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Sizes 8 to 14 yrs. PRICES, $4.50, $5.50, $6.

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NORTHEAST CORNER
15th AND DOUGLAS STS.

CONTINENTAL CLOTHING HOUSE

HOW STATESMEN RECREATE

Some of the Diversions with Which Eminent Men While Away the Time.

RIDING, WALKING, FISHING AND BILLIARDS

Insomnia the Universal Complaint, Brought About by Overwork and Worry—Ex-President Harrison's Long Pedestrian Tours.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The great American brain is boiling today as it has seldom boiled before. Financial troubles and business worries are blazing away under the kettle and the demon of overwork is stirring up the soup with ghoulish glee. The newspapers daily record the suicides and insanity of leading men and the nerves of rich and poor are stretched to their utmost. A level head and a steady hand are greater necessities now than silver and gold and the questions of how our great men keep them is more interesting to the masses than the discussions of congress. I am surprised to find how prominent men have to fight for steady brains. Half of the members of congress have shattered nervous systems and there are a number of leading senators who are fighting the arch fiend of insomnia night after night.

Abe Hewitt's Fight for Sleep.

Perhaps the worst sleeper who ever came to Washington was Abram S. Hewitt. He had a suit with a baker in the next block, whose dog barked at the moon at midnight, and he went almost wild over a cock that crowed near him in the early morning. He kept house here for a time and had beds in half a dozen different rooms. He would change about from one room to the other in his efforts to sleep, and when in New York he would go about from house to house for the same purpose. During a part of his congressional career he boarded at Wormley's, and he had at this time the entire upper floor, embracing three bed rooms. On the morning following the first night he went to Wormley and complained of the dogs which kept him awake. "I can fix that," said Wormley, and the next day the dogs were taken away. On the day following Hewitt said he was kept awake by the howling of the cats. Mr. Wormley replied: "The cats are harder to get rid of than the dogs, but I will see what I can do to get rid of them." The third night Hewitt came down more disgusted than ever and said he had failed to get sleep because of the noise made by the birds. Wormley hereupon threw up his hands in despair. "I don't know what I can do, Mr. Hewitt," said he. "You can poison dogs and you can shoot cats, but the man has to get up early who would kill all the sparrows and the larks." Hewitt's insomnia continued through the whole of his congressional career, and I think he carried it back to New York with him.

Get Sleep from Exercise.

A number of prominent men get sleep from exercise. Hoke Smith keeps his system in order by a horseback ride every day. Joseph G. Cannon takes a gallop into the country three times a week and Henry Cabot Lodge spends a part of each day in the saddle. Some of the greatest horse lovers in the United States became interested in horse flesh through their desires to get away from their work. This was the case with the late Senator Stanford. He had been working day and night on the Pacific railroad scheme when he began to break down. He lost his appetite, failed to sleep and his doctor told him that he must throw up everything and take a rest. He replied that he could not do it and the physician then advised him to buy a horse and drive several hours every day. He bought the best team he could find and as he drove them he became interested in them and his mind went from the building of railroads to the speeding of horses. He studied the horse and formulated a new theory for horse breeding. In order to support it he had his famous photographs made of the horse in motion, the taking and publishing of which cost him over $40,000. Throughout the remainder of his life he got his best rest when he was working with his horses, and his stock farm when he died was worth millions.

How Robert Bonner Secured Health.

It was the same with Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the New York Ledger, and the owner of Dexter, Maud S and Sunol. In 1856 Bonner, who began life as an office boy, and who up to that time had worked without cessation, began to fail in health. He could not sleep and his meals did not agree with him. One day his family physician came into his office and said, "Robert, I want your check for $375."

"What for?" asked Bonner.

"I have got a horse for you," replied the physician, "and I want you to drive him. You are making a lot of money, but it will be of no good to you if you can't live and enjoy it, and your only salvation is to get into the open air for a part of every day." Well, Bonner gave the man the check and got the horse. He began to speed him and tried in his drives to pass such men as John Harper of Harper Brothers and Commodore Vanderbilt, who were taking the same medicine. He soon became interested in horseflesh and bought a team for $2,000 which trotted a mile in 2:58. This was considered very fast in those days, but Bonner went on buying from year to year until one day he paid $40,000 for the mare Pocahontas, which was the highest price up to that time ever paid for a horse. Pocahontas went in 2:17, and a year later Bonner gave $40,000 more for Dexter. He afterward paid the same amount to Vanderbilt for Maud S., and it is said that the price he paid Stanford for Sunol is more than $100,000. All together he has spent in the neighborhood of $500,000 for horses and his chief pleasure in his old age is said to be driving. John Rockefeller gets much of his rest from his horses. He keeps a good stud and he used to get up at 5 a. m. and speed his team for an hour before breakfast. The late millionaire Congressman Scott of Pennsylvania eased his brain with horse-breeding and Don Cameron woos the god of health by taking long horseback rides in the country.

Rest from Card Playing.

A number of our statesmen get their rest from cards. Secretary Carlisle plays poker nearly every evening and the financial problems of the treasury fly away before the excitement which comes from a game of penny ante. John Sherman eases his mind with a game of whist and Garfield, when he was troubled with insomnia, used to get up and play solitaire in his night shirt. Carlisle, I am told, plays solitaire during some of his hardest work. Wolcott, Don Cameron and Secretary Gresham lose themselves in poker, and nearly all of the southern statesmen are addicted to this game. Henry Clay is said to have been the best seven-up player in the state of Kentucky, and when he was making the treaty of Ghent he relieved his mind by winning all sorts of bets from Albert Gallatin. Powell Clayton of Arkansas is very fond of poker, and the good Deacon Smith of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette is said to take his rest through cards. President Cleveland, during his stay in Buffalo, was an expert at penuchle, and I venture to say that he and Postmaster General Bissel have a quiet game after cabinet affairs are over. Nearly all of the supreme court justices play whist, and Gray of Massachusetts is said to be the best whist player in Washington. Harrison was a good whist player and Secretary Foster could play almost any sort of cards and play them well.

Billiards and Brains.

Billiards is one of the best games for boiled brains. John Quincy Adams found this out years ago, and he bought the first billiard table that ever went into the white house. There is a billiard table in the executive mansion today, and it is said that President Cleveland handles the cue for an hour at a time after he has been worried to death by officeseekers. President Garfield was also a good billiard player, and he was also fond of croquet and ball. Arthur used the billiard table of the white house very freely, and his best brain tonic came from a game of this sort. Ex-Senator Palmer of Michigan had a billiard room in his house, where his fellow senators often came to play. He was troubled a good deal with insomnia, and one of his best recipes for sleep was to get physically tired. Senator Butler of South Carolina plays a good game of billiards, and I am told that Reed of Maine and Crisp of Georgia are experts with the cue.

Statesmen Who Fish.

I understand that Hoke Smith caught 120 trout in two hours in the Yellowstone park this summer. This is at the rate of a trout to the minute and makes Smith's fish story one of the biggest on record. He had three hooks on his line and he often brought in three trout at a time. Vice President Hendricks once told me that he had pulled in four fish at once on one line one time on the Atlantic coast. The big fish stories that you can hear in the cloak rooms of the capitol are more wonderful than the tales of Munchausen. Senator Aldrich will tell you of the wonderful tarpon which he has caught in Florida. Senator Frye will describe his cabin in the Maine woods which he supplies with trout from the lakes and streams, and Platt of Connecticut will go into ecstasies over the delights of salmon fishing. Senator Quay is a good fisherman in all branches of the piscatorial art and Sherman has caught bass and white fish. One of the greatest sportsmen who ever came to the senate was John Kenna of West Virginia. When he went away from work it was to rest his brain in the West Virginia mountains. He always took a camera with him and he illustrated his stories with photographs. He had thousands of snap shots taken in all parts of the woods near his home, and for some time before his death he was contemplating the publication of a book of hunting adventures such as he thought would be popular with the boys of the country. Every one knows how fond President Cleveland is of fishing and how he is able to get away from himself when he has a fishing pole in his hands. It was the same with President Arthur and also with Andrew Jackson. Jackson used to go down to Fortress Monroe and spend a week at a time on the old fort known as the Rip Raps fishing. He was fond of horse racing and cock fighting and he eased his brain by getting entirely away from his work. Daniel Webster composed many of his speeches while out fishing and some of the best sentences in his speech against Haynes were made while he had a rod in his hands.

Hunting on the Potomac.

Quite a number of the senators and big officials go down the Potomac to fish and hunt. You remember the hog that President Harrison shot during one of his vacation jaunts. Vest and Vance often go out to shoot reed birds during the season, and one of the best stories told in the cloak rooms this fall was of a hunting excursion which Senator Vance, Howell Jackson, now justice of the supreme court, and the late Senator Beck of Kentucky took a year or two ago. It was during the Christmas holidays, and Beck, Vance and Jackson wanted Vest to go with them to shoot ducks. Vest objected, saying he didn't propose to get his feet wet to his waistband all day and come home without a single duck. "You fellows go ahead," said he, "and leave me here, and I will promise to eat at one sitting every canvas back you kill." "All right," replied Vance and the others, "we will keep you to your bargain." "I will stick to my word," said Vest, and the trio of United States senators started off. Well, the hunters had a streak of luck. Howell Jackson proved himself a splendid shot, Vance knows how to handle a gun and Beck killed his share. They brought back 100 ducks, mostly canvas backs, sixty snipe and two geese. They put the canvas backs in a pile and sent for Vest. His white hair stood on end as he thought of the idea of eating 100 ducks at one meal, and his little fat round stomach perceptibly shrank. He got out of the matter by setting up a champagne supper to the crowd, and a part of the supper was a limited number of the canvas backs which the senators killed. As to the exact number of the ducks there is no certified fact, the number above given is on the authority of one of the senators who did the shooting.

Senators with Fads.

A large number of our public men find their rest in a change of work. Some of them take no vacations to speak of and seldom go out of the city. Not a few have fads by which to rest their brains. Senator Davis gets his rest by reading the classics and by throwing himself into French novels. During the past campaign he read half a dozen biographical and historical works and he is now re-reading his Virgil. One of his most restful studies is Napoleon Bonaparte. He buys all he can find concerning him and he has more than 600 volumes about the great Napoleon. He believes in hot baths before going to bed as a good thing for sleep. He says that the best rest for an overworked brain is a change of intellectual diet. Allen G. Thurman read French novels to rest his brain while he was in the senate and he varied this by working out mathematical problems. Senator Hoar rests himself by looking up questions of American history. Ex-Congressman S. V. White gets his rest by studying the stars through a telescope and working out astronomical problems, and the late Justice Bradley got his rest in mathematics.

How Our Presidents Play.

By all odds the ablest of our presidents are those who have had some way of relaxing their minds. George Washington was fond of a good horse race. He got his rest in horseback riding and hunting, and he spent a good part of every year at Mount Vernon. Thomas Jefferson spent a part of every day in riding through the woods about Washington while he was president. He was often taken for a private citizen, and once in crossing Rock creek near here a man who wanted to ford the creek and not get his feet wet asked him to carry him over behind him, which he did. He rode every afternoon while he was president from 1 o'clock until 3, and when he was almost crazy on account of the death of his wife he roamed about for days on horseback. He was fond of good horses and his coach horses cost $400 apiece. Franklin Pierce was another president who thought that the best cure for the inside of a man was the outside of a horse. He galloped about the streets of Washington at midnight while he was president. He was fond of riding after dark, and his favorite horse was blind. James Buchanan took his exercise in a carriage. Grant drove a great deal more than he rode, and his love for horses is a matter of history. He had some of the best horses that have ever been in the white house stables, and he was always buying new ones. President Arthur rode a great deal on horseback, and I think that it was at the advice of his physician that he took his daily rides. Jackson kept good horses and he bet upon the races. At one race near here his private secretary and adopted son, Andrew Jackson Donelson, entered a horse, and I have heard it said that Jackson lost $10,000 which he bet upon him. Cleveland is too heavy a man to ride horseback. While he was residing at Oak View he straddled a steed occasionally, but his favorite exercise today is in the carriage. He drives every afternoon to the Soldiers' home or out about Tenleytown, and the streets along his line of march are now watered daily.

Presidential Walkers.

President Cleveland seldom goes on foot outside the white house grounds. Harrison walked miles every day. In company with one of the ladies of his family he could be seen every afternoon out about the white lot, near the Washington monument, or taking a stroll through the parks. He always walked to church and when he was worried about public matters he would drop his work and go off for a long two or three mile walk into the country. General Grant was often seen on the streets here during his life in the white house. He usually had a cigar in his mouth and he would talk to any one who spoke to him. President Lincoln walked about somewhat, but his cabinet was afraid to have him go out of the house and it was they who insisted upon the guard which he took with him when he went horseback riding. Lincoln got a great deal of his rest from the theater. A box was reserved for him at the theaters here and he could go in and out as he pleased. He was sometimes in the theater, I am told, when the curtains of the box were drawn and the spectators did not know that he was present. He often took Tad with him and the boy used to go behind the stage, and once or twice he appeared in minor parts, where he had nothing to say. John Quincy Adams walked from the white house to the capitol and back every day. When he was overworked he would take a long tramp or a swim in the Potomac, and there is a tradition here that during one of these swimming excursions his clothes were stolen and he had a hard time getting them back in time to go to the executive mansion.

John Quincy Adams also liked horses, though he rode but little and he used to walk out to the race track, two miles from here, and watch the races. President Harrison's grandfather was a good walker, and while he was in the white house he trotted to market every morning with his basket on his arm and picked out his own meats. He died as much from worry and overwork as anything, and his last words were uttered in delirium concerning officeseekers. General Garfield was fond of base ball and he often attended the games here. George Washington was a noted jumper in his day, and when he was a young man, walking up the Potomac, he stopped at a plantation where there was a jumping match. As the story goes, the prize for the best jumper was to be the beautiful daughter of the planter. Washington entered the match and much to the disgust of the young lady he distanced her lover by full ten inches. Noting the black looks on the girl's face and the disappointed appearance of every one as to the result, he withdrew his claim and the real lover, who, up to that time had never had his equal as a jumper in this part of the country, got back his sweetheart.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer—trial bottle 10 cts.

THE THEATERS.

The last half of the present week at the Boyd will be given up to comic opera presented by Barnabee, Karl and McDonald's Robin Hood company, and the bills will be "Robin Hood" and "The Knickerbockers." This organization may be called the junior member of the famous Bostonians. It is the highest class road company in America and is equipped on exactly the same lines and on the same scale as the Bostonians themselves. There are sixty picked artists, embracing a double cast of principal singers, a noble chorus of thirty-five voices and an operatic orchestra. It is furnished with special scenery for both operas, the staging of "The Knickerbockers" being the identical scenic equipment used by the Bostonians in New York. This is an especially elaborate outfit, comprising three full art sets representing scenes from colonial New Amsterdam.

Everybody knows the charming qualities of "Robin Hood," which has been presented here several times by the Bostonians. Perhaps the most expressive thing that can be said of the Robin Hood company is that it doesn't hesitate to come upon the ground already covered by the Bostonians in this famous work. It stands entirely upon its merit and there is no effort made to delude the public into thinking that the organization is the Bostonians. In such cities as Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City, where the Robin Hood company has played, its performances have been freely compared with those of the Bostonians and everywhere the verdict has been one of unqualified endorsement. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. The Bostonians do not use in their own company all the talented singers of the country and as they have by far the largest pull in commanding the services of clever people it follows that the Robin Hood company is on a par with the senior organization. Barnabee, Karl and McDonald have personally superintended the staging of each opera, the detail work having been done by their own stage manager, and as each artist was selected with especial reference to the parts to be played, theater goers may expect to see the Bostonians' performance duplicated in the work of the Robin Hood company.

"The Knickerbockers" was given one performance here last spring by the Bostonians. It was then in its crude state. Since then many improving changes have been made in it and it is now a worthy companion—as it was intended to be by its authors—to "Robin Hood." The engagement will be divided thus: Thursday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Robin Hood;" Friday evening, only time of "The Knickerbockers." Among the clever people who sing the principal roles are the following: Jerome Sykes, Henry W. Dodd and James Nickolds, comedians; Edward Wentworth, Ross David and Charles Landie, tenors; Edwin Isham and Frank Bills, baritones; Ricardo Ricci and Louis Casavant, bassos; Fatimah Diard Agnes Delaporte and Ethel Balch, sopranos; Mary Palmer, Grace Reals and Agnes Stone, contraltos. The orchestra is under the direction of Prof. J. A. Robertson.

That the charms of farce-comedy are as potent as ever is strongly attested by the continued enthusiastic success of "The Hustler," which will appear at the Boyd tonight and Monday night, with all its funny scenes, happy incidents, tuneful music, pretty girls and talented comedians. Local theater-goers have a pronounced penchant for musical farce and in the reconstructed and rejuvenated "Hustler" their tastes will undoubtedly be gratified to the fullest extent. The play is a conglomeration of comedy, music and high-class specialties. That breezy, magnetic son of Erin, John Kernell, enacts the leading role—Con McFadden, the hustler. He has a proclivity for concocting schemes whereby he will make millions for himself and friends. His money-making devices are marvelous productions of the imagination, before which the wild, extravagant schemes of Colonel Sellers pale, wither and fade into "innocuous desuetude." McFadden's ubiquitous assistant (who is always "in it") is a sportive and speculative German who rejoices in the foamy cognomen of Anheuser Busch, and is reputed to be worth anywhere from $2,000,000 to $98. This character is portrayed to the life by Emil Heusel, the noted Teutonic comedian. Another bit of clever character sketching is that of Anna Danta, proprietress of the Cambridge Flats, where McFadden and Busch have apartments. Gus Mills—unknown to the stage—appears as the love-lorn boarding house mistress, and in the character has made the hit of his career.

Anderson's "Jolly Old Chums" open a week's engagement today at the Fifteenth Street theater. This melange of music, mirth and general jollity is said to be something new and entirely different than has ever been seen here, and the press in the various cities are unanimous in its praise. When such clever entertainers as Dan Mason, Dan Kelly, Sadie Stringham, Ruth Nelson, Charles Sully, Bessie Grey, Charles Prince and others equally as strong, cut themselves loose, it is not to be wondered that the entertainment is most enjoyable. "Jolly Old Chums" is a musical farce, in which wit, mirth and music predominate. It is full of singing and dancing and all sorts of business calculated to produce laughter and drive dull care away.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Joseph Jefferson is doing Rip Van Winkle in New York.

Jakobowsky, the composer of "Erminie," will shortly have a new opera produced in Vienna.

It is asserted that Gounod sold the score of "Faust" for $3 and never after received another cent for it.

Paderewski has refused, it is said, several offers to make a tour in Germany; also an American offer of $100,000 for this season. He is now in Scotland.

There is a report of a huge theatrical trust, embracing three Chicago theaters, three Philadelphia theaters, three New York theaters and three California theaters.

The Coghlans, who begin an engagement in New York on December 4, have decided not to produce Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," until December 11.

Arthur Lawrence, an English character actor, has been engaged by A. M. Palmer and will make his American debut in support of Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Hester Crewe."

The entire troupe of the Imperial opera, St. Petersburg, will present a series of sixteen performances in Paris early in the new year. Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky will conduct several of their operas in person.

Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company is playing now in Chicago. They go to St. Louis next week, and then after a tour of the south they will go to San Francisco to play at the Baldwin theater during the Midwinter exposition, from Dec[illegible]

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mance singer in Norway. A vocal recital she gave in Christiania recently was attended by the royal family and a crowded audience.

Arthur Cook, an old-time minstrel tenor singer, died last week in the city hospital, on Blackwell's island, New York. Two years ago he contracted rheumatism. Since then he has not been his former self. He came from England thirty years ago and was leading singer of the San Francisco Minstrels for many years.

Katherine Marco (Kate Smith) is visiting her brother, Mark Smith, at New Rochelle, N. Y. The young woman has established an enviable reputation for herself in Italy, where she has been a leading soprano in various operatic companies during the last ten years. Her home is in Milan.

John Russell has bought the American rights of the most successful German farce comedy produced in New York for many years. It is entitled "The Corner Grocery of Avenue A." It was put on for three nights at the Eighth street German theater, but had a run of over three weeks, and it was determined to continue it until the end of December. This run is almost unprecedented in a German theater in this country.

Despite his advanced age the veteran violinist Sivori has recovered from his recent accident in Paris, and he has left that city for his home in Genoa. Sivori, who made his first appearance in England as far back as 1827, was a pupil of Paganini, who composed six violin sonatas for him.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The first couple married among the Cherokee Strip settlers were, respectively, 6 feet 3 inches and 6 feet 1½ inches tall. This is connubiality at high tide.

The wedding of Mr. L. G. Stevenson, son of the vice president, to Miss Helen L. Davis, will take place at Bloomington, Ill., the home of Miss Davis, November 21.

Fond Father—Mr. Meanitall has asked me for your hand. Do you want to accept him? He says his adoration for you is unlimited. Dutiful Daughter—Very good, papa; but how is his credit?

Mrs. William P. Jaffray of New York has sent out cards for the wedding of her daughter and Captain Edward Jaffray of the Thirteenth hussars, a crack English regiment. The date set is Wednesday, November 15.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?" "Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know.

The engagement is announced of Miss Juliet Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker, to William Pierson Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton is the great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton. He is an officer of the Manhattan Trust company.

Miss Adele Grant, the famous American beauty and daughter of the late Beach Grant of New York, is engaged to the earl of Essex. The marriage will be celebrated in London, at the earliest day possible after the necessary legal papers can be drawn, certainly before Christmas. The earl of Essex is a widower 36 years old. He succeeded to the title only in September of last year on the death of his grandfather, the sixth earl.

Why She Shook Him.

Chicago Post: "I'll never, never speak to him again!" she exclaimed. "Never in this wide, wide world!"

"Why, Clara, he adores you!"

"Perhaps he does, but he has no appreciation, no judgment, no idea of the fitness of things. Why, the other night when he called I put on that new gown I have just had made."

"Yes; what of it?"

"What of it! You know what a beautiful and artistic creation it is!"

"Yes, indeed."

"And how perfectly it fits!"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked him how I looked and he said I looked like an angel. Why, I could have cried with mortification, and my dressmaker was nearly heartbroken. She felt it keenly. Such a reflection on her work, you know."

The No 9 Wheeler & Wilson with its rotary movement, is the lightest running machine in the market, and is unequalled for speed, durability and quality of work. Sold by W. Lancaster & Co., 614 South Sixteenth street.