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MEN and MANNERS

The proper study of mankind is man.
—Pope.

There is violent opposition among Canadians to the erection of a monument in Quebec to the memory of General Richard Montgomery, the American hero of revolutionary fame. Even the crude board sign erected three-quarters of a century ago near the cliff to mark the spot where Montgomery fell, has been ordered removed by the military department of Ottawa.

Theodore Wallace Todd, 80, more than fifty years head of what is said to be the oldest business establishment in New York, died in that city recently. The firm of which he was the head until he retired five years ago was established prior to 1790. Mr. Todd belonged to one of the oldest New York families. His people have been prominent in the social, business and religious life of the city for two centuries. Among his numerous surviving relatives is President Roosevelt.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased a wig. He wore it at the Euclid Avenue Baptist church recently. With his altered appearance he was scarcely recognized. At the door he was welcomed heartily, as all newcomers to the church are, and the invitation to attend the services was almost completed before it was discovered who the eminent personage with the steel-gray hair really was. Mr. Rockefeller took the matter with a smile and seemed not the least bit abashed.

Thomas F. Ryan, who paid \$2,500,000 for the privilege of trying to re-establish the Equitable Insurance company, was a lad of 14 living with his grandmother in Virginia when the civil war ended. The estate had been devastated and there was not enough hoe-cake to go around. Consequently the boy had to go forth after the American fashion to seek his fortune. The great city in his imagination was Baltimore, and thither he journeyed as cheaply as possible. Having no friends or letters to friends of friends in the city, there was nothing to do but find a job for himself. Day fol-

lowed day with no effect other than tired legs and feet aching from contact with unaccustomed pavements. Finally, with his last quarter in his pocket, he found a "boy wanted" sign in the window of a dry goods store and went in. Fortunately the place was open and the manager promised to give him a trial for one week at \$3 per week. "Report tomorrow morning," was the cheering dictum, but hardly uttered before the youngster had hung his cap upon a convenient hook. "If you are willing," he said, respectfully enough, "I would rather begin now. I don't charge you anything for today, but I don't want to take any chances."

The lively and very readable "Personal" column in Harper's Weekly tells an entertaining story about George Ade in the current issue. In 1852 George Ade's father, it appears, started a bank in Morocco, Indiana, a place of seventy-odd inhabitants. He called it "The Bank of North America." When Ade went out into the wilds of Chicago to seek his fortune he had to borrow some money from his parents. After a time one of his plays succeeded, and the father surreptitiously went to see it. Finally, Ade returned to the paternal mansion and, after supper, took a roll of bills from his pocket and proudly announced his intention of repaying his loan. The old gentleman looked at the bills a moment, and then said: "George, how did you get that money?" "From my plays, of course!" "Well," slowly said the father, "you can keep it. I don't want it."

A Blenheim spaniel that had been the pet of General Daniel E. Sickles for three years, died of pneumonia last week, and had a ceremonious funeral, being buried in an oak coffin with silver handles, and a silver plate on it bearing his name, "Bo-bo." The general and he were the only dwellers in the house, 23 Fifth avenue, except the servants, and Bo-bo went with him everywhere, having his calling card always attached to his master's by a narrow ribbon. The card was inscribed "Master Bo-bo Sickles, assistant alderman,"—for he attended the sessions of the New York board of aldermen, General Sickles being a member thereof. Being so much talked to and petted, the tiny creature developed much intelligence, and he was devoted to his master—he would not eat if the general were not able to come to the table, but his appetite returned when his master's did. He wore a gold collar in which a ruby

was set, for he was a ruby spaniel, right from the Duke of Marlborough's kennels.

There may be more versatile editors in the world than Henry Labouchere, but there are none better informed in the matter of doings to-day in London. As the famous editor of "Truth," Labouchere is both feared and admired. He writes away reputations—the bad ones—with a single scrawl of his pen. He denounces no one until he has all the damaging facts in hand, very frequently backed up with affidavits. He "Lawsonized" certain stock jobbers and financial fakirs of London before the Boston advertising man was heard of. He has brought about more actual, needed reforms in England than any other single individual; he is a wholesome terror to evil-doers in society and has

out-Sherlocked Holmes among the lowest types of London crooks. All the while he writes the purest English in a fascinating fashion and makes his weekly paper almost a necessity in every cultivated household in the British empire. Everyone calls him "Labby," and the nickname is given him more in admiration than in ridicule.—Metropolitan Magazine.

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