

NOTES FROM GOTHAM

COSSIPY ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

An Endless Chain for Schley—Wireless Telegraphy a Success—The "Whistling Coon" Gambling for Women—The Great White Star Liner Oceanic.

To be altogether "smart" in the furnishings of her room, it is necessary, these days, that the young woman should have a golf lamp shade. Frills and silks are banished in favor of the latest fashion, which is simple, yet effective. The shade is a large, round affair, made of artists' paper, on which is painted in water colors, scenes from the golf links. As much as possible,



Golf Lamp Shade.

red is used, as making a better colored light than anything else, but the background of tinted sky, or any similar effect the artist may conceive, adds to the beauty of the scene. The golf lamp shade is easy to make by any one who paints at all, and a good deal of originality may be shown in the decoration. When the Christmas season comes in this sort of shade is bound to have a great vogue.

Marconi's Successful Experiment.

Marconi, the inventor, sent a message the other day from a vessel eight miles out at sea direct to a newspaper office in Park Row. It was received in four minutes from the time it was sent. Marconi says he expects within a year to be able to send a wireless message 1,000 miles and in five years he will telegraph across the Atlantic by the same means. As he has already sent a message 110 miles, there is considerable faith in Marconi's system and no one seems to think his expectation of telegraphing across the ocean is a wild one.

Tunnel Coming Along.

The Rapid Transit Commission is determined to obtain a reduction of the \$14,000,000 bond to \$5,000,000, if it can be done, so that there may be a more extensive bidding for the contract to build the great tunnel through which cars are to speed along under ground the whole length of Manhattan Island. Corporation Counsel Whelan will cooperate with the commission's counsel in a petition to the Appellate Court for permission to reduce the bond. Amid all this discussion it is perfectly apparent that the tunnel is likely soon to be under way, and that within a reasonable time it will be much easier to get rapidly into Harlem and back again than it has ever been.

Mr. Carnegie Buys More Land.

Andrew Carnegie has bought another plot on Fifth avenue, 127 by 101 feet, adjoining that which he acquired last spring for his new mansion. The cost of the new plot is \$156,000. It lies on the south side of Ninety-first street, 235 to 252 feet east of the avenue. Work on Mr. Carnegie's house is going on rapidly and the passerby can see something of what a magnificent residence it will be when completed.

Too Much Whistling.

George W. Johnson, the "whistling coon," is in trouble, and it all comes because he could not restrain his disposition to whistle at all times, in and out of season. He makes his living by whistling into phonographs, and when one hears a peculiarly melodious whistle in a phonograph, with artistic runs and trills and shakes and other embellishments, he may set it down as certain that he is listening to the art of the "whistling coon." Unfortunately, the whistler quarreled with his wife because she got tired of his whistling perpetually about the house, and particularly at night. So she shot him, and he thumped her. She died the next night and the whistler is in jail.

The Oceanic Grimsy, but Great.

The White Star liner Oceanic came in the other day. Her big smoke stacks, towering above the landing sheds, and her hull, reaching far beyond the end of the long pier, distinguish her from other Atlantic liners. She is the kind of vessel one has to notice, whether desiring to do so or not. She looks rather dingy. The yellow of her smoke stacks is about the hue of a "yaller" dog that has met a crowd of schoolboys near a mud hole, and her rigging generally is not as neat and shipshape as it was when she pulled proudly out into the stream to leave New York about a month ago. But all that will be repaired before she departs again for Southampton. Give a sailor a bucket of paint and a slush-bucket of tar and he will convert even an old ship into a new one in a short space of time. When he has paid his respects to the Oceanic she will be as spry and span as when we saw her last. She is a noble-looking vessel, even with the grime and litter of an Atlantic voyage fresh upon her.

Supping Full of Horrors.

The average young housekeeper in a Harlem flat is supping full of horrors from her daily paper. She has a "perfectly lovely" murder to occupy her attention, and the way the young women of Manhattan are devouring every detail of the finding of portions of a woman's body is most encouraging to the metropolitan reporter who gathers the news of the tragedy. New York is never behindhand in producing sensational murders for the delectation of the readers of daily newspapers, but it must be credited this time with having done remarkably well. Nothing since the Goldensuppe horror has given such holy joy to innocent feminine curiosity as this finding of remains which indicate an almost incredibly brutal homicide.

Safely Hall to the Front.

The average Bowery entertainment venter is not particular what means he uses to attract patronage, so long as it serves the purpose. There is a very tough school in the Bowery which has been called by the newspapers

"Suicide Hall," because several wretched women have ended their lives there in the last year or two. The proprietor has a "barker" at the door, who bawls stridently every evening: "Step inside. This is the famous Suicide Hall." The "barker" keeps up his shouting hour after hour, and he attracts plenty of business to the place. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that two women drank carbolic acid in Suicide Hall only the other morning. One is dead, and the other dying. A cheerful resort, this Suicide Hall, with a fresh suicide always on the programme.

It is not so easy to get into the Academy of Design as a student as it was. A higher standard of ability is demanded before an applicant is admitted, and when there is any shortcoming there is a prompt rejecting of the would-be academy student. Nearly 100 out of 150 applicants were referred to-day. Each applicant was required to submit a drawing from the antique, which must have been done without assistance from teachers or others, and must conform to a pretty high standard of merit. The art spirit of the time in general is on the increase, and it crops up in all directions. It has been the easiest thing in the world to get into the Academy of Design. The chief qualification demanded was \$10. If the applicant knew something about art, well and good. But this was not so important as the \$10. Now that the academy is more prosperous it can afford to reject undesirable material. And it is doing so without scruple.

Civilization Spreading Fast. Greater New York is spreading civilization fast, particularly in the outlying districts of Brooklyn. Many of the dark thoroughfares on the way to Coney Island are to be lighted if an appropriation can be obtained. The Board of estimates is asked for nearly \$1,000,000 for lighting purposes in Brooklyn. Much of this will be spent in placing lamps in streets among the fields, where hitherto the only light at night has been furnished by flying trolley cars, the glimmering flame of a commuter's lantern, or an occasional will-o'-the-wisp.

Stories of Old New York. It is a current fad with writers to prepare articles on old New York and to give to this city something of the aroma of romance that clings to old London, Paris and Berlin. The tearing down of so many historic localities has quickened this disposition, and it is well that the fast disappearing landmarks of America's metropolis should be embalmed in books and magazines before they have departed forever. It is only when one lives here, and sees how whole blocks, that have been familiar to readers for a century or more, are being demolished, that he realizes what an interesting work is being done by literary delvers in the tittering heaps of brick and mortar that have a story in every square inch of them.

Chances for Improvement. The streets of Greater New York are to have \$2,000,000 spent on them this year. Mayor Van Wyck signed the bill. Considering how badly many of the streets in this big city are in the matter of paving \$2,000,000 will not seem a dollar too much, large sum as it is. Now, if the city would spend a few millions in lighting up the scores of cross streets which are as black as a coal mine at night, and which are just the thing for footpads and thugs generally, it might cut down the annual roster of murders in this enlightened community. If there is a worse-lighted city than New York, considering its size and wealth, it has never been named.

Gambling for Women. That there are conveniences for women gamblers in this city was clearly brought out by the Mazet Committee. Witnesses were sworn who testified that there are many pool rooms up-town, where women can "back the ponies." They are generally kept by women, who appeal exclusively to their own sex. The establishments are known by innocent names, the "Culture Club" being one of them. There women may go, and study estheticism as illustrated by "long shots," "sure things" and odds-on "selling platters," without any fear of masculine intrusion. It is an extensive industry, and according to the testimony, women can lose their money just as easily as men can in the regular pool rooms.

Another Endless Chain. Miss Edna McClellan, who started an endless chain for the purpose of buying a house in Washington or a gold loving cup for Rear Admiral Schley, is meeting with wonderful success in her venture, and already has had to engage assistants to open and record the letters received. Miss Mc-



Miss Edna McClellan.

Clellan is assured of success, and has arranged with the New York Security and Trust company to act as custodian of the fund. Miss McClellan, who recently left the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, says that she has no doubt that the committee which will have charge of the fund will be able to purchase and furnish a house in Washington for the Admiral.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend have you heard of the town of Nogoood.
On the banks of the River Slow.
Where blooms the Waitaybille flower,
Where the Sometimeanother scents the air
And the soft Goosies grow?

It lies in the Valley of Whatstheese,
In the province of Letterside.
That Tiredfeeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,
Where the Giveltups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,
And is easy to reach I declare.
You've only to fold up your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years,
It is wrapped in the fog of Idler's dreams
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegebred fool and the Rich-man's heir
Are plentiful there, no doubt.
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,
With every class except one in view—
The Footkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogoood is all hedged about
By the mountains of Despair.
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
N trumpet to battle and "umph" calls.
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town Nogoood
If you would keep far away
Just follow your duty through good and ill,
Take this for your motto: "I can, I will."
And live up to it every day.

—W. E. Penney, New Haven Register.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Tommy's Adventures in Orangeland.

Tommy loved oranges more than anything else in the world. He ate them down "gobble gobble" whenever he could get them, and he never had a penny but he wanted to buy an orange with it. When his mother had oranges in the house he gave her no peace until they were all eaten up. Now Tommy had one very bad habit. In eating the oranges he was so eager to get at the juicy pulp that he would tear off the skin and fling it down, wherever he happened to be. Old Mr. Jones who lived next door once slipped on a piece of the peel and was so much shaken and bruised that he threatened to have Tommy sent to jail. Tommy's grandmamma had once slipped and fallen and been almost laid up, and still Tommy could not remember to save his orange peel and throw it in the fire where it could harm no one. The butcher's and the baker's and the grocer's boy each had their turns in falling over the orange peel which the careless little boy dropped around the walks. The grocer's boy broke a dozen fresh eggs, and Tommy's mother punished him for this by making him pay for the eggs out of his savings bank. Lastly little Kitty Bunn next door fell on a scrap of peel and almost broke her arm. Tommy was shut up in his room and expected to do some repenting, but instead Tommy felt himself a very much injured little boy.

"Just like girls!" he grumbled; "never looking where they go. How was I to know that Kitty Bunn would come along the pavement right there? A fellow has to put orange peel somewhere, and I can't be always running to put it in the fire or the ash barrel. Folks ought to look where they're going; that's what my pa says when I stumble over the chairs and things."

How long he lay on the floor grumbling to himself Tommy could never tell, but presently he thought the atmosphere was beginning to look peculiar; it was taking on a sort of yellowish tinge that deepened and deepened until it became so thick he could not make out the furniture in the room. When he looked down to the carpet it had turned to a thick slippery layer of orange peel.

"Oh, ho!" said Tommy. "What have we here? The carpet never looked like this before."

"It didn't, didn't it?" answered a mocking voice at his elbow, and Tommy turned around to see three of the oddest little figures he had ever dreamed of. They were nothing but monster oranges set on very thin legs and having long, wiry arms.

"Come along," they cried, grabbing Tommy and hauling him after them in spite of his cries to "Wait a minute."

The orangey looking surface was frightfully slippery. Tommy fell a dozen times, at which his companions laughed immoderately. Presently they came to a very steep hill and down this they pelted pell mell. They did not drag Tommy down this, for he slid down by his own accord at a rate which made his tormentors fairly howl with mirth. When he reached the foot of the hill he was so sore that he could scarcely breathe.

"Come along, youngster, come along," shouted they, and, catching in every limb, Tommy was compelled to get up and wad along with them. Finally they came to a great castle built of orange skin.

"Hi y!" yelled Tommy's persecutors, and the windows were flitted with bobbing heads of odd little orange men who waved a welcome to the newcomers. At the largest window was a head ornamented with an orange skin crown.

"Please, your majesty, we've brought a new chore boy," shouted the three to the orange king. "Bring him in; we're at dinner now," called the king. "He can begin by waiting on table."

Tommy was dragged into the hall where all the little orange men were seated about a long table eating oranges and drinking orange head out of orange skin cups. Tommy was told to hand the eatables and drinkables around to the guests. Now the floor was of orange skin polished and waxed so highly by the king's house maids that walking on it was worse than walking on polished ice. The orange folks wore brots of orange skin turned inside out so they could get around very well. Tommy did his very best, but he kept tumbling over and spilling the victuals and the orange head on the floor. The king and the guests boxed his ears of shock him or kicked him every time he went down.

At last he tumbled over in front of the king and spilled a big jar of orange all over his royal person. His majesty was so angry that he shrieked:

"If you fall again I shall cut your head off!"

Tommy struggled to his feet, begging in terror to be allowed to go home, but they only laughed and began to sing:

"Orange peel, orange peel,
See it slide beneath the heel;
Many a bump and bruise and fall
Have those who served in Orange Peel hall!"

"Now," said his majesty, "we will have a dance, and Tommy must dance with me. If he falls, he loses his head you know."

The king grasped Tommy's hands. At the first step the little boy felt himself going down and down and down. Then he opened his eyes wide. The cat was sitting beside him in his room at home, but he awoke with such a yell that quaky jumped out of his window. But that experience in Orangeland with the orange elves has taught Tommy to take care of his orange peel. Now he never throws it about on the ground or pavement. He doesn't want to pay another visit to the elves.

The American Boys and Girls.

"Did you ever see a youngster with an American flag that wouldn't yell?" observed a spectator as the children from the Washington school marched, a banner-bedecked host, toward Convention hall yesterday. As the little column, looking like an animated panorama of flowers and flags, trooped happily along every child—boy and girl—casually waved the flag and ceaselessly shouted with rejoicing.

After all, the most patriotic and earnest American, with faith that reaches to the stars, is the American child. He believes in the Republic; he trusts in the valor of the United States army; he never doubts that the United States ships would wipe out the Spaniards; his little heart fairly thrills with patriotism, and if he could grow up with this sublime faith, the Americans would be the race of giants he believes them to be.

A large proportion of the pupils from the Washington school were the children of Italians. The origin was revealed in their dark hair, their rich complexions and their big black eyes. There could be no question about the patriotism of these young Italians. They were as enthusiastic and earnest as if their ancestors had come over when the Mayflower set sail for the shores of New England.

This incident points the moral that tall children brought up in America are Americans. The children of "Little Italy" are Americans. If there are any faint-hearted Americans the sight of these marching school children should give them new hope. When there is a tendency to feel that everything is going to the bad, a good way to brace up is to look at the school children. Won't these boys be fine men? Won't these girls be fine women? In that event, won't this country be safe?

Then here's to the best American of the all, the American schoolboy and the American schoolgirl, and may their tribe increase.

A Dog That Understood.

A few days ago I read aloud in my home a story reprinted in the Evening Post from an English paper telling how a dog had buried in the garden a kitten, regarded by him as a rival in his mistress' affection. "My little girl's cocker was present, during the reading, and whether he subsequently acted on the hint then obtained from the story, or on his initiative, no one can say but he was discovered a few days later trying to bury a tortoise, also a pet of my daughter's which she had tethered in the garden with a string. The dog had dug a deep hole, and being unable to grasp the tortoise with his paws, and dragged it to the hole by pulling on the string. He might have succeeded in his purpose had he not attracted attention to himself by barking when the tortoise tried to crawl out of the hole. It is a pity that he wasn't permitted to finish the job—the reappearance of the tortoise would have been such a revelation to him."

When a champion is blindfolded it loses all power of changing its color, and the entire body remains of a uniform hue.

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