NOTES FROM GOTHAM

PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT FOR DWELLERS IN GREATER NEW YORK.

Interest in the Yacht Racing—To Preserve the Arch—Well Known Men Retire—Flat Hunting—Canine Obsequies—Dewey is Everywhere.

New York seems destined to be surfeited with excitement this time. The echoes of the magnificent welcome accorded to Admiral Dewey had scarcely died away when the whole town was again excited over the international yacht races. The first day's racing could not have been planned to awaken popular interest more keenly if those in charge had studied to do so. The Shamrock lead at the close of the day's racing, but that lead and the circumstances under which it was obtained only added to the deep interest

Hon. Levi P. Morton.

which had been awakened. Thousands of people went down the bay on excursion boats, crowded to the rail, and endured all kinds of discomfort to get a sight of the yachts in action. But the wind was changeable and as neither could finish in time, the race was declared off. The tired and hungry crowd returned to their homes, but they were on hand again on Thursday as enthusiastic as ever.

To Preserve the Arch.

It is determined that the Dewey arch shall be made permanent if it is possible to do so. New York Chapter of the Daughters of 1812, has interested itself in the matter, and will begin raising funds by exhibiting the flag made by Miss Josephine Mulford during the war with Spain, and which is said to be the largest in the world. It is 100 by 65 feet, and it was made entirely by hand. The exhibition took place at Madison Square Garden, and there was enough taken in at 25 cents a head to prove that patriotism is not a mere empty word with the American people. Other schemes will be put on foot to raise money for the Dewey arch. Of course, the structure will not be left where it is. It will be placed in one of the parks, and will be reproduced in lasting material of stone and steel.

Two Men Retire.

Two well-known New Yorkers, both of whom have compassed achievements that have made their reputation almost world wide, have just decided that it is time to retire from active life. Levi P. Morton and Abram S Hewitt began poor, and each has fought his way to the front, financially, socially and politically, in the face of great difficulties. Of the two Mr. Morton has had the harder fight, perhaps, for he didn't "marry money," while Mr. Hewitt did; but each has earned his coming rest, if rest ever was earned by any one. Mr. Morton is seventy-five and Mr. Hewitt is seventy-seven. There are nine chances in ten that, had these men been anything save Americans, they would have retired long ago. On the other side of the ocean, especially in continental Europe, it is virtually the rule to retire from active life soon after the substantial fruits of activity have been gathered. There are exceptions to be sure, Gladstone did not cease work till he was past eighty; Lord Kelvin is still busy at seventy-five; Bismarck would have continued as long as he lived if William II. had not turned him down.

They Got It.

The ruling passion strong in New York was illustrated during Dewey week when a squad of forty-five militiamen from Mississippi got off a train at the Grand Central station, having come to join in the Dewey celebration. The first words they uttered were: "Say, Colonel, tell us quick where we can get a drink. We haven't had a drop in fifty miles." There is no trouble about getting this kind of thing in New York, and in less than five minutes a large line of Mississippi soldiers were standing in front of a bar enjoying metropolitan hospitality with true military gusto.

Valuable Property.

There is a piece of real estate at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street that is not so very large—only 49 by 141 feet. But it sold for $200,000 the other day, and the purchaser thinks he was lucky to get it at that price. This neighborhood is becoming daily more valuable for business purposes. The old-fashioned families who used to live there are all either dead or have moved up town. Fifth avenue below Thirtieth street is nearly all stores now. In another five years commerce will reach to the park itself on this thoroughfare. There it will stop, however.

Dewey Everywhere.

Dewey would hardly know himself from some of the pictures that are supposed to represent him which are exhibited in public places in different parts of New York. Everybody has a Dewey picture, of course. But the amusing part of it is noting the different ideas various artists have of the hero of Manila. In walking about town I saw the Admiral in the uniform of a London fireman on a canvas in one place, as a Colonel of United States Artillery in another, and in Third avenue he was used as an advertisement of "dress suits to let." His appearance in the evening clothes that are considered the style at an Eastside ball is something alarming. A second-hand clothier in Ludlow street shows us Dewey as a private of Engineers in the French army, with a sextant slung at his back, while up in Harlem, on the Eastside, I came across him in a green mantle and with features that looked like those of Victor Emanuel with a suggestion of Garibaldi thrown in. This last portrait places the Admiral in a juxtaposition with a sign in Italian, "Chianti and Spaghetti, Cheap."

With Galway Whiskers.

Down on Cherry Hill we have Dewey with real Galway whiskers and no mustache. In his mouth is a short clay pipe. He holds the Stars and Stripes in his right hand, and the green flag of Ireland, shamrock and all, in his left. Over where the Germans most do congregate there is a picture of Dewey with a decidedly Teutonic cast of countenance standing amid a group of friends in the Hofbrau Haus at Munich, with krug held high as he softly ejaculates "Hoch!" The Syrians have him smoking a nargileh, cross-legged on a rug, and one Turk shows him in brilliant colors asleep on a pile of cushions, with houris in diaphanous draperies hovering about him. So it goes. You may see Dewey as a native of every country under the sun if you go far enough in New York. Representatives of every nation are here, and all of them are anxious to honor Dewey in their own way. It will be amusing to Dewey, if he has time to go around and see how he is painted in different quarters.

Canine Obsequies.

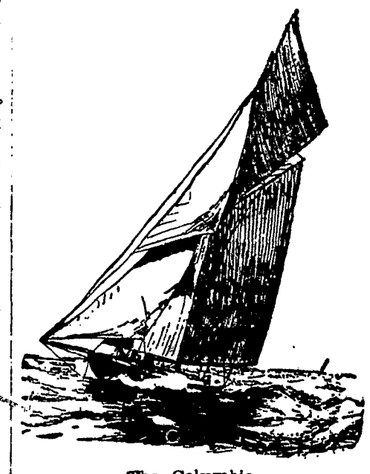
Fanny a Newfoundland dog that died recently lay in a satin-lined coffin, with a bunch of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots on her breast, in the home of her mistress, a widow, in Twenty-fourth street. The widow wept bitterly till the afternoon and then had her pet tenderly removed to a carriage, in which it was taken to a railway station and thence to the animal cemetery at Hartsdale. The bereaved widow will have a monument erected over the grave of the dog, and will lay fresh blossoms upon it as often as she can spare the time. Grief takes many forms, and is suffered for all kinds of objects in a big community like this.

Their Taste at Fault.

"Wine openers" are excited over a charge made against a Brooklyn saloonkeeper of putting the labels of a well-known brand of champagne on bottles containing bogus wine. There is not much use in ordering a particular brand of champagne and drinking it with a knowing air of recognizing its flavor if false stuff can be palmed off on one, as appears to have been done by this defendant. There was considerable discussion of the case in Tenderloin cafes; and the general opinion was that nothing so dastardly had come in court for years.

Small Compensation.

It is not such an easy thing to stop a horse at full gallop and when one does it he is generally entitled to be called a hero. So it appeared to the spectators of a feat of this kind on Sixth avenue the other morning. A policeman ran in front of a maddened



The Columbia.

horse attached to a wagon, and, timing himself carefully, jumped the horse, but he was dragged and pounded over the cobblestones, and there was a badly battered up policeman taken to the hospital immediately afterward. Perhaps the commendation of a hundred or two of onlookers paid him for it, but I doubt it.

Sentiment in Signs.

Surmounting a varied assortment of night-gowns for men in the window of a Columbus avenue haberdasher was the sign:

DREAM ROBES.

"That's what it's put there for," said the proprietor, when I asked him about it, "to attract attention. Besides, it is prettier than night shirts."

Not a block away from this store is the sign:

PLANTS BOARDED.

"The sign means just what it says," remarked the proprietor. "We don't store plants. We have to water them and feed them. That's boarding them."

The bargain counter idea has impressed a Harlem butcher. His sign reads:

CABBAGE GIVEN AWAY
with every purchase of
CORNED BEEF
Every Tuesday.

CONSOLATION.

God would never send you the darkness
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright.
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always see by light.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach Heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer those behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And—if your lips do quiver—
God will love you the better so.

—(S. L. B.

INDIAN SCOUTS.

"Indian scouts are useful, indispensable in fact, in campaigning against certain tribes of the Western plains and mountains," said an army officer who has seen service all along the Western frontier from Canada to the Mexican line and across it. "Our regular soldiers are fine fighters, as good as any in the world, patient, brave, and enduring, and they have no trouble in disposing of Indians under any fair odds once they can bring them to battle; but just here is the trouble, to catch them. The Indians, born and bred in the country, knowing every foot of it, accustomed to warfare and to moving swiftly over wide spaces, and hampered by no baggage train or other impediments, can keep away from a greatly superior pursuing force of civilized soldiers for a long time. If they decide to fight they are able usually to choose their own place and time for giving battle. This is especially true of the Apaches, who have been the most inveterately hostile and the hardest to deal with of all the Western tribes. It is in the blood of an Apache to live by rapine and plunder, and he is physically organized and trained to that end. He can run sixty miles a day over country, open or rough, taking it as he finds it, for a week on a stretch, finding his subsistence as he goes, can hide himself anywhere almost that a ground lizard can, and knows every trick of dodging or following or getting away from an enemy.

"Of all our Indians the Apaches have been employed the most as scouts for the regular army, and without their services in this way the government might have failed to this day in making the Southwest territories, New Mexico and Arizona, safely habitable for white settlers.

"It was about the time that General Crook wound up his famous campaigns against the Apaches that I came with my new lieutenant's commission to Camp Bowie, Ari.

"It was in early autumn that I got my first orders to go out with a detail of Apaches to scout the Chiricahua mountains southward as far as the Mexican line and return by way of the San Simon plain. It was difficult country, wholly new to me, as it was to most men then, and, to make the thing worse, there had just been a shifting of scouts at the post, and there was not a man in my command that I knew except Casimiro Grijalba, a Mexican, who acted as interpreter. But of course I took my assignment thankfully, made my requisitions for a ten days' trip, and rode out of the post the next morning into the southwest opening of Apache pass, sitting very straight on my horse, with Grijalba riding by my side and twenty Apache scouts stringing along on foot behind.

"We camped that night on the San Pedro and the next morning took into the mountains. The country after passing the foothills was horribly rough, and there was only one man in my command who owned to having been in the mountains before. He was a half Mexican Apache called Durango, the least to be trusted of any. I knew too much by this time to show a sign of hesitancy, and, helped by Grijalba, an admirable and trustworthy man, I picked out my route, good or bad, riding ahead into all sorts of places, scanning the ground and sky for Indian signs, and generally making a grand bluff of knowing everything about everything for effect upon my men. Perhaps I overdid the thing, for on the third day I began to notice a change in the behavior of the scouts. Casimiro Grijalba, who understood the Apache tongue and character better than any other white man living, was quietly attentive to what went on in camp and on trail, but said nothing to me of what he heard and saw. When I noticed a shade of anxiety appearing in his face, I took the first chance to ask him what was wrong with the scouts. I put my questions to him on the morning of the fourth day as we two rode up a grassy valley, hemmed in by steep mountain cliffs, and dotted with pine and oak trees, like a park.

"'What is the matter with the scouts, Casimiro?' I asked. 'They seem to have grown unwilling and sulky.'

"He shrugged his shoulders and nodded. 'Yes, senor,' he said. 'They get that way sometimes. It is their nature.'

"'But this won't do,' I said. 'The way they feel now, I can't trust them to report any Indian signs they find, much less to take up a trail and follow it. And how much could I depend on them if we fell in with the hostiles? They would leave us in the lurch, if they did not join them outright.'

"He nodded again. 'It is bad, very bad,' he said gravely. 'It is the talk of Durango that makes the other Indians' hearts bad. He thinks himself a medicine man and he tells them that it means ill luck if they follow you against their own people—that you are young and know nothing of war, and that your heart will quake when danger comes.'

"'Well, what is to be done?' I said. 'I can see no way but to shoot Durango, and the quicker the better. It will make things no worse, and will bring matters to a head.'

"'You may have to do it, or I, if you give me the order. But wait until I have talked with the scouts. Ah, here comes Durango now to tell us that the scout reports no Apachee fires from the mountains. There will be no signs of the hostile found, depend upon it, senor, until the men's hearts have changed.

"The halfbreed was coming and taking his time about it. We waited, and when he got up with us he told, as Grijalba had said, that the scout had come back and had seen no fires from the mountain top.

"'Casimiro, go back and bring the scouts up,' I ordered. 'Durango will stay with me. I wanted to give the interpreter a chance to talk to the scouts with the halfbreed away.

"Grijalba hesitated, and gave me a look that meant 'Be on your guard,' then rode back to the scouts. I motioned for the halfbreed to go ahead of me, and we went slowly up the valley. I knowing that Grijalba, with the scouts, could easily overtake us. Durango went none too willingly, feeling guilty toward me, perhaps, and not knowing what I had found out or meant to do. It would not have helped his feelings to have known that I was watching for the first sign of treachery or disobedience, which would have been my pretext for shooting him out of hand.

"A grizzly bear brought an end to this interesting situation quite different from what anybody concerned had intended. As we came opposite a little blind canyon, a mere recess in the cliffs that shut in the valley, there came from within it the roar of a grizzly, disturbed in his midday nap by our passing. There was no way for him to climb out of the canyon, and, thinking himself cornered, he showed fight at once and came for us, grizzly fashion, his hair bristled up, making him look as big as two bears. While Durango was running for a tree I dropped onto one knee, using the other as a rest for my elbow as I fired, and pumped bullets at the bear. He was a moving mark, not easy to hit, in spite of his hugeness, and my first three shots missed him. The fourth shot struck his right shoulder, and he turned to bite at the wound, giving me a fair mark for the next bullet behind the left shoulder. It struck where I sent it, but he came on, without wincing, as fast as before. My other four shots all landed, one of them in the head, knocking the bear down, but he got up and came on, wobbling a little and bleeding from both nostrils, but as determined as ever. With the bear not ten paces away I drew my revolver and gave him every one of the six shots, dodging to one side and firing the last one into his ear as he lurched over the place where I had been, and fell in a heap, gasping out his last breath.

"Casimiro Grijalba got first to the spot, with the scouts close behind him, and the Mexican's eyes were dancing. He did not stop by the bear, but rode to the tree where the halfbreed was just climbing down, and began to make fun of him, in the Apache tongue, for running away from the bear.

"'Now is your time,' Grijalba said to me in English, not turning his head. 'Disarm him and send him away.'

"I walked over to Durango. His rifle was lying on the ground, where he had dropped it when he climbed the tree. 'You are a coward, not fit to serve in my command,' I said to him, Grijalba translating my words into Apache as I spoke. 'Take off your cartridge belt.' The halfbreed unbuckled his belt, and the intrepreter took it. I held up my watch: 'I will give you two minutes' start. After that you shall be shot, like a cowardly coyote you are, wherever we find you. Now git. In two minutes, remember, I shall turn loose,' I said, and cocked my carbine, which, I just remembered, had not a cartridge in it, while my revolver was likewise empty. It was just as well, for the scouts, all loyal again now that their was business to do an I had asserted myself, were cocking their rifles, waiting for orders to fire, with their eyes glancing from mine to Durango, who was running like a greyhound for the nearest timber.

"I made the two minutes last until the halfbreed had got beyond rifle shot for I did not want any shooting done. The scouts were disappointed at missing their chance to fire at Durango, but we all went back to the bear, which was a big fellow. I could not take his skin along, but his scalp did the claws of one foot I carried back to the post as a trophy.

Twenty Century Women.

Women hold an important place in the world's history. They were the power behind the throne in ages past. Every era produced its heroines, and down through the ages history gives to us noble, cultured women whose lives have been an inspiration to all. Their deeds are recorded with those of men. They wore their laurels and won renown by helping man, not by usurping his place of claiming equal rights with him. Their first duty was their home, and around the hearthstone they inculcated into the minds of their children the duty they owed to God and to their country. What place in the world's history will the twentieth century women occupy? Where will posterity find the heroines of our day? Will it be among our so-called highly educated women? Will history record the "century runs," "golf games," "women's conferences" where stupid theories are discussed and homes neglected? Will it give a place to club women with their teas and gossip?

Miss Helen Wilder, of Honolulu, has the distinction of being the only woman policeman. Miss Wilder accepted the position so that she might protect children and animals. She is an American heiress.