WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Steady Rise of the British Gypsy.

While not Wholly Forsaking the Road He is Becoming, in a Small Way, a Man of Affairs—Some of His Profitable Callings—Wakeman Contends that the Evolution of His Gypsy Friends is Surely Progressing Through Vocation, Broadening Opportunities and the Humanization of Material Betterment.

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The last quarter of a century has wrought a wonderful change for the better with a majority of all British gypsies who have been content to remain in their own land. In 1867, while in England, I had means of knowing from personal observation that almost universal squalor and wretchedness was characteristic of Irish and English, and particularly of London gypsies. No one can make of a gypsy anything but a gypsy, but a generation of change here has effected a more marked advancement in a rugged sort of prosperity with this than with any other lowly class.

It has not seized the gypsy bodily and in a moment, or a year, or a decade, put fine clothing upon him and made him a man of affairs, but something, as with the destitute Italians who have landed upon American shores, who we directly find as hawkers, willing laborers, restaurant keepers, newsboys, bootblacks, controllers of retail and wholesale fruit and nut trades, and on the high road to prosperity, because they are quick witted and willing to labor—the British gypsy has found, along with old makeshifts for livelihood many new, though rude occupations, and means of getting on in the world, all after his own mind and heart.

With the race characteristics of these folk will require many generations in which to undergo radical change, their conditions and environment are in the main entirely different from those in which Crabbe, Hoyland, Borrow and Simson found them and of which they wrote. In other words, there is to-day little or nothing in book literature altogether true of British gypsies. Of the four standard authors named, Borrow was the most romantic, Simson the most inexorably true. Yet both write of a time and a merripen, or gypsy life which, with few exceptions, has wholly passed away. These exceptions comprise the poorest English and Scottish gypsies of to-day; some families in the north of England, whose members have continued almost literally the old form of wandering life by the roadside, the tinkering, the dickering, the dukkering, or fortune-telling, and often the tiny sales of imperfect delit and tinware, and content with a "whummeled," or upturned cart, for a roof in summer, and any sort of a town tenement in winter; the tiny, straggling bands in Devonshire and Cornwall, where there has been little change in all social conditions for the past fifty years; the few remaining gypsies of Perthshire, Aberdeenshire and the Highland districts of Scotland; and the gypsies of Wales, where is found the most primitive and idylic form of gypsy life yet remaining in Britain. The Welsh gypsies rarely leave Wales. All Welsh people are fond of them, and they are almost as much an integral part of the concrete rural social structure as are the Welsh people themselves.

The fact is that British gypsies, as well as our American gypsies, hundreds of whom I could name, who are worth from $20,000 to $100,000 in landed property, have, during the past quarter of a century, developed a remarkable ability for certain lowly kinds of trade. These have been a natural outgrowth, in most instances, of the petty wayside dickering of less fortunate times, but they are still pursuits requiring the exercise of good thrift and judgment and of a genuine probity that make the gypsy middleman welcome both where occasional credit is necessary and among his countryside customers. In the main they are vandwellers, in the summer time, as with us, traveling certain well-defined routes and purveying in villages, and even in the outskirts of towns and cities, articles whose annual aggregate value amount to a stupendous sum.

Their cavalcades at the outset may comprise one or more vans. These are, briefly described, tiny houses upon wheels. They are drawn by donkeys, or often by broken down city tram horses which the gypsies get in the cities for a song, and which, with care, are finally transformed into excellent cattle. Following these may be three or four, or a half dozen, little donkey carts, after the fashion of the costermongers' city carts. These will hold the real resources of the band. An examination of the latter would reveal almost enough in quantity, certainly enough in variety, to stock a little country store.

This stock in trade has not been picked up at random. In the London Whitechapel district there are great storehouses of "Travelers' Goods." Their owners, who, I find, include wealthy gypsies, could not continue in business without the gypsies' trade. The goods handled are somewhat similar to our American "bargain counter" odds and ends, especially in tinware and metal goods, hardware, crockery, cheap oilcloths and household knickknacks, with the coarsest beads and gilded jewelry. It would be a revelation to ordinary English tradesmen to realize the enormous quantities of stuff annually disposed of in this manner throughout England, Scotland and Wales, and the integrity of these gypsy wanderers where they ask and receive credit for their supplies, as they often do. Smaller "Travelers' Goods" stores may be found near the Bull Ring in Birmingham, where carts may be refilled in the lazy journeyings, but small shipments from time to time are forwarded by rail from London.

I have friends in the fruit and nut trade in the Drury Lane quarter of London who have supplied gypsies in all parts of the provinces for the past twenty years. Half of this trade is done on credit, and the fruiterers all inform me they have never lost a penny at the hands of their thousands of gypsy small customers. All these goods, fruits and nuts, are hawked in little villages and sold at fairs and on market days. Indeed the English country fair of to-day would lose all its picturesqueness and most of its attractions for younger people were the petty gypsy booths and gypsy showmen withdrawn.

About the middle of the century, when the British Rural Police Act, which was directed against gypsies and all wandering folk of the road came in force, we find Borrow lamenting that the "gypsy had nowhere to lay his head." The oppressive measure undoubtedly sent America 50,000 English gypsies within a period of ten years. Indeed it almost extirpated gypsydom in Great Britain. But the coming gypsy soon saw a way to mend his fortunes. He took out a license to become a traveling merchant. "Two-and-sixpence" gives him this right for the period of one year. He could still remain gypsy in every other particular. Insensibly, and by degrees, he actually became the fellow whose vocation he originally assumed in order to merely exist.

There gradually followed a system among the wanderers of providing "gypsy ground" on which to camp in safety from the raids of the mounted constabulary. Gypsies here and there, who had got a footing and could be trusted, bought or leased bits of waste land, unused lanes, idle tracts at the outskirts of cities and towns, or camping rights in roomy old stableyards. These are, in turn, sublet to arriving pilgrims at from one shilling down to a penny a day. And thus, with gypsy travelers who really have something besides "black arts" to sell, one can travel from Land's End to John O'Groat's house, or London to Oban, and return, and never upon the road by day, or underneath the tent or the van-roof and the stars at night, be outside the comforting protection of watchful British law.

But the British gypsy is something more than a "vagrom" trader. His kind are encroaching upon, or making for themselves, many other profitable pursuits and vocations. I have always held that in this would be found the real evolution of the gypsy, and that in just the degree he became like other men—not in religion, because you can no more reach a gypsy with Christian missionary schemes than you can secure any expression of belief from any other form of Agnostic—in vocation and the betterment to himself and family in material living, in like degree would the so-called "black arts" of gypsydom disappear. I have from time to time shown this to be true among American gypsies. It is gratifying to find it true among British gypsies. I do not regard them as having chosen the most elegant of vocations, nor as a class can they be said to sustain enviable relations to society. But they are doing something, making money, finding themselves possessed of inherent industrial power, and their acquisition and possession of means are making them a better race of men.

In one of the large London "Traveling Goods" concerns, previously referred to, the largest shareholder is a gypsy who is reported to be worth £8,000. I know of many shooting galleries in London conducted by gypsies. They are not only successful with these, but, in associative form, just as they are beginning to own most of the money-making Punch and Juddy shows of the metropolis, control many like privileges at noted places of holiday resort, near London, from which unusual profit is derived. One of the most thriving vegetable boothmen of Covent Garden Market is a gypsy, who is in great favor with, and is brought much trade by, the countless costers of the neighborhood.

Near the Royal Albert Docks is a public house owned and conducted by a gypsy, and this property is worth more than £2,000. Precisely, as in some of the leading American cities, where important horse sales-stables are owned by gypsies who are thought to be of another race, I found in London and its environs thirty-one similar establishments wholly controlled by gypsies. They are credited with an extraordinary amount of trade, not only in horses but in donkeys, Shetland and Cushendal ponies and goats. Commission dealings are unknown. Every transaction is made for cash, and in two of these places the leasehold, fittings and stock of animals always on hand must require the possession of a capital of from £5,000 to £10,000.

An odd and profitable business in London is that of purveyor of carts and donkeys to the costermongers. There are thousands upon thousands of these costers in the metropolis. Many are notoriously improvident. To start in business requires a hand-barrow or cart, and a coster of recognized standing must possess both cart and donkey. There are many places where from 50 to 500 carts are hired out by the day, week or month, and where costers may purchase barrows, carts and donkeys on the partial-payment plan. Those controlling this manner of business are said to secure a profit of 500 to 1,000 per cent. They are usually graduate costers, but three of those engaged in the traffic I know to be gypsies, who are becoming very rich. They are supposed to be retired costers, with whom London gypsies have many points of common resemblance, character and interest.

The most surprising discovery of this sort I ever made in London was in the acquaintance of a dramatic agent, near the corner of York and Waterloo roads, on the Surrey side, while making inquiries regarding the haunts and ways of London music-hall performers, among the many agents of this city. The man is one of the richest and most powerful of this numerous tribe. Those who daily deal with him believe him to be a Hebrew, but I had indubitable evidence, aside from his own admission, that this man, whom hundreds of the "prossers" fawned upon and feared for his favor and influence in "booking" their London and provincial music-hall engagements, was none other than one of the outcast Romany race. He had in former times been "on the road" with "vagrom" traveling shows, some of which he still controls, and had, gradually and without attracting attention to his early gypsy associations, become a leading dramatic agent in this famous "Poverty Junction" region.

I know in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Plymouth and London of many gypsies who are chimney-sweeps, and who, by hiring others and doing "contract" work, have secured independence and comfort. At Brighton, Southport, Scarborough and other important English seaside resorts are hundreds of donkeys upon which "outers" and all children are given bone-breaking rides along the beaches. Nearly all the owners of these are gypsies, some of whom not only have respectable bank accounts, but also own town properties. In and about Nuneaton and Coventry are many gypsy property owners. A few are farmers, but most own properties at the outskirts of these cities, such as places for stabling, sales stables and old inns which still have attraction for the farmers, and make dickering in horses and other livestock possible and profitable. Probably the richest of all British gypsies, one Smith, lives at Nuneaton. He owns nearly all the houses and land in one entire street, has money in considerable sums loaned to speculative traveling gypsies, and is also the owner of bank stock and blocks of shares in the London and Northwestern Railway. Altogether his holdings are computed to exceed a quarter of a million of dollars.

On one occasion while visiting the old cathedral city of Gloucester, England, and wandering in St. Catherine's street where the Sunday-school was first established by Robert Raikes, I came, at the head of the street, to a little old inn much frequented by farmers. I entered and sat down to rest. A half-dozen country folk were just closing some sort of commercial transaction, and one of the men had counted out £300 in gold sovereigns. He took a receipt and shortly left. I asked the barmaid if that was not an odd place for so much money, and she replied that it was not, for "Oilcloth Dick" and such as he frequented the place, and "gypsies seemed to have all the ready money in England these days." "His van is just over there," she added, "and it's worth seeing." Repairing to the lane indicated I found "Oilcloth Dick," his van, and some half-dozen gypsy families. The latter had for years peddled oilcloth, which they secure from Yorkshire factories, throughout England, Scotland and Wales. They are several hundred in number. Their vans are beautiful specimens of wagon-making.

In no city in the world can be found finer draught horses than in Liverpool. The floats, or four-wheeled trucks, are called "lorries," their drivers "lorrymen," and the huge horses which, two and three tandem, pull from four to six tons of cotton or iron over the streets with dignified ease, are consequently lorry cattle. They are chiefly bred in Wales, Lancashire and Clydesdale, Scotland. Having been much among these lorrymen and their "nippers," or apprentice helpers, I soon discovered that the trade in these valuable horses was not altogether confined to English horse dealers. Two gypsies purchase Scottish and Lancashire horses for the Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester markets, and one gypsy is the largest trader from Wales. It is not seldom that these Romany horse merchants have from £2,000 to £5,000 invested in single shipments, and, very different than with their Gorgio or gentile brethren, every penny of these amounts is their own and not borrowed money. These instances could be, from personal knowledge, indefinitely multiplied. There is but one conclusion from them. The "gypsy question" on this side of the ocean will soon cease to occupy the attention of even the missionaries, for the British gypsy is becoming a British business man, even though as yet in a small way, and in canniness and thrift in trade and economy in living no human being can surpass this outcast Romany race. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Salvini's Splendid Success in the Great Metropolis.

The Most Remarkable Knife Duel Ever Witnessed in a Theater—Cleveland's "Mourning" Company—General Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York, under date of May 20th, says:

"'1492' is the single novelty of the week, but its Boston run has made it familiar with dramatic editors all over the country. The Gothamites, who had seen it in the modern Athens, were exceedingly doubtful of its New York success, but of that there can scarcely be a doubt for E. E. Rice has massed his half-nude women in showy costumes and staged the whole in a garish way that is sure to attract. It is the old Rice methods, however—slang, topical songs, puns and dances, all extremely fetching. But its New York success is not so much due to the show, perhaps, as to the public feeling at present about Columbus. In an abstract manner we have been celebrating our discovery, and as John Chinaman's first discovery of the Pacific Slope was a little too long ago, and the advent of the Carthagenians too far south, Columbus does well enough, although the Norsemen who first saw the East coast of the United States have the best claim. There has hence been no enthusiasm of the man Columbus, who, as a fact, did not discover anything, but took the chart from the dead body of the pilot Sanchez, which led him to the West Indies, and thus Mr. Rice's fooling with the august historical personage, who the unthinking try to deify, gives a vent hole to the rubbish that the fertile imagination of our public speakers have been inflating the public with lately. As Christopher Columbus did not discover the North American Continent, never saw it, and, in fact, did not even know of its existence when he died, Mr. Rice's pricking of the Columbian bladder comes quite timely, and the plot '1492' is, after all, not so improbable as was the plot of Columbus to fool the world, although his was more brutal and dastardly. The majority of the people of Gotham take Columbus as the biggest historical fraud of this world of ours, but they have been compelled in somber silence to listen to the hifaluten lies told about him so long that they more keenly enjoy the fun Rice has poked at him in '1492.'

"At the Manhattan Opera-house young Salvini has been seen in 'L'Ami Fritz' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' The first of these plays is in three acts, the latter in one. 'L'Ami Fritz' is an idyl. For a play without much action it is fascinatingly interesting. It has been adapted by Salvini and a member of his admirable company. As Fritz, the jolly bachelor, Mr. Salvini was very true to nature. He had a difficult role, but he filled it in a masterly manner. As the fiery young Italian in 'Rusticana,' Mr. Salvini surprised everybody. He speaks about three hundred words to the minute, but every word is clear and distinct. The duel with knives between Mr. Salvini and William Redmund at the end of the play is one of the most terrific scenes ever witnessed in a theater. The 'supers' were the genuine article—well-drilled Italians. They did not come out and stand like sticks, but moved around and talked in the most natural manner. Mr. Salvini's support is very good—Mr. Redmund, of course, being at the head of the table. The star had seven curtain calls, every one of which he shared with his entire company. He is the most generous of stars, as well as one of the best. He is a worthy son of a most worthy sire.

"At the People's Theater, at the Wednesday matinee, Miss Agnes Herndon tried a new play called 'A Girl with a Temper,' although she did not advertise it. It is in four acts, and tells the story of an English girl with ideas. As she lives in England, where the action takes place, she naturally has a lively time of it, but her ideas are good ones, and she gets the best end of the plot. 'A Girl with a Temper' is the best play Miss Herndon has yet owned. She will run it next season, and it is sure to be a money winner.

"On Monday at the Fifth Avenue Theater Stuart Robson changed his repertory replacing 'Stoops to Conquer' with 'The Henrietta' and packed houses have gathered to renew their acquaintance with the lamb-like Bertie, and thoroughly enjoy the sterling comedian's portrayal of the role, which is one of his best characterizations. Mr. Robson's New York engagement has so far been the most profitable he has yet had in the metropolis."

CLEVELAND'S MINSTRELS IN MOURNING.

It is the unexpected that always happens in the show business, and "if it is not one thing it is another" to torment the manager and keep him on the anxious seat. W. S. Cleveland, the minstrel man, arrived in a town where he was informed that his troupe couldn't play. "Because, you see, the manager's wife's cousin died last week, and it wouldn't be proper." Cleveland demurred, and no argument availed until an idea struck him—and he is a man full of ideas that strike—and he said: "It wouldn't hardly be proper for a theatrical performance, but my performers will be in black, and black you know is mourning." The jay took to the idea, and saying, "I guess I can fix it," returned in half an hour to say, "All right," and the show was given. As W. S. settled with the local manager that night, he said: "Now, if it was only you that was dead, I'd be perfectly willing to lose a week;" and Mr. Local not appreciating the satire of the remark, relates to this day that Billy Cleveland is one of the cleverest fellows that he ever met. Deaths and insinuations cut no figure with "his locals" that night, as his share amounted to over one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

STAGE NOTES.

Frank Deitz will next year manage Rhea.

Jack McAuliffe's company stranded in Denver.

Sid C. France is dangerously ill at Fort Wayne.

Akron, Ohio, is to have a new $100,000 Opera-house.

Lulu Klein will summer at her villa on the Jersey Highlands.

Dr. Augustin Daly's London Theater will be ready on June 1st.

F. D. Simpson has succeeded Harry Askin as Dixey's manager.

Mrs. Henry E. Abbey is on the sick list in New York with tonsilitis.

The report that Joseph Jefferson has a cancer is vehemently denied.

Marie Tempest will be seen in a new opera in Buffalo October 1st.

Thomas W. Keene owns and runs a half dozen farms on Staten Island.

It is said that Bert Dasher "dropped" a couple of thousand on Lamplighter.

Clement Scott, dramatic editor of the London *Telegraph*, is in Chicago with his bride.

Nellie McHenry is still in New England coining money with "A Night at the Circus."

Charles Alfred Byrne and Gus Kerker have sold their newest opera, "Venus," to E. E. Rice.

Young Alexander Salvini is the exact hight of his illustrious father—five feet eleven inches.

Hayden Coffin goes to Australia after the present season. He has not made a hit in America.

"Ali Baba" begins its summer run at Manager David Henderson's Chicago Opera-house May 28th.

Blanche Walsh sprained her ankle in New York recently, and will be confined to her room for a month.

Miss Lyla Kavenaugh has been engaged by Harry Dixey to appear as the Fairy Queen in "Adonis."

John L. Sullivan "knocked out" a one-armed Biddeford (Maine) lawyer on a Pullman train last Monday.

It is said that W. W. Kelley will bring suit against Grace Hawthorne for running off and marrying someone else.

Thomas W. Keene will return from his journey to Japan in time to open his season in Pittsburg September 4th.

W. H. Lytell and Blanche Marsden's melodrama, "The Lights of New York," has been bought by George M. Welty.

The Duse has again disappointed a London audience and postponed her debut for a week. They don't like it.

The boasts of sluggers and the pomp of power,
And all the fistic art our thoughts engage,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of bruising leads but to the stage.

Sir Augustus Harris opened his grand opera season at Covent Garden, May 15th, with "Lohengrin." Mme. Melba took the part of Elsa.

Miss May Brooklyn sails for London in two weeks, but will return in time to accept either of two offers to create new parts next season.

Edmund C. Stanton has assumed the management of the New York Grand Opera-house, the lease of T. Henry French having terminated May 13th.

Lawrence Hanley will next season make another tour of the country in Blanche Marsden's "The Player" under the management of Frank Maeder.

There is absolutely no hope of Mr. Booth's recovery, and not even a chance that he will be restored to the condition he enjoyed before the stroke of paralysis.

The Sultan of Turkey is an excellent pianist, and spends five hours every day in practicing. He devotes a couple of hours daily in teaching his daughter how to play.

W. A. Brady has probably made more money this year than any manager on the road, Corbett, Bobby Gaylor and "The New South," all having been big money winners.

Albert Bruning will make a flying trip to Europe during the summer to search for old swords and and properties for the new romantic play in which he will star next season.

The stockholders of the Mackaye Spectatorium in Chicago have put up an additional $400,000, and the prodigious Mackaye show may yet be finished before the World's Fair is over.

Jean Davenport Lander, widow of General Lander, is writing a new play for Maida Craigen and Frederick Paulding. Julius Magnus, now with Marie Wainwright, will manage the tour.

The Council of Athens, Ga., at the request of the ministers of that city, have decided to allow no operatic or other performances in that place in which women appear in tights or abbreviated skirts.

J. K. Emmet is yet in New York, but his splendid yacht is riding at her anchor in the lower bay awaiting the arrival of the popular star, who will make a long cruise as soon as everything is ready for the production of his new play "Fritz in the West."

Lawrence Marston of the defunct "Credit Lorraine," is yet in New York on a still hunt after Alexander Comstock, who leased Professor Herrmann's New York Theater on wind, and then blew himself away after the first week, leaving a big hole for Marston to fill.

The "Brooklyn Handicap" is run in the merry week of May when managers, agents and stars, with money, are plentiful in Gotham. This year the talent cleaned out the whole lot, and a good many managers, agents and stars are without much money to speak of.

Gus Heege, the author of "Yon Yonson," has arrived in London on his way to Hull, where he takes steamer for Sweden. It is Mr. Heege's purpose, during the summer, to study the home material of our Swedish emigrants, and for that purpose he will leisurely journey across the peninsula of old Svea, from Gotteborg to Upsala and Stockholm, and thence towards the land of the Laps and the Fins.

"A Dark Horse," a comedy by Henry White, dramatic critic of the Brooklyn *Times*, is to be produced early next season by W. W. Freeman, at present manager of Frank Daniels. Arthur E. Moulton of the "Hoss and Hoss" Company is to create the leading character. Another comedy, "A Day in Camp," by the same author, is to be produced about the same time by J. K. Strasburger.

"The Ensign," the captivating naval play, which has so materially augmented the bank account of Litt & Davis, is generally accepted as the most faithful exponent of historical events ever placed upon the stage. There is nothing forced about "The Ensign," and every child is familiar with the episode in our national life which it so interestingly reproduces. To this fact may be largely attributed the marvelous success of "The Ensign."

It appears that the Hon. Charles Hoyt has not alone made a will that leaves all his theatrical property to Bert Dasher, but that if he dies before he has time to alter it, the theatrical world will be somewhat astonished. Mr. Hoyt is worth nearly a half million of dollars, and has not a living relative. The theatrical firm known now as Hoyt & Thomas, will, at his death, become Dasher & Thomas. The beautiful Hoyt home, with its private theater and spacious grounds at Charleston, N. H., will be turned into a home for indigent actresses. It will be called "Flora Walsh Home," and will be endowed with $150,000. Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Hoyt's mother-in-law, will get the $50,000, and the balance will be used to build a mausoleum in which will rest Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt and Mr. Hoyt's father.

HOW IT LOOKS.

The Bad Effect of Communities Going Back on Themselves.

The following from the Petaluma *Courier* should not be without interest to Sacramento people just now:

"Everyone in Petaluma is familiar with the task, finally successful, of securing for our city a most desirable new manufacturing industry in the line of a starch factory.

"It is very unpleasant to be compelled to state that our citizens have not done their part so well as the 'starch men' have done theirs. The mill and plant are ready for operation and are now only awaiting the time when the new crop shall reduce the present high price of potatoes to a figure which shall warrant their use for making starch.

"The building and machinery are better than these gentlemen originally agreed to supply. They have more than kept their faith with Petaluma. Our people have not done so well by them. A great many of the subscribers have not yet paid their subscriptions. They should now come forward without another day's delay, and thus prevent serious damage to the fair name of Petaluma in the matter of keeping her faith with manufacturers whom we desire to have locate with us.

"A very little in the line of failure to keep good our promises to men of this kind will give our city a very black eye among men who are seeking a new location for manufactures."

AN HONEST MAN.

How He is Paying Off Outlawed Debts.

The following, from the Oakland *Tribune* of May 25th, is a just tribute to an honest man:

In 1888 William T. Coleman, one of the pioneer merchants of San Francisco, bebecame financially involved and was crowded to the wall. The failure was a bad one, and many harsh things were said about the veteran merchant. Since then Mr. Coleman has been retrieving his lost fortunes in other fields, and although all his old debts have been compromised or outlawed, he is now paying them off dollar for dollar. Such instances of business honor are very rare, and their rarity makes them all the more praiseworthy. During his long and active life in San Francisco, Mr. Coleman figured conspicuously on several occasions as the friend of law and order at the most critical junctures in the city's history, but there is nothing that he ever did which will redound so much to his credit as this voluntary act of wiping out old debts which he might have avoided paying if he so chose.

Death on a Train.

A man named Urias Hoyt, en route from the East to Los Angeles, died suddenly on yesterday morning's train when in the vicinity of Emigrant Gap. The body was taken off the train at Auburn, where an inquest will be held.

AT THE FAIR.

A Crowning Exhibit—Something of the Curious Gatherings.

Manufactures Building the Admiration of Every Visitor—Tour Through the Main Avenue.

[Chicago Herald, May 17th.]

An American citizen walked from one end of Columbia avenue to the other yesterday afternoon. That is not a very long thoroughfare—only a third of a mile—but he was more than an hour covering it. He was a common, every-day American citizen when he started. At each step it seemed to him he swelled in his own estimation. At the clock tower he was proud enough to ascend that structure and make a Fourth of July speech. At the end of his walk he wanted to wear an eagle on his hat and shout till his throat should be stiff. It was not solely as an American that he was filled with exaltation, but as a member of the human race. He was lifted up with pride in the achievements of his fellow-man, and in satisfaction that his own country was the host of such a splendid company.

Columbia avenue, you of course know, is the broad thoroughfare which traverses the center of the greatest building that ever was. It runs through the manufactures and liberal arts building from the grand court to the plaza at the northern end. A walk down this thoroughfare is like a tour of the world in sixty minutes. Though if you are to do it in sixty minutes you must fifty times repress an impulse to linger beside some new marvel in the handiwork of man and go marching on. You cannot beat the record in a trip around the world and stop and see all the grand cathedrals and picturesque ruins and beautiful women and inviting galleries of art.

Columbia avenue was a picture yesterday. For the first time in its history it was really ready for the world tourists who came tramping through it. For the first time it gave a satisfactory glimpse of the glory it is to be when finally perfect. Here and there the construction goes on, but the little there is simply serves to enliven the scene, to give a glimpse of process as well as a panorama of result. It is to-day the world's most noble and inspiring thoroughfare. It is the avenue down which the man on whom the hand of fate has fallen and whose steps in this world are few should choose to expend the last remaining atoms of his strength.

FOLLOWING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The American citizen just seen emerging in pride and exaltation entered the avenue from the central court. He had not been there before. The first thing he did was to stand fully five minutes gazing at the immensity of the inclosure trying to comprehend it, instinctively but vainly seeking adjectives with which to characterize it, and finally giving it all up, as a man gives up trying to measure the ocean or count the stars, conceding it to be too vast and wonderful for the range alike of his vision and his mind. No one told him which way to go, but away over his head, he couldn't guess how many hundred feet, was a line of pendent stars and stripes extending so far in a perspective of red and white that he could not see the farthest. For aught he knew to the contrary the line led away to Lincoln Park or to the pineries of Wisconsin; but wisely concluding that where the stars and stripes pointed the way he could afford to go he set out for the "farthest north" and thus entered upon Columbia avenue.

At the very outset he paused to note the graceful outlines of the Italian pavilion; to see the faces of the greatest human products of the land of the blue sky—Christoforo Colombo and Michael Angelo—in bas relief either side of the central arch; to peep at a beautiful painting, one-quarter part of which emerged from a packing case; to smile at the immense bronze lion who guards the entrance and in whose voracious open mouth some wag had placed a placard, "Empty"; to look through the pavilion and let the eye rest upon a bewildering array of female figures in marble, and to watch the workmen, with many a "heave-oh," in liquid Italian, roll and push a colossal Cæsar Augustus into place.

There was something appropriate about starting this Columbia avenue with the country which gave to the world Columbus, the discoverer; and it did not escape the eye of the visitor that a little further along, on the right, was the pavilion and exhibits of the Northmen, who claim to have antedated Columbus in knowledge of these shores. There are paintings of fjords and the icy mountains and the handiwork of a people noted for industry and coinage.

Switzerland is next, and her light pavilion with maroon hangings is graceful and well adapted to the display of the watches and jewelry for which the little Republic is so famous, at the same time affording a view of the panorama of the Alps, which lights up the background.

"I see," said the visitor, "there the mountains, rising high and cold and grand all around, and here in the central valley Switzerland, making watches and jewels and toys for all the world."

The visitor was right. That is precisely the picture which the ingenious Swiss have made of their meager space. A crowd was around the Swiss watches, as there always is, and a man who evidently knows something about the business pointed out that many of the finest timekeepers were in part machine-made.

LEARNED AT THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

"Credit that to the last international exposition we had in this country," said he, "for it was the centennial exhibition that taught the Swiss how to use machinery in their watch factories."

In this way one gets a glimpse of the fact that this avenue is not only an international show window, but a clearing-house of ideas and of processes which make the world better and fill it with better and cheaper things.

Russia and Denmark next attract attention. A curious crowd watches the servants of the Czar, each in his cap, colored blouse, showing like a jersey coat below his waistcoat, and boots with a thousand wrinkles about the ankles, laboriously erecting the quaint ancient structure which has done service at Nijni Novgorod and Moscow. One is impressed that one Russian workman looks just like every other Russian workman, and these may be the same men, if we may judge by pictures we saw in the illustrated papers, pulling down the thatched roofs of cottages to feed their starving cows. There is a suggestive contrast between that scene of famine and this assemblage of luxury.

The French are putting the finishing touches on their pavilion, which is to be by long odds the most splendid thing in the lot. Forty female figures uphold twenty beautiful arches. The painters are busy on the grand entrance. Atop the central arch is a tall flag-staff, from which floats the tri-color, and though a hundred feet from the floor, or as high as the roof of a building that would be tall in any city but Chicago, it falls so far short of reaching the roof of the mighty tent of iron and glass spread over the whole that the American citizen is reminded of a story. It is that of the boy who climbed upon the roof of the house and tried to touch the sky with his mother's clothesline pole. Within the French pavilion are so many beautiful things that the visitor finds time to pause and look at but a single article. This is the Dore vase, and after five minutes, during which he is bewildered in admiration of this work of surpassing genius, he prudently concludes to come again when he may remain an hour.

Through the vast area roll the metallic notes of the chimes as if some agency more finite was causing reverberations of indescribable harmony to vibrate in the ears of all the nations at once. The American citizen, now surprising himself by trying to think great thoughts—it is indeed a great structure that inspires to self-unfolding—looks at the clock in the tower and finds he must hasten his steps. Of course he must have a passing look at

THE DISPLAY OF ENGLAND

And her colonies on the other side of the avenue. He notes the British characteristic showing conspicuously here—modest, almost plain pavilion, unassuming in form and color, as if the Briton were saying to his neighbors, French and German, across the way: "You may erect towers and arches and domes and grand entrances if you like, but my wares need no such embellishment. I take my stand on merit alone."

Around the clock tower or center mark of the vast inclosure are ranged the four chief nations of the world—France, England, Germany and the United States. The French are effusive and pretentious, but highly artistic. The English modest and even quiet, and the Germans are massive, strong, impressive, magnificent. Their pavilion has many phases and features. It speaks of an empire of many epochs and principalities finally rolled into one and ruled with a strong hand. There is here variety and yet unity, contrasts and still symmetry, and above all solidity. Go into the clock tower where the beautiful chimes are rung and look to to the southwest and you see a French structure, lovely to gaze upon but likely to be blown away in the first storm that comes. To the northwest Germany has planted castles and battlements that look as if they might endure till the end of time.

Farther along toward the "farthest north" of the red, white and blue perspective is the handsome pavilion of Austria, crowned with the beautiful glass of Bohemia and the deft handiwork of the Hungarian conspicuous within. Still farther, the characteristic pagoda of the Japs, who are the Yankees for energy and the French for politenes of the Orient.

EXHIBITS MADE BY AMERICAN FIRMS.

How fares the United States along this noble avenue of the nations? Both well and ill. Her place of honor, next the central spot, is occupied by a pavilion erected by a New York firm which is neither perfect nor inferior. It is more simple than that of the French, less heroic than that of the Germans, immeasurably more worthy than that of the English. This is in its facade. Within it is the most beautiful specimen of modern wall treatment and illumination to be found in the whole exposition. It must be remembered in this connection that the rivals across the way, France on one side and Germany on the other, have the Government and the Government's money at their command. America's show-piece is due to the enterprise of a firm, and—let full credit be given—an American firm at that.

There are many other worthy pavilions along the American front, including one of solid mahogany, which in taste or richness cannot be excelled. But as evidence of the love the people have for action note the crowds always thick and eager about the display of watchmaking machinery in an American pavilion. Germany and France are neglected for a view of this marvelous mechanism—machines which seem of almost human intelligence and of more than human precision and rapidity. Watching these appliances with an alert eye is a swarthy Swiss. The expression on his face is a study.

"After all," says the American citizen, as he pauses under the northernmost flag of his country hanging so high, "the best American exhibit here is the mighty palace which Chicago has erected for all the world to build its palaces in and with room to spare."

Along Columbia avenue it is as host that America shines best.

Home Manufacturing.

[Los Angeles Times.]

Some time since the *Times* announced the organization of a shoe manufacturing company at Alhambra, and it now affords us pleasure to learn that the factory is thoroughly under way, and that first-class goods of home manufacture are being offered to the people of Southern California. The hope of any country is in the upbuilding of manufactures—the creation of complete articles of commerce out of raw material. This the sagacious gentlemen at Alhambra are doing. They began without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, and have gone forward in a practical and business-like way, and it is to be hoped that the merchants and consumers of this section will stand by them in their laudable effort to keep a portion of the money in circulation at home that has heretofore gone East for boots and shoes. The success of this enterprise means the establishment of others; it means an influx of thrifty and industrious workmen to help swell the wealth of the county, and hence is deserving of the most liberal support. May the Alhambra Shoe Manufacturing Company wax strong and be long-lived!

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief, and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

ITCHING AND BURNING

Sores All Over Her Body. Suffering Endless. Doctor Useless. Cured in 4 Weeks by Cuticura.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my little girl so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin diseases. She was troubled with itching, burning sores. When I took her to the doctor the first time, he called it the Italian itch, and said he would cure her in two weeks. When the two weeks were up, he called it eczema, and in that time she was worse than before. He doctored her for three months, and she was so bad that we did not know what to do. He did not do her any good. I saw the advertisement of CUTICURA REMEDIES in the paper, and I said to my wife, "I am going to try them." Mind what I say, she was so thick with sores that we had to soak her clothes to take them off. Itch! there was no end to it. She had it all over her body, back, legs, arms, in between her fingers. She did not have it on her head. But after taking your CUTICURA REMEDIES for two weeks the itch stopped, and in four weeks the sores were all gone. I inclose her portrait. I am more than pleased with your CUTICURA REMEDIES, as they speedily cured my daughter, and if anybody asks me about your remedies, I will uphold them wherever I go.

CHARLES M. GRONEL,
Conshohocken, Montgomery County, Pa.

Why Suffer One Moment

From torturing and disfiguring skin diseases, when a single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant relief in the most agonizing of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp and blood diseases, with loss of hair, and point to a speedy, permanent and economical cure.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and testimonials mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

PLAZA CASH GROCERY

Tenth and J Streets.

SPENCER BROS., PROPRIETORS. NEW, good, choice selection; large variety. Choice Butter, Fresh Eggs, Fruits and Vegetables. Prompt delivery free. A call is invited.

Cures Others

Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood diseases from the system, and it has, deservedly, the confidence of the people.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I cannot forbear to express my joy at the relief I have obtained from the use of AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with kidney troubles for about six months, suffering greatly with pains in the small of my back. In addition to this