

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1903.

NUMBER 3307.

NEWS OF NEW YORK

Why Russell Sage Goes to Bed Roaring Every Night.

GAEKWAR AND THE ONLY 400

Henry George for Mayor—The Next World's Fair—A Congress of Criminals—Mexico's President.

Said Russell Sage lately, in a rare burst of confidence: "I go to bed roaring every night of my life."

Naturally his hearer asked an explanation, and was informed that the rapid transit situation occasioned the mighty financier's merriment. The New York city authorities, backed by public opinion, have been making much ado over their threats to abandon all negotiation with the elevated railroad people. The latter laugh in their sleeves. Nothing would suit Russell Sage and his clique better than to have some one build an underground or overhead transportation line in Gotham. The Manhattan directors are really trying to so shape the situation that this shall be done. The roadwork completed and paid for by the wealthy step in and by the sheer brute power of money force it out of the builders' hands into their own. The project now is to yield to the demands of New Yorkers with the ultimate object of bringing all this to pass. Hence Mr. Sage's seclusion from the interviewer in the recesses of his Broadway office.

This same Broadway office has just been provided with the most extraordinary precautions for personal safety ever devised by mortal man. Mr. Sage is in a condition of chronic panic as a result of the famous bomb-throwing episode, despite the sardonic chuckle that his withered face so often wears. When you enter his office now a blank wall of high, unpainted boards confronts you, reaching almost to the ceiling. Above it rises a network of wire, rendering the projection of an explosive over the boards an impossibility. Three square holes, a foot in diameter, placed at intervals in the woodwork, enable the visitor to state his business to the clerks within, but a wholesome terror of cranks has caused Mr. Sage to have a metal grating placed at these openings through which a man's thumb could hardly pass. The financier's office, therefore, resembles a Sing Sing corridor of cells, and his employees suggest the inmates thereof.

But the precautions do not end here. In the strong board partition is one small door. It is always kept locked. Mr. Sage lets himself in with a key, of which his confidential clerk has a duplicate. The door is open as seldom as possible, and when the clerks pass in or out it has to be specially unlocked each time. When, therefore, you visit Mr. Sage your card must be passed through the barrier, beyond which you will perhaps see the multi-millionaire in a small inner office. Should it be worth while, and your appearance gives no indication of a concealed bomb, the seal will pass you inside the fortifications.

The illness of amusement is affected by the condition of the bars, white-washed walls. Lead pencil scribbles suggest worse than schoolboy vandalism. "Stimley Russell Sage" is scribbled in great black letters here and there, with doggerel verse galore. Only a wish to more effectively ventilate the character of the man prompts me to state that many of these scribbles on Russell Sage's office walls are so indelible as to be unprintable.

This appears the workshop of the only New Yorker who singly could raise fifty million dollars cash in one hour and who goes to bed roaring every night of his life.

The French world here is already interesting himself in the coming world's fair at Paris in 1904. Many prominent New York houses have already promised to exhibit and the exposition, so far as this city is now concerned, will not appear at this time. The strength that attaches to "taking time by the forelock. The president of the French republic has already declared that if New York can only be made to endorse over the affair all America will follow suit. Frederick R. Conant thinks it would be of incalculable benefit to our foreign trade to prepare an imposing display in Paris for 1904 and every dollar spent thereupon would return tenfold.

The piano makers of Gotham are particularly interested and propose attending to the requirements of the Chicago fair authorities by accomplishing marvels in the way of an exhibit at Paris. If we had been as prompt as the French in the disposition matter countless frictions and delays would have been missing from our fair.

When Father McEllynn Goes Justice.

Dr. McEllynn's return to New York is the signal for the renewal of efforts to make Henry George mayor of New York.

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Fielding Has Sympathy for Those Who Can't Get Away

TO ENJOY THE COOL BREEZES

Explains His Own Elaborate Plans for a Whole Summer in the Country and What Has Come of Them.

We had a warm day in April, sandwiched in among cold drizzles and raw east winds. I remember that it made me think about summer vacation and sweet country air.

Such thoughts were naturally suggested not only by the heat, but by the exasperation in the street in front of my house. I noticed that when the street is dug up the weather is always what Prof. Koch might call "fortile."

Thus we have no excuse for forgetting the corpses of old jobs which lie buried in municipal corruption.

On that day I closed the windows of our flat and thoughtfully plugged the cracks with oakum. Then I killed the bailli that had already got in with a club which I keep for the purpose after which I said to Maude: "We will begin right now to save money in order that we may get out of town for the whole summer."

She made a few rapid calculations with the aid of a pencil and paper. It is wonderful how quickly a woman can figure out the cost of eleven dresses while a man will study for months on a scheme for standing off a tailor on a ten dollar suit of clothes.

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"The 1st of June," said I, warmly. "You will not catch me spending the month of June in New York city."

"We can't do it," said she. "You need a suit of clothes yourself."

"Well," said I, "here's forty dollars which I intended to give to Taylor & Cutter. Their collector has formed the habit of sleeping on the mat before the door of my office. It is injuring his health and wearing out the mat. However, as we must save money, I will buy a suit somewhere else with your figures, we shall need but four hundred and sixty dollars by June 1."

I wonder how many men made similar resolutions on the first hot day. We all know how much a nice, long vacation would benefit us. Even supposing that it would cost us considerable money and would bring the misery of hope deferred to our creditors, we are sure that we should feel so much more energetic afterwards that we could get the money back and talk the creditors into quite a cheerful mood.

The trouble is that we need the money first. How many things we could do if we could only turn the elementary industrial processes hind side before. It would, for instance, be easy enough to save money if we could have it first and save it afterwards.

I have been wrestling with that problem all my life. When I was a boy the other boys all had fret saws. How they got them I don't know. I think they must have stolen them from one another. They saved out various ornamental articles and sold them for money enough to buy the powder with which they blew their fingers off on the fourth of July.

Of course I earnestly desired to enter so attractive a field of labor. So I went to my natural protector and asked him for a fret-saw.

"Why don't you earn the money?" he inquired, desiring to awaken in me the commercial instinct.

"There's no way of earning money in this town," said I, "except by sawing out brackets and selling 'em."

Understanding my weakness as this anecdote reveals it, Maude had little else of getting out of town on June 1. She knew that I could earn a summer vacation in October, but never in the spring. However, there were signs of a great resolution in my soul. Under its influence I worked very hard for a whole day. Then I calculated how much I should make at that rate by June 1 and found that it was more than enough. The making of this calculation was all the work I did on the second day, and the result was so satisfactory that I didn't think it necessary to work on the third day, either. Then I had a spasm of clear vision. I saw that what I had done must really be set down as three days' work. On this basis I made a new calculation, which showed that I should be over four hundred dollars behind on June 1. This calculation was all the work I did on the fourth day, and it discouraged me so deeply that I loafed for the remainder of the week.

The reader who may have tried something of this sort himself will not be surprised to learn that I had not accumulated the amount required by June 1. Our plan at that time was to get away about the middle of the month. But very soon it began to be hot, much too hot for work. Besides, the people who stood behind counters or sat all day at desks appreciated this fact, but they had to do only half as much work as I. When a man is his own "boss" he ought to draw two salaries, one for the work he does and the other for kicking himself until he does it. I present this fact for the comfort of those who will have their vacations meted out to them by a higher power, and who envy writers,

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Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Jenks Give a Beautiful Reception

FOR MR. AND MRS. GARVEY

Of San Francisco—The Home Was Decorated with Sweet Peas—A Dull Week in Local Society.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Jenks of No. 109 Washington street, assisted by Miss Jenks and Mr. Garvey of Grand Rapids, gave a large party Thursday night in honor of Mrs. Garvey and Miss Garvey of San Francisco.

Only the more intimate friends of the family were present. The house was fragrant from the sweet pea decorations, and the piazzas and lawn were hospitable places where the cool evening air could be enjoyed in hammocks and easy chairs.

Dancing began at 10 o'clock, Wallon Stein's orchestra, Wilbur Force, Harry Hubbard and Mrs. Davis giving the inspiring music. Miss Brockway of New York city, Miss Anderson of Chicago, Miss Stewart of Utica, New York; Miss Ulrick of Columbus, Ohio, and Mrs. Wren of Fort Leavenworth were of the company.

Unity Church Matters. On Wednesday evening the members and friends of the unitarian church met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. J. Holden of No. 13 Summer street, and held a business session and social.

The report of the Rev. H. Digby Johnston of Chicago had accepted the call as pastor of the church for the coming year was received with pleasure. Mr. Johnston will soon come to the city and will hold mission meetings in the suburbs until September, when the regular services of the church will begin. It is not yet decided as to the place of worship. It will be either in Temple Emanuel or in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian association building. After the business affairs were settled, the company enjoyed the hospitality of the pleasant home and admired the handsome library. Ices were served.

"Four O'Clock." A reception was given from 4 to 6 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Frank D. Forbush of No. 113 Ransom street in honor of her one-time school friend, Mrs. W. C. Wren, wife of Lieutenant Wren of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Mrs. Wren was known in her old home in Grand Rapids as Miss Kate Bonnell. Forty invitations were sent and among the guests living in the city were Miss McCoy of Elmira, New York; Miss Brockway of New York city; Miss Brace of Detroit; Miss Sherlock of Cincinnati and Miss Garvey of California. Mrs. Forbush was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles McQueen, Miss Bonnell and Miss Moore. Graceful sweet pea paniers were the decorations, and delicate refreshments and ices were served.

Miss Putnam's "At Home." At the beautiful home of Enos Putnam on South College avenue, his daughter, Miss Estelle, gave an "At Home" at 3:30 Wednesday afternoon to twenty-five of her friends, in honor of Miss Ulrick of Columbus, Ohio. The decorations were of sweet peas and maiden hair ferns, and all the appointments were in exquisite taste. The summer gowns of hostess and guests were artistic and beautiful and the daintiest of refreshments were served. The guests, who are not residents of the Valley City, besides Miss Ulrick, were Miss Garvey of California, Miss Hannah of Traverse City, Miss Thompson and Miss Grace of Detroit.

Complimentary Luncheon. On Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock Mrs. Fred Ball and Miss Ball gave a complimentary luncheon in honor of the occasion to Miss Grace of Detroit. The occasion was simple and informal. The handsome home on South College avenue was decorated with fragrant sweet peas, and the round table about which the twelve comprising the party were seated was decorated with pink flowers and greenery. Miss Grace of Detroit, Mrs. John Barnhart, Miss Hinds, Miss Daniels, Miss Bonnell, Miss Dalton, Miss Lena Remington, Miss Putnam, Miss Estelle Putnam and Miss Ulrick of Columbus, Ohio, were the guests.

German Classes. Miss Nelson is forming a conversational class for advanced students in German, which will be led by Mrs. Orth and Mrs. Grinnell. The number will be limited to sixteen members. Melancthon street, Germantown, Rosenthal, Wilson, and the Misses Dean, McCay, Wolcott, and Levi have joined the class. Miss Ella Morrison is forming another German conversational for those who are less familiar with the German tongue. This class will also be limited to 16 members. Mrs. Orth and Mrs. Grinnell will conduct the club meetings. Both classes will meet once each week.

Brake Ride. A party of women starting last Wednesday morning from the home of Mrs. John Goldsmith of No. 17 North Union street took a brake ride to Cascade Springs, where they spent the day among the enjoyments of that resort. The evening ride home was delightful. The party was composed of Mrs. John Goldsmith, Mrs. George Rutledge of Knoxville, Tennessee, Mrs. C. L. Fitch, Mrs. E. Enos, Mrs. Frank Konkle and Mrs. B. F. Littlefield.

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doctors, lawyers and confidence men who go away when they please. Do not be deceived when you see such a man apparently idle at this time of year. He is not taking his vacation; he is working ghostly hard. Inside of him, probably, there is that machine which modern ideas of money have developed as a substitute for the earliest conscience. That machine is working fourteen hours a day, and it makes him very tired. He is trying to make himself get up and hustle. I know that job; it is mine right now, and I'm "agin it." I do not love any kind of work but I would rather saw wood on compulsion than try to make myself do it in my own interest.

In the middle of June it became evident that Maude and I could not get out of town before the last part of July. And the more I couldn't get a vacation the more I wanted one. I had previously known "that tired feeling" only as it appears in the pages of romance.

Maude, I had not learned by experience what it is to be so tired that lying flat on one's back seems like violent exercise. I caught a doctor on the street where he couldn't reasonably charge me a large fee—or, if he did, he couldn't collect it because I can run faster than he can—and I asked for his advice. I laid my case before him, and he said: "You must take a long vacation. Go away and stay away all summer. You won't be fit for work till you do."

It was the old story of the fret-saw. I told Maude about it. Her husband should confide in their wives. I am an open-hearted beast, and I never fail to tell her anything that will make her miserable. But if a man pays me five dollars unexpectedly, I salt it away in my inside vest pocket because I may need it.

"Poor old Howdy," she said, and I began to feel very bad for myself; "you must have a little fresh air. Suppose we go out into the suburbs for a few weeks."

Now, strictly speaking, New York hasn't any suburbs. There is Westchester county, but I remember, I am an open-hearted beast, and I never fail to tell her anything that will make her miserable. But if a man pays me five dollars unexpectedly, I salt it away in my inside vest pocket because I may need it.

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SPRING & COMPANY'S

LETTER TO THE LADIES.

We never rest in our efforts to make this store a better field for patrons. Take a few things from the different departments at the prices which our great buying enables us to offer below the scale of ordinary prices and compare them with what you find in most other stores. This will test the virtue of the trade machinery, and will enable you to judge whether with the aid of foreign looms, steamships, custom houses and railroads we do not accomplish almost miracles in the way of placing for a little money the creamiest of everything known to dry goods retailing before our patrons. We do not always quote figures. Figures in an advertisement settle nothing. It's the quality, the perfection, the width, the fashion, the pattern that must be considered with the price. We must be able to stand by our merchandise, not only in the store but after the customer has taken it home.

THE SPRING & COMPANY'S SPECIALS.

Count over the little notions and nothings that you'll be apt to need. Anything lacking? They're here for you. Have you stopped to think what the modern dry goods store has accomplished in the line of ready to put on garments?



EMANCIPATION FROM LABOR

Is the history of today. No sweating over cutting tables, trying on and fitting of garments, treading sewing machines. Think of the convenience of it—Women's suits for all occasions, house wrappers, daintily stitched muslin underwear, elegant enough for a bridal outfit. ALL HERE FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE USE.

TAKE READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES.

Very likely not a stitch to cut or button to change to make the fit perfect. If there is any altering to do it will cost you nothing. Our assortment consists of all the seasonable fabrics cut to the fashion. "But what about the cost," you say? Ah, that's where we surprise you. Ten to 20% you couldn't buy the stuff for price of dress complete if you select it at the store of SPRING & COMPANY.

Wash a linen lawn, it grows prettier each time, and it's about the coolest, airiest crispest of dress stuffs, and almost the neatest. We'll show you rare bargains this week in a variety of prices.

A COOL DRESS.

Are there any fabrics more suggestive for hot weather dress than our beautiful French challois or Brilliantines? A few of those black and white checks are still available—makes a pretty street dress. Suitings to please every taste, from 27 1/2c to 87 1/2c this week.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

It puzzles everyone to figure out how so much good material and workmanship can be given for the prices. Those French manufacturers have studied out the problem. With the finest materials and expert needle workers they are able to create garments that defy criticism, and cheaply too. Our muslin underwear department controls the business here. Such qualities and styles cannot be found elsewhere; their cheapness is the wonder of every lady. Cambric corset covers, fine chemise, muslin Drawers, muslin skirt, muslin night dresses. Daintily trimmed with ruffings, embroideries, Swiss edges, etc. All sizes for ladies, misses and children.



FIGURE IT OUT

And see if the muslin