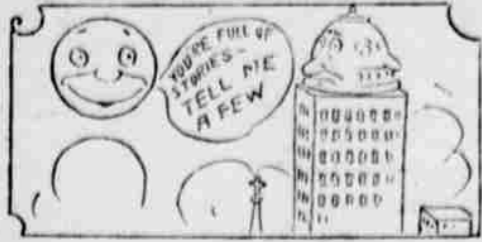


## TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

### May Not Build Proposed Skyscraper



**NEW YORK.**—If the directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society finally decide to build the 62-story "home" for which plans were filed in the Bureau of Buildings recently, certain policy holders who regard the structure not only as an architectural monstrosity, but as a financial tower of Babel, may appeal to the superintendent of insurance, or, if necessary, to the courts to prevent investment of their funds in such an undertaking.

The estimate of \$10,000,000 as the cost of the building is believed by them to be far under the amount of policy holders' money that eventually would be piled up, with no guarantee that it would earn reasonable interest in investment.

Maintenance and operation above a certain height are recognized as even more potent factors than cost of construction in limiting the profitable

height of skyscrapers. The financial success of the Singer and Metropolitan towers is still unknown. The men who have built them, of course, do not admit that they were built for any purpose other than profitable renting, but disinterested real estate men and architects agree that they will be in an experimental state for many years.

One of the most celebrated of the early skyscrapers remains to this day unprofitable because it was erected on such a small piece of ground that the elevator shafts consume so great a proportion of the floor space that the rentable area can earn less than four per cent.

A modern building on the Equitable site, which is considered the most valuable in New York, should earn, according to eminent real estate authorities, 10 to 15 per cent. One of the more recently constructed skyscrapers of the financial district, although partly vacant, as are practically all of the buildings completed within the last two years, is earning eight per cent., and will earn 12 per cent. if filled at the prevailing rate of rental.

Just when the glut of office space will be relieved no two real estate experts predict alike.

### Wall Street Men Will Bet on Anything



**IT WOULD** take a hundred governors and Senator Feolckers to stop betting in Wall street. The financial district is the one best betting place in the city.

Wall street's betting, generally speaking, is not typical gambling. It is prompted by a spirit not unlike that confessed to by a character in a recent musical comedy, who, saying that he always placed a bet on everything, admitted that he already had laid a wager as to which way the Singer building would fall.

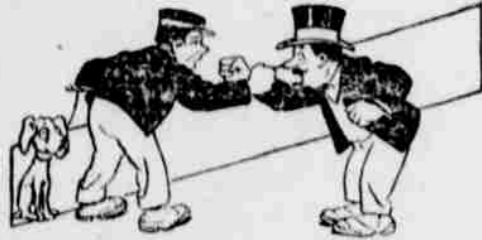
Every day a thousand or more bets of every conceivable sort are chronicled in the street. On the stock exchange it is possible to make a bet on anything, on what "Charlie" Knoblauch ate at that dinner to the Boston brokers' baseball team or on how

George Buchanan would spell Mississippi. What Hugh Murray will wear on the morrow is also one of the favorite opportunities for betting on the floor of the exchange.

On the produce exchange bets can be made all the way from whether "Tom" O'Neil will continue to wear his white felt hat all summer to how much Charles George really does weigh. Where F. Stoppani gets his Woodruff waistcoats is the choice of the betting brokers on the floor of the consolidated stock exchange. On the cotton exchange wagers are made on everything from the range of William Yohr's voice to the length of the vacation Norris Sellar takes. "Is C. B. Stroud the grouchiest man in the financial district?" is one of the subjects on which the coffee exchange brokers like best to wager the price of a luncheon or a new straw hat.

These lighter instances are fair criteria of the willingness of Wall street to bet on anything. The number of shares dealt in during the day, the trend of a certain stock and such questions are bet on, to be sure, with greater frequency.

### Bird S. Coler Fights for Dog's Rights



**THE** case of Brian Boru threatens to become historic in the legal annals of the country. The Brian Boru referred to is not the celebrated Irish hero, but a terrier belonging to Borough President Bird S. Coler of Brooklyn, who was formerly comptroller of New York and later Democratic candidate for governor.

In an evil moment Brian Boru wandered from home and fell into the hands of one of the dog catchers employed by the S. P. C. A. Mr. Coler hastened to the rescue of his pet only to be informed that he must pay a fine of three dollars and a tax of two dollars or see the redoubtable Brian go the

way of many a less highly pedigreed canine, into the gas tank.

Mr. Coler, who loves a fight as well as his terrier does, had no other battle on his hands at the moment. He did not so much mind parting with five dollars of his hard-earned salary, inasmuch as he is a man of considerable wealth, but he decided that it was unconstitutional for the state to delegate police powers to a private organization such as the "cruelty society." He thereupon became the champion of oppressed dogdom and set out to obtain a legal decision as to their rights.

The case has gone as far as the supreme court of the state, but it is likely to be carried through higher tribunals to the supreme court in Washington. Meanwhile the fate of Brian Boru hangs in the balance. If he finally goes the chloroform path he will have the questionable satisfaction of knowing that his name figures in voluminous court reports and may be cited in precedents centuries hence.

### Mrs. Leeds Another Very Rich Widow



**MRS. WILLIAM B. LEEDS** suddenly finds herself in a class with Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Bob and Mrs. Ogden Goeliet, Mrs. George Law, Mrs. Dick Gambrill and Mrs. Belmont, among the very rich widows of New York. It was a strange coincidence that both she and Mrs. Belmont should lose their husbands within so short a time. They are intimate friends and Mrs. Leeds owes nearly everything to Mrs. Belmont for the social position she was permitted to acquire in this city. It was Mrs. Belmont, assisted by Mrs. Sid Smith and Miss Kit Cameron, who, some four or five years ago, undertook the somewhat heroic task of making a society woman of Mrs. Leeds. Saratoga was wisely selected as the first battleground in the

Leeds social campaign. It was there that they first met the Whitneys, Mackeys and others identified with the smart Long Island racing crowd. Leeds was always lavish with his money, and money is everything at Saratoga. At Newport, later on, little Mrs. Leeds learned for the first time in her meteoric career that great wealth at her command did not bring everything to her door.

Mrs. Leeds, all things considered, is exceedingly tactful, and she really dresses as well as any woman in that set. Never once did she attempt to overdo things, and that has been the secret of her remarkable success. Perhaps these, too, were lessons learned from her social promoters, for previously the Leedses had rather amused people by carrying with them to such first-class resorts at Palm Beach and the Virginia Hot Springs such items of comfort as brass beds and making such a splash as did Hobart Moore when he raced around the south accompanied by a brass band.

## THE MAN WHO DRANK A RAILROAD REPORT

BY F. F. TOMBLIN

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It wouldn't have happened if Clarkson hadn't been a genius, but being a genius, it happened. He had early developed an inclination to loiter about railroad stations, and while still a boy a dispatch operator had taken a fancy to him and taught him telegraphy, and at the earliest moment he could leave home he turned his face westward.

At the division headquarters of the P. Q. railway, Arizona, an opening was found for him, and he was sent out on the line. His town consisted of the station house, depot and water tank. Water tanks are not particularly interesting objects, but they acted as a magnet toward the weary brake-beam artist, as here he can find rest and liquid refreshment, and being few and far between in this country, rarely a train passes one without stopping for water.

Clarkson had not been in his office many days before it was firmly impressed upon him that when a tramp wanders into a desert station, the first thing he wants is water. So is the second and third. His pail of ice water would be emptied almost as soon as filled, and nothing would remain to testify that it had been filled except a wet and muddy floor, where the tramp had spilled some of the contents of the pail.

Being of a mild disposition and slight build, he did not like to argue with the thirsty, and so he set about a plan whereby he might impersonally rid himself of the water bugs. Attaching a wire to the floor of his office, he ran it to the handle of the drinking cup, so that anyone standing on the wet floor with the cup in his hand would get the full benefit of the telegraph wire when a switch or "ground" wire was put on.

When a tramp came for a drink, Clarkson would wait till the fellow had got well settled back with the cooling ice-water gurgling down his throat. Then he would tap his connecting wire and send a few casual train orders chasing into the drinker's midst.

Now, it is not an Indian summer's dream of peace to drink a hot, blue-tinted train order with saw-teeth in it, and as this torchlight parade would troop down the thirsty man's throat, he would suddenly let go of the unemptied cup, mutter a few relevant but unseemly remarks and hurry away.

The fame of Clarkson's contrivance spread quickly, and the train men neglected their work to watch for tramps who might chance along to drink a car report, a wrecking order, or a batch of commercial messages. One soft-hearted conductor kindly hauled a "hobo" nearly a hundred miles to give him a drink with special S. F. B. Morse trimmings.

On one of those still and very hot days such as usually precede a storm in that section, a speck appeared in the distance down the railroad track, and Clarkson grinned as he watched it approach. A red, dusty tangle of beard covered the tramp's face, and his lank, shifting person was as raggedly attired as a scarecrow for coyotes. Altogether, he was a most lumpy and promising subject, and Clarkson tingled with joy as the fellow made straight for the water pail.

When he was well in the act of swallowing, the dispatches were turned on, but he continued drinking without showing the slightest visible concern. Some train hands were near and Clarkson felt that his reputation was at stake. So he turned on another wire and gave the tramp certain "inside information" on the stock market. Nothing happened. In despair Clarkson centered all the seven wires in his charge, including the overland press relay, and let the tramp have them in the next cup of water he drank. In vain. The "hobo" put down the emptied cup and sighed: "Much b'liged. This makes me homesick; makes me think of the old well on the farm Much b'liged."

Then, with a good share of the telegraphic service of the P. Q. Railway Company secreted in his system, he went forth refreshed and rejoicing.

That night a rush dispatch from the superintendent of telegraphs was received by Clarkson, stating that he had grounded all the wires of the service, held up seven passenger trains, delayed the associated press dispatches, besides embarrassing the running of three perishable freight extras. The dispatch closed with the query: "What have you got to say for yourself?"

Clarkson studied the message alternately with the empty water bucket, but not finding in them anything to "say for himself," he decided that he would sleep over the matter and answer in the morning.

He went to bed, but he couldn't sleep. The image of the "hobo" calmly drinking blue-tinted, saw-edged train reports haunted him. Restlessly tossing between his sheets, he considered.

"How did he do it? His interior department may be cyclone-proof from drinking bad whisky, but all the others were as soggy as he, and they showed the effects of the wire all right. No, there's something about that fellow's throat—his stomach—something—"

In another moment Clarkson was out of bed, hurrying on his clothes with the rapidity of a fireman.

A dispatch to the next station brought the reply that the "hobo" had not passed there. Evidently he was still lingering in the neighborhood of the water bucket that had made him homesick. With the aid of a track-hand Clarkson located his man snoring lustily under a switched freight car. He was taken into the station, and, after being securely bound, was told to go quietly to sleep, as worse was to come.

The next morning Clarkson sent his answer to the superintendent's dispatch. It ran:

Grounding of wires necessary to capture Bert Alvord, and \$15,000 award. Send sheriff; am holding prisoner.

CLARKSON.

With the sheriff came a number of territorial, railroad and express officials. Bert Alvord, with his pal, who had been killed at the time, had six months previously wrecked an express car, killed the messenger, shot the governor's nephew, and made off with the treasure box. A standing reward aggregating \$15,000 was offered by the territory, the governor, the citizens, and the express and railroad companies, for the outlaw, dead or alive. And Clarkson, who had been given his station chiefly because no one else would have it, had captured Alvord and the \$15,000.

"It was this way, gentlemen," continued Clarkson, after the water-pail joke had been explained to the of-



With the Aid of a Track Hand, Clarkson Located His Man.

ficials, "as I lay abed puzzling how he could have drunk those train reports and yellow press dispatches and not turn a hair, it suddenly flashed over me that out in Hell's Canyon there's a pool of water that petrifies or embalmes the throat and stomach of the lost cattle that drink out of it, so they lose all feeling in those parts. Why might not this 'hobo' have drunk of that water and got his throat and stomach petrified, so the electricity couldn't affect him? Then I recollected that Bert Alvord had been driven into Hell's Canyon by the posse and lost track of. It only took another thought and a half to work out the problem. The 'hobo' was Alvord, half crazy from his terrible experience, come back to civilization. So I hustled out and got my man; and now for that little \$15,000 commission."

The "hobo" nodded his head, half foolishly, half surlily. "My only regret is that I ever found that lost trail and got out of Hell's Canyon. What's the good of coming back to life when you've lost your taster?"

Clarkson is superintendent of telegraphs now, and you never can tell where a genius will stop.

It Took Everything.

Naylor—Sorry to hear you had scarlet fever at your house. That's a bad disease. They say it usually leaves you with something.

Popley—Huh! It isn't likely to leave me with anything, judging from the doctor's bill.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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manufactured by the  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

MORE USED TO SELLING PINS.



Absent-Minded Clerk (who has been transferred from notion department)—So, you'll take this piano. Shall I send it, or will you take it with you?

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

A Difficult Lesson.

"It is next to impossible for a man to teach a pretty girl how to whistle," said a musician who is a good whistler.

"How is that?" he was asked. "Well, providing she is not your wife or sister, when a pretty girl gets her lips properly puckered she usually looks so bewitchingly tempting that he kisses her, and the consequence is she doesn't have a chance to blow a note."

The Duchess' Philosophy.

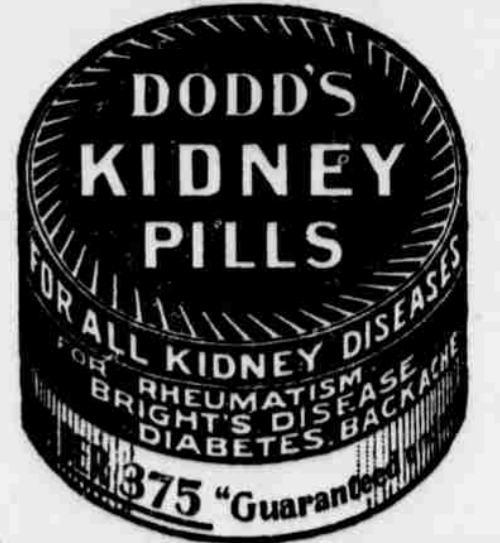
The old duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun, adding: "We are old, we must die; but the pheasants must be shot."

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5¢ cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The place should not honor the man, but the man the place.—Agesilaus.

Feet Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Ease. Over 30,000 testimonials. Refuse imitations. Send for free trial package. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Blunt language is often used in making sharp retorts.



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