

AN UNDESERVING BEGGAR.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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Crowded close to the curb of Sixth avenue in the New York shopping district sat a beggar man on a rickety camp stool. He seemed to be 60 years old, but the poor age rapidly. He might have been much younger. A chilly wind went hurrying up the avenue, and it tossed the old man's white hair about his ears as he took off his battered hat and laid it appealingly in his lap.

On that side of the thoroughfare the breeze and the crowd were moving in the same direction, and they seemed to take about equal heed of the beggar's plight. Presently he began to sing an old time, sentimental ballad in a weak but not unmusical voice. The elevated railroad trains rumbled and roared, and the electric cars contributed the rattle of their wheels and the whining whir of their motive machinery, but the beggar was not to be discouraged by a discordant accompaniment or an unsympathetic audience. He sang his best despite all.

There was a pretty girl in the crowd who had an ear attuned to everything musical. She recognized some merit in the beggar's singing, and she paused to hear him. No one else paid the slightest attention to his music, and he received no alms until, just as the song was done, a robust and handsome young man dressed in good style approached and put some money into the hat.

"Heaven bless you, sir," said the beggar. "This is the first penny I've had this day."

"Penny?" cried the young man. "Did I give you a penny? I thought it was a dime!" And he immediately began to fish for coins in the small pocket in his overcoat.

But the beggar hastened to explain that it wasn't a penny. What he had meant to say was that he hadn't had a penny before that.

"Sing another song as well as you sang the last one and I'll give you a quarter," said the young man.

This colloquy had excited some attention, and a score of people were grouped in front of the beggar as he prepared to earn his fee. He sang "My Old Kentucky Home," and when he came to the chorus his benefactor supplied a tenor that was clear and sweet as the note of a flute.

The duet furnished by this strangely assorted pair would have found favor with a much more critical audience, but it was probably the unusual spectacle rather than the excellence of the music which impressed this knot of shopping women. The result, in the beggar's hat, must have been nearly \$2, for the pretty girl who has been already mentioned enthusiastically started the collection with a half.

The beggar, evidently realizing that he had, as the slang phrase goes, struck a good thing, hastily started another old time negro melody, and as he did so he looked up out of the corner of his eye at the real cause of his prosperity, but the young man seemed to feel that he had attracted more attention than was agreeable, and he prepared for flight.

At this moment, however, he caught the eye of the pretty girl, and its glance was bent upon him appealingly. He stopped, hesitated a moment with flushed face, and then with an air of good humored recklessness stepped



"PENNY? DID I GIVE YOU A PENNY?" back to the beggar's side and once more lent the gentle magic of his voice to the cause of charity.

He got through two verses and then fled; but as he passed the pretty girl he received his just reward, for she said "Thank you" very sweetly and just loud enough for him to hear. There was another glance between them. Then he lifted his hat and hurried away.

The pretty girl floated up the avenue with the tide of humanity, which presently swept her into a big dry goods store. She knew that she had intended to make a purchase there, but she couldn't remember what was the article desired. The only thing she could think of was a tenor voice, and if she had been searching for one in the stock of the store her wanderings from counter to counter could not have been more fruitless. She eventually left the place empty handed.

When she got home, the pretty girl related the adventure of the beggar to her mother, Mrs. Harriet Alston, widow of the banker and philanthropist, who died at Newport two years ago

last summer. Mrs. Alston remarked that it must have been well worth seeing, but she thought her daughter shouldn't have spoken to the stranger.

"It won't do any harm, mother," replied pretty Mistress Anne in a tone not quite as cheerful as her ordinary. "I shall never see him again."

It was on Broadway near Grace church that a few days later Anne Alston again encountered the musical beggar. He was just planting his camp stool near the curb. She had a singular feeling of owing him something, and she walked hastily up and gave him a few small coins.

The old fellow looked despondent, and he was obviously suffering from a



severe cold, for the voice with which he gave thanks was very hoarse. One might have expected music like a crow's from him, yet he began a ballad quite tunelessly.

Suddenly he tripped in the melody, and Anne saw that something had startled him. Following his glance, she beheld the young tenor coming along Tenth street westward. He saw the beggar when within 20 yards of the Broadway corner and seemed to have an impulse to avoid him. Then, like the good Samaritan, he decided not to pass by on the other side.

As he came up the beggar stopped singing. "Well, Mr. O'Mara," said the young man cheerily, "how's the luck today?" "Bad—very bad, your honor," replied the beggar. "Ah, I'll never see the likes of that day on Sixth avenue!" "Oh, yes, you will!" was the reply. "But, I say, what's the matter with your voice?"

"I have the devil's own cowl on me chist, savin' the lady's princesse!" answered the beggar as he laid his hand upon the region of his trouble.

"You oughtn't to be out in this weather," said the young man, dropping his bantering manner and speaking in a tone of serious concern. "It might ruin his voice forever," said Miss Alston, so much interested that she forgot to be conventional.

"I'm really afraid of it," said the young man, aside to her. "I believe I'll try to send the old fellow home for tonight at least."

He turned to the beggar. "O'Mara," said he, "what'll you take to go home and stay there for two days?" "I can't do it today, sir," was the reply. "The rent's to be paid, or out we all go."

"You have a family?" asked Anne. "A wife and six children, ma'am," said he, "the oldest of 'em."

A rather flashy young woman standing behind O'Mara laughed irreverently, and the tenor looked somewhat disturbed. But Anne saw nothing extraordinary in this statement, and she looked on the beggar with greatly increased pity.

"Suppose I give you \$10," said she. "Will you agree not to sing upon the street again until your cold is better?" "Heaven bless your kind young heart!" said the beggar. "Not a foot will I stir from my own fireside till I'm well ag'in, for it's me voice that's all I've got to keep the wolf from me dhure."

Before the young man could restrain her—though he made a move to do so—she had taken a \$10 bill from her purse and had put it into the beggar's hand. O'Mara, with many words of gratitude, picked up his stool and trudged away.

"I hope he is worthy of your great kindness," said the tenor with deep respect, "but I am afraid!" He paused as if at a loss just how to express his doubts. "Why do you think him undeserving?" asked Anne. "I'm afraid," he replied gently, "that he was not telling the truth just now."

"About his wife and children?" said she. "Indeed he was. I saw his sincerity in his face. I shall find out more about him and send some things to his house for the children. Oh, why didn't I ask him where he lives? You know his name. Perhaps you can tell me where to find him."

be so kind of you. Here is my card. Please let me know about him as soon as you can."

In exchange for her card he gave her his, on which she read the name Douglass Wayne.

"I shall expect to see you tomorrow or the next day at the latest, Mr. Wayne," said she as they waited for a car which was to take her home.

He hesitated for a moment and seemed very much embarrassed. "I could write," said he at last, "if it isn't convenient to have me call."

"Don't let that disturb you," said she. "You will call on a matter of business, and after we've settled that I hope you'll sing for me."

He tried to say something appropriate, but could only manage a "Good-by!" that was like a bashful school boy's.

On the following afternoon Mr. Wayne called upon Miss Alston, and she received him alone in a manner as unconventionally friendly as their earlier acquaintance had been. But no cordiality of welcome could put Mr. Wayne at his ease.

"It's a pitiful story I've got to tell you," said he. "About our friend, Mr. O'Mara?" queried Anne.

"Yes; about our friend, Mr. O'Mara. I've looked him up, and he is entirely unworthy. In fact, he's a fraud."

"Isn't he really poor?" she asked. "Oh, yes, he's poor enough!"

"Then why shouldn't I help him? A man of his years—"

"Ah, there's the point," said Wayne. "He isn't really old. He's only 24, and—"

"Twenty-four! And with a wife and six children?"

"No; he hasn't any children, and he isn't married. His name isn't O'Mara either, and he's not an Irishman. He's Scott Barman, a vaudeville performer. He and his partner had been out of an engagement for several months, and their money was gone almost to the last cent. They had an engagement in sight, but it looked as if they would starve to death in the meantime. At this juncture the partner—a worthless fellow who ought to be something better, for he comes of a good family and was well brought up and educated—suggested this scheme of street beggary. They squared matters with the police in the usual way and, I understand, have made quite a bit of money."

"That's just too funny for anything!" exclaimed Anne. And she laughed like a child. "It's a great joke on me! That fellow must be dreadfully clever. The idea of his fooling me in broad daylight! I'm sure he's welcome to my money!"

"I forced him to return it," said Wayne, drawing the identical \$10 bill from his pocket. "I was unwilling you should be robbed in that way."

"Robbed?" she cried. "Not a bit of it! I've had more than the money's worth, and I'd be very much obliged if you'd return it to him."

"I can't do that," he protested. "You see, it's not only that 'O'Mara' is a fraud, but there's his rascally partner, who—"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Anne. "Tell me about the partner."

"Why, you see," said he, "the scheme they made up between them was that



Barman should represent a poor old man, and that while he was singing to an unresponsive crowd the partner, dressed as a gentleman in the only good suit of clothes he has in the world, should come along and join in."

"Just as you did," said Anne. "Isn't that odd?"

"Yes," said he, looking at her a moment and then letting his head fall forward upon his breast; "just as I did."

Anne gasped for breath. "You, you?" she cried. "You are—No; it isn't possible!"

"It is true," he replied, turning away from her. "I am the concert hall singer, Douglass Wayne, a profligate and a rascal; last of all, a beggar on the street, but not quite all a thief, for I couldn't steal your money. Here it is, the whole sum, so far as Barman and I can remember."

He laid the money on a table and hurried toward the door. "Wait! Wait!" she called after him. "You have done nothing wrong. Let us talk of this. Perhaps I can do something to help you."

"No," said he, pausing on the threshold, "you don't want to know me, and, as for helping me, it's enough to have seen you—far more than I deserve to have been one minute your guest in your own home. Your class and mine are apart and ought to be. Good-by!"

A week later Wayne and Barman, the celebrated musical comedy duo, appeared at a place of amusement where "refined vaudeville" perennially holds the boards. Barman was dressed as a tramp and Wayne as a dude, in which character he wore an enormous chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. On the second evening he wore a much larger and finer one—the very rarest chrysanthemum in New York—which had been sent to the stage door in a box, but there was no visible clue to the identity of the giver.

GARRET HOBART DEAD

Fatal Ending of the Vice President's Illness.

FAMILY ALL PRESENT AT BEDSIDE

Arrangements for the funeral—Will be held Saturday at Paterson—Entire City Puts on Garb of Mourning—Telegrams of Condolence Pouring In.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 22.—Vice President Hobart died at 8:30 a. m. yesterday. Mr. Hobart's funeral will take place Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Church of the Redeemer (Presbyterian).

Dr. Newton, Vice President Hobart's physician, gave out the following statement on the death of his patient: "The vice president died at 8:30 a. m., surrounded by his family, physician and nurse during an attack of angina pectoris. At the time of his death he was unconscious and free from pain, as he had been since midnight. He had a previous attack at 1:30 Monday after-



VICE PRESIDENT HOBART.

noon and recovered, but the heart continued crippled and never responded to the treatment."

The flags on the city and other public buildings were half-masted when the news of the vice president's death became known. Flags on many private buildings and dwellings were also hung at half-mast. The bell on the city hall tolled at intervals during the afternoon.

Sketch of His Career.

Garret A. Hobart was eminently successful both in business and politics. His reputation as a man of affairs and as one of the shrewdest business men in the country was perhaps greater than his reputation as a political leader and statesman until his election to the vice presidency three years ago. Mr. Hobart was born in 1844 at Long Branch, N. J.

His ancestors on his father's side were English and on his mother's side Dutch. Thirty-three years ago he was graduated from Rutgers' college and began teaching school. Three months later he entered upon the study of law with Socrates Tuttle, a prominent lawyer in Passaic county and who was at that time mayor of Paterson. Young Hobart is said to have arrived at Paterson with but \$1.50 in his pocket and from this small beginning he made his way unaided to wealth and prominence.

In 1869 he was admitted to the bar and in the following year he married the daughter of Mr. Tuttle.

Mr. Hobart made his way rapidly at the bar of his native state and his bent led him early into politics. In 1871 he was made city councillor of Paterson, and in 1872 was elected to the state assembly, of which body he was chosen speaker in the following year. At the end of his second year in the assembly he retired to devote himself to the law and to the numerous business interests with which he had become identified.

But the demands of his party would not admit of his remaining long in private life, and in 1876 he was elected to the state senate, of which body he was chosen president in 1881. From 1880 to 1891 he was at the head of the state Republican organization of New Jersey, and, as such, planned some of the most brilliant campaigns conducted by his party. From 1884 to 1896 he was a member of the national Republican executive committee and had much to do with the management of the national campaigns during those 12 years.

During all these years his business connections became broader and broader. His keen insight into affairs made his advice and counsel of such value that he was sought after by some of the largest corporations in the country, and at the time of his election as vice president he was a director in no less than 60 different companies. Probably the greatest business honor which he attained was his selection as one of the three arbitrators of the Joint Traffic association, composed of 37 of the most prominent trunk lines of the country. Through his business connections and his law practice he built up a large fortune.

After his nomination and election to the vice presidency on the ticket headed by Mr. McKinley he came to Washington and took up his residence in the old Cameron mansion. Socially, the vice president and his charming wife divided the honors with President and Mrs. McKinley. Vice President Hobart's genial temperament and charming personality made him very popular, not only in the senate, over which he presided with dignity and ability, but with all who came in contact with him.

Mr. Hobart left one child, Garret A. Hobart, Jr., a boy of 14. Fanny, a girl of 22, died in 1895, in Italy, while there with her parents.

Nearly all representatives of nations in this country have sent messages of sympathy to Mrs. Hobart. One of the first to send a message was President McKinley. Attorney General Griggs, who was in Washington, telegraphed that he would return to Paterson at the earliest possible moment, and he is expected to take charge of all the details of the funeral. In all about 500 messages of sympathy were received by Mrs. Hobart.

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Funeral Arrangements.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Vice President Hobart's funeral on Saturday will be attended by the president and his cabinet, the supreme court, the senate in a body and a large committee from the house of representatives, besides many other high dignitaries of the government, who will journey to Paterson to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the vice president.

Every senator has been invited to be present and the senate will meet at the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York at 11 o'clock and thence travel in a body to Paterson. Sergeant-at-Arms Bright has engaged a special train to convey the president and his cabinet and the United States supreme court to Paterson.

No Successor to Vice President.

By the death of Mr. Hobart the office of vice president of the United States becomes vacant for the rest of President McKinley's term, as the law provides no succession. A president pro tempore of the senate will be elected by that body when congress assembles, who will hold the office until March, 1901. By law the succession to the presidency of the United States in event of vacancy falls upon the vice president, and in the event of the latter's death, to the secretary of state, the next in line being the secretary of the treasury, then the secretary of war and down through the list of cabinet officers in order of precedence fixed by act of congress when the death of Vice President Hendricks disclosed the necessity for such a provision.

Senator William P. Frye of Maine is now president pro tempore of the senate. He will call that body to order when it assembles on Dec. 4 and preside until a successor is chosen. That he will succeed himself is generally conceded.

ONE THOUSAND ARE KILLED.

Desperate Battle Between Rebels and Government Troops in Colombia.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—A dispatch to the Herald from Panama says: Official advices from Bogota report that a terrible battle between the government forces and the revolutionists was fought near Bucaramanga, capital of the department of Santander, in which the government forces were victorious.

It is stated that the battle lasted two days, ending at noon of Nov. 16. More than 1,000 rebels were killed and 2,000 were wounded. About 10,000 men on both sides were engaged in the fight.

General Uribe and General Juan Francisco Gomez, prominent leaders of the revolutionists, were wounded, and it is reported that General Pablo Emilio Vallier was killed. On the government side General Pena Solano Pilonizor and General Fernandez were wounded.

AGUINALDO SLIPS THROUGH.

Insurgent Leader Escapes Between Commands of Young and Wheaton.

MANILA, Nov. 22.—Aguinaldo has escaped between Generals Young and Wheaton. General Young is pushing toward Bayambang.

Bulletins From Buller.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—Late last evening the war office made public two dispatches from General Buller at Cape Town. The first had been received from General Clery, and announced that three privates were wounded Sunday at Mooi river. The second was from Colonel Baden-Powell, dated at Mafeking, Nov. 6, says: "All well here. We have had a few successful sorties. Our loss is 2 officers and 17 men killed and 4 officers and 19 men wounded. The enemy's loss is heavy. His numbers are decreasing, but his guns remain and shell us, keeping out of the range of our small guns. Had no news from the outside since Oct. 20."

Democratic Factions Unite.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The Iroquois club, the gold Democratic exponent, and the Monticello club of free silverites, both prominent local political organizations, buried the tomahawk and consolidated on the slogans of anti-trust and anti-imperialism, as drafted at the Monday meeting of the national committeemen. The invitation to consolidate was extended by the Iroquois club three weeks ago. The combined organization will adopt the Iroquois title and Judge E. J. Dunne, president of the Monticello club, will be installed as the head of the united factions.

Machinists Return to Work.

CHEYENNE, Nov. 22.—The striking Union Pacific machinists and the officials of the company reached a temporary and probably a permanent settlement of their differences yesterday. Today the entire force of machinists, apprentices and helpers will return to work at the old scale or at the prices received prior to the strike, but will work nine hours per day instead of eight. The boilermakers are still out.

Killed by a Flying Rock.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Nov. 22.—Jacob Bradshaw was almost instantly killed yesterday, near Englewood, by a flying piece of rock from a blast made by workmen at the Homestake water ditch. Bradshaw came to the Black Hills from an Iowa town a few months ago with his family. He was warned that the blast would soon go off, and dodged behind a tree. He stuck out his head and it was struck by a rock.

Harris' Trial for Murder.

PLATTSBROUGH, Neb., Nov. 22.—The trial of John W. Harris, who killed by shooting one Jones at a soldiers' reunion in Elmwood, was called yesterday. The case will probably occupy the attention of Judge Ramsay the rest of the week.

Fifty-Two Carloads of Beets.

FREMONT, Neb., Nov. 22.—The North Bend beet sugar syndicate has finished harvesting its beets. They will have 52 carloads. Of these 18 have already been shipped to Norfolk and the balance is to be held for the Ames factory.

LATEST FANCY WORK.

TWO STYLES THAT ARE EFFECTIVE AND EASILY EXECUTED.

Applique on Linen (Charmingly Carried Out in Contrasting Colors—Revival of an Improved Form of Old Fashioned Wool Work on Canvas.

Interest in the gentle art of the needle has of late reawakened with surprising vigor, and the innate feminine desire for the expression of artistic feeling in decorative stitchery asserts itself in a marked degree. Fancy work to fulfill the demands of the average worker of today must be good in coloring and design; but, in addition to this, it is desirable that it should be



CUSHION IN APPLIQUE.

insusceptible to quick and easy execution, while affording scope for originality and the exercise of individual taste. Very satisfactory in popular work of this kind is a charming linen applique. The method of execution is perfectly simple. Two pieces of linen of contrasting colors are laid one above another and securely tacked together, the design being traced on the uppermost piece, upon which it is worked out. The stitches are of course carried through both. The working may be slight or elaborate, according to the taste or inclination of the worker. The outline is carried out in firm, close buttonhole stitch, the filling as fancy dictates.

When completed, the uppermost layer of linen is cut away all round the design, leaving the lower layer as a background. In this part of the work great care is of course necessary, as it is easy to cut the under fabric by inadvertence. Only the sharpest pointed scissors should be used, as the outline must be clearly and cleanly cut. Otherwise there is little or no difficulty in the execution of this exceedingly artistic and pleasing work.

An excellent suggestion well suited for adaptation to linen applique is a cushion of leaf green applique upon ivory. The cushion is backed and fringed with green and forms a charming scheme of color.

Sometimes applique is arranged as an all over design, as in a teacloth covered with trailing convolvulus. At others it forms a border. This is the case in some charming table centers in pale blue, pink or green linen, with a conventional applique border. In spareroom sets, consisting of toilet cover and mats worked with a design of white on a background harmonizing

with the coloring of the room, the work appears in a novel and delightful guise. Handkerchief, glove and nightdress sachets are suitable subjects for this style of work, among the designs specially worthy of mention being one of daffodils applied to a ground of sky blue and another, quaintly conventional, with a scroll pattern in gold linen outlined in black on a cream background.

Many workers have once more given in their allegiance to wool and canvas of a much subdued and mellowed order as compared with the wool work of days gone by and capable of exceedingly harmonious and pleasing effects. A novel development of this revival is a variety of canvas work which hails from Paris and is but mildly reminiscent of the inartistic reign of glaringly dyed Berlin wool which has caused the name of wool work to be regarded with disfavour.

The example given is worked in squares, having in the center of each a kind of fleur-de-lis carried out in shades of greens and browns on a cream colored ground. The squares are separated by a fancy border outlined in dark brown, with touches of red and blue.

Grape Juice or Fermented Wine. To prepare grape juice pick the grapes from the stems, put them in a covered stone jar and set the jar in a pot of boiling water. Let the water boil around the jar for half an hour or until the grapes are well cooked. Strain the juice from the grapes and let it stand in a cold cellar or some other cold place overnight. In the morning bring the juice to the boiling point and let it boil 20 minutes. Sterilize as many glass cans as are necessary by setting them, with their covers, in boiling water for half an hour. Fill them to their brims with the boiling juice, put on new rubbers and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. Let them stand until they are cold, then tighten them again. This grape juice will keep without sugar.

wool work on canvas.

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