

## A WINDOW IN NEW-YORK.

WHAT IT REVEALS OF A QUIET STREET  
ON THE BORDERLAND BETWEEN  
OPULENCE AND POVERTY.

It may be desirable, from a purely worldly point of view, to live in a neighborhood strictly aristocratic, but it is rather dull. Where is the interest in a carriage when the street is lined with them? What excitement can a footman in livery create when there is more than one on a block? On the other hand, it is not well to live amid the very poor, for there ugliness crushes out most of the romance of life. "In medio tutissimus ibis," said the Sun god to Phaeton when he carelessly let that young man drive his chariot for him—the golden mean is best. Life is most interesting in a quiet street, beautiful in itself, on the borderland between wealth and poverty. There are a few such streets in this city, more perhaps than in most large towns, for the lines are not drawn hard and fast in New-York. Once under the charm of such a neighborhood the victim is fixed there, not unhappily for life, but until the street has changed, for it is always changing for better or for worse.

From the window of a house in such a spot one can see every phase of life. On the next block a great carriage stands every afternoon, and a footman, who flutters the hearts of the working girls on their way home, two streets farther down, assists a woman to enter it at 4 o'clock every afternoon and to alight exactly at 6 o'clock. She is a very old woman. She wears a coal scuttle bonnet with a wreath of flowers over the brim, and white stockings and slippers. Her dress is the dress of years ago, but she wears it with a dignity which keeps the girls from smiling even at the stockings. She belongs to the old aristocracy, that will not move from the street because they love it. They can not keep up the dignity of the old place much longer, but they die fighting for it. Like the Old Guard, they never surrender. There are few of the old woman's contemporaries left now, and real estate speculators are waiting for their final journey from their stately homes to tear the walls down and put up apartment houses.

In front of the house on the kindly asphalt the children of the neighboring tenements play. They watch the old woman taking her daily drive, and stare curiously at the dainty grandchildren (or are they great-grandchildren?) who come to visit her occasionally. There are to children in the grand houses. Their little ones grew up years ago and said goodbye to the declining street, and took unto themselves houses uptown. But there are a goodly number of children among the upper class poor who are pushing their way in, waiting their chance to seize the whole neighborhood.

The tenement house children fraternize in the friendliest manner with their wealthier neighbors. The children have two clubs which play at baseball in cheerful defiance of the law. The sons of the moderately well to do wear caps bearing the letters "Y. A." which, being interpreted, mean "Young Americans." The tenement children have no caps and few pairs of shoes among them, so people who look on call them the Ragamuffin Club. They are lively youths, and can beat the Young Americans out of hand at any time.

The Ragamuffin Club is friendly—much more so than the Young Americans. Once captivate the fancy of a Ragamuffin and you have the whole gang at your heels, together with their little sisters. Each one will say "Hullo" to you as you appear on the scene, and to each must be given a return "Hullo." New faces appear and their owners introduce themselves to any one who seems to belong to the initiated. "You know Harry?" will say the newcomer. "Yes," you will answer, "I know Harry." "Well, my name's George," and the introduction is complete. Henceforth "Hullo" must be exchanged with George. The smallest Ragamuffin, who is not a club member, being a girl and a very little one, is the sister of the captain of the team. If she likes you she will walk as far as the big white house with you, not saying anything, but just being friendly.

It was on such an occasion that the great event of the street happened. Molly, the smallest Ragamuffin, wandered as far as the big house with her special friend. The special friend, by the way, had done nothing to justify the child's devotion. Molly had need of a special friend, and the choice might as well fall on one undeserving mortal as another. Contrary to custom, Molly lingered to look at the horses, instead of returning to the sheltering baseball bat of her brother. While she waited the old woman came down the steps. Molly was more interested than she had ever been before. Was she so very, very sick, the poor woman, that the young man had almost to carry her down the stairs? The small child's big eyes grew bigger than ever with sympathy. As the old woman painfully sank on the seat she felt a touch on her dress, and there was Molly carefully tucking in a bit of the skirt, every line of her dark face expressive with pity.

Then occurred the event which was talked of by both Young Americans and Ragamuffins for weeks. The woman invited Molly to have a ride. It was not believed at first when told on the street, but it was proved to be true by eyewitnesses. The smallest Ragamuffin became a personage of greater importance than even her distinguished brother, he of the home runs. Once in a while a Ragamuffin, in a casual



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

JULIE OPP.

In "A Royal Rival," Criterion Theatre.

manner, saves a child from being run over. They are not excited when such things occur. It is a part of Ragamuffinism. The Young Americans would doubtless do as much, but lack of practice stands in the way. Young Americans apparently do not care much for their little brothers and sisters. Young ex-Europeans evidently do, and pulling them from under car wheels is part of the day's work.

Who would not live in such a street, watch the old woman's daily descent, and enjoy the favor of the Ragamuffins? A stagnant pool after running water is Fifth-ave. after such a street. The neighborhood would not give its old dames, its few stately houses, its one great man—at least those of a former generation say he was great—for all the splendor of uptown. "Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky" expresses a truth which is universally admitted but seldom fully realized. "You go most safely in the middle" and you live most philosophically on the borderland, having neither poverty nor wealth, but knowing both through merely sitting at your window.

## A KANSAS WHEAT KING.

HE TAKES HIS RENTALS IN WHEAT.

From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

The land rentals of John T. Stewart, of Sumner County, Kan., will amount to nearly one hundred thousand bushels of wheat this year. In his home county he owns 115 quarter sections of land and about thirty quarter sections in adjoining counties. He rents the lands on the basis of half the yield, he furnishing all the seed and taking chances of securing a crop.

It is estimated that if all the wheat due him on rentals this year was shipped in one consignment it would require seventeen freight trains of fifteen cars each to take it to the market. His rentals in wheat last year netted him \$45,000. In addition to owning about \$350,000 worth of land, every foot of it paid for, he has nearly \$250,000 worth of bank stock and \$300,000 invested in farm lands in Sumner County and Oklahoma.

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Stewart began life as a clerk in an obscure office at \$60 a month. He slept in the office and was economical in other ways. He began loaning money in Sumner County about twenty years ago, and has developed into a remarkable financier. It is said that his ambition is to finally own a railroad, and he may gratify it, as he is still a young man, not more than forty-five. He carries a small memorandum book in his pocket, and it is said that he can take it out at any hour of the day when required and tell every debtor exactly what his account is. Indeed, it is said that accounts of his vast transactions are always kept in a book that fits his trousers pocket.

It is said that he lives on less than \$100 a month, and that outside of this his largest annual expense is \$500 to the Methodist church his wife and large family of children attend. He is not fond of travelling, except to go to a Democratic convention—a diversion he is passionately fond of. He is a pronounced temperance man, and, it is said, believes in the prohibition laws of Kansas.

The great Wellington cyclone of 1892 picked him up and absolutely pacted him to the gable end of a barn, and kept him stuck to it for more than half a minute, as if he was the picture of a man instead of the real thing. When the tornado had passed he dropped to the ground and landed on his feet without a scratch.

## NO AFFAIR OF HERS.

From The Boston Advertiser.

Hostess—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?

Willie (who has asked for the second piece)—No, ma'am.

Hostess—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?

Willie (confidently)—Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know.

## THE SEASON BEGINS.

MORE OF THE THEATRES TO OPEN  
THIS WEEK.WILLIAM FAVERSHAM WITH HIS OWN COMPANY—PLAYS FOR THE EARLY  
AUTUMN.

There is room for the usual suspicion that the theatres are opening too soon. It is still a pretty hot time to ask people to go to the theatre, and the fact that they do go is merely an evidence of their good nature, and does not at all justify managers in expecting them to do it. Three of them opened last week, and there will be as many more this week.

William Faversham, who has been for some seasons the leading man of the Empire Theatre Company, and has gained many admirers, will appear to-morrow night at the head of a supporting company at the Criterion Theatre. He will introduce himself in a play by Gerald Du Maurier, the son of George Du Maurier, who was seen here some time ago as a member of Beerbohm Tree's company. The play is called



JESSALINE ROGERS.

The new leading woman of the American Theatre stock company, "Under Two Flags."

"A Royal Rival," and is a new version of "Don Caesar de Bazan," a work to which further attention is to be called a little later in the season. Mr. Faversham's company is headed by Miss Julie Opp.

The American Theatre will begin its season on Saturday night of this week. It will be conducted in the same manner as a year ago, a stock company occupying the stage, and frequent changes of bill being made. The first play offered will be "Under Two Flags." It is not the same play which was presented at the Garden Theatre last season, but another dramatization of Ouida's novel.

"Arizona" was received with much enthusiasm at the Academy of Music last week, the house being constantly well filled and the audiences giving unmistakable evidences of their enjoyment of the play. A special matinee is announced for Labor Day, one week from to-mor-

row. The company which is to play "Arizona" on the road is rehearsing at the Academy, and will begin its tour on September 2.

Andrew Mack will play his annual New-York engagement this year at the Herald Square Theatre, opening there on Saturday evening. He appears, as usual, in an Irish play. It is called "Tom Moore," and it had a few performances in smaller cities last season.

"Florodora," with all the freshness of its youth about it, although it is nearly a year old, will begin a new week at the Casino to-morrow night. Some recent changes in the cast have taken place, but they do not affect the gaiety of the performance or its still unflinching popularity.

## PARODI AND MME. BERNHARDT.

Paris correspondence of The London Telegraph. In connection with the death of M. Alexandre Parodi, the dramatist, which was noted yesterday, interesting reminiscences are evoked to-day to show how much the author in question owed to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, not forgetting the other famous players of the Français who acted in "Rome Vaincue." This tragedy was kept on hand for four years by the directors of the Français. At last, in 1876, it was decided that the play should be produced. Hearing this, Sarah Bernhardt, asked Perrin, then at the head of the Français, for a part. The director replied that only one role, that of Opimia, would suit the rising actress, but he had given it to a young woman from Brussels named Dulay, whose name had been transformed, for the sake of euphony, into Dudley, and who seemed eminently fitted for the part. "I don't want Opimia," said Sarah Bernhardt. "I want Posthumia." "What! the old grandmother?" cried Perrin, holding up his hands in horror, "why, it would be utterly out of your line; you would be mad to try it." Sarah Bernhardt, however, carried her point, and made up like an old hag from a plaster cast of an ancient fishwife which she had in her studio, being an amateur sculptress. Thanks chiefly to her acting and her appearance in the role of the old woman, M. Parodi's play was well received. In any case, the author was more successful with it than he was with the "Reine Juana" and his other plays.

## ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Berlin correspondence of The Paris Messenger.

Another archeological expedition to Sendjirki, in the north of Syria, will be sent by the Berlin Oriental Society about the end of this year, under Professor von Luschan, of the Ethnological Museum here. The ruins of the ancient capital of the kingdom of Shamal, situated near the Kurd village of Sendjirki, were discovered by Drs. Puchstein and Luseman in 1883 and thoroughly examined by several expeditions from 1888 to 1894 at the expense of the Berlin Oriental Society. The most ancient finds date as far back as about two thousand years before Christ, and consist of some Hittite antiquities, a statue of King Panamua (745 to 727), covered with inscriptions, and an Assyrian stele of Asarhadon, about the year 670 before Christ. The examination of the tumulus covering the castle gate, which dates back as far as 1000 before Christ, the castle itself, and the double well, not being finished in 1894, the work is to be brought to a conclusion by the present inspection.

## THE "BRAIN FEVER BIRD."

From The London News.

Familiar to most residents in India is a kind of cuckoo known as the "brain fever bird," of which an example has just arrived at the Zoo. It has received this lengthy name on account of the fact that its cry, unlike the monotonous voice of its English relative, suggests the words, "Ain't it (an adjective which we must not print) hot? I feel it, I feel it." The cry culminates in a shriek. The bird looks like a hawk, and if Aristotle, who thought that our common cuckoo was in the habit of turning into a hawk, had known the Indian Hierococyx, he would have been confirmed in his error.