



Carrie Reynolds in "The Schoolgirl."



Miss Reynolds began her stage career in the chorus of the Castle Square Opera company; later she played Bonita in "Arizona," and then was subrette with the Rogers Brothers. In 1904 she played Maria in "Lady Teazle."

NEW YORK DRAMATIC LETTER

BY VALERIE BELL.

New York (Special Correspondence).—In New York theatricals it is the unexpected that always happens. In theatricals generally one may take this as an axiom; but in New York, so often has the verdict of other towns and critics been reversed, it has come to be accepted fatalistically.

And this season the truth of the saying has impressed itself upon the mind of the disinterested observer as never before.

In the effort to offset whatever influence this may have on things theatrical most of the managers in this year of grace hesitate to give a piece a metropolitan opening, preferring to "try it out" elsewhere, discover the weak spots, if any, and strengthen both the play and the cast ere tempting the verdict of a New York audience.

So it is that of real novelties, as compared with the rest of the country, New York gets but few. Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, even San Francisco and Kansas City, oftentimes see a good piece long ere it reaches New York; and the metropolitan verdict is then a piece of stale news, if not almost ancient history, to the playgoers of those towns when it is featured in the New York news or correspondence of their favorite journals.

But of all the real Simon-pure novelties that instituted by Joe Weber, in his dainty theater—erstwhile it was but a music hall—on Christmas week must stand alone. Not only did he present a new and untried piece—in fact, for that matter, two of them—but he had the courage to do what has often been suggested and discussed, but never before attempted, save at a trial performance with none but the accredited dramatic critics for an audience. Talk of "trying it in the dog!" Weber tried it on the critics, and reaped a deserved harvest of applause and approbation! The theater was lighted full, the critics, sole audience, seated in the boxes, and—mirabile dictu!—the critics applauded heartily, and even once so far forgot themselves as to demand an encore! Surely a record-breaking performance that.

The first piece, "The Dream City," is an amusing skit upon real estate operations in boom cities. Joe Weber, Dutchman as ever, is Dinglebender, a retired butcher with a country place and a daughter, this latter personated by Cecilia—no longer Cissie—Loftus. Otis Harlan, long and favorably known as a Hoyt & McKee star, is the "villain" of the piece, otherwise the speculator who

devises the boom and intends to reap the profits. Miss Loftus introduces her inimitable mimics, somewhat interrupting the action, it must be confessed, but so cleverly are they done that one forgives the sin for the sake of the sinner. The old familiar imitations are still given; but the one that really won the audience was that of Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," which simply convulsed the entire house. No better piece of work and no cleverer has ever been seen on Weber's boards; and some of the cleverest work known to the stage—that is, to the burlesque stage—has been done in this dainty little music hall.

A return to the old-time comic opera is achieved by Henry Savage, who produces "The Student King" with chic Lina Abarbanell as the star. Of a varied talent is this young woman. Imported by Corried from the Berlin Royal opera house for his Irving Place theater, where performances are given in German and in accordance with the traditions governing the subsidized theaters of the German fatherland, the young soubrette developed a singing voice of singular sweetness, while at the same time strongly impressing her dramatic talent in light comedy. Having already the Corried contract, her appearance at the Metropolitan opera house was easily arranged; and the hit that she made as Haensel in Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Haensel and Gretel," is one of the pleasant memories of last season.

In the interval that has passed since her Corried contract expired she has learned the English language; and her performance in "The Student King" is all the more pleasantly effective by reason of the slight but charming accent with which she gives her lines and lyrics. She is all vim and mirth and laughter, this young woman; and her appearance as a boy in velvet knickerbockers is one of the best bits that she does.

The story, by Stanislaus Stange, is the well-worked one of the king who abdicates his throne for one day, and the mirth-making freaks and frolics of the substitute ruler. With the story located at the capital of Bohemia, and the time about 300 years ago, it will at once be seen that there is delightful latitude for the librettist and costumer alike; and due advantage is taken of this fact. Reginald de Koven's music is tuneful if not strikingly original; while the lyrics by the late Fred Ranken have a swing and a go to them which the music well serves to emphasize.

Diagnosis.
It is when we stop playing that we begin to grow old.—Life.

Russian Birchwood Spoons.
Russia makes 30,000 birchwood spoons a year.

PEOPLE AND PLAYS

Beerbohm Tree will probably come to this country next autumn to present Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

Mrs. James Brown Potter has made a success in her revival of "Charlotte Corday." It is now being given in suburban theaters near London.

Miss Grace Elkins has replaced Miss Isabelle Irving with Miss Eleanor Robson's company in "The Girl Who Has Everything." Miss Irving has started on her starring tour.

Miss Jane Oaker, in private life Mrs. Hale Hamilton, by the sudden termination of the suit of the two sons and two daughters of Christian Peper to break their father's will, receives a fortune of nearly \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company have left the Lyric theater, New York, to take "The New York Idea" on tour, in order to make way for the appearance in that theater of Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern. Thomas W. Ross has signed a con-

tract to appear as a star for five years under the management of the Messrs. Shubert. He will begin his season in New York early in February, in Augustus Thomas' comedy, "The Other Girl," which was originally produced with Lionel Barrymore in the role of the ex-pugilist.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are negotiating for the English rights to "The Road to Yesterday," and contemplate making their initial appearance at the Waldorf theater, London in this clever comedy.

Eddie Foy will appear in the spring in "The Orchid," a London Gaiety success of two years ago. At different times James T. Powers, Dave Lewis and Lew Fields have been announced as exponents of the leading comedy part in this musical play, and at length it seems to have settled on Mr. Foy. Evidently "The Wild and Woolly Way," which was announced some time ago as his next offering, was too wild and woolly.

Farm Gospel Wagon

MODERN AGRICULTURAL METHODS TAUGHT TO NEGROES.

College on Wheels Which the Generosity of Morris K. Jesup Has Sent on Mission Through South.

While the agricultural colleges and the experiment stations of the northern states, together with the county and state fairs, etc., are reaching the armers of the north, the farmers of southern states are practically without such instruction and stimulus, and it is doubtful whether they would avail themselves of the advantages were they set right at their door. This is especially true of the negro farmer whose methods are so crude and ignorant of the principles of agriculture so great. The only way to reach them is to carry the new agricultural gospel to them and give them



A Lesson in Dairying.

practical demonstrations of the advantages of better implements and better methods.

This has been made possible by the generosity of Morris K. Jesup, who last year started a college on wheels through the black belt of the south. It is loaded with plows, planters, a cultivator, a cotton chopper, choice vegetables, a variety of seeds, samples of fertilizers, a revolving churn, a butter mold, a cream separator, and a milk tester, and with this equipment the instructor in charge of the wagon gives practical demonstrations to the colored farmers as he passes through the country. This traveling agricultural school is directly under the auspices of the Tuskegee Institute.

A New Home for Seamen

BUILDING TO MARK GROWTH OF SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE.

New York Enterprise Which Has Done Much to Help Morally and Spiritually the Sailor Lads While in City.

This coming spring ground will be broken near the Battery, New York city, for a \$600,000 building for the Seamen's Church Institute, an organization which was formed in 1903 through the efforts of Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, who appreciated the deplorable condition of seamen and established a reading-room for the sailors over a saloon. The house was one in which Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, lived for many years, and where he died. It was kept as no memorial to him, however, and was, all in all, as forlorn a rookery as could be found in the lower city. In the basement was a saloon where men of the sea were freely robbed. It was situated there because it was only next door to the shipping office of the British consulate, where the crews of vessels were paid off, and it was only a flight of steps down into oblivion. The reading-room and headquarters established on what had once been the coral floor did not find the saloon a congenial neighbor. The result was that the chaplain won. The beer pumps were taken out and the bottles were packed up and the institute took possession.

One of the strongest allies it found was the British consulate. The British shipping office, at No. 2 State street, was surrounded on pay day by crimps and others of that ilk who were winning riches by preying upon the sailors. In the old days there were cases reported where the sailor was separated from his money before he had descended the street. The chaplain proposed that the consulate give room in one corner of the shipping office for a bank. He opened a booth there where a clerk received such portions of the wages of sailors as they were willing to leave.

The Battery station is quarters. It expanded both downward and upward. The seamen realized that the chaplain was their friend. He had come

On some fine morning an odd looking wagon draws up in front of a plantation. Over the canvas side appears the legend, "The Jesup Agricultural Wagon." Seated in it are a couple of neatly dressed negroes. In the field is a negro in overalls, undershirt and ragged straw hat. As he shouts at the mule and jerks on the plow handles his face grows shiny with moisture. The tolling negro stops when he gets around near the wagon to discover what it is. He watches with interest, mopping his face the while, as a modern labor saving plow is lifted out and carried into the field.

"What you alls gwine do?" The plow deposited in the field the perspiring negro is invited to hitch his mule to it and use it. "That may be a good plow for some," he says, "but for me, give me the old 'scutter'."

He is persuaded to use it, however, for a few minutes. Then he is asked to compare the amount of work done and the character of the furrow with that done and turned by his old implement. He can hardly be separated from the new plow after the convincing test.

At another time the wagon draws up in front of a plantation where the corn is being laboriously plowed over. When the possibilities of a cultivator that will make seven furrows while one is being turned by the old style implement, and using only one animal have been demonstrated, there is the same difficulty in parting from the farmer. In substance, he utters the language of the testimonial writer: "If I could not secure another I would not part with this one for five times its cost." He resolves to own one himself, and in the course of time he is the pleased possessor of a labor saving device. Thus is the lesson of improved machinery taught.

After the farmers in a given locality have received a taste of the scientific method of making the ground earn one a living, an open air mass meeting, to be held at some central point, is announced. From the agricultural gospel wagon as a rostrum the assembled colored men and women, and curious barelegged children with great, rolling eyes, are told of the best and most economical ways of doing things and why they are so; of the reasons for failures, of the advantage of modern machinery, and the value of a kitchen garden, a revolving churn and butter mold in the dairy, a penful of porkers and a yardful of poultry.

Some idea of the increase of the work of the institute may be gath-



Present Home of the Seamen's Church Institute.

ered from the fact that its deposits of sailors' savings have increased from \$4,500 the first year to \$119,772.64, according to the last annual report.

It was the work done by the Church Institute which aroused the interest of men of wealth in the possibility of making life tolerable for the sailors of this port. When the subject of building a large hotel for them which should carry the work begun in the Robert Fulton house to the highest degree of efficiency possible the appeal for funds met a ready response.

Its new building is to be erected at the corner of South street and Coenties slip. It will occupy a space 90 by 90 feet and will tower ten stories above the street level. All the experiments which have been so successfully tried in the State street houses will be utilized on a larger scale in the new structure.

ADELE'S ARGUMENT

"I don't know of another single subject about which so many fallacies exist as that of feminine oddities," said Adele. As she said it she looked at her husband in a way that meant she was in the mood for a discussion. So he contradicted her at once, just to oblige.

"You can't deny, my dear, that women are less straightforward than men," he said.

She laughed derisively. "Do you really cling to that old theory?" she asked. "If you do you have simply accepted what has been handed down to you without ever trying to apply it."

"Apply it for me, if you can," he suggested.

"I can give you a dozen examples," Adele replied, loftily.

"One will do," he answered.

"We'll come back to that," said Adele, after a brief pause. "What I was thinking of particularly was that women are supposed to be valier than men. As a matter of fact, men are twice as fussy about their appearance as women are, and it takes them twice as long to get ready to go anywhere. Another thing. Women are supposed to be more easily flattered than men, and yet every girl in her teens knows how to flatter a man, and how to pretend that she believes his flatteries."

"Yet you said they were more straightforward than men!"

"Don't evade the point at issue," said Adele, severely. "This is something altogether different. If a girl tells a man that he should never wear anything but brown because it suits him so well he will laugh at the idea of her supposing he gives a thought to his clothes and remark, carelessly, 'I really hadn't noticed just what color this suit was; it is the weight of the material that guides my selection.' But, if you observe him from that time on you will notice that everything he buys is brown; and he will continue to be brown until some other girl tells him something else."

"Now, on the other hand," continued Adele, warming to her subject, "if a man tells a girl that she should wear a certain color she is pleased to thank him for his advice and compliments his discrimination until he feels that no one has ever realized before his talent along the line of color



"We'll Come Back to That."

schemes. But if you observe the girl you will see that she has paid absolutely no attention to what he said.

"And that proves—"

"That she is not so open to flattery, therefore she is less vain," said Adele triumphantly.

Her husband knew that she is never quite sure where she is coming out when she argues, so he could well understand her satisfaction in having landed at the point for which she had started. He hadn't the heart to show her the obvious hole in her argument, so he said: "But it isn't very straightforward for that girl to pretend she is impressed and then to ignore the advice altogether."

"What about the man who pretends to scorn the suggestion and then acts on it?"

"That would seem to make them equally at fault," he admitted.

"Oh, it's much worse for the man! He is too conceited to acknowledge that he could take a woman's advice. And another fallacy is that women dress only for each other. Men are more impressed by what a woman is wearing than other women are. I can give you plenty of examples of that in my own experience."

"Women are supposed not to be able to argue, too," continued Adele, "and yet I invariably get the better of you in an argument."

"Invariably," her husband promptly agreed. "But you haven't yet given me those cases which prove that women are more straightforward than men."

"Haven't I? Well, I meant to, but there goes the bell and the Dicksons are coming to play cards. I know I can convince you when I get a chance."

But she has avoided the subject ever since.—Chicago Daily News.

Lame on Geography.
The London Christian World, the most widely circulated religious paper in England, reports the consecration of a chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gives token of its ecclesiastical and geographical knowledge by adding: "The sermon was preached by the bishop of Rhode Island, New York."

Appendicitis an Ancient Ill.
Examinations of ancient mummies reveals the fact that people in the earliest times suffered from appendicitis.

"HOME SWEET HOME" COTTAGE



THE COTTAGE WITH THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH STEEPLE FALLING UPON IT

Recently it was reported that the old cottage at East Hampton, L. I., immortalized by John Howard Payne in his world-famous song, "Home, Sweet Home," was to be torn down to make room for an addition to the Episcopal church which adjoins it. But the thought of demolishing so precious an old landmark is arousing much discussion, both in and out of East Hampton, and it is probable that the agitation will culminate in a plan for the permanent preservation of the historic spot.

"Home, Sweet Home," the most popular song ever written at any time or in any language, needs no word of comment here. But the life of its gifted author is as well as all the distinguished men of his day; a partisan of Indians, a comrade of neutral princes, a companion of great actors and writers of all lands, a traveler, a worker, a dreamer and the tenderest, kindest soul that ever was loved in life or mourned in death; there are few men cut on his pattern—the pattern of gay, gentle, handsome, gifted Howard Payne.

On February 24, 1809, when he was 18, he went on the stage, making his first appearance as young Norval at the Park theater. He played for some time in America, being known by a title he had gained during his early critical work, "The American Juvenile Wonder," and then went to London, where he acted with Miss O'Neill and other well-known players and did some brilliant work.

He not only had a rare gift in this direction, but he had in his youth extraordinary beauty of a vivid mobile character, and he possessed as well the personality and fire that go with the genuine poetic temperament. Although he did brilliant work upon the stage, it was in his play-writing that his chief distinction was gained during his 20 years in London. Some of his plays reached fine dramatic heights, and a few of them remain celebrated to this day. Notable among them all is his "Brutus," or the Fall of Tarquin, in which Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest and many other eminent actors made great successes. "Charles II., or the Merry Monarch," was a great favorite with Charles Kemble; "Theresa, or the Orphan of Geneva," had a long popularity, and "Clair, the Maid of Milan" (originally known as "Angioletta") was renowned for two seasons, both because Mme. Tree, Ellen Tree's sister, made a great hit in it and because Payne incorporated in it his great song, "Home, Sweet Home."

The words sprang into Payne's head spontaneously, but the melody was first suggested to him by a Sicilian air which Sir Henry Bishop, the composer of all the music of "Clair," made use of. Payne's own story of finding this melody is as follows.

"I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone 'mid some delightful scenery my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked the name of the song, which she could not give me. But having a slight knowledge of music myself, I re-

quested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I jotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the chords of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clair' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

The success of this song is known in every nation. It has had a more universal circulation than any other in the world. In less than a year after it appeared the London publishers sold more than 100,000 copies. Nevertheless it is a curious fact that Payne never was given credit for it nor a royalty upon it. He never even received a presentation copy of the song.

In 1842 he was appointed consul to Tunis, and the same year was made colonel on the staff of Maj. Gen. Aaron Ward, of the Fourth division of infantry of the militia of the state of New York. In February of the following year he left for Africa.

His career in Tunis was as unique as the rest of his life. He became the intimate and personal friend of Ahmed Pasha Bey, the king of Tunis, and was adored by the natives of the city.

He was recalled in 1845, but returned to Africa in 1851. And when they told the bey that he had reached Tunis he "cried out joyfully and said 'Let him be made welcome!' " Flags were hung from every window, and the people filled the streets with festivities in his honor.

And there in Tunis he died, cared for by a Greek priest, two French sisters of Mercy and some native Moors who loved him. Tunis wept when his eyes closed at last, and the bey was inconsolable.

Gabriel Harrison says of the poet in connection with the Easthampton cottage, of which he often spoke:

"One who has studied the character of John Howard Payne cannot fail to discover in his picture of the old homestead a deep, unsubsiding love for the old place, as if the spirit of his boyhood had come back to awaken memories of a delightful past; indeed, it was here where his earliest inspirations were winged, where his eyes were first opened to the beauties of the world, where he first took breath of the broad green fields; where the waves of the sea shone, as they broke their white crests at his young feet, whispered to him strange stories of the deep; where he first tried to count the stars, and where, each early morning as he awoke, hope painted new pictures of his imagined future. Indeed, if he was thinking of any one, place on earth when he wrote his song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' it was of the 'lowly cottage' at Easthampton."

And it is this cottage which has come into the possession of the Episcopal church of East Hampton, and because of the necessity for more room, for the present building is not adequate for the needs of the congregation, especially in summer when the town is filled with visitors, it has been the plan to demolish the cottage so as to secure the building space needed for a larger church and a parish house and rectory adjoining.

Several plans have been put forward for the preservation of the cottage. One is that it be remodeled and used as a rectory; one resident of the town offers land on which to place the building; the editor of a boys' magazine in the west urges his young readers to support it as a historical museum, and still others have other plans. Just what will be the ultimate outcome of the agitation is uncertain, but it surely will be unfortunate if the place is lost to the country and future generations who will continue to sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home."

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Winter in the Gold Region

Former New Yorker Writes of Ups and Downs of New Settlers.

In a letter to one of his relatives a New Yorker now living in Tonopah writes:

"No one complains of heat and dust in Nevada these wintry days. Here and at Goldfield there has been a foot of snow for nearly a month, and added to that a fuel famine. Coal is \$40 a ton and wood \$35 a cord. I noticed in a grocery store here a sign on a case of eggs which read '70 cents a dozen.' This will give you an idea of what it costs to live here, and should make you quite content with New York prices.

"But as the leading mining stocks of Goldfield and Tonopah have advanced in value during the past four months the trifling sum of \$400,000, no one is complaining about little things like living expenses.

"An apology for a room in Goldfield costs \$3 a night, but notwithstanding the high prices the want of accommo-

dations and the hardships, investors are still flocking in there in swarms and capital is going into the development of new properties in seemingly unlimited volume. Ninety thousand dollars was paid for two claims while I was there. These claims had no surface showing, but while nearly a mile away were supposed to have the same ledge from which the Mohawk is now producing more than \$50,000 a day.

"While one does not get much out here in the way of creature comforts, life is most interesting and full of excitement, and the pursuit of the hidden wealth of these barren mountains seems never to lose its fascination.

"But it is a pursuit which in winter a tenderfoot had better abandon, for at these altitudes (I am writing from an elevation of more than a mile above you sea level dwellers) one is unused to the climate in its extreme danger of pneumonia. This dread disease has carried off four a day at Goldfield.

God hath yoked to guller his pale tormentor, misery.—Bryant.

DRESS THAT COST \$40,000.

Three Hundred Mexican Women Made the Wonderful Garment.

After nine years of most painstaking toil, Senora E. Leon of Aguas Calientes, living in the City of Mexico, has completed a dress which is valued at the sum of \$40,000 gold, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. She was assisted in this arduous toil by 300 expert needlewomen, all of whom were well paid.

The dress was first intended for the Mexican exhibit at the Paris exposition. As it was at that time incomplete it was decided to display it at the St. Louis world's fair, but the close of this exposition still saw the work unfinished.

Agua Calientes is famous for its drawn-work and needlework, and its embroidery artists, but this dress excels anything ever attempted or completed in that city attempted or completed in that city. The dress is an exquisite and wonderful example of woman's skill, patience and artistic conception.

It consists of a full trained skirt, Eton jacket and bertha, and is made of the sheerest linen, the thread for which was imported from Paris and bore the number 600, the finest manufactured. The design, which was originated by Signora Leon, is a marvel. There are no visible seams in the entire garment, which is drawn in wheels in such a way that the original fabric is changed into a flimsy, web-like lace.

The dress will be put on exhibition in the City of Mexico and offered for sale. No price under \$40,000 gold will be considered. During the winter, when the city is filled with American millionaires, it is not thought that finding a purchaser will be difficult.

With a Slight Correction.
Miss Peachley (dining at a restaurant)—Auntie, do you see that handsome young man over at the other table drumming on his plate with a fork? Do you suppose he is making those tick-tacks to attract our attention? Chaperon—Yes, dear, but such tactics are rude and boorish. Don't notice him."