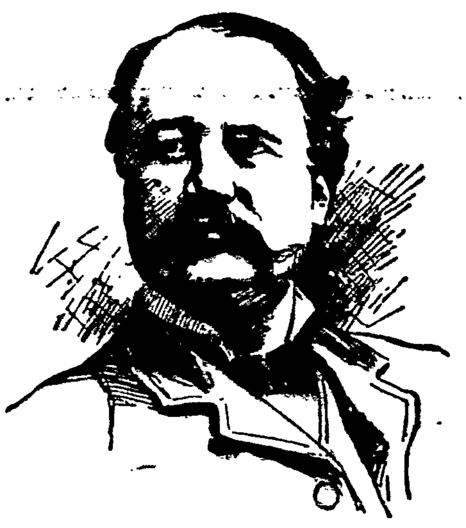
NOTES FROM GOTHAM

THE PASSING AWAY OF VICE PRESIDENT HOBART.

The Dewey Idol Attacked—Americans a the Paris Exposition Our Surprising Foreign Trade—The Word "Club" Explained—Work For Little Hands.

The prolonged illness of Vice-President Hobart had prepared the public mind for the announcement of his death and it occasioned but little surprise. Mr. Hobart was not greatly distinguished as a public man until he won his nomination for the second office in the Nation in 1896, and later on the election. But he had been a successful business man with large and growing interests, the care of which undoubtedly sapped his vitality and brought him to the grave at a time when he should have been at the very height of his power. His death is a solemn admonition of the uncertainties of life, and is regarded as a loss to the Nation as well as to his immediate friends and family.



Garret A. Hobart.

The last Vice-President before this to die in office was Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, whose death in 1885 caused general mourning over the loss of a most popular statesman. Of those who have held office of Vice-President, Levi P. Morton, who served with Harrison, and Adlai E. Stevenson, who was Mr. Cleveland's colleague during his second term, are now the only survivors. The vice-presidential office is ordinarily regarded as a sinecure and a haven of rest, yet more Vice-Presidents than Presidents have died in office; and of the four Presidents who died in office, only one (William Henry Harrison) has been supposed to have been worried to death by the cares of office and the importunities of office-seekers.

The Dewey Idol.

The Dewey idol now seems to be destined to suffer from the attack of vandals. The hero of Manila Bay has been severely criticized on account of the transfer of his Washington house—the gift of the people of the nation—to his son. The reasons which prompted the admiral to make the transfer are not yet known. This transfer, however, has caused many persons to think that Admiral Dewey is not the superior man they took him to be. In consequence, they are showing their microbic natures by throwing mud at their former idol. The admiral's splendid services in the Philippines, his uniform courtesy and modesty are all forgotten by these fickle Americans. And so it is that the man who coolly sailed over the Spanish mines is to-day reaping the worriments which come with fame. The men who never become great are the mortals who really know the pleasures of life.

At the Paris Exposition.

A Connecticut company has shipped a steel building to be erected in Paris. From East Berlin, Ct., twenty-seven carloads of structural material manufactured by the Berlin Iron Bridge company have been sent to the Harlem river, New York, to be taken aboard a government transport and conveyed to France. This material is for the steel frame-work of a machine-shop to be used exclusively by the American exhibitors of iron and wood-workingmachinery at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The building will be 343 feet long and 77 feet wide. It will be constructed entirely of American material, and will be erected by American mechanics, who will go to Paris for that purpose. The whole structure from foundation to spire, including all the machinery, equipment and everything within the walls, will be an American exhibit manufactured by Americans, showing American machinery in practical operation.

Enormous Foreign Trade.

One of the most interesting features of our foreign trade is the marked increase in exports of manufactured goods. The reports of manufactured articles in September aggregated $31,373,264, against $25,020,046 in September, 1898 and $22,749,114 in September, 1897. For the nine months ended with September the exports of manufactures were worth $277,502,649, against $227,822,045 in the like period of 1898, the percentage of such exports increasing to 31.34 At the rate indicated by these figures the total of exports of manufactures for the twelve months of 1899 will be, perhaps, as much as $375,000,000. The expectation that higher prices would check exports has not been verified by events, owing probably to the fact that prices are higher abroad as well as here. Exports of iron and steel in the nine months were $76,567,438, an increase of 70 per cent. in two years.

Photography in Surgery.

Color photography promises to be of great value in medical and surgical science. Recently Mr. T. E. Ivens made a satisfactory demonstration of his method of photographing, by which stereopticon effect, as well as color, is obtained. He "showed a number of pictures of diseased persons and tissues (ulcers, a jaundiced individual, etc.) which were of most astonishing lifelikeness and accuracy. In the preservation of the records of disease the invention will undoubtedly prove of inestimable use to surgeons and specialists, and one foresees many ways in which lecturers and teachers will find the invention of manifold and excellent service. The only regret one can have is that as yet there can be no application to the illustrating of books and periodicals."

What is a Club.

The meaning of the word "club" was explained in two ways by Mr. Samuel Rosenfeld, the president of the Phoenix Club, at its recent annual meeting in Baltimore. He talked about clubs in general, and the way in which women looked upon them in particular, and then drew a witty picture of what the word C L U B meant. "C," he said, stood for cards, in the average woman's mind. "L" stood for luncheon, including eatables and drinkables. "U" stood for uproar and "B" stood for ball. He proceeded to explain what a club really meant to a man, and, deftly transforming the meaning of the club as generally inferred, concluded by saying that "C" really stood for culture, that the "L" really stood for literature, that the "U" stood for unity, and that the "B" stood for brotherhood. There are other clubs which might give a different version of the etymology of the word.

Sleeping Car Tips

General Passenger Agent George H. Daniels, of the Central Hudson railroad, has commenced a war on the custom of giving tips to sleeping car porters and it goes without saying that strongly as the system is intrenched in custom, we can see its finish when Mr. Daniels grapples with it. He is a man who never undertakes anything without bringing it to a successful issue. The "tipping" system has grown into great proportions of late, and it is believed that the service will be greatly improved so far as the general public is concerned by its abolition. A city paper says that the charge for asking a passenger if he will sleep with his feet to the engine, finding out that he will, and then making the berth up the other way, is now 50 cents, while for half that sum the porter will ask if he wants his berth made up now or wait until he gets it. The rate is 25 cents for losing a valise, and the fee a dollar for informing the thirsty victim that he has just entered a prohibition State 400 miles long, and that the buffet car was left at the last station. An all round charge of 25 cents is proposed for every separate service performed, the scoring to be done by the porter and no right of appeal to attach to the passenger.

Work for Little Hands.

In the southern part of the old Seventh ward and the northern part of the old Fourth children are hired by druggists of the vicinity to collect the almonds that come from peach pits or stones. The little chaps are busying themselves daily when playing hookey, with this profitable pastime. They are to be seen industriously searching in gutters and ash barrels for the stones, which they crack on the curb with any hard substance that comes to hand. The contents are strung as beads and sold at ten cents the hundred. It is supposed the druggists distill hydrocyanic acid therefrom, which is one of the more deadly poisons known to science. A single drop placed on the tongue of a big dog causes instant death. A half-teaspoonful taken by a man will cause him to drop as if struck by lightning. There is no antidote.

Molineux Case.

The Molineux case is again attracting great attention, and the sensations frequently arising give the newspapers an opportunity to keep the excitement up to a high pitch. These sensations are worrying the attorneys engaged in the case, and Mr. Weeks, counsel for Molineux, is determined to put a stop to the trial of the case by the newspapers if he can. The trial will be a long one, and every particle of evidence will be fought by the defense. It has been no small task to secure a jury, and over 300 persons were examined before the twelve men could be found. Several whole days were consumed in the examination of talesmen without securing a single juryman. The story printed to the effect that the defense would be insanity, was especially exasperating to the attorneys for the defense.

Recorder Goff Presiding at the Molineux Case.

Bubonic Plague Quarantine.

Death in the form of foreign contagion which has knocked so often and has been disappointed in admittance by the vigilant warders at the Narrows that there has been little popular uneasiness even if now, in its supremest form of the great Black Death, it has paid the visit to the country's Eastern gateway so long promised to the Western. It cannot be said that the arrival at Quarantine of bubonic plague is a light matter. Still, if it had to come there is little doubt that New York is the best place to which it could have come. Of the hosts of alien ills which have besieged this port in the last ten years only one made an entry. That was the promptly restricted typhus invasion of 1891-92. Cholera has been repulsed in the height of the modern exodus from Russia, and yellow fever all through the military and commercial occupation of Cuba. While we are well prepared at home it becomes a question whether we, in common with other nations of comparatively clean housekeeping habits, may not be safeguarded somewhat abroad.

To permit the use of a photograph gallery at night, a photographic light stand has been patented, comprising a vertical distributing pipe, with branches to carry the burners, with adjustable reflectors to throw all the light in one direction.

TROOPER JACKSON.

"Don't you hear the bugle soundin' Trooper Jackson?
Come, shake yourself! There's trouble down ahead!
With a lot o' Texas rum they're a-makin' matters hum!
She's a-tootin' boots an' saddles! Out o' bed!
They're yellin' like the devil down the canyon!
A han'some lot of able-bodied Utes—
An' the orders is, to rip 'em.
An' to slash 'em, an' to rip 'em.
So jump along an' tumble in your boots!"

Oh! the ride was wild an' darin' down the bottom!
Just sixty men, where ten troops should have been.
Not a tremble, not a quiver, as they dashed along the river,
At the howlin' horde of undiluted sin!
Like a teamster's whip the guidons were a-snappin'!
My God! the Indians numbered ten to one.
Through the blindin' rifle flame
They kept ridin' just the same,
With "Old Glory" in the van a-leadin' 'em.

Like a catapult they hit 'em in the middle!
While the "trader's" powder tore its dirty way,
An' the flamin' sheets o' hell scorched their tunics
An' their yellow plumes were crimson from the fray.
But the orders were to give 'em a "chastisin'"
With sixty men, where ten troops should 'ave been.
But they done it just the same!
An' they never thought to blame,
With the forty dead and dyin' carried in.

"Here's to you, cussin', fightin' Trooper Jackson!
Here's to you for the glory that you won!
'Twas a slashin', dashin' ride when you crossed the Great Divide,
But you done it as I like to see it done.
Your photograph's a-hangin' in the barrack,
An' your saber ornaments the colonel's hall.
When your bugle sounded 'taps,'
Then you won your shoulder straps,
An' you'll wear 'em at the final grand recall.'"

—Thomas Edward Crafton, in Harper's Weekly.

FROM THE ENEMY'S LINE.

Sergeant "Teddy" Wilkins was lying on his breast behind a heap of earth listening to the zip of Mausen bullets over his head. The Spanish picket line was sheltered by a group of trees not far away, and occasionally a guerilla sharpshooter sent a message of defiance from the high branches.

A New York regiment which had hurried to the front almost before Congress had officially declared that the United States was at war with the proud old land which had taken the trouble to discover her.

"It seems to me," remarked the sergeant, as he casually inspected the number of cartridges in his belt, "that this business is growing very tiresome. What we need is a little diversion; a little of the romance of war."

"Well," replied young De Jones, who formerly marshalled figures on a trial balance sheet, "you'll get more romance than you want if you don't lie a little closer down there!"

Three or four of the guerillas had dropped from the trees and the Spanish stragglers had been driven back toward Santiago by a rattling fire from the Springfield rifles of the volunteers. The weather was entirely too hot to follow up an advantage gained over a few rice fed conscripts, and Company K was resting a bit and wondering if the commissary department would call upon them that day.

"Teddy" Wilkins was smoking the artistically colored meerscham which he had brought from home. There had been no toabcco in the rich brown bowl for days, and the Sergeant was contentedly puffing at some of the dried grass of the country.

"Hello!" exclaimed De Jones. "Here they come to our pink tea! I wonder how they found out we were receiving this afternoon. Get out the Boston wafers, Sarg., and I'll hunt up the souvenir spoons."

"They" proved to be a slender young woman, who walked with a springy step, and an elderly woman, who was anything but sylph-like, who seemed to roll along the brown earth. There was a look of terror in the eyes of both of them. They advanced toward the American soldiers and held their hands above their heads.

"Mercy, mercy, Senor!" cried the girl, in broken English.

"Tell them to sit down on the sofa and make themselves at home," suggested De Jones. "The young one is rather good looking, at that."

Sergeant Theodore Wilkins, of Company K, bent his stiffened limbs, adjusted his cartridge belt and went to meet the new comers.

"We beg protection," said the younger woman. "We have come from the city, and we beg to be spared by the chivalry of los Americanos."

Wilkins, who remembered somewhat of his Clendorf, attempted to say something in Spanish which he meant to be reassuring. The girl shook her head and a puzzled expression came into her eyes.

"Do not speak a Spanish more, Senor," she said. "I have the English very well. I went to school in Connecticut."

Whereupon the men who had been engaged in the gentle occupation of exchanging compliments with Spanish foemen burst into an uproarious guffaw, to the great annoyance of Sergeant Theodore Wilkins.

"That Spanish of yours is great," suggested the corporal.

A lieutenant came up just then. The two women said that they had just come from beleaguered Santiago in order that they might escape death in the bombardment which was sure to come. The lieutenant told them that they need fear no danger, for "los Americanos" did not make war upon women and children. He ordered Sergeant Wilkins and a guard of two men to escort the visitors out of harm's way.

Teddy Wilkins was very young. He was so youthful that he had had hard work in getting into the regiment when he enlisted about a year before. He had been educated in a military school, and the mechanism of drill seemed a second nature to him.

He remembered as he escorted the refugees through the chaparral that there was a situation in a grand opera which was not so very different from the one in which he found himself. He wondered if Carmen were as beautiful as the Cuban girl who picked her way among the fallen branches and the stones which lay in their pathway. Then he tried to convince himself that he knew a girl in Harlem who was far more so. The more he advanced this proposition, to himself, the more was he convinced that it was utterly untenable.

"Senor," said the girl, "you are very kind. You are—our very valiant knight."

Teddy Wilkins' youth often caused him to speak hastily. He glanced at the young woman's mother, and, being convinced by her look of entire stolidity that the duenna did not understand English, he remarked, in a low and supposedly tender voice, "I wish that you would say, 'my,' instead of our,' senorita. I should be very happy if you did.

The young woman laughed, and then checked herself.

"Ah, senor," she said, "I have left those behind who were very dear to me. I think only of being reunited to them."

"Let me go in search of them," exclaimed the young sergeant. "I will go everywhere to find them in order to win even a smile from you."

"Senor," responded the young woman, "there is nothing in our Spanish tongue to describe one so noble. You are indeed a Sir Galahad. They came with us and were frightened from us. I have no doubt that they have succeeded in also placing themselves in the protection of los Americanos. Such is my earnest hope."

The girl stepped back in a coquettish way so that the young sergeant might walk beside her. The more he talked with her the more he was convinced that she was hiding a great sorrow. There were lines in the classical forehead which showed that the young woman was more worried about the safety of those whom she had left behind than she would tell even the sympathetic sergeant.

Sergeant Wilkins as he walked along felt a violent attack of jealousy.

"Your sweetheart, perhaps?" he suggested.

The girl shook her head.

"Alas, senor," she said, "not so. If it were a few years ago I could truthfully answer yes.".

The sergeant was sorry, but at last they reached the rear. The young woman and her mother were taken under the protection of a branch of the Red Cross. The sergeant remained near them as long as he could and then reluctantly started back to the front.

"Perhaps we shall meet again," said the girl, just before he went away.

"You give me great hope," replied Teddy Wilkins. "If I can ever be of service to you, no matter where you may be, you must let me know."

The girl smiled and said that she would never forget him. The young sergeant touched his cap and with one last lingering glance he went his way. He was so preoccupied on the way back that the soldiers with him exchanged sly winks and assumed expressions intended to be exceedingly love-lorn.

Sergeant Theodore Wilkins found little time that night to think of the fair senorita. The Spaniards advanced and it took all the vigor of the exhausted volunteers to hold them in check. Yet even when the Mausers filled the air with weird songs, there came to Teddy Wilkins the vision of a face framed in dark hair and the sound of a voice which was musical and low.

Days of hard fighting followed, and when it was all over Sergeant Theodore Wilkins went in search of her who had called him a Sir Galahad. He found her, too, within the protection of the American lines, sheltered by the Red Cross and happy, because she had been reunited with her own—her husband and her four children.

American Soldiers Praised.

The behavior of the American soldiers in the Far East has attracted attention in all parts of the world. So recently as just before the outbreak of the Transvaal war the Daily Mail of Grahamstown, Cape Colony, in an appreciative editorial on "The American Troops in Manila," said:

"One lesson taught by the struggle in the Philippine Archipelago is the amazing fortitude of the American troops. Practically every man in the volunteer forces has been under fire almost continuously for nine months, and in addition to constant fighting has never had a moment's freedom from anxiety as to possible manoeuvres of skulking, wily foes, who know every inch of the country, and know how to take advantage of its potentialities. The lines have been so long that it has been necessary to keep every regiment to the front. The regulars have had almost the same experience but not quite so much of it. If the campaign has demonstrated nothing else it has shown the marvelous staying powers of Uncle Sam's troops suddenly transferred to the tropics."

There isn't enough meat on some arguments to make an intellectual bite.

The rose soon fades, but the thorn continues to do business at the old stand.