

A MULTI-STORIED DICE BOX

Where Human Dice of Many Grades Are Shaken Up Together.

MONEY BURNED IN GREAT QUANTITIES

Life as it is Lived in the Most Famous Hotel in America—Delicate Task of Policing the Place.

If you would see high life and yet lack the funds to plunge.

If you would know how millionaires and ultra-millionaires spend their wealth.

If you would actually behold the frocks and frills which the average person knows only through the columns of the Sunday fashion pages.

If you would rub elbows with the most highly exploited actors, artists and writers of the hour.

If you would study the sharpest contrasts between poverty and wealth, the underpaid lining outlined against the over-fed financier.

If you are willing to sacrifice one by one your life long illusions concerning the world of wealth, fashion and art to a belief that mediocrity is the only pathway to happiness.

If you would accomplish all these things in one short year—and be paid for doing it—get some kind of a situation in the largest and most widely known hotel in New York City; a multi-storied dice box where human dice of many grades are shaken up together.

They all visit the place in time—the man who has toiled for years to amass wealth and the man who has achieved his thousands in one sudden turn on the street—the man who has been lucky on the nearest race track, and the man who has struck gold in the mountain locked west—he who hasaved for months that he may enjoy a brief week or so in the metropolis, and the confirmed traveler, the cosmopolitan in New York and Shepherd's in Calro alike are home—the man who makes money for the pleasure he can buy with it, and the man who spends money for what appearances are worth to him in advancing his career.

And to these add the men and women indigenous to the metropolis, the present generation of old established families to whom the most fashionable hotel is bound to be more or less of a meeting place. From morning until night and from night until morning the kaleidoscope of life is ceaselessly, for the one thing lacked by this huge abiding place for 3,000 souls in permanency. Its life is like the restless surf, ever rolling in and out, ever varying in form, color and motion and always topped with foam.

Why Tourists Crowd It.

Tourists are drawn to a hotel of this stamp for various reasons. Those who travel merely for appearance, to say they have "done" that city or that, invariably select the hostelry which will show up best in their diaries, the house which is noted for its exorbitant charges. Others go on the principle that one might as well die for a sheep as a lamb, and while spending the liberal amount of the house, they will select the one who wears luxury for its own sake. This class includes the English women who wear immodest dowdy frocks in the palm gardens after 5 p. m. and who demand tea when their smartly dressed neighbors are indulging in cocktails or champagne. Artists, writers, musicians and actors who have sprung suddenly into public notice go there because it gives them a certain standing, social and financial. Western men who are "spend-thrifts" by birth and often by the unexpected accruing of riches, go there to see their money melt like ice in dog days.

One can "burn money" here without appearing vulgar, if he so desires, or he can be stamped as an "easy one" from his first interview with the proprietress, who appears in one of the dining rooms, the most liberal with "tips" are said to be the western men of our own country; the least generous in proportion to their importance, the foreign dignitaries, ambassadors, etc., whose itinerary is arranged by their own government or the United States.

The local clientele may be divided into four distinct classes. First are the regular roomers and boarders, people who have had the same apartments for successive winters and who pay for these as much as would maintain a handsome establishment. This class includes several well known widows with grown daughters and acknowledge social standing who apparently like the freedom from domestic responsibility; single men who possess no desirable class and who have enough money to live luxuriously; men who feel at home nowhere save in a hotel; women who have reduced to a fine art the work of making excellent appearance on small capital.

How a Woman Artist Climbed.

It is said that a certain woman artist took a top-floor room here and lived on one meal a day that she might have the prestige of receiving her mail and her callers in the showiest hotel in the city, and thus impress upon prospective customers the fact that she had "arrived." How much this policy helped in the evolution of her career cannot be estimated, but she has a large profitable and fashionable following today.

If one has no objection to long elevator trips, he can "room" in this establishment as cheaply as in a fashionable apartment house and has infinitely better service. On the other hand, if he desires to notify the world that the goods are behind the bluff, he can get the state apartment at \$75 per day, but he must not forget that his tips must be in proportion to his room rent.

Second, come the fashionable folk whose town houses may or may not be closed, but who drop in here in returning from abroad and run in from their country homes for a day or so in town. This is known generally as the town and country trade, and here it is where the hotel manager loses money, rather than on his transient custom. Certain names, well known in society at home and abroad, are invaluable on his register. They draw the would-be social element, with money to spend, but just lacking certain qualities which alone can carry them into the inner circle where they would be. Now if the owner of one of these desirable names absent-mindedly fails to settle his account, the proprietor of the hotel does not push the delinquent, for the transfer of a regular and occasional presence to another house would carry away a certain number of satellites. It is said that one family of considerable social prestige owes the house \$5,000.

A third class includes those who have the means and who at regular intervals dine at the hotel, and would think of going nowhere else to give a supper party after the play. They are the people who enjoy life in an utterly unseasonal fashion, but who like to watch the passing show about once in six months.

"The Ice Walkers."

The fourth and last class are the people who walk on ice—who are keeping up appearances at any cost. The men wear evening clothes with shiny seams, the women gowns that are trimmed with solid lace or last season's passementerie. It may be for business reasons or more mere love of show that they make their appearance night after

night at this fashionable gathering place. Often they live in cheap rooms, prepare their own coffee and rolls for breakfast, lunch on trifles and have the one respectable meal of the day with the world that shrugs its shoulders in passing them.

The policing of a house like this with its 3,000 guests, its accommodation for 1,200 guests, its force of 1,200 servants, its great corridors and stately apartments open to all, is a problem equal in seriousness to the protection of a small city. All classes foregather here—the man who indulges in excesses and is willing to pay any price to have his indiscretions overlooked and the man who believes that because he has paid a good round sum for his own accommodations the entire house should be run under the blue laws of old New England. To screen the one and propitiate the other demands tact. To bar suspicious characters and to guard the innocent victims of circumstances from false accusations would require a Sherlock Holmes. While each hotel of this sort has its well organized detective force, more or less detective instinct develops with time in every employe about the establishment.

An elevator attendant can tell by the manner in which a person approaches his car whether he is a guest of a chance caller bent on investigating the house with curious or evil intentions. The house guest almost invariably will enter the car with a certain expression of inquiry on his face, a shadow of hesitancy. The sneak thief, the man or woman who has no right to enter that same car will have an indelible bravado or effrontery in carriage.

Duty of Detectives.

A peculiar duty of the regular detective force is following up the servants when the latter leave the hotel after the day's work is over. In this way they ascertain what sort of home life the "help" lead, where they choose their companions, what their amusements are, how they spend their money, and most important of all whether they live within their income. A surprisingly low percentage of them are traced to servants, though it has often been said that crooks get hotel positions with a keen eye to business. The house detectives are supposed to keep in touch with the municipal police department, to know their roguish gallery and prevent the possibility of a man or woman from the under-world securing a position in the hotel. The majority of thefts are traced to guests, and in some instances are due to "kleptomaniacs."

There is everything to invite crooks. Money is spent with prodigal hand and jewels dangle. The average check for a meal is \$10, and waiters who receive a regular salary of \$25 a month carry away three times as much in tips. On New Year's night 3,000 people sit down to supper, the tables overflowing the dining room with guests. This means that at least \$30,000 is spent on eatables, drinkables and cigars between 7 p. m. and 1 a. m. every day.

The Power of Money.

Money will buy almost anything here. A guest may telephone to any shop and have goods sent on approval, with a shop employe in attendance, without stepping from the house; a man may summon a valet who will clean, press and tailor his garments. A barber will come to his room to administer a shave. Stationery, cigars and theater tickets will be sent up to him from the main floor, and a maid will go down to select the flowers he would send to his lady fair. It is told that a western man of influence was saved from a most embarrassing position recently in this house. He was returning on a windy night from the theater, wearing only a single evening suit, and he had with him a hat, which was the victim of a sudden gust, he slipped and fell and tore his suit, arriving at the hotel a sartorial wreck, for an electric car reached his hat before he did.

Under ordinary circumstances a Broadway shop would have come to his rescue the next morning, but, alas! this happened to be Saturday night, and he had a dinner engagement for Sunday evening. He sent for the hotel valet, who smiled and promised to select the suit he was next wearing, but there was hope. Upstairs he had many suits unclaimed by men who had been called out of the city unexpectedly. And hats? Oh, yes, several of them in a fine state of preservation, all cleaned, fumigated and in perfect condition against just such an emergency as this. It monster did not mind?

Monsieur did not mind, in fact, he regarded the valet and his unclaimed regiment as a gift from the gods, and the salvation of his dinner engagement. The valet arranged quickly and to the satisfaction of the valet, for, as before remarked in this article, the western men are considered admirable spenders.

Nowhere in the world can one see a more striking exposition of the modern commercial system, the specialization in work, the executive mind of the hour at work. Behind the scenes in this great hostelry are scores of men and women who do but one thing unrelentingly, every day in the year. There is one man who cuts ice into blocks as it comes from the ice plant and tosses it into a pulverizer. There are half a dozen who polish mirrors from morning until night. There are women who peel potatoes ten hours a day. There is one man who does nothing but make and fill. A waiter is hired to do one thing and do it well. It is none of his affairs what the man on his right or his left is doing. His employer prefers that he does not notice his neighbor or aspire to his neighbor's position. There is one man who makes service possible in a mammoth hotel, and employes are liable to become mere machines, or wearing of the monotony, they break loose into other lines of work.

Severe Attack of Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

The following incident related by Mr. W. C. Jones, postmaster at Buford, N. C., may be new to some and yet a thousand others have had a like experience. "About two years ago," he says, "I had a severe attack of diarrhoea, which lasted for over a week. I became so weak that I could not stand upright. A druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The first dose relieved me at once and within two days I was well and strong as ever."

Moral Suasion and a Strap.

Brooklyn Eagle: "She seems to have abandoned her moral suasion ideas relative to the training of children."

"She has."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children of her own, and I grew weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."

"Loned her your boy?"

"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral suasion."

"Did she keep her promise?"

"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whack him just once."

Coast of Sicily Flooded.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—A dispatch from Rome announces that a severe cyclone has swept over Catania, a city on the coast of Sicily, and that the sea, being high, has been damaged. The railroads have suffered seriously. The cyclone also wrought havoc at Modica, a town of Sicily, where several persons were killed. Mount Etna shows further signs of activity and the volcano of Stromboli is still active.

At Castro's Rancho

By PHILIP GERRY.

The stage coach from San Diego to Fort Yuma stopped at Castro's rancho to change horses and permit such passengers as dared take the chance to eat of the Mexican's food or imbibe his vile liquors. It was simply a road house of the most wretched type, with dirt and squalor on every hand and Castro had an evil reputation. It was whispered that he bought quartermaster stores stolen from the fort, harbored outlaws and went upon raids with them. He was a man of 50, misshapen in body, with the face of a wolf, and how he could have won the hand of the young and fair looking woman who called him husband no one could make out. Little was seen of her by guests and Castro was a man no one liked to question.

To the east of the rancho was the road running down the Arizona line and now and then, when the road agents and cattle stealers became too bold, a patrol was sent out from the fort to cover twenty miles of it. It was while in charge of this patrol that young Lieutenant Forbush first met Castro's wife. Castro was off on one of his raids and the woman in charge of the place. Forbush was hardly more than a boy; he had just been assigned from West Point and knew nothing of the country or the ways of its inhabitants. He made his headquarters at Castro's and

purpose. We are not carrying out our orders, and it is all owing to her devilment. If you'd been out here a couple of years you'd know what her smiles and music mean to an honest soldier. It will not do for me or any other man of this patrol to say a word at the fort, no matter what happens, but I'm telling you as man to man that the serena will lead you to hell if you follow her."

The young officer, with the military etiquette of West Point before him, was furious at being so familiarly and rudely addressed by an inferior, and his vanity as a man had also received a shock. He was engaged to a girl in the east, and would marry her as soon as he had won the bars of a first lieutenant, but it pleased and flattered him to think that a woman out there beyond civilization had been caught by his face and figure. He had not even stopped to reflect that she was of another race and already a wife. Not that he meant anything serious should come of it, but that it flattered the egotism every young man has a fair share of.

If the words of the blunt old sergeant angered the officer they also opened his eyes, and there was less dallying and more riding. The woman was quick to see that he had been warned, and she exerted all her influence as an offset. Indeed, she



"HE SUDDENLY LEAPED BACK AND UTTERED A SHRIEK."

there were reasons why the young wife smiled on him and made him very welcome.

Castro knew that he was suspected by the military authorities and it was his plan to hoodwink them by a great show of servility and friendship. He smiled in the faces of the officers while he cursed them under his breath. He begged them to honor him with their presence, but would have rather stuck a knife into their backs. His wife was acting under orders when she smiled and flirted with the boy-officer and played love airs to him on her guitar, while old Sergeant Brix was growling and cursing outside. The sergeant had served for almost twenty years. He knew the dodges of the outlaws and the tricks of the half-breeds. He saw and heard enough to know that the woman with the big black eyes was working some sort of a game for the benefit of her husband, but he was not until a freighter had been robbed of his outfit and had been tricked of the road which the patrol should have made safe that he summoned up courage enough to cross the gulf existing between man and officer. When he did decide to talk he decided to talk plainly. "Lieutenant Forbush, you may order me under arrest and court-martial me if you will," he began, "but I'm bound to tell you that female is wanting to make a fool of you. She's working under the orders of old Castro, and his game is to keep us from doing our duty while his hand of cut-throats are picking up plunder."

"Sergeant, do you know what you are saying?" sternly replied the officer.

"I do, sir, and it may mean disgrace for me, but I've got to speak up. That woman is trying to bewitch you for a

overdid it. Curious as it may seem, what she meant for a flirtation to blind his eyes turned out to be a case of love on her part. She really and truly fell in love with the young officer and suggested an elopement. She would leave husband—home—all and fly with him in any direction. Then it was that he began to realize the seriousness of affairs and the value of the sergeant's advice. He attempted by coolness of demeanor and sensible arguments to bring the woman back to reason, but she was deaf to his words and blind to all perils. There were those hanging about the rancho who sent word of the matter to old Castro, and when the messenger reached him he swore to be revenged.

The patrol had been detailed for a month. The officer alone occupied quarters in the adobe rancho house, while the men had their tents outside and not far away. Three weeks passed. Castro's wife had flirted, fallen in love and been scorned. That is, young Forbush had rejected the idea of an elopement and was no longer playing with fire, while Castro was on his way home to wreak revenge on his foolish if not faithless wife. This matters stood talk he decided to talk plainly. "Lieutenant Forbush, you may order me under arrest and court-martial me if you will," he began, "but I'm bound to tell you that female is wanting to make a fool of you. She's working under the orders of old Castro, and his game is to keep us from doing our duty while his hand of cut-throats are picking up plunder."

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be shipped away—the horrid, hairy spiders of the west, whose bite means death. With the box under her arm she paused at the officer's door and listened to his deep breathing for a time. Then she pushed the door open and entered the room, walking over the hard earth floor with her bare feet. The moonlight streamed in at the windows and showed her the man sleeping heavily on his couch. She crouched down beside him and lifted the cover of the box. Then she softly took one of his hands, bent her face to the bed and he slept on and his sleep was dreamless.

"If it is so I will kill her!" muttered old Castro as he lay dead near the rancho, and with native cunning he cautiously turned out his horse and sneaked into the house without word or alarm. His wife was not in her own room. He sought her in two or three others, and then, with eyes blazing with fury, he opened the door of the officer's room and made her out as she knelt beside the bed. Drawing his long, keen knife, chucking in his throat with satisfaction, he began stalling across the room. He had covered two-thirds of the distance and was reaching out his left hand to grasp the woman by the hair when he suddenly leaped back and uttered a shriek. It was followed by another and another, and screams followed screams as he dashed among the tents of the soldiers, to fall down the stairs and never rise again. "Come on!" said the sergeant to his men as he lighted a torch and advanced toward the house.

They followed him through the open door and across the public room to that of the officer. The glare of the torch showed four tarantulas crawling about on the floor. It showed a dead woman kneeling by the bedside. It showed a dead man lying on his back with eyes half open and a look of terror on his face.

"I told him she was a she-devil!" muttered the sergeant, "but he has found it out too late."

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Burlington voluntary relief department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company, providing that where members of that department shall elect to accept the benefits provided by the certificate they must waive all right of action against the railroad company for the injury received. Examined and held valid.

2. The election of the widow of a member of the voluntary relief department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company to accept the provisions of a relief certificate in which she is the beneficiary does not bar an action by the personal representative of the deceased against the railroad company under the provisions of section 2, chapter xli, Compiled Statutes of Nebraska, for the benefit of the minor children of the deceased.

3. A judgment recovered by an administrator in his petition from collecting his distributive share of the judgment recovered where the full penalty prescribed by statute has been recovered from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company for the unlawful killing of one of its employes, who is a member of the voluntary relief department of the company, the beneficiary named in the certificate of such employe cannot maintain a cause of action for damages against the railroad company under the provisions of section 2, chapter xli, Compiled Statutes of Nebraska.

4. Where the full penalty prescribed by statute has been recovered from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company for the unlawful killing of one of its employes, who is a member of the voluntary relief department of the company, the beneficiary named in the certificate of such employe cannot maintain a cause of action for damages against the railroad company under the provisions of section 2, chapter xli, Compiled Statutes of Nebraska.

5. Where the full penalty prescribed by statute has been recovered from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company for the unlawful killing of one of its employes, who is a member of the voluntary relief department of the company, the beneficiary named in the certificate of such employe cannot maintain a cause of action for damages against the railroad company under the provisions of section 2, chapter xli, Compiled Statutes of Nebraska.

6. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

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17. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

18. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

19. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

20. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

21. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

22. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury to a crossing where cars were suffered to stand upon the highway longer than necessary, the reasonable conduct of the company's business it must appear that the negligence in the reasonable conduct of its business, but to leave such cars in or upon the highway longer than necessary, the proximate cause of the injury.

23. In order to hold a railroad company liable for an injury