

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

EX-UNITED States Senator "Tom" Carter of Montana has the type of face that, decorated as it is by a neatly trimmed white chin whisker, suggests the typical gentleman farmer as seen in the cartoons of the comic paper. The Senator was coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria the other morning with an old travel-battered handbag in his hand. As he reached the sidewalk a rather ordinary looking young fellow came up to him and said:

"Excuse me, but are you not Mr. Gray of Atlanta?"

Mr. Carter looked at him for a moment in an effort to discern whether the fellow was in earnest or whether this was really the introductory part of the old confidence game. Finally he decided it was the latter, and he said softly to the questioner:

"No, Bub, you didn't come any way near it. My name is Vidocq, I belong to the Government Secret Service, and I am the original Old Sleuth."

It didn't take the young man long to get out of sight around the corner.

John Drew, just back from London, walked down the aisle of Hammerstein's roof garden the other night when the performance was half over. His presence caused a sensation among the young men present when it was discovered that the actor had returned to the habit of parting his hair in the middle of his head and brushing it back boldly from his forehead in a style quite unlike any Mr. Drew has yet affected in the arranging of his coiffure. It is two years or more since Mr. Drew began parting his hair on the side. Immediately the vogue spread among the young men of the city and country, much to the dislike of their sweethearts and wives. Mr. Drew brought that style from London. Said one young lady remarking the change:

"Mr. Drew must have received an endless chain request from the women of the country."

Hamilton Wright Mable on his last trip to Europe encountered a humorous little incident on his voyage out. The morning of the second day he found himself in the vicinity of a miss who had previously informed him she was from the West and was making her first trip abroad, and who had evidently not availed herself of the register inspection privileges so dear to the hearts of old travelers. A little volume of his own "Under the Trees" lay in her lap.

"Oh, have you read this?" she began rapturously and without waiting for reply, "he is my ideal—Mr. Mable. I read everything he writes—I've never heard him speak or even seen his picture, but I feel sure I know just what he looks like—he's tall and slender, with square shoulders and a mass of iron-gray hair, and he has great dark, shadowy eyes," (the speaker, of course, was fair to colorlessness.) "He must be, you know, to write like this—"

At this point Mrs. Bolton Hall stopped to introduce Dr. Mable to the friend with whom she was walking, and in this merciful interlude the little schoolgirl disappeared.

"When it is a matter of ideals," mused Mr. Mable, whose appearance is the reverse in every detail of the little enthusiast's portrayal, "I believe I'd rather be shattered than the shatterer be, to paraphrase Grant Allen—anyhow in this instance."

When Councilman Joseph Cassidy became a member of the Municipal Assembly he wore ultra-fashionable clothes, and it was his delight to appear on a Summer day in a long Prince Albert coat of very light material and color with a light high hat of a size to make the end man in a minstrel show jealous. The first event which led Councilman Cassidy to forsake ultra-fashionable garments happened on a train bound for Manhattan Beach. As he was striding toward the door of the car the conductor shouted out:

"Kings Highway."  
"And there goes the King," shouted a crowd of bookmakers bound for the race-track. Councilman Cassidy, muscular and powerful, thought of resenting the insult, but didn't.

In telling the story to Councilman O'Grady, who is one of the fun-makers of the City Hall, the latter said:

"I suppose they would reverse the thing now that you have served in the Municipal Assembly and shout 'There goes the highwayman.'"

It seems strange that among the multitudinous live stock brought over by the Shamrock and Erin as mascots, a pig should not be included. Sir Thomas Lipton's first success was made by two of these animals. He owned a little grocer's store in Glasgow, and one day the people of that staid city were surprised to see two fat, white

hogs led through the streets, each decked with a big flag bearing the words, "Lipton's Orphans." A Highland piper guided them, and eventually led them to Lipton's store. This made his shop the talk of "Glesgie," and Sir Thomas's good fortune dates from that happy advertisement.

John De Witt Warner is an avowed advocate of the "under dog" whenever that creature has the slightest claim to championship. Insisting lately upon the acceptance of his resignation as President of one of the numerous associations for the betterment of municipal life—"and you've just accepted a similar position in that little mushroom society in the upper city that'll give you twice the work," a member complained.

"Well, what of that," returned the broad-shouldered champion of aspiration. "You and your cause have arrived, so to speak—you've sufficient momentum already to accomplish your end. I'd rather put my shoulder to some wheel that lags—in fact, the so-called 'hopeless' always has a fascination for me—"

"Ah," sotto voce from another member. "Now we know why he voted for Bryan last Fall!"

"Joe" Weber of Weber & Fields has many funny tales of impressions gained on his recent European trip. One of these is of a visit to a beer garden in Germany on the banks of the Rhine. He ordered a glass of beer, and couldn't drink it because it was so warm, for Weber is used to the chilled beer of America.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Weber with a disgusted expression on his countenance. "Bring me some ice."

"Ice?" inquired the waiter in surprise. "You must be mistaken."

"I want a piece of ice," demanded Mr. Weber.

The waiter departed, and when he returned brought with him a towel gathered together at the ends. This he set down on the table carefully. He opened it slowly and cautiously, and finally displayed a piece of ice about as large as a two-carat diamond. Mr. Weber gazed at the infinitesimal particle of congealed moisture and then remarked to the waiter:

"You take that to the office and have it put in the safe. I want to take that back to New York and have it placed in a Tiffany setting."

The waiter couldn't see where any joke came in.

Richard Croker's racing success at Folkestone last week, with Reiff up, calls to mind an incident that took place in the Democratic Club just before Mr. Croker sailed for England the last time. Men were standing about the rotunda, facing the Tiger above the door. They were speaking among themselves of their various tastes in the choice of pets. One man was fond of dogs, another cared for carrier pigeons, still another spoke of a pet monkey on which he lavished much attention. Suddenly one man turned to Mr. Croker and asked him what interested him in the way of pets. He answered shortly that nothing of the kind interested him.

"What? Don't you care for dogs?" said the man.

"No," said Croker.

"Nor for birds?"

"No."

"Well," spoke up one of the group, "you care for horses."

"Oh!" said Croker, "you can make them pay."

The point of view which one expects to be peculiar to the man of figures was demonstrated in a small way recently by Henry Clews. He was about to present to a young woman a copy of his last Wall Street book, when it occurred to him that he did not know her given name.

"What is your first name," he asked as he was about to inscribe the book to her. Now, her name was not one to be expected of a hard-working woman—and she was a hard-working woman. She had borne the hardships of a highfalutin cognomen during many hardworking years. To her it had never sounded highfalutin because she had heard it from her babyhood.

"My name is Berenice," she said. The name does as well as another, for hers was just as bad.

"Heavens!" said Clews, "Would you call yourself that if you had it to do over again? It's of no use for you to work. You'll never make any money."

Dr. Lyman Abbott recently telephoned across the city to have a suit case previously left at his office, sent up to the West Forty-second Street Ferry to meet the train he intended to take that afternoon to his home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. The office boy commissioned with the errand was somewhat verdant, and returned from the Grand Central Station with the information that he could not find the Doctor. Where-

upon a telegram was dispatched to Cornwall:

"Boy made blunder, L— (a son) will bring case by late train."

When the dispatch reached its destination it read (whether the ignorance or humorous intent on the operator's part is unknown.) "Boy made thunder. Lightning will bring case by late train."

A striking illustration of how easy it is for people prominent in the public eye to cross the Atlantic on a modern liner and never know of each other's presence until informed of the fact on their arrival in port, was disclosed when the North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse arrived last Tuesday. Among the Kaiser's passengers were Mme. Helene Modjeska and Miss Maude Adams. Mme. Modjeska, when she disembarked, was asked by an inquisitive reporter what she thought of Miss Adams.

"Was she on board?" answered Mme. Modjeska. "Really, I didn't know it, and I would have liked so much to have met her."

John Arbuckle of "floating hotel" fame was importuned by a street mendicant the other day just as he was turning into his factory yard, at the foot of Jay Street, Brooklyn.

"No, I won't give you a cent," the bluff old man returned, "but if you really are hungry, come along with me, and you shall have all you want."

Together they climbed to the office far out on the dock, and, crossing the building to the dining room at the extreme end—where Mr. Arbuckle and his office force take their midday meal, cooked by electricity and served by a smiling Celestial—the supplicant was supplied with a hearty meal. As a matter of fact, however, he had already had enough to eat and drink to insure a stroke of apoplexy, and after tasting this and that, he gave up in despair, pleading sudden illness.

"That's the usual way," Mr. Arbuckle said, with a shake of his head. "I never pass by one who speaks to me on the street, and yet—will you believe it?—in all these years I have never had the truth told me once."

Dr. William Howe Tolman of this city, father of the "Get Together Clubs" now multiplying with such rapidity throughout the United States, was known in undergraduate days as "the Interrogation Point," apropos of his temper of mind as well as his middle name. In the Grand Central Station last week the doctor encountered a classmate from the Johns Hopkins, McComas by name, familiarly known as "Comma" in dormitory days, and as short and stout as the doctor is tall and thin.

"We're still in character," he said, laughingly, referring to their relative height, "but I'd like to assume your rôle long enough to inquire what on earth a 'Get Together Club' may be. Its advantages would depend somewhat on the state of the mercury, I should judge," mopping his brow; "its name certainly doesn't appeal to one in weather like this; but what is it, anyhow?"

"Well," returned the doctor, with a quizzical expression, "it's one of those things you have to experience to appreciate. Our crest is an interrogation point rampant, and in policy—well—we're a cross between a question mark and a jellyfish."

Herman Stump, ex-Commissioner of Immigration and prospective United States Senator from Maryland, whose bachelor home is now in the little county town of Bel Air, Md., made a flying trip to this city last week on "Street" business. Passing City Hall Park in a Broadway car, he momentarily intruded upon his seat mate in his endeavor to get a better view of the Nathan Hale Statue.

"It's the calves of his legs," explained the little man, in apology, "and those ankles! If a man owned legs like those!"—with a deep sigh—"it does one good to get a sight of them—I hope I didn't incommode you," and the seat mate glancing from the bronze ideal to the Stump embodiment, smiled sympathetically and assured him he had not been inconvenienced in the least.

Oscar Hammerstein's musical talents have aided him greatly in the building of his various fortunes. This same talent, however, according to a story which Mr. Hammerstein often tells, was responsible for his leaving the parental roof in Germany and embarking to America at the early age of fifteen. His father, Mr. Hammerstein says, was one of those men who believed that youth was equal to many tasks, and young Oscar was kept away from boyhood enjoyments learning to play the piano, the cornet, the trombone, and the flute, all at the same time—the latter being his father's favorite instrument, and on which he was an expert. It was after a lesson on the flute that his father told Oscar to adjourn to a dark room and repeat the instructions he had just given him. Oscar started to play, but after blowing a few notes his father rushed into the room, impatient at his

son's mistakes, grabbed the flute from his hands, and with it administered to Oscar a thrashing. That night when all was still in the house, young Oscar arose and quietly dressed. Two months later he was stripping tobacco leaf down in Front Street.

Cardinal Gibbons is expected at Southampton soon for a short stay. He is always made much of when he is there. He dislikes entertainments, and invariably takes up his residence with the priest of the parish. He eats a frugal midday meal, and when asked out to dinner in the evening, seldom touches any of the viands or wines placed before him. When he gets back to the rectory the very simplest of refectories is sometimes arranged for him. The Roman Catholic Church at Southampton is almost a new institution, as it has only been built a few years, and it has had somewhat of a struggle for existence, as the number of wealthy Roman Catholics is small. A fair has been recently given for it, however, which has been very successful, both worshippers and non-worshippers helping to contribute. Cardinal Gibbons has given it a vogue, and his visits have benefited it a great deal.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier—now a resident of Greenwich, Conn.—was making a tour of second-hand shops lately in search of an old volume not now to be had from the trade proper. On lower Sixth Avenue she met a well-known illustrator in what proved to be a favorite haunt of his.

"Yes," he said, "I love this place; it seems almost like the old store—Bunner and I used to go there often—and, do you know, it was seated on this very stepladder," laying his hand affectionately on the well-worn treads, "that he wrote those verses, 'Oh, for you that I never knew'—you remember? It was only a little while before his death that we talked over a story he wanted me to illustrate, in which the plot was to turn on the sale and subsequent separation of an old library and the final reunion of this leather-backed family in a 'second-hand' shop like this. The love story of a bibliomaniac ran through it, as well as that of two little brown-covered volumes that had always stood side by side on the shelf. And he was just the one who could write such a story—poor Bunner!"

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has adopted the fad of wearing very few, if any, jewels. All her gowns this Summer have been extremely simple, almost to plainness. Last Winter, at the Opera, it was noticed that Mrs. Astor wore very few jewels. To a woman of her aristocratic type this is most becoming. She has already had several followers at Newport, and next Winter may see an era of elegant simplicity in feminine adornment.

"I have lived one long life of mixed laundry," said Mrs. Elihu Root, the wife of the Secretary of War, not long since, "and now I am a strong advocate of middle names."

The confusion in the family has arisen from the fact that her husband's name is Elihu, and her children's names, Elihu, Edward, and Edith, on each of whose belongings the initials "E. R." are to be found.

Those who know Richard Mansfield's peculiarities are acquainted with his keen desire that every little detail on the stage, especially as regards the "supers," shall be in harmony. On tour Mr. Mansfield is more at the mercy of the "extra men," for companies on the road have to depend for "supers" largely on the resources of the town in which they appear. In a college town the poorer students act as supers, and from their number the entire ranks of the "army" and the "mob without" are recruited. Last Winter Mr. Mansfield, in "King Henry V.," visited New Haven. All his supers, numbering several score, were Yale students. In the play there is a battle scene, where the plumed knights rush into the breach crying, "For God, for country, and King Hal." One may imagine the awful shock to Mr. Mansfield's artistic sense when the two hundred knights yelled in mighty volume, "For God, for country, and for Yale."

The great curiosity of a great people was demonstrated one day last week on a cable car of the Eighth Avenue line. It was likewise demonstrated that the people who ride on the Eighth Avenue Road have a large creative ability. Given a cause, and behold the celebration that takes place.

A very little man, grizzled and weather-beaten, entered the car carrying a dress-suit case. The case was battered and tanned and bore as many labels of foreign hostilities as the surface of it would admit. He placed the case between his feet and looked out of the window.

"He's been traveling," said a Bostonese-looking young woman.

"Pshaw!" said a pale-haired companion. "He's just advertising all of those hotels." There we have the imagination of a Lafcadio Hérne.

"No," said the Bostonese young woman, "I'm sure he is a traveler; see how distinguished looking he is."

"Why, he's just a little man," was the

reply—which established the young lady's standard of distinction. Inches settled such matters with her.

An interested man leaned across the aisle, and with that sympathy of thought, which makes a good deal of the world kin, said: "He's just a common or garden drummer, and is putting on lugs. I'll bet he travels for a button house and has just come in."

At this crisis the distinguished looking little man got out with his dress-suit case. Every passenger in the car 'rubbed' until he disappeared inside a saloon and became as other men.

An unobtrusive fellow who had been reading a paper then leaned toward the man who had declared for the button house and said dreamily: "Do you know who that man was? He knows more about your ancestors than any other man dead or alive. He studied 'em in Africa and wrote about them. There's another fellow who studied 'em, and he says they could talk."

"Oh," said the Bostonese young girl who had been listening pop-eyedly, "he's the gorilla man, Du Challa!"

And the unobtrusive man nodded.

H. A. Cushing, the able professor of history at Columbia University, is at times given to the use of very long and involved questions. At the recent Summer class he had occasion to ask one of the young ladies in attendance a rather lengthy question, which she failed to understand. She therefore asked for an explanation, and the professor started off again. As he progressed an occasional gleam of intelligence lit up the young lady's face, but toward the end it was easy to see that she was not catching the drift of the remarks. Picking up a book she pretended to take a note, and then laying the book carelessly on the desk of a friend stood at attention once more. The friend was seized with a violent attack of sneezing, and this ended matters for the time being. Across the book the young lady questioned had written in a bold, plain hand, the word "help."

Gov. Odell is fond of a good story, and does not withhold one even if the point of it is against himself. "Some years ago," he said the other day, "I was a candidate for a local office, and I did some canvassing in a country town. One of the most influential Democrats there owned a barber shop, and I was advised to see him. I entered the shop, and while the knight of the razor was shaving me, I sounded him carefully. But he soon told me that he could not support me. When I left the chair I remarked that if he could not vote for me he had at least improved my appearance. 'Well, it don't take much to do that,' he answered."

Sir Thomas Lipton's concern for reporters was noticeable when he arrived the other day. The first question he asked the reporters who went on the vessel to see him was, "Boys, have you had any dinner? I haven't had anything to eat since 1 o'clock, (it was then 6,) and I thought you might be hungry." Sir Thomas said he wanted the reporters to come to him every time they wanted to know anything while he was here. "Don't ask my secretaries anything, because I will not be responsible for what they say. Come to me every time, and then I will stand by what I say."

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske (then only Minnie Maddern) visited Chicago some fifteen or more years ago unheralded and little known. She was graceful, and had red-gold hair that reminded one of the red Lord Chiltern. Few saw her, however, the talent that later would aspire successfully to ambitious and difficult roles. But she has one champion, though perhaps she doesn't know it to this day—a poor Irish reporter, one exiled to the stock yards for the greater part of each of his laborious days.

"Mr. Hatton," said he to the editor of the evening paper for which he wrote, "let me give this little girl a good notice. She has genius, she will win in the end, but she needs a little lift."

"All right," replied the good-natured Frank Hatton, "go ahead and praise your Indian treasure all you like."

The notice was written and published, and it was one of the most appreciative, intelligent tributes the actress ever received. Its effect also was potent. It pointed out the merits of its subject so clearly that the flippant remarks of more successful critics fell unheeded upon the ears of Chicago people.

Every now and then reports come from over the ocean as to the movements of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin. The English people regard them as the living exponents of money spending and lavish American hospitality. Just now, the United Kingdom is quite excited over the fact that Mrs. Bradley Martin has not only taken an enormous party, including Lord and Lady Craven, in a private train to Balmacaan, but that she has also hired her a hotel at Inverness to accommodate her friends who are to be present at the northern meeting.

Few young men of the opportunities of Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., would be willing to substitute a life of arduous duties in connection with a great modern university for the existence possible to him. Mr. Stokes, who has not yet turned thirty, is the wonder of all New Haveners and of members of Yale University circles. The number of things that Mr. Stokes can do, and do well, are amazing. Besides being the assistant rector at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in New Haven, Mr. Stokes is secretary of Yale University, and one of the most potent forces in Yale. He is, besides, an enthusiastic golfer, and plays a first-class game, going through several rounds of match play at the last Connecticut State

golf tournament with honors. In his leisure moments Mr. Stokes has invented a parlor golf game, which he has patented and put on the market. Mr. Stokes is regularly at the Secretary's office at Yale at 9 o'clock every morning, and has been at work the entire Summer, preparing for the coming bi-centennial in October. At the last Commencement he managed to secure enough subscriptions at the last moment to fill out the amount necessary for the erection of the new Memorial Hall and Vestibule Building, making personal applications on the campus among old grads, and securing the last \$5,000 at the telephone just before President Hadley was to announce the subscriptions at the Alumni dinner. Constant calls are made by the undergraduates on Mr. Stokes, and his influence is tremendous among the students. Besides these activities Mr. Stokes finds time to become interested in the city, and has served on the Committee for the Protection of the Elm Trees. He lives in a famous old house on Elm Street, opposite the green, which in Revolutionary times served as a hospital for the British when they invaded New Haven.

The other day two Oracles met and smiled in the good old way. Said one: "I'm going to play 'the Henrietta' next season." "Ah!" said the other, "there is nothing like new plays. Where would I have been if I hadn't stuck to 'em? I'm going to play, 'Rip Van Winkle' next season"—and Robson and Jefferson parted smilingly.

Senator William Mason of Illinois was attorney some years ago for James McGrath of the Chicago Post Office, a Grand Army Captain, who was injured by a street car. It took some considerable time to settle the suit that followed. Finally the car company compromised by paying \$2,000. McGrath indorsed the check and took it to Senator Mason telling him to take out his fee and give the cripple the balance.

"That leg of yours will never get well, Captain?" inquired the Senator, indifferently.

"No," replied McGrath, "I am a cripple for good, I suppose."

"And \$2,000 is a measly little bit of money for such a thing," mused the Senator. Then he looked up suddenly and asked, "Got a cigar?"

The Captain had one and gave it to his lawyer. Senator Mason lighted it and began to talk about Illinois affairs in general.

"But, Senator," interrupted McGrath, "how about your fee for your work for me?"

"My fee?" said the Senator. "Why, this cigar's my fee."

Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, has decided not to write a play. This information was brought to America by Mme. Modjeska, who during her recent trip abroad had several talks with the distinguished Pole. "Sienkiewicz," said Mme. Modjeska, "explained that he had found out that novel writing and play writing were two entirely different things, and as he had already made quite a success in the former line, he did not care to risk a possible failure in the latter."

The death of the late ex-Collector of the Port Thomas Murphy has revived many reminiscences of his life and career. He was one of the original subscribers of \$1,000 each to the erection of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This was prior to 1858, and at that time there were few Catholics in the city wealthy enough to make contributions of that amount. In these days large contributions are common. Thomas F. Ryan subscribed \$250,000 toward the Richmond Cathedral, and the Kelly estate will probably spend \$400,000 in building the Lady Chapel in connection with the cathedral. In those days, however, \$1,000 meant a small fortune, and the increase in the size of sums subscribed evidences the prosperity of the Irish Catholics. Thomas Murphy was generous and most hospitable. His dinners at his residence in Thirty-eighth Street and Murray Hill were famous. At one of them—when strawberries were not cultivated to any extent for any but Summer markets—he surprised his guests with strawberries in the Winter time. It was said that they cost \$1 apiece, and there were half a dozen or more served to each diner. He is said to have provided a large fund to carry through an emergency in one Republican political campaign, for which he was never reimbursed. In spite of all the money he had at various times he died a poor man.

A. B. Seamen of Denver, who is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is one of the men prominent in Colorado politics who took an active part in the campaign when "Bloody Bridges" Waite was elected Governor. One day Waite made a white-hot threat to go and chastise Seamen for some fancied wrong. Waite had never seen Seamen, and when the two men met a day or so after the threat by Waite, the matter was amicably adjusted. Seamen weighs about 280 pounds, and stands 6 feet high. Waite, who did not weigh over 160 pounds, said to one of his friends apologetically after seeing Seaman: "A quarrel never does any good. It is always best to arbitrate."

Col. Jones of the Aquarium was visiting ex-Senator David B. Hill at Normandie-by-the-Sea not long ago. When the shades of evening had fallen, a party had gathered round the sage of Wolfert's Roost on the veranda. Some remark of a man named Brown in the party caused Senator Hill to make one of his typical caustic remarks about the Joneses, the Browns, and the Smiths. Jones waited till the laugh had subsided, and then said:

"Senator, up in a little place called Jones-

ville, Vt., where I once visited, they have a legend that when the first voyagers were settling in this country they were all named either Smith, Jones, or Brown. But as they got into politics and office holding, and got tangled up with the courts, it became necessary to take aliases from time to time; that's how we get the names of the Hills, Stones, Wells, and a few others I could mention."

A. W. Piner, the English playwright, it is said by those acquainted with his habits, when beginning the building of a play locks himself in his study, gives the key to his servant, and for a period, even though it is six months at a time, is never seen by even his closest friends. Though it cannot be said that he is imitating Piner, Augustus Thomas also retires to some secluded place when he wants to work, deciding on the locality only a few hours before he goes away. There he takes good care he will not meet any of his friends on the way to the railway station. He works hard for six months of the year, and spends the remainder of the year in or out of the city in travel and recreation, meanwhile manufacturing plots for the next season's plays.

"Joe" Cooper, an old Western mining man, was in a party at Demonico's, where they were talking about a recent pretty stiff poker game on a transatlantic liner. This prompted Mr. Cooper to say: "The funniest poker game I ever saw was between the late Senator Tabor of Denver, a mining promoter of the name of Fields, and a stranger to both, that was played on a snow-bound railroad train near Dillon, Col., in the Winter of 1890. We four were the only passengers in the only sleeper on the train. Fields proposed poker. I staid out. Tabor had two bars of gold worth perhaps \$4,000 apiece, which he was bringing up from one of his, at that time, producing mines. Fields had a check book, and the stranger had some currency. The game began with one of the \$4,000 gold bars as a 'buck.' It lasted eleven hours. Tabor had \$11,000 worth of Fields's checks besides his own gold bars, and the stranger was just \$4 loser when the game ended. For taking good care of the players the porter received \$50. They had only two decks of cards on the train, and I now have one of them."

Capt. F. Norton Goddard, the young millionaire who is fighting the east side policy shops, has some odd experiences. They have been circulating a cartoon on the east side which represents Goddard wading in money and holding a typical east sider up to ridicule. The picture was made by a man whom the Captain befriended when he was dispossessed after losing all his month's earnings at policy. Capt. Goddard says: "Charity is the most mysterious of all the virtues, judged by its results."

At the recent quarto-centennial banquet at Colorado Springs, the seat of honor next to Vice President Roosevelt was given to Thomas F. Walsh, to the exclusion of Senator Teller, who has represented Colorado in the Senate ever since there was a Colorado. This was a recognition of the fact that Mr. Walsh has an income of \$10,000 a day. Such an income places a golden halo around the head of its recipient which is enough to light up a whole banquet table. Mr. Walsh is the Irish miner who struck it rich at Ouray, down in the southwestern corner of Colorado. After he made his strike he moved to Denver. Denver society was oblivious of his existence. Perhaps the fact that a relative of the family kept a saloon in the disreputable district had something to do with that, and then the Walshes were offensively new. Mr. Walsh moved to Washington, got himself appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, chummed with King Leopold of Belgium, gave soirées, at one of which he paid Nordich \$3,000 for one little song, and entertained the entire American colony. Probably no such sight was ever seen as Mr. Walsh's entertainments, when guests would pour in by hundreds, asking to have their host and hostess pointed out, as they had never seen them, and in many cases had never heard of them until they received their invitations. In all these gorgeous functions Mr. Walsh was distinctively the master of ceremonies, Mrs. Walsh being a singularly cold, indifferent woman, without the social instincts possessed by her husband. Having been accepted in the seats of the mighty, Mr. Walsh goes back to Colorado and is placed in the shadow of the throne. Mr. Walsh depends unaffectedly and openly for his social progress upon his success as an entertainer. He refuses to give in charity or philanthropy, even to his church. He makes no secret of the fact, for this Irish miner who hobnobs with Kings is absolutely without affectation. The other day, when he was complimented on his toast at the banquet, he responded with a frank smile:

"Glad you like it; the man who wrote it for me said it was all right, and I took his word for it."

The latest about the naïveté of Oom Paul. A few years ago the French colony in the Transvaal, on the occasion of the French national fête, on July 14, gave a grand ball at Johannesburg, which, after much persuasion on the part of M. Aubert, the French Consul, President Krüger, who hated social functions of all kinds, was induced to attend. Elaborate costumes had been donned by the ladies, all of whom were en grande décolleté.

At the hour fixed President Krüger arrived, accompanied by M. Aubert and a number of prominent Transvaalians. He preceded the party through the passage that led to the ballroom, and himself, without ceremony, opened the door. As he did so he turned very red, and stammering, "Oh, excuse me," hastily closed the door

again. Then turning to his astonished escort he exclaimed, with great embarrassment:

"Gracious! What have I done? The ladies are not yet dressed!"

There was a great scurrying in all directions to secure fichus and high-necked attire for the ladies, and Oom Paul passed the best part of the evening apologizing for his supposed inopportune advent.

### Nothing Common for Her.

FLASHING with silk and satin and sparkling with diamonds she swept into the broker's office, a creature of fashion and society, patrician from the tip of her ostrich feather hat to the sole of her French heel.

"I'd like to buy some stock," she said sweetly as the broker came forward. My husband, Mr. M., is your customer—"

"Yes, to be sure," said the broker, "what stock do you wish?"

"Why, just stock," she answered vaguely. "I know," he responded patiently, "but there are many stocks—"

"Oh, are there? Of course," she asked and answered in a breath. "Why, let me see," and she bit the end of her glove pensively. "I think it was some sort of metal."

"Steel?" he ventured. "Yes, that's it," she exclaimed delightedly. "Get me some."

"Well, there is common and preferred, which do you wish? I should suggest the common."

"Mr. N.—the ideal!" she burst forth angrily. "I have always been accustomed to the best and I still want it. I wish no common stock, and I am astonished that you should even hint at such an ideal!"

"But—" he began helplessly.

"I want the very best stock there is. I don't care what it costs, and if you care to insult me by offering to buy poor stock I shall go elsewhere. Common! ugh!" And in a fit of virtuous indignation she blazed out of the office.

### A Jersey Coast Fad.

The Pleasure Bay habit is a fad of the cottager and hotel guest on the Jersey coast. There is not a day that a number of parties do not drive or trolley over from the different resorts to Pleasure Bay for luncheon, dinner, or supper. The consequence is that the old restaurants are taxed to their utmost capacity, and new ones are springing up, until quite a colony of eating-houses has been established. Some of the restaurants are very odd. One is over one hundred and fifty years old, and boasts great broad shingles on its roof fastened with hand-wrought nails. These have been taken away as souvenirs in such quantities by guests that a rule has been made and a notice printed forbidding them to carry the roof away, as they are doing piecemeal. At another place the proprietor has arranged any number of portable cabins in the grounds. These are made to accommodate parties of from two to twenty-four. The proprietor always makes his appearance at the end of the meal to ask if the guests are satisfied, and to state that each party is in its own house, and every one must make him or herself at home. At another sailboats are provided to bring the guests up and down from the trolley. All this goes into the daily routine of life along the Jersey coast.

### Hotels at Fashion's Lounging Places.

The invasion of the hotel in some of the cottage Summer communities is beginning to raise a storm of opposition. There is still a rumor that E. J. Berwind and other wealthy capitalists are contemplating the building of a modern hotel on the site of the burned Ocean House at Newport, but the Barbeys hold the site at a very high figure.

Lenox is to have a new hotel, on a beautiful site overlooking the entire range of the Berkshires, but the Lenox people who are attached to Curtis's are not overjoyed at the prospect.

Southampton is without a large hotel, and the residents have opposed any scheme to have one built. This Summer, however, may change their ideas, as much inconvenience has been suffered by the severity of the local prohibition law, which has excluded the clubs from selling alcoholic beverages in any form. There seems to be a way by which a hotel could get around this enactment, and the Southampton people are even willing to allow their privacy to be invaded by the "tripper" rather than go through such another drinkless Summer.

### Finding His Rating.

It was on the beach at Southampton. A number of children were playing and digging in the sand in charge of nurses and governesses. Two little fellows in immaculate white duck sailor suits had scraped up an acquaintance. Neither of them was much over three years old.

"I live in New York," said one, with somewhat of an air of superiority, "and where do you live?"

The other chap looked him over for a moment and then retorted: "I live at Tuxedo Park. How many horses does your father keep?"

This last was a crusher, but it showed the spirit of the rising moneyed generation.

### Where They Come in Handy.

"I don't think I should care to be seen in the New York streets wearing a pair of sandals such as are becoming popular in London now," said a New Yorker, who has just returned from the British metropolis, "but I have brought some sandals with me, and I am glad to have them. I wear them in the house, and find them as much superior to slippers as slippers are to patent leather shoes when you want to be comfortable."