NOTES FROM GOTHAM

POLITICAL LEADERS PREPARING FOR A GREAT BATTLE.

Busy Times at Headquarters—Campaign Not Far Advanced—Gubnatorial Candidates—The Shirt-waist Man and Others—Palatial Residences.

The campaign for the election of a President, and the control of the greatest government in the world is beginning to feel the touch of the master hand of the great leaders. The national headquarters of the Republican party is in full operation, and is visited daily by the chairman of the committee, Senator Hanna. The senator comes up from Long Branch every morning and remains in the city

Chairman Jones.

until the boat leaves in the afternoon. Mark Hanna is a very busy man while he is at headquarters, and being a man of business methods, he is able with all the appliances and the experienced office force with which he has surrounded himself, to turn off an immense amount of business in a short time.

Details for Others.

Senator Hanna has very little to do with details. He only concerns himself with the general plans of the campaign, and leaves to his assistants the working out of all the details He directs the work, just as the manager of an immense business systemises and then directs his work. The several departments are in charge of faithful and experienced employes, and all that they require is an order from the chairman, and the work directed is soon accomplished An immense amount of money is required in a national campaign for the legitimate expenses. The postage and express bills, the printing and literary bureau, and the spellbinders departments all absorb an enormous amount of money. There is, however no complaint of shortness of funds.

Not So Far Advanced.

The campaign on both sides does not appear to be as well advanced now as it was this time of the year four years ago Early in August both parties had held immense ratification meetings in Madison Square Garden in 1896, and Bryan had made his famous entry into what he then termed the enemy's country. All this indicates a disposition on the part of the managers to postpone the most active work of the canvass until the weather becomes more endurable In 1896, Mr. Bryan spoke to twenty thousand people in the big Garden when the mercury was sailing about the one hundred mark and there was not only the greatest discomfort experienced by his auditors but a number were overcome by the intense heat. Such effects as these induce the managers to believe that the first of September is time enough to have the speaking in full sway.

Chairman McGuire.

Chairman McGuire is one of the busiest men in town. He believe that he has settled many of the misunderstandings that existed and that he will now soon have the leaders all working harmoniously and most vigorously for the success of the ticket. The chairman of the executive committee is an enthusiast himself, and he always inspires his associates with his vigor and earnestness. The Democratic Stat Committee is to make a speaking campaign, which is contrary to the advice of many of the old leaders. But McGuire is in the saddle, and his views will prevail in the management.

Gubnatorial Candidates.

It is very generally believed that B. B. Odell will be the Republican candidate for Governor, and this fact is strengthened by the fact that while he has not announced his willingness to accept the nomination, no other candidate has appeared to have any considerable boom to his credit. The Democratic situation is different. Former Senator Hill has been and still is earnestly in favor of the nomination of Comptroller Coler, while it has been understood that Tammany Hall would favor Senator Mackey, of Buffalo. A few days ago, it was announced that the comptroller would not consent to be a candidate, but soon after a conference was held composed chiefly of Senator Hill's supporters, and it was then said that Mr. Coler had consented to take a different view of the matter and that if there was danger of the Ramipo water scheme coming to the front, that he might see his duty to accept a nomination. It now looks as if Mr. Coler and Senator Mackey would be opposing aspirants for the nomination, the former having the support of Senator Hill, and the latter being backed by Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall.

The Anarchists.

Thoughtful people have been led to inquire how many Anarchists we have in this city. The murderer of King Humbert was a resident of Paterson, N. J., until a few weeks ago, and it is known that he was on terms of intimacy with the Anarchists of this city. These people are not numerous, but they are certainly dangerous, and the pernicious doctrines which they teach are coming to have more and more adherents. Their recruits come from among the recent immigrants from the Old World, who, instead of appreciating the blessings of liberty, here, use the privileges to plot against government in any form. To the real Anarchist a republic is no better than a despotism. Their strange ideas of society without organized government are even seizing upon the minds of the young, and a handsome young Italian girl of twenty, was interviewed the other day, who confessed that she was an Anarchist of the most pronounced type. She was not prepared to say that she would herself take life, but she fully justified the murder of King Humbert. The wretched lives which many of these people live, and their surroundings, all seem to add flames to the fire of Anarchy which is perhaps the most insane and dangerous of all political heracies.

Fire Proof Piers

The great steamship companies are talking of building fireproof piers. The enormous damage to property and the awful loss of life which occurred at the Hoboken fire recently has taught them a needed lesson. The cost of fireproof piers will be large, but not so great as many suppose. A method of treating wood and even much more inflammable materials has been discovered and is now being introduced. By the use of these new inventions, it is believed that it is not only possible but entirely practicable to make the piers fireproof.

A New Hair Tonic.

It has been discovered by the holiday makers summering at Manhattan Beach that the sun is an excellent hair tonic A baldheaded man last summer got the top of his cranium badly sunburned, but when the soreness had passed away, he found that a new crop of hair had taken root, and before the end of the season he was as well thatched as he could desire. This is the story seashore loungers are telling each other, and now it is the fashion for women to go in bathing and to sit on the sands without hats.

The Shirt-waist Man

"The shirt waist man"—that is the man who goes about in a negligee shirt, without a coat—is becoming more numerous in public places in New York every day. Down town, in the field financial district, you may see on any hot day scores of the best-known brokers and bankers walking about without coats. In the roof gardens it is becoming the eminently proper thing to appear in shirtsleeves. It is thought that by next summer the fashion will have established itself thoroughly. At present it takes a little nerve and the knowledge that the fit of one's shirt, haberdashery and trousers is perfect to enable a man to promenade Broadway in a costume that until now has been regarded as impossible dishabille.

Some Others

For some unknown reason it has never been the custom to describe the dress of society men, although an article concerning a social function is regarded as incomplete if it does not picture the gowns of the belles. The injustice of this seemed to appeal to a party of men who occupied a box at the rales recently, for when the reporter went to them to learn their names they insisted that their attire should be included, and several ventured information to the effect that one of the party wore a pair of "loud" socks, while another's necktie was "extremely gay."

Palatial Residences on Fifth Avenue.

More palaces are to go up in "millionaires' row," that stretch of Fifth avenue facing Central Park, where property values are high, in harmony with the fortune of most of those who live there. John W. Sterling, the banker, is to build a mansion just north of Seventy-second street, and plans for it were finished a few days

Senator Hanna.

ago. Mrs. Horward Gould is to have a marble palace on the French Empire style, at the corner of Seventy-third street. It will have a magnificent entrance level with the street, guarded by splendidly carved marble pillars, and the roof of the building is to be of fine copper. Half a dozen other residences of royal splendor are projected for that immediate neighborhood.

Old Gum Man.

A jolly old colored man who sells chewinp gum at the dock where the Long Branch and Rockaway boats leave, has a new remark with which to attract attention to himself and his wares. He has evidently made a study of his business and has realized that the man who sells things in the streets must have something striking and that the phrase he uses must be striking in itself and at the same time short enough to be said in a single breath, so that the passer-by shall hear the whole of it. The old gum man's new phrase fills the bill in all these respects and as he stands on the street near the boat landings many people doubtless buy his wares who would not if their attention were not attracted by his appeal, which he repeats over and over. Its potency is due to the frequent publication of statements that chewing gum will prevent seasickness. "When you're seasick don't blame the old gum man," he says over and over as the crowds hurry past him to the boats.

ÆONS AGO.

Aeons ago a rock crashed down
From a mountain's crown,
Where a tempest's tread
Crumbled it from its hold.
Ages dawn and in turn grow old:
The rock lies still and dead.
Flames come and floods come,
Sea rolls this mountain crumb
To a pebble, in its play,
Till at last the man came to be,
And a thousand generations passed
away,
Then from the bed of a brook one day
A boy with the heart of a king.
Fitted the stone to his shepherd sling,
And a giant fell and a royal race was
free.
Not out of any cloud or sky
Will thy good come to prayer or cry.
Let the great forces, wise of old,
Have their whole way with thee,
Crumble thy heart from its hold,
Drown thy life in the sea.
And aeons hence, some day,
The love thou gavest a child,
The dream in a midnight wild,
The word thou wouldst not say—
Or in a whisper no one dared to hear,
Shall gladden the earth and bring the
golden year.

Edward Rowland Sill.

Her Besetting Sin

I was by far the happiest han in the universe when I burst into my friend Jack Townsend's room the morning after my betrothal to Leila.

"Congratulate mé, old boy!" I said, hilariously, "for in less than a month I am going to marry the prettiest girl that ever ensnared the heart of man!"

I was so elated that the expression on my friend's face only dazed me for a moment.

"Of course, I wish you joy, old fellow," he said, "but somehow the thought of matrimony for you brings a presentiment of evil that frightens me a little. You know I was married once, he added, almost abruptly. And then his pale face flushed to a brilliant red as he added, fiercely, "and I would rather see you dead this moment than to know that you must go through the horror of my short experience.

"Sit down, Phil," he said, more gently; and as I dropped into a chair beside the fire he drew another toward me and laid his hand upon my knee.

"Let me tell you the story of my wedded life, old fellow. It will be a relief to me to speak of it, and it may perhaps be the means of putting you on your guard against woman's greatest of all weaknesses—her foolish vanity.

"When I married Vera, ten years ago, I was moderately wealthy. I knew that with judicious handling my income would keep us in comfort, if not in luxury. I explained this to my wife before we were married, and considered her apparent indifference on the subject as another proof of her unselfish love for me. She was but little more than a child, and beautiful as an angel, and at first her delight at a new jewel or a flower seemed to me the very personification of childish innocence.

"It was months before I began to realize the full extent of my darling's vanity, and then with a shudder, I saw how much her love of dress had cost me. Gradually I had squandered everything I possessed, but even in the face of bankruptcy itself I did not regret my folly until the change in Vera's nature began to show itself.

"The first wish of hers that I was obliged to thwart from lack of funds brought forth a shower of tears that nearly drove me to distraction. The second refusal deluged me in a perfect storm of reproaches and bitter words, and the last time that I was forced to deny her some costly gem she turned upon me with a brazen face and said she would have her way.

"I was horrified at this avowal—made, as I was obliged to admit, with the practiced sang-froid of an adventuress; but when she appeared before me a few days later, with a costly pin flashing in her golden hair, there was nothing left for me but to protect my honor before it was destroyed entirely.

"I gave her half of what was left and then absented myself from home to spare myself the pain of parting. I never attempted to secure a divorce. The whole thing was too bitterly painful, and the next hing I heard of Vera was that she was seen always wih a Count de Siri in Paris."

When my friend stopped speaking I seized his hand and pressed it warmly.

"Such an experience as that is enough to lose a man his soul," I said with feeling

My friend bowed his head and gazed abstractly into the fire, and at last I arose to go.

"I thank you for telling me that story, Jack." I said, slowly.

An hour later I left my friend alone with his sorrow, and only a short month after Leila and I were wed and began our honeymoon by traveling about on the continent.

To describe my wife's beauty would have been to me, almost impossible. To even dream of picturing her dainty, girlish manners would seem the acme of absurdity. She was absolutely perfect in face and nature, and the joy with which she received and wore my first simple offerings convinced me that as yet her soul was free from the taint of pride and vanity.

One day at Paris we were passing a jeweler's window, and for the first time in our married life Leila asked me for a tiny diamond. Naturally, I had no wish to refuse so trifling a thing, and although Jack's warning flashed opportunely through my mind on each occasion, I soon found myself eagerly buying every trinket that my imperious but always loving little wife saw fit to covet or admire.

One day I determined to bring this to an end. I had been looking over my finances and found, not that I was in any great danger of bankruptcy, but in order to complete our trip as economically as I had planned I must refrain from purchasing more of those useless things that gave my wife but a moment's pleasure. As if to test my late resolve Leila entered at that moment and flung her arms tenderly around my neck.

"O, Phillip," she whispered, with a coaxing pant. "I have just seen the loveliest diamond bracelet, which M. Le Madeau says would look so charming upon my arm. "Do buy it for me, Phillip, dear; you will make your little wife so happy."

"How many diamonds have you now, sweetheart?" I said, laughingly, for I dreaded to hurt her feelings, after all.

More than the Countess Georges, and almost as many as the Duchess of Wontshire, she responded quickly and with flashing eyes.

I was completely astonished by her unexpected answer.

"Then you must have jewels that I have not seen," I responded, "for the countess' are valued at five thousand, and the duchess has the finest collection in all Paris."

Leila blushed scarlet and bit her lips angrily, as if to punish them for telling tales. "I—I had some given me long ago," she said timidly. I never told you of them because I did not know how you would feel about it, when I was quite a child," she added, They were given me by an old admirer with an attempt at candor.

"And now you wish this bracelet," I said, coldly, for I was beginning to feel sick at heart, and the horror of my friend's fatal experience seemed duplicating itself in mine.

"Yes, please Phillip," my wife said brightly. "I must have that bracelet; for it is the only one of its kind in Paris."

"You will have to do without the bracelet, Leila," I said, decidedly, for I cannot afford to buy it for you!"

Almost in a fury she looked into my face.

"Is it possible that I have married a pauper?" she hissed between her sharp, white teeth.

I seized my hat and left the room, and the next day, wihout consulting my wife in any particular, I engaged passage and prepared to return with her to my native town. There was nothing further said between us regarding the bracelet or her insulting words, but before leaving Paris I wired Jack Townsend to meet me at Liverpool, and as we slowly backed into place by the narrow wharf the first face that I recognized among the crowd was the friendly one of my chum, as he swung his hat hilariously in an honest welcome home.

I hurried down the gangway with Leila directly behind, but just as I reached Jack's side and extended my hand for a hearty grasp, I was astonished to see him turn suddenly pale, and, with one furious glance at my lovely wife, spring hastily into a waiting cab and drive away without speaking to either one of us.

In a moment the whole terrible truth was revealed to me with merciless plainness. I glanced at my wife—mine or Jack's, I knew not which—and read confirmation of the truth in the bold indifference that seemed suddenly to be stamped on her lovely face.

Without a word I placed her in a carriage and hurried almost like an automaton to our hotel, and, after seeing her safely in her room, I turned, wthout a backward glance, and went frantically to see Jack Townsend. I found him pacing the floor like an angry lion.

"Jack, old fellow," I cried, with tears in my eyes, as I burst into the room, "as heaven hears me Jack, I never dreamed who that woman was! Forgive me, for I have wronged you in very innocence, and oh, Jack, old fellow, be as merciful as you can, for I, too, am suffering torments, and that alone should keep our hearts together."

There were tears also in my old chum's eyes as he turned impulsively and took me by the hand.

"Sit down, Phil," he said, with an attempt at calmness, "and together we will talk over what is best to do, for in this terrible revelation I can plainly see that our friendship must be anger-proof or ignored forever.

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Four days later, two gentlemen passing by a large hotel were called to attend a distressing scene. Murder had been committed in a private room and an old Frenchman, who muttered and mumbled some unintelligible gibberish as he danced about, still flourishing the weapon, was promptly taken to a place of safety, away from the presence of the dead.

Jack Townsend was the first to bend above the lovely form with a glance of pity and remorse, but it was Phil who touched the silent lips, while great tears were upon his cheeks.

To dress well is an art, and all women are not artists, but to dress appropriately to the occasion is a possible acquirement for every one, and according to the old English proverb, "All is fine that is fit." A truly refined woman would rather follow than lead a fashion, and she is not well dressed who seems, herself, to be secondary to her clothes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

If her hostess does her own work the girl guest who is thoughtful may properly give a helping hand in washing the dishes, or dusting the parlor, but this help must be tactfully offered and not intrusively urged; some women are averse to assistance from their guests.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A thief in Paris, being chased by the police, threw a way, during his flight, the purse he had stolen, and was in a fair way, after being taken to the police station, of being allowed to go free for lack of sufficient evidence to hold him, when his faithful dog, which he trained to fetch and carry, trotted into the station, wagging its tail, with the missing purse in its mouth.