

HOUSE, LODGE AND STABLES OF L. J. BUSBY, AT GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND.

Photograph by Wurts Brothers.



FRONT OF THE BUSBY RESIDENCE, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND. C. P. H. Gilbert, architect.



REAR VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

AMERICAN GOOD THINGS.

WHAT TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE CHIEFLY MISS.

THEY SIGH FOR BEEFSTEAK, GREEN CORN, WATERMELON, COFFEE AND ICE.

The ocean current of travel has now set again toward the western shore of the Atlantic. Some of the summer travellers have already come home, more are on the way, and the rest will come soon. The most are bringing with them certain startling discoveries, and some of these are made and brought home afresh each year, even by those who cross the Atlantic often. One of these is that America is a great, good place, and another is that "little old New-York is good enough" for almost anybody.

These convictions do not imply any lack of appreciation of Europe. The majority of American travellers fully recognize the advantages of Europe, such as they are, its beauties of nature and treasures of art, its classic institutions and its ruins, but these things are not the subject of this sketch. This is about the advantages of America and the manner in which the conviction of them steals upon the traveller through the very force of separation. It is an altogether healthy sensation, and it shows that the one who feels it is unspoiled by European indulgence. Neither is this intended to be a profound article. It merely concerns the sentiments and the talk of the most ordinary travellers who have been in Europe for a few weeks or months.

The reader who has never spent a week on board a westward bound Atlantic steamer may be surprised, and perhaps pained, to learn that the subject of discussion which transcends all others among those who have been gathering a summer's experience and culture is food. Americans who travel meet other Americans everywhere they go; but when they get on board the ship which is to bring them home they find that at least nine-tenths of their companions are their countrymen.

At once their thoughts and aspirations are set loose, with a conviction, now felt for the first time in a long while, that they will reach sympathetic ears. Experiences are first related and compared, and these quickly give place to the expression of longings. The beauties of lake, mountain, picture gallery and ruins are mentioned, but as they are mentioned, there comes the absorbing topic of the desire for food. After one has learned the trick, it is amusing to start a group of three or four home-bound Americans on the subject of food, and then to sit still and listen and see how they get on. One would suppose that they had passed their summer in dungeons on bread and water instead of basking on the fat of many lands.

There are five things which will perhaps gradually, but certainly, rise to the surface of the conversation—beefsteak, green corn, watermelon, coffee and ice. Green corn, watermelon and ice are not much expected in Europe, though they are sadly missed, but the inexperienced traveller feels surprised and grieved and hurt at the discovery that he cannot get beefsteak and coffee.

England is the land of beef, and to the American beef means, first of all, beefsteak. He does not realize till he sees it how thoroughly the beef-consuming habit of England is given over to roast beef. Beefsteaks are somewhat used, of course, and there are even beefsteak clubs, but the rump is the usual cut, and the average Englishman would probably think any other portion wasted on steak, when it might be roasted. The thick double sirloin, or club, steak is virtually unknown. "Oh, yes," said an English hotel landlord the other day, "I have heard of those steaks that you have in America; 'porterhouse' you call them, don't you?" And it may be news to some that the name of "porterhouse steak" as well as the thing, is purely American.

In Germany the rump steak, of inferior quality usually, can be had, but the sirloin and the porterhouse are again unknown. In France the beef is prepared in many messy styles, but the very word "bifteck" implies how foreign a thing is the true beefsteak. On the bill of fare of a certain New-York restaurant thirty-three different styles of beefsteaks are enumerated. Other restaurants may offer more, but figures are not at hand. Such a list as this would be a great surprise to the average European hotel-keeper as the printed menu itself, revised and dated, is renewed every day.

curious, too, that the watermelon should never have been introduced in Europe. But it could probably be grown only in the south, and the cost of transportation might bar it from the northern countries. The melons which are eaten in Europe are generally good, but they are high in price, and it seems curious again that some of the many American varieties of melons and cantaloupes should not be cultivated. The American never knows how good these melons are till he spends a summer where he cannot get them. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the custom of beginning a breakfast with melon or other fruit is one of the distinctly excellent things which are purely American.

The difficulty of getting good coffee in Europe is perhaps the most surprising trouble of all. On the Continent the decoction which bears the name is an especially inferior brew. Travelling Americans have various theories among themselves as to what German coffee is made of. That it contains chicory there is no doubt, but in any hotel in England, this is not absolutely true, for it is certainly found in a few English hotels and restaurants, as well as in private homes. The theory has been advanced that the general run of coffee in English hotels is made from extract of coffee, but this theory has never been proved. Everybody who has heard the story of Bismarck's going to an inn and insisting on having all the chicory in the house, and then ordering for a cup of coffee, has thrown doubt on this story. The question why Bismarck, being himself a German, should want real coffee, since the Germans think that their coffee is the best, and that they drink almost as much of it as they do of beer.

The manager of a large, fashionable and high priced hotel in Italy told the writer this simple manner with Colonial detail. The hotel, however, in the high priced cafes of Paris and Vienna. An Englishman asserted in the hearing of the writer that good coffee was not to be had in any hotel in Europe. This is not absolutely true, for it is certainly found in a few English hotels and restaurants, as well as in private homes. The theory has been advanced that the general run of coffee in English hotels is made from extract of coffee, but this theory has never been proved. Everybody who has heard the story of Bismarck's going to an inn and insisting on having all the chicory in the house, and then ordering for a cup of coffee, has thrown doubt on this story. The question why Bismarck, being himself a German, should want real coffee, since the Germans think that their coffee is the best, and that they drink almost as much of it as they do of beer.

One of the real and great services which travellers in Europe have done for Europe is the introduction of ice. The subject has been so much discussed that about all that is needed at the close of each summer, when the travellers return, is to see that the ice is not absolutely true, for it is certainly found in a few English hotels and restaurants, as well as in private homes. The theory has been advanced that the general run of coffee in English hotels is made from extract of coffee, but this theory has never been proved. Everybody who has heard the story of Bismarck's going to an inn and insisting on having all the chicory in the house, and then ordering for a cup of coffee, has thrown doubt on this story. The question why Bismarck, being himself a German, should want real coffee, since the Germans think that their coffee is the best, and that they drink almost as much of it as they do of beer.

The smoke of Vesuvius drifts over fields of American corn, growing above the still buried parts of Pompeii. Every time an American returns to the Eastern Continent he finds it more American than he left it. Often he sees this with regret. He comes to see Europe, not an imitation of America. If the conservative returns to the old Europe for him involves the shutting out of his favorite vlands, he may cheerfully go without them, and have something whereof to be the more glad when he gets home. There are some persons who use it to a great extent, while in England it is avowedly kept for American visitors. Between these two France occupies about the same middle ground. It is at all times a conservative in summer, if rightly used, is the means of allaying or preventing a vast amount of needless suffering and disease, and its increased use in Europe should be grateful.

CHANGES IN THE NINTH REGIMENT.

APPOINTMENT OF CAPTAIN WALTON TO BE ACTING MAJOR CAUSES SURPRISE.

Colonel Morris, of the 9th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., has appointed Captain John D. Walton acting major of the Second Battalion. As Captain Walton was second senior captain in the regiment and appointed over the head of the majors, William Wilcock, the senior captain, the action of the colonel has caused considerable surprise, especially as the senior officer is usually selected for such detail. It has been rumored that the best of feeling does not prevail between the colonel and the senior captain, and that the latter has been ignored on this account. Colonel Morris himself will not discuss the matter, but those close to him assert that he offered the detail to Captain Wilcocks, who declined, because it might hurt his chances for election to the majorship, which will soon be held.

Colonel Morris has issued the first order for the coming season of drills, which will open on October 1. The company drill nights will be as follows: Monday, October 1, Tuesday, October 2, Wednesday, October 3, Thursday, October 4, and Friday, October 5. During October the companies will be drilled in close order movements only. Captain John D. Walton, of Company D, has been detailed as acting major of the Second Battalion, formerly commanded by Major George T. Lorigan, retired. The incoming nights for the majors will be Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Major Japha, and Tuesday and Thursday for Major Walton. Lieutenants James J. Walsh and James T. Madden have been detailed as first lieutenants of the regimental rifle company. The following changes are noted in the order: Officers commissioned, Captain Oscar A. Spaulding, Company C, breveted, Lieutenant Colonel George T. Lorigan, Second Lieutenant Colonel W. Van Vleet, Major Lorigan, Sergeant Major Walter H. Van Vleet, Officer resigned, Assistant Inspector of the Guard, and Sergeant Major William H. Scully, field music, and Corporal Walter A. Spaulding, Company C.



A HANDSOME COUNTRY HOUSE. ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

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THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT—YACHT RACES—BATHING STILL ENJOYED—VISITORS FROM NEW-YORK.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 14 (Special).—Vacation days are drawing to a close and the tide of travel is setting homeward, but the City by the Sea is far from being deserted. The rush to get away has not been nearly so great or so enthusiastic as was the invasion of the resort by the army of vacationists early in the summer. The crowd is gradually melting away, but the pleasant recollections of the happy summer are tempered somewhat by regret at the necessity of returning to the exactions of business and social life in the large cities. But every one is better for the sojourn by the sea, and anticipation of next summer will assist recollections of the summer gone to lighten the labors of the long winter.

A PHILADELPHIAN'S BOAST.

HE TALKED FOR AN HOUR OF THE BEAUTIES AND ADVANTAGES OF THE QUAKER CITY.

It was a cosmopolitan party that gathered on the deck of the German steamer Werra on a recent voyage to Genoa. The sea had been rough the day before, and some of the passengers were recovering from seasickness. There were two girls from New-York, a little American woman from somewhere out West, a German or two, an Italian and the man from Philadelphia. The quaint old Quaker town was mentioned in some way.

DANCE TO OPEN DRILL SEASON.

COMPANY E OF THE 221 REGIMENT WILL CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THE DRILL SEASON BY A DANCE AT THE ARMY AFTER DRILL ON OCTOBER 1.

Company E of the 221 Regiment will celebrate the opening of the drill season by a dance at the army after drill on October 1. Quartermaster Sergeant Dillon, of Company E, is to be married next Wednesday to Miss Hoey, and will leave on the same day for a honeymoon, which will include the Pan-American fair, Chaplain W. N. Dunnell, who has served twenty-seven years in the Guard, has received the brevet of major. He is the only chaplain in the Guard who has reached this rank.

PRACTICE DAYS AT CREEDMOOR.

MEMBERS OF THE GUARD WHO DESIRE TO QUALIFY AS SHARPSHOOTS WILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO ON THE FOLLOWING DATES: SEPTEMBER 21 AND 28 AND OCTOBER 12 AND 19.

DELAY IN LONG SERVICE CERTIFICATES.

Many members of the National Guard who are entitled to certificates from the State for long and faithful service, and who should have received them last winter, are wondering when they will get them. They feel much disappointed that the certificates have not been sent to them, but hope they will be forthcoming soon.

IT HAS COME IN TEXAS AND THE NEGROES ARE FLOCKING TO THE FIELDS.

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Marlin, Tex., Sept. 14 (Special).—Nature is calling to her children. The sunshine, the warm winds, the waving cotton fields, call aloud to the black man and all those who are next of kin to Mother Nature. Cotton picking time is here. Few black men hear the call unmoved. Even the lazy, "shiftless," no "count" "own niggers" shake off his worthless excuses for the time being and becomes a man and a brother to the things that are nature's.

Cotton picking time is a romp with nature; a playtime with the sunshine and the warm winds; a holiday of song and laughter and all forms of merriment. It is the time when the negro returns to his own.

To the dweller in town cotton picking time is a period of uncertainty and unaccustomed labor. It is the one time in all the year when the proud, white lady bears her dimpled arms and fries the pork and bakes the corn bread herself. This is humiliating, of course, but white folks must live, even in the time of picking cotton. Cooks, chambermaids, handmaids and other domestics help think nothing of leaving the breakfast dishes unwashed and the beds unmade and going off in a wagon to the cotton fields, to be gone several weeks, or even three or four months. A big wagon, filled with men, women and children of all ages and complexions, will halt in front of a white man's house, and the cook back in the kitchen will hear something like this: "You, Susan, ain't yer a-washin' ter de cotton pickin'?" Susan throws back her woolly head and listens. Then again she calls: "Here we is a-waitin' fer yer. Come a-runnin', Susan. We's all right yer." The mistress of the house, returning from a neighbor's, finishes the dishes herself, and puts on the pork and the corn bread for the day's dinner. During the day the laundry will send back the unwashed clothes, with the message that she did not have time to do the family wash before leaving for the cotton fields.

Speak to the table waiter boy about something to be done two days later and he will say: "I do hit of 'I see here, boss." Then in reply to a question, he will say: "Yassir, I thinkin' 'bout goin' ter pick cotton." There will be a note of yearning in his voice, and perhaps a faraway look in his black eyes. He has heard the call, a little faint and far off perhaps; but when it comes to him: "You, Sam; de waggin am a-waitin'," the guest may serve the food himself and clean his own boots for all that Sam cares. The boarding house keeper says: "Yes, sir, I have vacant rooms, and I have a few beds, but you see, you see, I have no other cook, make more for me, and I have for the cotton fields without a moment's warning."

Usually the planter sends a big wagon to town to gather up the cotton pickers. As many men, women and children as can be crowded into the double wagon box are piled in, and then the wagon heads for the plantation. Few of the negroes have any money, and the old man and woman will say to a passer-by, "I got no 't' dunno where. Somers' out yer 'bout fo'teen mile, I reckon." That is enough. Only cautious "white trash" would ask where they were going. It is enough that they are going to the cotton picking, and that all in good season they will return rich in money and sufficed with merry-making.

The big wagons have been leaving Marlin for a fortnight or more. Now and then a negro will take his entire family with him. A venerable old freedman, with a coat line of white wool around his neck, and a pair of blue overalls, and a hat of straw, drawn by a mule, for a team, and with the wagon actually attracted a small crowd of men as it passed. The man had nothing on him but a track. To be sure, the mule was really a curiosity, and the crowd of men had gathered about him.

"Good point about the mule," said one of the men. "I replied the old dorky, his face lighted up with this unlooked for appreciation of his mule. 'Yassir, why, dat ar mule—' " "Then the train pulled out and he was left on toward the cotton fields, not knowing exactly what the crowd had done for him. At the corner of the next street a man on a truck, "are you goin' to have a mule, sah; I reckon I do 'know what you mean by dat sah."

"Why, you see, you see, you see, I have a mule, I see you have the frame, and I have a 'bout Julius Caesar," called out the old man, "go 'em in dis yer town."

There is one plausible excuse for this exodus to the cotton fields, and that is the fact that the man the excuse might hold good, but with the negro it is merely an excuse. The excuse is that the fields that he can possibly make in the cotton fields. This is undoubtedly true, but the negro does not place the same value on money that the white man places upon it. It is the holiday, the merry-making, the fields, the music and dancing at night that appeal to the negro, and the merrymaking and rick cotton out under the blue sky all day and dance half the night and hano and sing and needs more strongly to the negro than the mere prospect of gain.

It is true, however, that more money is to be made picking cotton than in any other way. Even a "shiftless, triflin' town nigger" may make as much as \$5 a day. For a Texas negro this is an enormous amount. The average negro is paid by the hundred pounds. The average of a white man takes a heap or cotton ter make a hundred pounds.

NEW OFFICERS IN THE 12TH REGIMENT.

Colonel Dyer, of the 12th Regiment, has appointed Second Lieutenant J. G. Lee, of Company C, as battalion quartermaster, with the rank of first lieutenant. Another promotion is that of Private R. W. Halght, formerly first sergeant of Company D, to be regimental quartermaster-sergeant, in place of Traugott, discharged on account of sickness. Company F has elected L. G. Coleman a second lieutenant. He was a member of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. Lieutenant N. T. Robb, of Company C, has been transferred to the superannuated list, and an election for his successor will soon be held. Company B, Captain Burr, will go to-day to the Fishing Bank, and a number of officers of the regiment will accompany them. These include Captain Burr, Lieutenant Benckard, Major Huston, Lieutenant Knapp and ex-Major Burns, who recently arrived from the Philippines.

ELECTION IN SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

There will be an election this week for a second lieutenant in Company E of the 71st Regiment, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Hudson last spring. First Sergeant B. G. Wager is the favorite candidate. The company is entirely put a piano in the company room, and is training its talent, in the hope of building up a quartet to rival that of Company B.

FIRST BATTERY TO PARADE.

Members of the 1st Battery, Captain Louis Wendel, will parade next Saturday afternoon at the laying of the cornerstone of their new armory in West Sixty-seventh-st., near the Boulevard. Randolph Gugenheimer, President of the City Council, will lay the stone. Prominent officers of the guard and city officials have been invited. The West Side Citizens' Guard, of which Captain Wendel is captain, and which is composed largely of members of the battery, will hold an afternoon and evening festival at Fort Wendel on October 2. There will be a number of prize shooting contests.

NEW MAJOR FOR TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

An election for a major in the 23d Regiment will be held at the army to-morrow night, and it is understood that Captain Frederick A. Wells will receive the majority of votes, although there will be some opposition.