

NOTES FROM GOTHAM

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR WILL APPEAL TO LEGISLATURE.

Salvation Army Will Remember the Poor at Christmas Time. A Valuable Invention—Edward Marshall Will Lecture on the Cuban War.

Efforts will be made when the new Legislature convenes to obtain legislation which will place the Sailors' Snug Harbor under the supervision of the State Board of Charities. This announcement was made by Captain George L. Norton, vice-president of the Marine Society, and one of the members of the Board of Trustees of the Harbor. Captain Norton, when asked what steps to bring the matter before the Legislature would be taken, said: "I am carrying out the views of the Marine Society, which has been treated with obliquity by the Board of Trustees of the Harbor whenever it has sought to have a merchantman placed in charge of the institution. The Harbor is immensely wealthy, and it is a most important institution to this city. It has outgrown the wildest dreams of



Snug Harbor at Staten Island.

its founder. The property is too great to be governed by men whose business interests are largely elsewhere. All the members of the Board are busy, and how can they understand the situation as they ought by attending meetings which last only two or three hours? It would be far better if the Harbor were under the control of the State, which gave it its charter and should now take it up. These suggestions are only a prolongation of troubles that unprejudiced minds might settle without any great cost to the institution and without friction. There will be a meeting of the standing committee of the Marine Society, and probably action will then be taken in support of the marine members of the Board of Trustees and in the way of outlining plans for the future."

To Feed the Poor. In Madison Square Garden on next Christmas Day the Salvation Army has arranged to give dinners to twenty thousand poor persons of New York and Brooklyn. The army will distribute at the Garden at eleven o'clock Christmas morning sixteen thousand dinners in baskets for poor families. Each basket will contain sufficient provisions for five persons. Six thousand dinners will be served on the main floor at six o'clock in the evening. This will be followed by a musical entertainment and stereopticon exhibition. In Memorial Hall, No. 120 West Fourteenth street, on Saturday evening, December 23, there will be a Christmas tree celebration for poor children, when gifts of clothing and other useful articles and toys will be distributed. Contributions of money for these objects are desired. Checks should be made payable to the Salvation Army, Incorporated.

A New Invention. R. H. Forde, a conductor on the Madison avenue street car line, has invented an automatic street car annunciator for cars. It is a wide ribbon running along the ceiling of the car and bearing the name of the next street. It also tells the number of the house at each corner as it is reached, and gives other information as to the locality. The arrangement is an ingenious but not an intricate one. The ribbon is moved by the electric power that propels the car, and will cost almost nothing. This conductor will hardly have to collect fares and quell "jags" on a street car platform any longer if his device is adopted and proves successful. The need of some such convenience as a "street annunciator" that will not depend upon the passenger's understanding of the conductor's outlandish yells is recognized by the public everywhere. Clear enunciation is apparently impossible to many conductors. If the name of the street is shown before the passenger's eyes all that will be needed then will be the ability to read—which, happily, is a general accomplishment in this country.

A Cabby's Luck. A hack driver at Port Lee—a rather desolate spot on the Palisades, nearly opposite Grant's Tomb—says he is heir to \$40,000,000 in gold in the Bank of England. He declares that he and his sister are lineal descendants of a man who left the money, and he expects to be able to prove the right of himself and his sister to the fortune. The transition from an existence of hack driving at Port Lee to that of a multi-millionaire would be something so tremendous that it is to be hoped the hack driver will be able to retain his reason when he gets his money. Perhaps he will buy the Palisades and establish a free hotel for hack drivers on top of them, to give his old comrades and competitors a share in his good fortune.

A New Athletic Game. "Battle ball" is the new game for girl athletes, which threatens to become popular in this part of the country. It is described as a sort of modified football with no kicking. Its varieties say "it is lots of fun." An ordinary football is used, but it is thrown, as in basket ball, which game it somewhat resembles. The chief item of difference is that in "battle

ball eight Indian clubs are stood up on each side, and no one must knock one of them down without losing a lot of "points." Short skirts, sweaters and golf stockings make up the regulation dress for playing "battle ball."

A Cripple's Lecture. Edward Marshall, the war correspondent, who was so terribly wounded at the battle of Guasimas, lectured the other night before the Canadian Club on his adventures in Cuba. He calls his lecture "A Bugie Talk." When he was brought off the field at Guasimas it was not supposed that he would live more than an hour or two, but he improved enough to be brought home, one of his legs having been taken off. He is a sad wreck physically, and therefore a touching sight to his friends, but his mind is as alert as ever, and his talk on the Cuban campaign is something to which one never gets tired of listening.

A Comedian Stricken. Walter Jones, the comedian, who came to the surface as a funny tramp in Rice's "1492," several years ago, and who is a favorite with playgoers, was stricken with apoplexy on a train going from Hartford to Middletown, Conn., where he was to play in a new musical comedy entitled "The Gay Debutante." He is at Middletown now, and the doctors regard his condition as grave. Mr. Jones is a handsome young fellow, and it was said at one time he was to marry Lillian Russell. Lately, it was reported that he was to become the husband of a Chicago millionaire's daughter, followed by another statement that the engagement was off.

The Hunting Season. The hunting season has opened and the crack of the guns and baying of dogs can be heard all about the meadows of Jersey and Long Island. On every train leaving the city one can see men with breech-loaders in canvas and leather cases, and their talk is all about the big bug they intend to bring home. Rabbits are exceedingly plentiful in this locality this year, and all kinds of small game can be found by the man who understands the trick of it. Apples and other fruit have been yielding to an unusually large degree this autumn, and farmers say that a good fruit year always means lots of game.

For Rapid Transit. The Supreme Court has reduced the bond required of bidders for the contract of building the rapid transit tunnel from \$15,000,000 to \$5,000,000. This will hasten the beginning of the work on the tunnel. Many contractors, who were kept out of the competition for the work by the enormous bond, will enter, now that \$5,000,000 will suffice. This means that the city will get the work done cheaper than it could expect if only one or two contractors could afford to bid. Rapid transit and convenience combined are so badly needed in New York that the removal of obstacles to them may be regarded as nothing less than a public concession.

Tesla Again. Nikola Tesla, who opened an experiment station in Colorado Springs, Colo., in May last for the purpose of making scientific measurements and observations with wireless telegraphy in high altitudes, has successfully concluded his work and will soon return to this city to continue his work here. He has perfected a machine by which he



Nikola Tesla.

intends to send messages to Paris next year, and his experiments here will be in communication by means of the machine with Paris, without the use of a wire.

"I have been successful in my experiments beyond anything I ever accomplished," he said to a correspondent. "I am glad I have come to Colorado. I am delighted with the results. I am not at liberty to give out the details of my work at this time, but you can say the system of wireless telegraphy has been successfully demonstrated in this altitude, which is 6,000 feet above sea level." It will be an astonishing thing if this wizard succeeds in sending a message across the Atlantic ocean, but this is an age of marvelous things.

Big Shop "Demonstrators" Department stores now offer a new feature in a young man or woman who occupies a small side stall, or counter, from which an exit is easily made to the front, and who is called a demonstrator. The duties of a demonstrator are to explain and exhibit certain articles and to urge their purchase by persuasive manner and tongue.

Some of these articles are entirely new to the shopper, and, unexplained, would probably convey not the slightest idea as to their use. This is where the demonstrator steps in and, with a rapid turn of the wrist or expressive gesture of explanation, shows the time or labor saving device. In the grocery departments this is particularly desirable, as there are all sorts of new cooking arrangements, many of them very complicated in structure, such as those for steaming fruits, and the demonstrator makes the housewife's task a lighter one.

The demonstrator is usually a glib tongued person, with a keen eye for the weakness of human nature, who can reach rich and poor, the eager and indifferent, with persuasive manners and sell the article.

THE GOLF GIRL.

In a jaunty scarlet jacket. And a manish little shoe. A hat with a quill and turtan. And a skirt to clear the dew. On the grassy links to see her Every glorious summer day. And forget to mind my putting While I watch her graceful play.

We have met in dreamy waiters When a rose was on her breast. But her partner at the bunkers Is the one who knows her best. Though the ball is lost forever. And her hair is out of curl. Nothing spoils the sunny temper Of the pretty golfing girl.

If all women once were flowers. As an ancient legend tells. She has bloomed a sprig of heather On the breezy Scottish fells: For the wind that roams the barren And the blue of morning skies Still is rippling in her laughter. Still is beaming from her eyes.

But in the gray of golden weather. Sipping lightly to the lees. Making drives with daring swiftness, "Holding out" with merry ease. To the painted balls not only Does she bring the golfer's arts For, with Cupid as her caddy, She is playing with our hearts. —Mina Irving, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

THAT AUTUMN DAY.

It was a lovely autumn day. The sun, warm with the still torrid finger of summer, shone down upon as fair a scene as ever the village of Mayville had beheld.

At the gateway of a pretty cottage, hand in hand, stood a man and a maid. He tall as Apollo, slender as a Greek God, handsome as night, with a wonderful dark beauty; she fair as he was dark, sweet faced, petite and lovely, yet fearful within.

Yet they were not happy, for the girl had just spoken the words which brought the frown of displeasure to the brow of the young man. "No, Erwin, we must say good bye. It is for the best. To-morrow mamma and I move out of the dear old house to go to the city—where I must earn my bread. If papa had left us rich it would have been different, then—well, oh Erwin!" and the brave voice broke as the girl leaned her fair head upon the fence in front of the pretty house and wept, for the first time since her father had died, only one short week before.

"But I tell you," said the young man, almost angrily, "I shall earn enough for both—and more."

"Your mother!" "Who cares what mother says. And in time, Alice, when she knows you better."

"She has known me from childhood, and now she says that we must part, you to marry the heiress and I to go to the city and work. But, oh, I love you, Erwin."

"Say it again, my darling."

"I love you—love you—I love you," panted the girl, lifting her head and almost brushing the young man's shoulder as she spoke, "love you better than all the world. But you must go. Your mother says—"

And before he could speak or prevent her she had dashed through the gate and up the gravel path and disappeared into the house.

"It's a shame!" ejaculated the young man. "But Alice need not think she can escape me so easily. Marry the heiress! As if I could ever marry anyone else after seeing her sweet face."

As Erwin Wardman spoke he turned away from the cottage and walked toward his own handsome home in the other part of the village. Despite the difference in their fortunes the Wardmans and the Nelsons had been friends all their lives and it was understood that Erwin and Alice would marry some day. But when Mr. Nelson died, leaving his wife and child almost penniless, the wise ones shook their heads, for well they knew the ambitious plans which Mrs. Wardman had cherished for her son.

High up on a bluff in the finest part of the town lived the Montague family, and every day the liveried coachman drove Miss Montague and her mother through the town. The townspeople knew, and Alice knew, and all knew, that Miss Montague had looked with favor upon handsome Erwin Wardman, and it was for the heiress that his mother intended him.

Yet Erwin Wardman was a man and might have married the girl of his choice.

That evening when Erwin Wardman went down to call upon Alice he found her gone and the house closed. "Strange she did not tell me she was going so soon," he muttered, and for the first time an angry thought came into his mind. "That was very unkind of Alice," said he.

It was October again. The leaves were once more dressed in the golden glory of Autumn, when Alice betook herself to Mayville. Her mother had died, and in a mournful little procession, formed by the hearse and one carriage, Alice had gone to the old village churchyard to lay the dear parent by the side of the father.

That evening Alice left the little boarding house in the village, where no one had known her, and went for a walk.

Instinctively her feet turned toward the old cottage, and, before she realized it, she stood upon the threshold of the happy old home. It was closed and the vines grew thick over the entrance.

"Sad, sad," murmured she, turning away. "Mamma, mamma!" called a childish voice, and Alice turned to see a baby struggling at her dress and pleading with outstretched arms to be lifted up, while a man pulled the child away.

A sudden cry of "Erwin" sprang to her lips, but she bit it back. "I hope you will excuse my little boy, madame," said the gentleman, "but his mother has died only recently and there is something in your figure and looks which reminds him of her."

"Mamma, mamma!" called the child piteously.

Lifting him tenderly Alice pressed him to her bosom.

"Now, Erwin," said the gentleman to the child, "say good bye to the lady."

"No, no!" said the child, struggling as his father attempted to take him. "I want mamma to go too."

A bright idea occurred to Alice. She hesitated a minute. Yes she would do it. She was so lonely now.

"Will you hire me as a nursemaid?" she asked. "I am in Mayville looking for a situation."

"Gladly," said the gentleman, "since little Erwin has taken such a fancy to you."

All that autumn and all winter Alice lived in the Wardman household. For of course it was the elegant home of Erwin Wardman in which she found herself, and day after day she devoted herself more and more lovingly to the child, who loved her better than he had ever loved his haughty mother. If Alice seldom saw the master of the house it was her own fault, for she avoided him.

And so two years passed, the little Erwin growing and developing wonderfully under the gentle guidance of his beloved nurse.

One morning in autumn Alice slipped away to visit the old house. There were people living in it now, but she walked to the gate and stood looking down at the night flowers within.

"They are from the seeds I planted so long ago," she murmured, "and so think it is the anniversary of the day I left the dear old house forever—mother and I."

"Beg pardon; were you speaking?" Alice turned with a start, for the voice was that of Erwin Wardman, and there at her side he stood, looking at her with the tenderness he could no longer conceal in his eyes.

"I knew you all the time," he said. "But I thought it was better not to speak—then. Tell me, Alice, have you remembered the old days, too?"

For answer she put her hand in his and the two walked down the street together in the glorified autumn sunshine.—By Elaine Cartwright.

A Lively Streak of Mouse. Several persons standing in front of a show window on Fourth street, watching a procession of Japanese mice in a cage as they ran in at one door of their sleeping apartment and out at the other with lightning rapidity became involved in a dispute as to how many of the animals there were. One said there were only two mice while others thought there were at least three.

They were very active, curious little animals and instead of being of the proper mouse color, were black and white, marked in large blotches, like Holstein cattle or old-fashioned swine. The holes into and out of which they ran so swiftly that it was impossible to count them, for sometimes there was a mouse at each hole, and sometimes one outside and the other inside, and sometimes it appeared as if there were just one long mouse in a circle revolving on a pivot, with nose and tails at intervals.

The race and race was kept up for some time, and finally all the mice disappeared as if by magic. One of the spectators went into the store and asked how many mice there were in the cage, stating that he and his companions had not been able to decide, as they moved too quickly to be counted. A clerk said there was only one mouse, and it was impossible to count it except when it was asleep, and, seeing a look of incredulity on the countenance of the caller, raised the top of the cage and showed one little black-and-white mouse, nestling on a piece of cotton in a corner.

An Intelligent Kentucky Hen. Several days ago Dr. Alvey of Waverly, drove to Morganfield in a buggy. Upon his arrival here he discovered that one of his hens had ridden off the buggy. The doctor had to go further down the road, so he "shooed" the hen out of the vehicle and left her there. Dr. Alvey was gone all that day and night and a part of the next. The hen in the meantime found her way to Jaller Shodgrass's chicken coop, where she spent the night. When Dr. Alvey returned to Morganfield the next day he put his horse in Payne & Neale's livery stable, and of course, the buggy belonging to the medicine man was only one of a large number about the stable. But strange to say, the old hen seemed to know when the doctor returned, and with a remarkable display of animal instinct picked out his buggy, got back into her place and waited for the doctor to start back home.

An asylum for the blind need not necessarily be an unlighty place. A girl never refers to a man she doesn't like as "a mean thing."

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