Wichita Eagle

COINCIDENTAL CAREERS.

The Queer Story [illegible] of Two Congressmen.

Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, representative in congress from New York, and Hon. Richard Bartholdt, representative from Missouri, used to be fellow-reporters in Brooklyn years ago. Hendrix represented the New York Sun and Bartholdt the Brooklyn Freie Presse. The latter, in the course of time, drifted west and rose to be a prominent figure in local politics in St. Louis, where he now edits an influential German paper. Hendrix stayed in New York, but in a general way experienced the same disposition of a benevolent providence as his former colleague of the press. They turned up in Washington about the same time, and there was a cordial greeting as they shook hands.

"What are you doing in Washington?" asked Hendrix.

"That's a fair question," said Bartholdt, "but suppose you tell me what you are doing here?"

"Why, I'm a member of congress," said Hendrix.

"So am I," said Bartholdt. "How did you get into politics?"

"Oh," said Hendrix, "I was elected a member of the school board."

"So was I," said Bartholdt.

"Then I was elected president of the school board," said Hendrix.

"So was I," said Bartholdt.

"Then I was elected to congress," continued Hendrix.

"And so was I," exclaimed Bartholdt.

"Well," said Hendrix, "you and I must have been born under the same conjunction of planets."

Both had reached congress by precisely parallel lines, after separating in the reporters' room in the Brooklyn city hall building, and met after a term of years in which they had completely lost trace of each other.

THE SPANISH BULL.

How the Animal Is Developed Into a Fighter for the Public Arena.

The bulls used for fighting purposes are a specially-selected, specially-cared-for class. They are all pedigreed. Andalusia is especially the district of the bull. Here, at the age of one year, the young bulls are separated from the heifers, branded with the owner's mark and turned out loose on the plains to graze with others of their own age.

When a year older the young bulls are gathered together in order that their mettle and fighting qualities may be tested. One of them is separated from the herd and chased by a man on horseback, who, by the skillful use of a blunted lance, overthrows the escaping bull, whereupon another rider comes in front of the animal with a sharper lance to withstand the expected attack. If the bull, on regaining his feet, attacks the rider twice it is passed as a fighting animal; but if he turns tail and runs off then it is set aside to be killed or to be used in agricultural work. And so with each animal, until the whole herd of two-year-olds has been tested.

Each bull that has stood the test successfully is then entered in the herd book with a description of its appearance and receives a name—such as Espartero, Ilamenco and the like. This process of careful selection goes on from year to year until the bull is five years old, when, should its mettle still prove true, it is ready for the arena, and flaming posters appear on the walls of Madrid or Seville announcing that Espartero (or whatever his name is) will, on such and such a date, make his first and final appearance.

A good "warrantable" five-year-old bull for the fighting ring costs from £70 to £80.

HORSE RECKONING.

An Instance Showing the Animal's Mathematical Capability.

A Russian doctor has been experimenting to find how far some of our domestic animals can count. The intelligence of the horse, as this is shown in mathematics, seems to surpass that of the cat or the dog. The instances given by him are interesting, but before they are accepted as authentic they should be verified by the observations of naturalists whose skill and care are unquestioned.

He found a horse which was able to count the mile posts along the way. It had been trained by its master to stop for feed whenever they had covered twenty-five versts.

One day they tried the horse over a road where three false mile posts had been put in between the real ones, and sure enough, the horse, deceived by this trick, stopped for his oats at the end of twenty-two versts instead of going the usual twenty-five.

The same horse was accustomed to being fed every day at the stroke of noon. The doctor observed that whenever the clock struck the horse would stop and prick up his ears as if counting. If he heard twelve strokes he would trot off contentedly to be fed, but if there were fewer than twelve he would resignedly go on working.

The experiment was made of striking twelve strokes at the wrong time, whereupon the horse started for his oats, in spite of the fact that he had been fed only an hour before.

Learning the Begging Trade.

Many of the children in the east end of London are trained in the arts and blandishments of begging by old hands at the business, who have retired from active operations. In Paris there are several "professors" who earn good incomes by teaching young people how to beg. Clever purse takers, pocket pickers and handkerchief stealers are turned out after a certain course of lessons, for which a moderate fee is charged. Beggars' "pitches" frequently change hands at respectable figures, and advertisements often appear in the French papers offering to dispose of "lucrative corners" and "good wills" to those desirous of entering the ranks of the begging fraternity. Just the other day a pitch in front of the Louvre was disposed of for one hundred dollars.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

FUN, FROLIC AND STUDY.

How Sons of Millionaires and Great Men Spend Their Time at Yale.

Sensible Boys with Sensible Tastes—Even Young "Neely" Vanderbilt Does Not Spend $3,000 a Year as a Student—Surprising Democracy of Yale.

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The sun rises this morning through a bank of clouds. The haze of an October morning is in the crisp air, settling over and partly obscuring the historic walls of old Yale until they loom up like gray, storied phantoms, such as might haunt the dreams of some hoary-headed alumnus. The college boys are still asleep and the elm-locked avenues of the familiar grounds are, consequently, as silent as a country road at dawn. A solitary figure in black, with head inclined thoughtfully, is seen

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, YALE, CLASS OF '95.

slowly moving through the college bypaths. It is one of the professors out for his morning stroll. He has a book under his arm; with his cane he taps lightly the smooth, ringing concrete walk, the sharp echoes growing gradually more and more muffled until they cease altogether.

It is time the boys were up and doing! They tell me, in Yale, that, whenever the morning bell is pealing, the venerable Lyceum—as this portion of the dormitories is called—literally sways to and fro, by reason of the sturdy vigor of the bell-man and the great age and insecurity of the building; but, for all that, no man was ever known to have arisen at the clang of seven o'clock, unless he be some "greasy grind," which, in college vernacular, signifies a student who is sinfully earnest in the matter of bookish lore. Those sleepy chaps, who just peeped around the corner must be, then, "greasy grinds," although there is not the slightest thing in their personal apparel to suggest anything other than a fashionable tailor, who well understands his trade. Then other men appear, here, there, out of the various halls in the immediate vicinity of the "brick row," until finally, there are perhaps a hundred students in sight, slowly promenading to and fro, smoking cigarettes, reading intently out of books, chatting, sitting in doorways, or engaging in a good-natured scrub under some window. One young student, who wears a blue cap, with an enormous peak, like a horse jockey, is satisfied with nothing short of kicking a football up among the top-most branches of the tall elm trees, nearby, and roaring in ferocious tones: "Look out!" whereat there is a scamper and a general effort to catch the pigskin on the bound. One man, who holds in his teeth a short, straight-stemmed briar pipe, of the model said to be affected by the prince of Wales, leaps headlong into the scrimmage, and, whilst apparently still demurely puffing away at his morning smoke, clutches wildly at the ball, rolls over and over, and finally turns up smiling and smoking. For the Yale fellow and his pipe are inseparable.

And now the chapel bell is ringing, and, one by one, in straggling groups, the boys are directing their way toward that stone flight of steps, that leads to the beautiful place of worship, where, daily, the year through, they are wont to assemble to sing and to listen to the words of the Good Book. The men sit together in accordance with their class. The seniors have the position of honor, where their presence may be commanded, and where they may command. Rich and poor, side by side, in equality, here they gather—for in Yale there is an absolute leveling of rank. Young Mr. Vanderbilt is over there in a double high-backed pew, numbered on one end "No. 17," and the other "No. 1." The son of the industrious mechanic is not far away, and the widow's only boy is within touch of the many-millionaire's child. Young Mr. McMillan, whose father is one of the commercial princes of the great middle-west, is sitting in pew No. 88. Alonzo Potter, tall, somewhat florid, but with a splendid cast of countenance, and a high, commanding brow, sitting in pew No. 94, is the son of the famous Bishop Potter, and, as such, as well as for his own merits, is one of the marked men of Yale to-day. Mr. Harrison, a strikingly handsome and manly fellow, Mr. Vanderbilt's chum, has pew No. 261. Harry Paine Whitney, one of the most popular men in college, is seen in pew No. 104. When the last verse has been sung, and the benediction pronounced, and as the professor who led the exercises prepares to gain the street, the senior class rises and bows gravely. It is a very narrow aisle, like a wall. It is not easy for the grave and venerable gentleman to pass. As one of the men said afterwards to me, alluding to the oddity of the situation:

"He must be a pretty good football player who goes through!"

Young Mr. Vanderbilt, after he had retired quietly from chapel, went down the concrete walk, in the direction of the street. He is a tall, slender youth, whom you might pass a dozen times a day in Yale, or out of it, for that matter, and never know, by any outward token, that he is the son of the great house of Vanderbilt. In manners he is kindly, considerate and gentlemanly; in bearing he is dignified, erect and straightforward; in disposition he is shy, nervous and patient; in dress he is modest and unassuming.

"Oh, Neely!"

Vanderbilt turned and recognized a friend. "Neely" is the nickname bestowed on young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Yale, '95. The origin of the peculiar byword was not explained to me, although there is that about it which suggests it is in some sort a corruption of "Cornelius." The two men exchanged greetings thus:

"Where are you bound, Neely?"

"Over to Mory's."

"What for?"

"Eggs!"

"I'll go you!"

Mory's place has been known to Yale men for generations. It is not far away, a block or two in one direction, then a turn to the right, and the young men see before them a small, white two-storied house, nestling under the circling shades of a giant elm tree, whose wide-spreading branches leap into the sky. The front entrance is through two swinging doors, each containing an oval glass whereon, in old text ruby letters, appear the words

TEMPLE BAR.

Wendel Weissgeber is at the door, Young Vanderbilt knows Wendel well; few students in Yale do not know this jolly servitor, who has been with Mr. Oakley, the proprietor of "Mory's," for a good many years.

THE FAMOUS "VELVET CUP."

"Oh—Wen!" says Vanderbilt, pleasantly.

"Oh—Wen!" rejoins the companion.

This salutation, after that peculiarly inexplicable, apparently meaningless fashion of greeting a man from a distance by prefixing "Oh" as though a corruption of "hello," over, the men pass through the swinging doors of that haunt familiar in many a college royster-doystering. They go straight to the left, where the view gives to one of the pleasantest rooms in all this wide world—the big room at Mory's! Young Vanderbilt seats himself at one of the small, highly-polished, hardwood tables by a window; his friend occupies a chair directly opposite. The two men ordered soft boiled eggs, buttered toast and coffee. "Wen" hastens to execute the order.

There is a cheerful fire burning in the grate, and on the mantel ticks a dark-grained marble clock, a present to Oakley from former students. You need sit in this tranquil, quaint, old-fashioned room of Mory's but a short time to fall under the sweet spell of the place; you would not have that antique mahogany door changed for the finest modern craftswork. You like somehow, why you cannot say, the rare simplicity of the room, with its musty paper, its bare, brownish floor, its polished tables and its pleasant books and papers. And then, there are those quaintly carved tables. On the wall you see a strange ornament; but, in this free student life, readily do you grasp its significance. Oakley says: "For that table rich students have offered me large sums of money, from time to time, but I must refuse all offers. That top was used in Mory's old place, in Court street, and then in this new student haunt, upwards of seventeen years. How many names are there carved on its shining surface? I should say, maybe, three thousand! Young Mr. Vanderbilt, who died—and here Oakley lowered his voice—cut his initials there: see, there they are, W. H. V., inclosed in a square. Yes, the boys are cutting their names on a new table now. No more initials are permitted on this one, at least, since it has been varnished and hung up here. It is one of the first things old Yale men look at when they come back to town—to see if they can find the place they carved their initials, where they carved them in college days."

Young Vanderbilt, retiring from the table, shakes hands with his friend across the table, then starts for the college. He enters Durfee hall, one of the dormitories, and passes to his room.

The number of the Vanderbilt room was even written in chalk on the brick wall, just outside the door. It is number "220." In fact, Mr. Vanderbilt did not even choose his room, but had to try for it by lot. There are at Yale twice as many boys as there are rooms

MR. VANDERBILT'S ROOM AT YALE.

in the halls; consequently one-half the students have to take quarters wherever they can find them, in private homes among the citizens of New Haven. Mr. Vanderbilt saves money. He does not cut expenses as a matter of necessity, but because Yale is an extremely democratic place, and because he is a very sensible young man, about whom there is not the least suggestion of pride.

When night comes down over old Yale college, many are the ways in which the men speed the hours. The lamps are kindled and the students are busy with their apparently unending tasks, which they must master before even the nearest goal is won. Occasionally, through the newspaper or in letters some echo of the great, roaring, busy world outside penetrates the quiet of these reposeful rooms, but, after all, it is only an echo, for college men live lives essentially apart from the rest of humanity. For them there are no cares, no responsibilities, no petty vexations common to daily existence everywhere, other than they themselves choose to burden themselves with, and this, usually, is small, indeed. Maybe, tiring of bookish wisdom, the lamp is snuffed and the man, joined by his merry chums, thinks to fling away his time over the ale mugs, or over the pewter tankarks at Treager's, fitted up, with the closest merit of detail, to reproduce an antique drinking place in old Vienna.

Over at the hospitable Temple Bar much the same scene is enacted, as it has been these many, many years gone by. The cheerful fire flickers in the grate; the birds in the gilded cages are singing; the polished tables, twinkling under the electric bulbs, reflect back the images of happy young faces and smooth, white hands, before each of which there is a mug of English ale or a grinning toby; the blue smoke curls aloft; some one starts singing, in a low key, over in the corner; the tale goes 'round; the cups pass and repass; some men, alas! are dangerously close to Mory's twenty dollar "limit of credit;" "but never mind," says one, "here's a go, boys; there will be more money next week—maybe."

Then Oakley brings out the famous "Velvet Cup," adorned with its six handles and decorated with the names of men passed from the classic halls these twenty years! It's an odd fancy, that of the Velvet Cup, and many have been the deep potations quaffed from its deep belly! After successful boat races, it has run red with wine, or

HARRY F. WHITNEY.

white with champagne. It has been wreathed in garlands by pretty girls; it has swam with nut-brown ale; some whose names are carved here on the six-handled cup are here to-night; others, world-pressed men of affairs, are far away, in busy walks of life, with children of their own, boys here in old Yale, sitting to-night in thes ame old tavern where sat, twenty years before, their sires; others again—like young William H. Vanderbilt—have left this world and have passed on ahead. "Velvet" is the name of a delicious mixture, whose formula is sacredly kept secret by Oakley; it is drank out of the cup this evening, the six members each taking a handle.

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

They Never Speak Now.

Aggie—Does he want to marry me? He must be a fool!

Doll (encouragingly)—He must be.—

Circumventing a Borrower.

Spatts—Why did you ask Mullins to lend you ten dollars just after you overheard him asking Snodgras for that amount and failing to get it?

Bloobumper—That's just the reason I asked Mullins. If I hadn't he'd been to me next, trying to borrow.—Judge.

ORIGIN OF NAMES.

BARK, Barker and Barkley show the importance of tan bark in early English times.

TABORER was a drummer, and his sons are the Tabrars, Tabors and Tabers of to-day.

PINNER and Pinster remind us of a time when pins were a rare and costly ornament.

LOCKE, Curl, Crisp, seem to indicate an ancestor with marked capillary attractions.

THROWER was once the winder of silk threads, hence the Throwers and Throwsters.

BEDDEL, Beddall and Biddle are derived from the name of an old English functionary.

HARPER, Pipe, Piper, Dancer, Luter, Crouther, Baird, Singer, are all professional names.

DAWBER is a descendant of him who chinked or daubed the cottage walls with wet clay.

BLONDE, a complexion adjective, was the progenitor of Blund, Blunt, Blount and Blondell.

PATTENS were overshoes, hence the Pattons, Patons, Patteners, Putners and Putnams.

PELTER, Peliper and Furrier recall the fur trade of the English with Norway and Sweden.

LONDON'S FREE PORTERS.

The Trouble That Came to an Ancient English Organization.

For Six Centuries the Order Had Been in the Ascendant, But It Was Finally Routed Out and Overthrown.

The other day there was an eviction in London, and forty men were turned out of a building on Rose street, near the Thames, by twenty policemen, which would seem to indicate that each of the forty was but half a man. The forty men, indeed, were not in good fettle, for they were starving, and, although starving men fight hard, as was shown by the recent huge coal strike in England, still these forty evicted men could hardly have expected to successfully resist twenty well-fed London policemen, especially when they knew that if they did overcome them there were hundreds of other peelers in reserve.

The forty men belong to an order whose full name is, or was: "The Fellowship of Free Porters of the Port of London." This order was founded in the thirteenth century, says the Detroit Free Press, and from that time until twenty-one years ago they and they alone had the sole right of unloading ships that came to London. They held for centuries a monopoly that they rigidly enforced. No one not a member could get a job at the port of London. Whether they abused their monopoly or not I can't say, but the chances are they did. Anyhow, such a monopoly must have had a retarding effect on the growth of a great seaport, and in 1872, after years of agitation, an act was passed in parliament abolishing the monopoly of the fellowship porters. They had their inning for centuries; now came their outing, which they found far from pleasant.

When the order was thrown out of work it was supposed the members would have the same chance of earning a living that anyone else has. But every age has its own peculiar monopolies, and the unfortunate porters ran against those of the nineteenth century. The trades unions absolutely barred the porters from every occupation, even street sweeping, which is one of the close corporations of London. The fellowship porters thus found themselves shut out from every means of earning a living. The trades unions said to them: "You fellows had a soft snap for six hundred years. That ought to satisfy you. It's our turn now."

The corporation of London was ordered by the government to wind up the Order of Fellowship Porters.

The unlucky porters lived on hope, for their order was comparatively rich, owning about one hundred thousand dollars in cash, besides valuable property in London. This should have been divided among the porters long ago. The membership is not large now and the property of the company would keep them all in comfort. It belongs to them, for each porter during all the centuries had to contribute part of his earnings to the order. Now the curious fact comes up that the order in its prosperous days never contemplated the possibility of its being abolished. So no provision was made for the support of its members or the dividing of the spoil. If this had been done there would now be no trouble. But—and it sounds like irony now to the starving men—it has the power to provide a first-class funeral for a member who dies.

The order is governed by a "court of rulers," a governor and a deputy governor. The "court of rulers" consists of three persons, one elected by the porters and two by the two corn exchanges. The alderman for Billingsgate is, by virtue of his aldermanship, the governor of the fellowship porters, so, coming from such a quarter of London, he was doubtless just the man to appreciate the bad language of the men on the delay in winding up. The court of rulers meet on the second Tuesday of every month at the building of the order in Rose street. They have nothing whatever to do now except to sign a check for the burial expenses of some unfortunate member who has starved to death.

On the 20th of September the fellowship porters stormed the offices of their order and captured them. Forty men lived there night and day for a month, holding the fort and begging food from passersby, as the prisoners in the Fleet used to do. They expected thus to call public attention to the vexatious delay of the corporation. They called public attention all right enough—and also the police—but the corporation has not budged up to the time of going to press.

Good Advice.

Give every man his due;
Stop every bill from running
If this you'll keep in view
'Twill save a pile of dunning.
—Truth.

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