Baby Marion to Go on the Stage-Taste Runs Riot-The Blue Pencil Club-Chinese Restaurants-How the Tramps Cet Free

"We really couldn't let you lift the America's Cup, but we freely and heartily tender you another trophy, a loving cup, and always wish you weil."

That centiment was the keynote of the luncheon and reception given to Sir Thomas Lipton by the mempers of the Transportation club at the Manhattan hotel. Senator Depew, president of the club, who presided, voiced the sentiment

est-ag's sei leo. and



Reception to Sir Thomas Lipton.

There was a strong hint, too, that Sir Thomas had an anxious sweetheart across the herring-pond who was viewing with some anxiety the popular favor accorded the cup challenger and who feared he might lose his heart as well as the international trophy.

Helps the Merchant Out. The General Appraisers' Board of Classification ruled that there is no import duty on whiskey that has been sent out of the country and returned in bottles. There is a duty on the bottles, and that is all, except the Internal revenue rate of \$1.10 per proof gallon, which would be paid whether seen many times repeated uptown, and whiskey traveled or not. This may in the Bowery they are frequent. Now or may not be interesting to the con- Brooklyn has caught the crase. It is sumer, but it tertainly means something to the merchant who deals in and cookery are preferable to the Ambottled American goods with a European label.

Helen Gould as Chairman. as chairman of the committee of wo- or spagnetti, but there is a decided men who will interest themselves in making the Dewey arch permanent. gastronomic sensation to go into one This announcement was made by Col. of these poky little Chinese places C .W. Church, of the Citizens' commit- and to eat rice with chopsticks and tee. It is thought that the Womens' chop suey with a wooden spoon. It much as the men. This committee will a Chinese waiter is as nearly perfect include in its membership patriotic as it can be and he has learned to women in all parts of the country, and look for a tip with as sharp an eye as all such are earnestly requested to give any French or Italian waiter who has i the committee such assistance as is in centuries of experience. their power.

Clarke who was made famous on ac- morning lined up along a certain block count of being kidnapped and then restored to her parents last summer, will It might be a loaf of bread, or some go on the stage this winter. She has hot coffee, but it isn't. The faces of been in the country all summer with the men look as if they had not been her mother and is entirely restored to shaved for a wonth, and their hair health. Several offers were made to haves in tangled masses over their cars. ther parents some months ago, but were declined. Now it is said that she may appear as a central figure in a child's their bair is trimmed in the latest pantomine, to be produced in a vaude- Bowery fashion. They are clean and ville theatre at Christmas holiday time. neat, and have been converted appar-Interest in Baby Marion has not died out, and the experienced manager who has made a bid for her services is satisfied that it will be revived to a pay. that men will pay to be shafed and ing degree when the little one appears clipped by pupil, so the proprietor of before the footlights.

From the Sultan. Miss Grace Sydney Darling was mar. ried to John Ringgold in this city the other day, and among her gifts was one that was never received before by an American bride. It was the order of the Chefekat sent by the Sultan of Turkey, who knew and admired the fair American girl in Constantinopie, where she was very popular in diplomatic circles during her father's residence there. The Chefekat is the only decoration ever bestowed in Turkey on women, and, as a rule, is given only to the nobility and court attaches. It is a large star of gold, enameled in relief, with green leaves and scarlet berries, and engraved with the Sultan's monogram and crest. The order hangs from a bow of white ribbon, bordered with a red and green stripe.

A Woman Admitted. The first woman ever admitted to practice in the District Court of the United States for the Southern district of New York, was sworn in the other day. She is Miss Alice Serber, a was formed. Mr. Hentz's suit for Russian, and is the first woman of \$225,000 for alleged breach of contract that nationality ever admitted to the bar of the United States. She came to this country eight years ago, and could not speak a sentence of English et that time. She mastered the language, and was admitted to the New York State bar within five years thereefter, and has been known for the last Three years as a forceful, successful

Taste Runs Riot.

Chatelaine charms of queer patterns are the vogue in London and some of them have already been seen in New York. They are of chased gold, studded with gems, and take the forms of flying fishes, poodles with their bodies shaved, monkeys clinging head downward to limbs of trees, and other zoological specimens. The smart London woman does not feel that she is in the swim without something of this kind dangling from her waist and the jewand lizards that are still fashionable

She Will Try Again.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM taunty hat she looked as distinguished as in the old days in Washington when "Betty Ordway" was regarded as a perfect exemplar of the American belle of high degree. Blood will tell, and Betty Girard never loses the aristocratic dash and swing that are hers by hereditary right. It is understood that she intends to show her friends that reformation is not impossible for her, and to go on the stage again this winter. She is one of the cleverest actresses in some lines in this country, and managers will be only too glad to get her, if they are satisfied that she has overcome her besetting weakness for good and all. With so many inferior actresses on the stage it seems a pity indeed to lose the services of so good a one as Bettina Girard.

Can Console Together. "The Blue Pencil Club" is the name of a new organization of newspaper writers established downtown. Contributors to newspapers all know the meaning of the fatal blue pencil, which editors use to erase unavailable matter from an article, so that here is something ominous in this title being given to a club. It suggests that the members have had sad experience with the blue pencil in the hands of unappreciative editors.

Messengers to the Front.

A messenger boy saw a man crawling into the basement of an art store uptown early the other morning. The lad gave an alarm and doubtless stopped a burglary, for there was a covered wagon close by which, it is supposed, was to be used to cart away stolen property. By the time a policeman had got duto the building the burglar had escaped and the wagon had been driven away, but there was just as much credit due to the boy. The little fellows in unform who are such a common feature of modern city life soon become almost preternaturally sharpened by their contact with all kinds of people and their public spirit never flags. If all the successful business men in New York who began life as messenger boys were to hold a convention it would require a large building to hold them all. And they are all as proud of their original calling as any college-bred man can be of his alma mater.

Latest Gastronomic Caper. "Chinese restaurants" are springing up all over New York. They can be not in evidence that Chinese dishes erican, French or Italian cusine. Chop suey and birds' nest soup do not appeal to the ordinary Caucasian palate Miss Helen Gould will probably serve more than roast beef, pate de fois gras, disposition in persons who seek a new must be said, however, that service by

Willies Den't Wilt. A long line of weary Willies and It is probable that little Marion tired Tonies may be seen early in the in the Bowery, waiting for something. But see these same hoboes an hour later, and they are clean shaven, while ently into respectable workingmen. They have served as "subjects" in a barter school. It is not to be supposed the place offers a free shave and haircut to all who care to submit themselves to the operation. What the shaved men have suffered in the barher's chair while some ambitious tyro has exercised his uncertain razor upon the month's stubble only the victim can say. He generally looks very red about the chin and there are sometimes tears standing in his eyes when he emerges from the school, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has had a free shave and there is evidently a great deal of comfort in that. There is never any scarcity of "subjects." no matter what may be the tortures threatened.

Havemeyer King of the Sugar Trust. Henry Hentz, who was President of the New York Coffee Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, New York Cotton Exchange, and a leader in the organization of the Citizens" League of Brooklyn, is again in court trying to collect for his services in bringing about the formation of the Sugar Trust. His suit reveals for the first time the plan on which the combine



Havemeyer, King of the Sugar Trust. against Henry O. Havemeyer, Frederelers are racking their brains for new ick H. Havemeyer and Theodore E. designs embodying in a general way Havemeyer was placed on trial before | do no good. If I wated it when the apthe reigning craze. They harmonize Justice Andrews and a jury in the Sugracefully with the beetles, caterpillars preme Court. Mr. Hentz declares that the American Sugar Refining comfor brooches, hairpins and hat orna- pany, which succeeded the Sugar Refineries company, which was declared illegal and criminal in 1890, after having been in existence three years, is Bettina Girard was discharged from now being operated under the same Bellevue hospital where she had been plan. Although the original coempany under treatment for alcoholism. In was dissolved, he feels something is her gray tailor-made gown and her don him from the American company, "Why dea't some of you make a

BELLS OF SHANDON

f often think of triese Shandon B Whose sound so wild would in days. childhood Fling round my cradis their mas.

spells; On this I ponder where'er I wander, And thus grow funder, sweet Cark, of thee; Tith thy Bells of Shandon, that sound

so grand on The piezgant waters of the River Lac. I've heard bells chiming full many \$

clime in.
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine.
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate. But all their music spoke naught the thine; memory dwelling on each proud

swelling Of thy bedray, knelling its bold notes Made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in, Their thunder rolling from the Vatican, and cymbass glorious swinging uproarlous
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter than the
dome of Peter
Fungs o'er the Tiber, pealing solemn-

Oh! the Bells of Shandon sound far more The pleasant waters of the Rier Les.

There's a bell-in Mozcow, while an tower and klosk
In St. Sophia the Turkman gra,
And loud in air calls men to proper,
From the tapering summit of tall min Such empty phantom I freely grant them; But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the Bells of Shandon, that sound so

LARAWAY'S BIBLE

The pleasant waters of the River Lea

On a cold and starless March even-

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epoke a word from time to time-a strong and quiet friendship grew up word of encouragement when he lagged or of reproof if he stumbled. Toward 10 o'clock, when nearing the gate of the pasture, a light appeared interest in the sick man, told him to go ahead and to the left of our course. off somewhere and get well and hearty As we came up to the fence we saw before trying to work again; said his

that it was a lantern hung on a fence pay would go on exactly as though he post some twenty rods off the road, and swinging in the wind. By its fit-

gate struck up a lively gallop; there does only when he is invalided. was a general shaking up of bridle Among the visitors whom the "old eating a good meal in the mess-house, I an hour.

"Laraway is digging up his bible At last Mitchell said: "This is all

honorable careers, surrounded by want me to find."

dead broke, and with a fresh deter- dragging the reluctant Kid along. . mination to conquer the appetite. own boss."

The two men went to a pastor's bible, was solemnly sworn, with his to the front and looked in.

way's comment. asked the Irishman, anxiously.

not in use," replied the pastor.

"Why did you ask him that?" de-

when the t'irst is on me I can let off." away toward town. Laraway bought a bible, and he promised himself with his hand upon

six months. Then he came home and Argonaut. went to work. He wrote the date in the book, and kept the book in his pocket. He kept the promise to the letter and the day.

After that spree he made an entry on the flyleaf, agreeing to abstain for one year. This time he did not carry the book in his pocket; he took it out on the range and buried it.

"That crazy Irishman's notion about getting let off if he can lay hands on the book don't go for a cent before me now," said Laraway, "but before the year is up I'll be a crazy Irishman my-

He made no secret of the measures he took against himself, and when some one offered to keep the book for him in a secret place, said: "It would do no good. If I wanted it when the appetite is upon me I'd have it if I had to kill my best friend.

The one year pledge proved too hard to keep. Twice since its making at intervals of six or eight months Laraway had dug up his bible, canceled his pledge and got drank. To-night we had seen him overcome for the third' time.

eneak on his bible and cache it where be can't find it?" asked the Kid.

"Oh, he would kill the man, that touched it, and get drunk just the same," declared the cook. 🔆 🐇 "Well, I'd like to see it tried," per-

sisted the Kid." "Why not do it yourself?" asked the foreman. "Nobody is holding you." "What, me?" said the Kid, in a suaky voice; "I'm only a boy," and he went

away to bed. As the clock struck for midnight the mess-house door was flung open-as I thought by a stronger gust of wind, Turning to bok, I found myself looking into the norme of one of Laraway's guns. He stood at the doorway, with

his eyes afire and a gun in either hand. "Which one of you dogs has got my bible?" be cried. "It's not in the hole, and I'll give you just ten seconds to produce it."

"Now, Laraway," said the foreman, in a smooth tone, "you got the drop on us all right. I tell you it's God's truth that not a man here knows anything about your bible. We thought you had dug it up and was half way to town by now."

It looked as though some one way going to get hurt. Every man in the room was looking square at Laraway. And to every man it seemed that the pistols were looking square at himself.

The Kid always was sandy-and freckled. Half an hour before he nad slunk off to bed. Now, just at the right moment, he slunk up behind Laraway, jumped on his back like a cat, put both his freckled hands to the man's throat and brought him down.' The guns went off through the roof.

Mr. Laraway was tied to the bed that night and many nights after He had a severe attack of brain fever, from ing, in the face of a keen northwest which he came out as weak as a haby. wind, we were riding home to the During his convalescence he never ranch. There was no talk between spoke of the bible, and he had an averman and man, but to his mount each sion to liquor. During those days a between Laraway and the Kid.

The "old man" was visiting his ranches this season, and took a great were in the saddle.

But Laraway said: "I've no place to | J. M. Krausneck, 307 Lake ave. ful flare a man in a long ulster was go that I like half so well as this old Chas, Schultz, 672 Clinton ave. North, digging in the hard soil with a short-, ranch, and no friends so good sa these." So he stayed around camp and Edward UGrady. The man engrossed in his task had made hair bridles and cinches, and not seen, or, at least, had not noticed read books, and helped the cook, and us. The loose horse turned in at the did all those things which a cowboy

reins and a ringing of spur chains, man" entertained at the ranch that Up a long hill and down a steep, short spring was Mitchell, the famous mind one, and we were at the ranch house, reader. One Sunday afternoon he woland the grumbling cook was turning unteered to show the boys what he out to get us a hot supper. Half an could do. We hid objects all over the hour later we were well warmed and place and kept him chasing around for

again," remarked the cook, as he dead easy for me; it doesn't amuse me. poured some strong black coffee into You all know where these objects are placed, and the trail is hot to them. Frank Laraway was a better man by Now," he said to the Kid, who had half the men you know. He had been one of the most interested parspent as much will power in resisting ticipants, "you fix your mind on some... the drink habit as would suffice to car- thing whose whereabouts is known ry two average men through life in only to yourself and which you don't

friends and family, and pass them on He took the Kid's hands and began with A1 credentials to a better world. to wander around the buildings. Twice On the ranch and range he became a he circled the corals, then, getting his valuable employe, but twice or more bearings, made a bee-line for a small, each year he would disappear for a bowlder-strewn butte a quarter of a time, returning haggard, shrunken and mile away. By this time he was fairly

The mind reader halted at the first "I don't want to be good, or great, or big bowlder and the boys quickly rich," said he; "I just want to be my turned it over. The bed of the rock This Case is Mahogan was a rounded hole some three feet It chanced one day that Laraway, deep, and at the bottom lay a small then sobering up in a little railroad black book-Laraway's bible. At sight town, heard a man say: "I am going of it he fell back a step and stood to swear off this time on the biggest about the whole as solemnly as a grave. bible in town." He asked if he might The Kid was blubbering. "I didn't mean no harm," said he.

Laraway had been in the second study, and the section hand, request. rank of those who followed the mind ing him to produce the largest pulpit reader up the hill; now he crowded

hand on its open page, to abstain for- "My bible, by God," he cried. and ever from all intoxicating beverages, jumped into the hole. As he came out "That is a long while," was Lara- with the book in his hand and strode down the hill without a word to any "Do you keep the bible locked up?" one, he tore out the fiy-leaf, upon which he had written his pledges. I "The building is always closed when picked it up and kept it as a record of a noble endeavor.

We turned our backs on the Kid's manded Laraway, when they had come cache, now despoiled, and walked slowly down the hill. For some time there The Irishman marveled at the ques- was no comment on the foreman's contion. "Why, don't you see?" said he, clusion. We heard a clatter of hoofs "It's because if I can't get at the book on the hard road as Laraway spurred

Then the Kid lifted his head (he was ever a stubborn youngster). "I'll save it, that he would taste no liquor for hem yet," he said.—San Francisco

> There is such a thing as taking too good care of a precious article. Southern exchange tells of a "cracker" couple who came to a minister to be married.

They were to have the ceremony performed with a ring, and the groom. was terribly afraid he should lose it. So was the bride, and she kept ask-

"John, you sho' you sot that, ring?" "I'm sho' now, Mary." "What you got it, John?"

"I've got it in my mouth. I aint an' to lose it now." When the ceremony was in progress,

ring was in order, the clergyman said: "Let me have the ring, please." The bridegroom gulped, choked stuttered, and finally exclaimed, de-

spairingly: "Lawshy, I done swallered it!"

One of the queerest villages known is in New Guiane, and is called Turus selei. The house are all supported on piles, and stand out in the ocean w iderable distance from those

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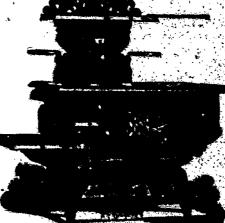
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