

# SULLY, ONCE "COTTON KING," NOW RUNS A SUMMER HOTEL

Do you remember "Dan" Sully, the only genuine Cotton King that New York ever knew, who only a few years ago was perched on the dizzy heights of audacious speculation, who cleaned up \$2,000,000 in a few months, lost it in a few minutes, and vanished from the limelight? Well "Dan" Sully is now running a boarding house.

It is at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, that the ex-cotton king is really running the boarding house. He isn't just pretending to sit aloof somewhere in lonely majesty, lending his name and prestige to the undertaking, dazzling boarders with tales of past grandeur.

No, the erstwhile czar of the cotton market not only superintends everything in the higher departments of the job, but he turns to and takes a hand often in other matters which most people in his place would delegate to others.

Mr. Sully pointed to the sea, whose waves were roaring over the steep water front of Watch Hill.

"Over there to the left," he said, "is Block Island. To the right is Montauk Point. Straight ahead the nearest land is the coast of Spain. That breeze comes direct from there."

"When I was busy in the cotton market in New York," he went on, "I found there was no place like this for resting. It rests the brain as no other place does, and when you're working in Wall street it's the brain that ought to get rest. I used to run up here every Friday and stay till Monday morning. It made an immense difference to me."

On the subject of Wall street, that made and broke him, Mr. Sully is disinclined to talk. At best he is a man of few words, but on cotton and speculation in general he is Sphinx-like.

"Do you want to get back to Wall street?" he was asked.

"Of course, I'd like to," he answered. "When a man's been in really active work he wants to get back into it and stay in it until he's put underneath the sod. But—and here his jaws set firmly—"I'm not going back. I have no plans to do that. At times I hear echoes of the old days when I was there, but I don't intend to try to have more of them."

The house, by the way, is a fine summer residence, built by Mr. Sully himself a year or two before his downfall on the Cotton Exchange, and named Kenneth Ridge, after a son who died. It stands on an eminence, the highest is Watch Hill. Before the owner's financial downfall the house witnessed festivities which, if houses can meditate, must lead it to startling contrast.

Six years ago, for instance, Mr. Sully gave a dinner and ball at Kenneth Ridge to Admiral Robley D. Evans and a party of his officers.

"They danced in this room," he told the reporter, leading him into a spacious apartment. "Now, the boarders I have use it for a sun parlor."

"I went into the boarding house



DANIEL SULLY

business on account of more business troubles," Mr. Sully explained, when he and the reporter again settled themselves to enjoy the sea air on the veranda. "Last fall I went to England to see about some business matters there. I intended to spend the winter either there or out west or in the southern states."

"But the plans that I had made did not turn out well and I decided to spend the winter right here in Watch Hill. It was the first time that I or my family had ever stayed here in the cold weather. But, when I built the house, I put steam heat into it, so we were very comfortable. And right there the idea struck me, not only to run this place as a boarding house, but as an all-the-year-round boarding house."

In the idea something of the originality of the "Dan" Sully who evolved a "system" and played the cotton market to a standstill crops out again. Up to the present time nobody has ever thought of that wind-swept promontory, Watch Hill, as a place in which to spend the winter. Yet, having done it once, "Dan" Sully was amazed at the mildness of the air and promptly resolved to make other people besides himself enjoy it. In fact, he already talks about Watch Hill as a sort of future Atlantic City of New England.

"Out there"—again he waved his hand toward the Atlantic ocean—"only a short way off the coast, is the Gulf stream. It's quite near enough to keep the weather from getting too cold here in winter. Yet everybody who has a house here or hires one for the warm weather never stays later than November, and the hotels close early in September. I'm going to show people that this is an all-the-year-round place."

"Are you doing anything besides running your boarding house?" asked the reporter.

"Nothing whatever," answered the ex-cotton king.

Yet this is the man who, an obscure Providence cotton broker, sud-

denly appeared in Wall street and began operating in cotton in accordance with a "system" that seemed to be infallible. This is the man whose methods completely mystified the wisest old stagers in the country, whose profits ran up as high as \$600,000 in one coup—the man whose failure, when announced from the rostrum of the cotton exchange on March 18, 1904, caused the wildest panic ever known in the history of that institution.

The "Dan" Sully who now takes people through his house and quotes prices on rooms to them was once worth \$3,000,000. He lost nearly \$2,000,000 of it in two minutes. According to him, he announced his voluntary suspension to the superintendent of the cotton exchange at 1:45 on the afternoon of that fatal March 18. It was not read on the floor of the exchange until two minutes past 2.

"That delay of two minutes cost me \$1,176,000," Sully said once, in telling the story. "If it had been read at or before 2 o'clock I might have come out all right."

As it was, when the smoke cleared from the field where he had met disaster, his liabilities totaled up to something like \$3,000,000. At the time "Dan" Sully said to a reporter:

"Three weeks ago I was worth \$3,000,000. Now I'm not worth \$30."

Such was he who now runs the Seaside boarding house and expatiates upon the glories of Watch Hill and its many advantages as a boarding place. Into all his laudations of the place he puts real enthusiasm; they would be creditable to the most consummate Boniface of them all.

"Would you like to get back to New York?"

Like a shot came the answer, with a gleam of the eye and a snap of the jaw:

"Would I like to get back? Why New York is the only place in the world!"

## WOMEN OF KABYLIA

Are Even More Beautiful Than Their Circassian Sisters.

But Beware of These Beauties, As They Also Have a Violent Temper and May Place a Yataghan Between Your Shoulders.

Tizi-Ouzou, Kabylia.—Though the Mauresques of Algeria and the fair-haired beauties of Circassia combine a remarkable loveliness of features and complexion with a certain voluptuous elegance, they compare with the dignified, graceful, insouciant Kabyle women very much as the show girls of a light opera chorus compare with the star.

Even the humblest peasant girl, grinding the family flour between the upper and the nether stone in the doorway of a mud hovel, possesses a distinction of form and feature which would attract attention in any assemblage. With all her dignity, however, the Kabyle woman does not rise superior to the African's fondness for personal adornment, being so laden with bracelets, anklets and necklaces of gold, silver, turquoise and coral that when she moves she sounds like an approaching four-in-hand. Her approach is likewise heralded by the reek of an exotic and almost overpowering perfume, which, like the celebrated *parfum de Bey* of Tunis, is composed of nearly a score of blended scents, the odor changing from carnation to heliotrope, to rose, to violet, and so on, every few minutes.

Last this glowing description of their charms should start you post-haste for Kabylia, let me warn you that these insouciant-eyed beauties are headstrong and hot of temper, and that if you happened to say the wrong thing to them it is more than probable that you would find the double-bladed yataghan, which every Kabyle maiden wears very much as an American girl wears a bunch of violets, planted between your shoulders.

They are fond of cold steel, are these Kabyles, for at the conclusion of a wedding ceremony the bridegroom, walking backward, holds aloft a naked dagger, and the bride, following him, keeps the point of it between her teeth. Another marriage custom of Kabylia, even more barbaric, consists in the part martyrdom of the bride, who, clad in her wed-



Typical Kabyle Woman.

ding finery, stands through an entire morning against a pillar in the village square, her eyes closed, her arms pressed to her sides and with only the narrow base of the column for a foothold, the while a ring of villagers criticise and comment on her appearance. I might add that, despite the stern stuff of which the Kabyle women are made, the bride usually faints during the ordeal.

If, after learning of these quaint whims and customs, you wish to see the Kabyle women with your own eyes, you have only to take passage to Algiers and a train thence, for some twenty-odd hours, over a railway which appears to be suffering from convulsions, to its terminus at Tizi-Ouzou. Thence, on horseback, astride of a donkey or afoot, but always with your Arab guide in front of you and with your hand in your jacket pocket, and in that hand a serviceable revolver, you can penetrate with greater or less safety into those wild fastnesses of the Atlas range, where one can buy a dozen beauties outright for the price of a limousine motor car.—Metropolitan.

## ROOKERIES FOR WILD BIRDS

Audubon Societies of United States Are Busy in Their New Conservation Plan.

New York.—The National Association of Audubon Societies as part of its conservation plan hopes to obtain for the wild water birds of North America permanent and undisputed possession of the islands, marshes and lakes where their largest colonies are found. The societies have obtained either by purchase or gift some of the most populous rookeries left in Maine, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana.

It is hoped that in the next few weeks other rookeries equally important with these will be taken over by the organizations.

Cow Produces 33 Pounds of Butter. Newark, N. J.—To Valdesa Scott II, a Holstein Friesian, owned by Bernard Meyer of Flanders, N. J., goes the honor of being the best dairy cow in the world. The cow has just completed a seven-day official record in which she produced 65.9 pounds of milk, 33.50 pounds of butter fat and 41.87 pounds of butter.

Maids "Not Gadabouts" Get Cash. London.—Money gifts left by Isaac Duckett for maid servants who can prove long service with the same family and are not gossips or gadabouts, were distributed in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, London, the other day.

## TWO BATTING KINGS OF MAJOR BALL LEAGUES



Tyrus Cobb, Champion of American League.

At the half way mark of the two major league seasons, Cobb and Zimmerman are leading their respective leagues in the matter of batting prowess. In the American the lead for several weeks was held by Tris Speaker, the sensational outfielder of the Boston Americans. Ty Cobb, however, in the last week or two has batted in remarkable form. In four successive games in Philadelphia he made 14 hits in 18 times at bat against the Athletic pitchers, and these hits included two home runs, three three-baggers and three two-baggers. As the result he has advanced to the head of Ban Johnson's



Heinie Zimmerman.

swatters with an average of over .400. In the National league, Heinie Zimmerman, the hard-hitting third baseman of the Chicago Cubs, continues his work with the stick and has a comfortable lead over all his rivals, with figures of about .400. Zimmerman is also doing some great long-distance clouting.

## TO CHANGE OBNOXIOUS RULE

Home Teams in American Association Have Say When Postponed Games Will Be Played.

American Association magnates at their next annual meeting may be called upon to pass legislation that will prevent a home team delaying about playing off a postponed game as the Cantillons did recently in Minneapolis. President Schoenhorn of the Columbus club will ask that it be done.

It is his idea that the president of the league, as soon as notice of a postponement is received, shall designate the day on which this game shall be taken up, as in the National league. If the chief executive is up to snuff, he will not set it for the last day of any series. Only by mutual agreement could this ruling be altered.

When the Columbus club got into Minneapolis it was made evident that the Cantillons were going to stall the double-header off as long as possible. By all rights and precedents, they should have set it for the next to the last day, but they shoved it over to the next series.

That's What the Umpire's For! Umpire George Hildebrand of the Pacific Coast baseball league cites the following plays as the hardest on the diamond to judge: Players running out of base lines; an interference play; three men on the bases, score tied, and two strikes and three balls on the batter; runner missing bag with winning run going over the plate; calling balk on pitchers; with single umpire, to be in position to give a decision with a man on first and a man on third.

"Cy" Young Is a Writer. Cy Young, the veteran, is writing, telling his views of what a youngster should have in order to make good in the big leagues.

## TO JUDGE A PITCHER

Only Way Is to See Him in Action, Says McGuire.

Twirler May Have Everything in Practice, Only to "Blow" When the Real Test Comes—Fighting Spirit Is What Counts.

"The only way to tell anything about a pitcher is to see him pitch," said Jim McGuire in response to a question as to what he thought of some of the youngsters of the Tiger squad. "These boys have all the actions of pitchers so far as any one can see from the practice stunts, but until they have been under fire I decline to pass final judgment on them."

"To my mind the ideal athlete is the one who is best when the necessity for being strong is greatest. It's that old fighting spirit that counts. There are lots of fellows who are wonders in practice, no matter what line of sport they may be engaged in. But parlor boxers seldom are fighters, and many fine warm-up pitchers fall down terribly when they come to face the music in a regular game."

"Many a time I have warmed up men who had everything that I ever have seen a pitcher display. Speed, curves, control and everything else would be theirs and I would feel confident that they would be able to win that day if we got them a couple of runs. Then these fellows would go out to the center of the diamond and show me about half of what they had displayed in warming up practice."

"It isn't always a lack of gameness that accounts for a pitcher's failure to do as well in a game as in practice. Some of the men are so anxious to win that they work themselves into a stew. There are plenty of fellows who are game yet can't do their best when they want to. It seems to be a sort of a baseball instinct that enables the great pitcher to rise to the emergency. He has that fighting spirit, but at the same time keeps his head cool."

"The youngsters of the Detroit squad might pitch great ball when handing them up to the batters in practice with nothing depending on the outcome of the slugger's efforts and yet fall down against even a mediocre club in a regular game. I have seen it repeatedly happen that a twirler would make the batsmen of a strong American league club look badly when he was pitching to them in practice and then let some class D or college nine hammer him all over the place."

## RELEASE OF JIM DELAHANTY

Ends Major League's Connections With One of Baseball's Greatest Families.

The recent release of James Delahanty from Detroit ended the major league connections of one of baseball's greatest families. For 18 years



Jim Delahanty.

the Delahantys have been prominent in the game. Ed was the greatest of the family, and his name will remain engrained on the scroll of the pastime while the game survives. Edward, Thomas, Joseph and Frank, however, all played big league ball.

Praise Etch Other. Bill Bergen, former Brooklyn catcher, exiled to the International league, says that George Pell, his fellow-exile is a better pitcher than anything Bill Dahlen has on his Brooklyn team outside of Rucker and that Pell will show it when he gets back in the big league. Pell returns the compliment and says Bergen is so much better than anything on the Dodger catching staff that there is no comparison.

Precarious Risk. "Rudd" Held, umpire in the Connecticut league, has discovered that a baseball umpire is regarded by life and accident insurance companies as an undesirable risk. His employment ranks with that of the aviator as a dangerous calling, the insurance men say. Held tried every company in the country without result, until recently, when an eastern company, at a special rate, took his risk.

Army Officer Is Ambitious. George Beavers, a lieutenant in the United States army, has applied to Wolverton for a try-out with the Yanks. Beavers was at one time a star diamond and gridiron athlete at West Point, and since that has been subdividing belligerent natives in the Philippines.

Ex-White Sox Doing Well. Freddie Parent and Amby McConnell, two ex-White Sox, are playing good ball in the International league.

## France Leader of Fashions

Immense Revenue Accrues to That Country Because of Its Acknowledged Supremacy.

Jules Heuret, a French writer, asserts that in fashion France is still unrivaled. He has carefully investigated the state of affairs in Germany, England, Switzerland, Austria and northern Italy, and has come to the conclusion that France stands first in matters of taste. Her jewelry designs and her models of furniture are the finest in the world, although England and Germany are selling well in both these directions, he declares.

From fashion M. Heuret estimates the revenue of the French at 150,000,000 francs. In Paris there are over 12,000 business houses employing from one to 100 working girls. For the whole of France the total of such establishments reaches 95,000, to which may be added 15,000 lingerie firms, 4,000 houses where embroideries and mender, are employed. Thus there are 115,000 shops where sewing is the industry carried on.

More than a million persons earn their living in this way, 940,000 women and 75,000 men. To the aggregate of a million wage-earners by their needle must be counted 140,000 employers, large and small, of whom 25,000 are men and 114,000 women. This vast energy does not provide the means of

wage earning only for those occupied in the business; it resolves itself into a revenue of over 114,000,000 francs in the export trade of the country.

When all the handwork done for the use of the people living in France is added to the export trade, and

## Have Control of Millions

Wealth That Aggregates \$365,000,000 Is Entrusted to the Management of Four Women.

New York state courts have designated Miss Christina Arbuckle, who is aged seventy-two, as administrator of the \$35,000,000 estate left by her brother, Mr. John Arbuckle, the "sugar king," who died intestate last March. This makes four American women who have the exclusive control over enormous fortunes, the other being Mrs. E. H. Harriman, to whom the late railway magnate bequeathed \$150,000,000; Mrs. Russell Sage, whose husband left her \$80,000,000; and Mrs. Hetty Green, whose own estate is valued at \$100,000,000. These four women thus have the exclusive management of property of a total value of \$365,000,000.

The newest recruit to the ranks of feminine multi-millionaires has the

same personal characteristics which distinguish the three others. She lives simply, enjoying the company of old friends, never flaunts her wealth, and gives her spare time to charitable work, which she accomplishes as secretly as possible. Miss Arbuckle shares with her sister and nephew the income of the estate which she now will manage, they being the late "sugar king's" only surviving near relatives. She assisted Mr. Arbuckle in the management of his fortune for a number of years before his death, and is thoroughly familiar with the details of its administration. She intends particularly to continue her brother's philanthropic work in connection with the Brooklyn church of which the late Henry Ward Beecher was pastor.

Raw recruits are often done for.

years of our life make us; all that is added later is veneer; and yet some day, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well she has enough culture.—Olive Schreiner.

Safe Proceeding. "Some men are lucky. I know a man who cleaned out a bank and yet they never did a thing to him."

"I suppose he had considerable influence."

"He hadn't any. He was the janitor."

In the Zoo. Zebra—We're having a terrible time here.

Gazelle—What's the matter? Zebra—The giraffe has a sore throat, the centipede has horns and the laughing hyena has gone off into hysterics.

## Woman and Culture

The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multi-form culture; the heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision; she must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy,

the strength that springs from knowledge and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world and we make it. The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that falls first on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. There was never a great man who had not a great mother; it is hardly an exaggeration. The first six

Webster's Suggestion. Frank Baldwin, a leather manufacturer, was recently at a banquet given to the Leather Manufacturers' association, where he told the following story:

"Webster and Rufus Choate were dining with a friend who was known for his powers of conversation and ability to hold on to the things he had. He owned a special brand of Burgundy wine of which he was very proud. He discussed its many fine points, but refrained from asking his

two distinguished friends if they wanted any. Webster finally wearied of his lengthy discourse and turned to his friend Choate and said: 'Look here, Choate, suppose we try the wine and help stop the interest on it.'"

The New Reading. Miss Mary Garden, lunching with a party of Americans at the open-air restaurant of Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, condemned a very shocking French dancer.