a responsible bidder, the bill continues: "Who will furnish security, approved by the Superintendent of Public Works, for the faithful performance of the contract, but such Superintendent may discriminate in favor of the bid which he deems most favorable to the State as to price or time and manner of construction, or may reject all bids if deemed unfavorable or disadvantageous to the State, or if there shall appear to be collusion between the parties, and may advertise anew."

This provision in the law, the opponents of the combine say, confers entirely too much arbitrary power on the Superintendent of Public Works and the Governor, by whom the contract must be approved. There will be strong opposition to the bill.

Attention is called to the fact that the bill allows the Superintendent to make a bargain with the contractor whose bid he desires to favor as to the men who shall be employed in the work of completion of the big building. If matters can be so managed that the combination will practically have the disposition of the round million required to finish the work, it will bring in a tidy bit of patronage.

Another Combine Scheme.

The proposition to put practically all the corporations of the State under one commission, which is contemplated by the persons wishing to extend the scope of the Railroad Commission so as to include gas, electricity and water, is so radical that the more the legislators think of it the less they favor it.

This scheme is another development in the programme of the Black-Aldridge-Payn combination to hold all possible reins of power. Mr. Platt's views on the subject are not known. While the new combination would like very much to put through the project, it is not sufficiently strong as yet to do it without Mr. Platt's assistance. A score of telegrams bearing on this subject and asking Mr. Platt's opinion about it have been sent to him, and all the replies thus far received have been of an evasive character.

Much encouraged by this fact the independent legislators among the Republicans, and also the conservative machine men, have plucked up spirit and to-day organized for strenuous opposition to the scheme. They came to the conclusion that the Republican party could not be benefited in the slightest degree by such a commission. Several of them declared that it would prove absolutely injurious.

Senator Raines, who is holding back the favorable report on the nominations of Railroad Commissioners Cole, Duna and Baker, is the active instrument of the Black-Aldridge-Payn combination.

A desperate effort to secure Mr. Platt's support for the project will be made when he returns from Florida at the end of this month. Naturally enough, the friends of the scheme draw glowing pictures of the reforms that such an all-powerful commission could recommend to the Legislature as a result of diligent investigation. In order to secure the support of the Railroad Commissioners for the plan, the pleasant prospect of a junketing trip to all the large cities of this country and Europe for the ostensible purpose of studying the question of gas is alluringly held forth. A fight over the matter is certain to take place.

PRISON FOR BRUESEWITZ.

Sentence of the German Officer Who Killed a Civilian Read in Reichstag.

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Berlin, Feb. 12.—During the discussion to-day in the Reichstag on the military budget the Minister of War read the sentence passed by the military court on Lieutenant Bruesewitz, confirming his condemnation to three years' imprisonment, with an additional twenty days for another military offence, as well as dismissal from the army.

The sentence declared the officer to be guilty of intentional homicide without consideration, but admitted extenuating circumstances.

It was established that Bruesewitz, after the deed, said to a student: "I have laid him on a stretcher."

These words proved that he was satisfied with the result of his action, and, moreover, the lunge of his sword was aimed at Siepmann's body with such force that it showed he meant to have no doubt about the effect.

When, therefore, the Minister of War said that extenuating circumstances had been admitted because Bruesewitz was intoxicated and Siepmann had irritated him by insolent behavior, there arose a perfect din of dissentient noises in the Reichstag.

TUG PUTS OUT A FIRE.

Captain McLauren and His Crew Saved a Lot of Valuable Property at Port Morris Dock.

As Captain McLauren, of the tug Olympia, was steaming through Cow Bay early yesterday morning he saw smoke and flames leaping from one of the buildings of the Port Morris Land and Improvement Company, at Port Morris dock. The tug ran as close to the fire as possible, and the captain and his men started her two 20-inch pumps and laid two lines of hose 200 feet on shore.

An alarm was turned in, but the city engines had great difficulty in getting near the fire. Captain McLauren and his crew succeeded in confining the flames to the building where they started, and saved much valuable property in adjoining structures. The loss was about $5,000.

Captain McLauren was awarded a gold medal for his heroic work in rescuing eleven of the passengers on the Rosedale when she went down off Grand street, Williamsburg, last September.

TELLER HELD UP IN A BANK.

Negro Desperado Gets $500 in Broad Daylight and Runs, but Is Captured.

Saltsburg, Pa., Feb. 12.—A bold daylight bank robbery occurred here to-day. About 1:45 o'clock in the afternoon a colored man entered the First National Bank, and covering Teller Klingensmith with a revolver demanded the money lying on the counter.

The teller handed over $500 and the man ran out of the bank and through the town. He was followed by a posse and captured near the county line. A few shots were fired before he surrendered and gave up the money. He was taken to the Indiana County Jail.

ST. PAUL IN PORT.

The Overdue American Liner Arrives Safely at Southampton.

Southampton, Feb. 12.—The anxiety regarding the whereabouts of the St. Paul is now allayed, as the steamer passed Hurst Castle at 8:35 o'clock this evening on her way to her dock at this port.

It has not yet been announced whether or not she will sail for New York to-morrow, as advertised.

The St. Paul was at her dock at 11 o'clock to-night. Captain Jamison said that for the first five days out from New York the weather was the severest he had ever known. Throughout the five days there was a succession of terrific northeast gales, accompanied by a very heavy sea.

During the last thirty-six hours there was an extremely dense fog. From longitude 31 west the weather conditions were such that it was impossible to take an observation, and the steamer was, therefore, navigated by dead reckoning.

The St. Paul arrived in the Channel at 6 o'clock last night, and was fogbound until late this afternoon. She was compelled to run at half speed for almost the entire passage. Her best daily run was 453 miles and her worst 270. She behaved in a splendid manner throughout, and did not sustain any damage. She will probably sail on her return to New York Sunday.

The St. Paul spoke to the North German Lloyd steamer Trave February 8, 1,500 miles from New York. It is expected that the Trave will arrive here to-morrow.

The North German Lloyd steamer Trave, Captain Thalenhorst, from New York February 3, arrived here at 12:15 o'clock this morning. She reports a tempestuous voyage and much delay by fog, which accounts for the extreme length of her voyage.

ELEVATED RAILWAY EARNINGS.

The Official Report of the Last Quarter Shows an Increase in Net Income.

Albany, Feb. 12.—The report of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company for the quarter ended December 31 last, as filed with the State Railroad Commission, shows: Gross earnings from operation, $2,282,990; operating expenses, $1,347,390; net earnings from operation, $1,135,600; other income, $42,500; gross income from all sources, $1,178,100; fixed charges, $803,838; net income from all sources, $371,261; cash on hand, $62,717; profit and loss (surplus), $4,282,346. The net income for the corresponding quarter of the preceding year was $300,125.

SUICIDE OF A COUNT.

Brother of the Austrian Ambassador to France Shoots Himself.

Vienna, Feb. 12.—Count von Wolkenstein Trostburg, brother of the Austrian Ambassador to France, committed suicide in this city last evening by shooting himself with a revolver.

FRENCH BALL IN A JERSEY VILLAGE.

Park Ridge Church Circles Excited by the Gay Goings On.

STAID RESIDENTS SHOCKED.

High Kicking and Lots of Wine Give Them Topics for Warm Discussions.

There was what was called a French ball in Park Ridge, N. J., Thursday night or, rather, yesterday morning. They are not used to French balls in that village and as a consequence they have not yet recovered from the effects of it nor are they likely to for some time to come. Park Ridge is a peculiar place. In Summer it is lively, for then many New Yorkers penetrate to it and carry with them an air of the city. But during the Winter it is intensely Park Ridge, and the villagers put in most of their time attending church sociables and wishing it was Summer.

Park Ridge, aside from this, is the home of the "Angel Dancers," whose antics were such once on a time that the leader of the sect was ridden out of town on a rail after his head had been shaved and his beard cut with sheep shears.

The sign which was posted in the place some time ago announcing that a dance would be held in Forester's Hall, and the news had penetrated as far as the thriving villages of Bardonia and Etna. A "Parisian Quadrille" and a "Noce du Village" were advertised, and all the dancers who could get away from hom and had the price of a ticket decided to attend. The names of the Parisian dancers were advertised on the bills as Miles. Ninnette Chatouillard and Lucie Enfers and Monsieurs Sangfroid and Sanagene—which, being interpreted, mean various things, hot and cold.

The night of the dance came, and with it nearly fifty gallons of wine, the professional dancers and two women from the city who make a living by renting masquerade costumes. They brought scarcely any women's costumes except such as had decidedly short skirts. It was this lack of skirts that has stirred up all the present commotion.

Most of the young women who attended the ball were the daughters of residents of the villages around Park Ridge. They had not worn short skirts since they discarded them, but they put them on again for the dance, at least most of them did.

With the feet unhampered by skirts and the blood exhilarated by wine it was not to be wondered that some of the feet did not stay on the floor all the time. They felt so light that some of them once in a while pointed toward the ceiling, while the spectators applauded. High kicking at a New York French ball is a matter of course, but it isn't in Park Ridge.

It was this high kicking that caused the only trouble of the night. One New York man criticized the kicks of one of the Jersey belles. Charles Lowerre resented the remarks and when the New Yorker recovered consciousness he apologized and said he had been given just what he deserved.

The ball broke up at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, but the old rule that they who dance must pay the piper still holds good. The dancers have had their fun, and now they are at the mercy of the villagers who did not attend and the preachers, who are said to be preparing to denounce the entire affair.

COUNTERFEIT BRASS CHECKS.

Charles Wagner, a Waiter, Accused of Arranging a Plan to Rob His Employer.

Charles Wagner, a waiter employed in the restaurant at the cycle show, has been held in $500 bonds to answer a charge of counterfeiting a trade mark.

The proprietor of the restaurant uses brass checks with various sums marked upon them in order that his waiters may not rob him. These checks are sold in $5 lots to the waiters, and as they take the food from the kitchen they pay for it there, and then collect from the customers.

The firm that made the checks for use at the cycle show reported to the caterer yesterday that they had made similar checks representing $70 for Wagner, and the waiter was arrested after a consultation with the police. As all these bogus checks were found in his possession the counterfeiting charge was the only one that could be brought against him.

Cyanus's Sailors Are Safe.

London, Feb. 12.—The missing crew—twenty in number—of the British steamer Cyanus, from Bilbao, for Glasgow, which on February 10 was reported lost off Ushant, arrived safely at Audierne, in Finistere, France. It was supposed that the men had been drowned.

There is no doubting the efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures every time.—Advt.

M'GIFFIN'S SUICIDE WAS LONG PLANNED

On Christmas Day He Wrote in His Diary That He Would Do It.

HIS LAST BOLD WORDS.

"I Have Beat to Quarters," He Ezplained, and Then He Killed Himself.

LONGED FOR DECEASED FRIENDS.

Clad in the Gorgeous Uniform of the Chinese Navy, His Body Was Yesterday Shipped to Washington, Pa.

P. S.—I feel quite myself. I shall do it now. I have "beat to quarters." My pulse is 84.
P. N. McG.

These were the last words written by Captain Philo Norton McGiffin, who shot himself at the Post-Graduate Hospital on Thursday night. They formed part of a letter he left for Dr. Graeme Hammond, which was inclosed in a large envelope, together with a note for one of the nurses, thanking her for her kindness, and one for a friend, a Mr. McNutt.

The rest of the letter to Dr. Hammond ran as follows:

I am tired of it all and am going to end matters. I wish, however, to absolve the hospital authorities from all blame, for never has a man been more carefully watched and more tenderly cared for.

I have no friends left to speak of. All my dearest friends were Chinese, and were killed during the war of 1894-95. I ought to have been killed, too, but it was my poor luck to be let live. Now I am anxious to join them. You may guess where. My life is one of suffering, and I have nothing further to live for. I am entirely sane, and know just what I am doing. I want to thank you for the many courtesies and kindnesses that you have shown me, which you may rest assured that I deeply and fully appreciate. My useful life ended with the war, and had it not been for hard luck, my actual life should have ended then, too. There is no possible use in prolonging what is of no further use.

The envelope containing this letter was marked:

"Important; to be opened immediately after my exit."

Another interesting fact has been learned since the death of the Captain. Among his effects was found a diary, upo nthe flyleaf of which he had made an entry on Christmas day, which was to the effect that at that time he had determined to end his life at the first favorable opportunity.

In an inter view yesterday, Dr. Graeme Hammond said that when Captain McGiffin entered the hospital he was temporarily crazed by the habitual use of certain drugs, and that hi snerves were completely shattered.

Perfectly Sane at the Time of His Death.

"From this, however," continued Dr. Hammond, "he had completely recovered, and for some time had been perfectly sane, beyond all question of doubt. I am so convinced of this that I should not have hesitated to place swords, pistols or any other weapons in his hands without question. His suicide was evidently long premeditated and most carefully planned. When he first entered the hospital we removed all his effects from him, but when it was shown that his mental and nervous symptoms had only been temporary and after he had fully recovered from these, we had no right whatever to withhold his belongings from him, neither any reason for special vigilance, although the latter was rigidly maintained.

"Captain McGiffin was neither morbid nor morose, and, while a hero in the face of danger and one who could face the roar of a bombardment with utmost coolness, was a coward so far as physical suffering or loss of prestige was concerned. The spirit of the war was yet in him, the pangs of defeat mingled with the pain of his wounds, and the life of a defeated hero was intolerable to him."

Body Clad in Chinese Uniform.

Clad in the uniform of a captain of the Imperial Chinese Navy, with the "Tien Lung," or "Heavenly Dragon," the emblem for which he had fought so fearlessly, embroidered on his sleeve, the body was placed in a simple casket yesterday morning and forwarded to his home in Washington, Pa. No one accompanied the body but the undertaker, but the staff of the hospital each took a sad farewell of the man whom they had learned to honor and respect.

The last few days of Captain McGiffin's life were peculiarly happy, and he was in the best of spirits. He was wonderfully entertaining, replete with good stories and a genial companion. So it happened that whenever the house staff or any member of it had a few moments to spare, McGiffin's room was sought and many pleasant moments enjoyed.

SHERMAN ABOUT GIVES UP

His Proposition in the Senate Regarding the Arbitration Treaty—Another Amendment.

Washington, Feb. 12.—The debate this afternoon in the Senate on the general arbitration treaty proved the hopelessness of an agreement being reached, and Mr. Sherman told the Senate that if the committee could not frame an amendment that would to-morrow meet the objections that have been raised he would no longer press the treaty at this session, as against other business that was piling up on the calendar. This is virtually a surrender by the Senator in charge of the convention.

The committee will to-morrow submit an amendment which will change the first article of the treaty so as to read practically as follows, the words in parentheses being those added:

"The high contracting parties agree to submit to arbitration (in the manner and method prescribed by the government authority of either of the parties for the negotiation and ratification of treaties) in accordance with the provisions and subject to the limitations of this treaty all questions in difference between them which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiation."

The debate to-day was participated in by Senators Stewart, Blackburn, Hoar, Chandler and Lodge.

For a "Common People's College."

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 12.—A bill introduced in the Nebraska Senate provides for the establishment of a college for the common people, "a university unshackled by selfish interests, where the truths of bimetallism may be taught the youths of Nebraska." It recites that the trusts and monopolistic influences of this republic are dictating the social and economic utterances of nearly every prominent college of the land and that the productions of the professors are under a gold standard censorship. The bill provides that the seat of the proposed college shall be Lincoln, Neb., "the home of the most magnificent leader of financial thought of modern times, the great teacher of bimetallism."