troops had defeated the Greek army and advanced to within a day's march of Athens, were entirely due to the fact that it was known in every European capital that when he invaded Crete he had to choose between doing so and facing a revolution instigated by the Hetairia, which would have driven him from Athens in the same way that his predecessor, the Bavarian born King Otho, was ousted from his throne.

The Hetairia still flourishes, and its object is the eventual revival of the ancient Greek empire, with its capital at Constantinople, and the restoration of the cross in lieu of the crescent above the dome of St. Sophia, as in the days when the old Greek Emperors reigned at Stamboul. There are few wealthy Greeks either in King George's dominions or abroad who do not belong to the society. Indeed, some of the principal leaders are believed to reside in this country, and certain it is that some of its largest revenues are derived from the subscriptions of rich Greeks in the United States.

Grand Duke Sergius, who is not only the uncle, but likewise the brother-in-law, of the present Emperor of Russia, is generally understood to be in sympathy with the aims and motives of the Pan-Slav society at Moscow, which, under the pretext of affording spiritual and material relief to members of the Orthodox Church in foreign lands, has in reality for its object the consolidation of all the countries inhabited by the Slav race into one great Slav empire under the sceptre of the Czar. The Pan-Slav Society is likewise bent on the liberation of all the Christian provinces of Turkey from the thraldom of the Sultan and the acquisition by Russia of Constantinople. Its influence is still very considerable, though not so great as in 1877, when, in the same way that the Hetairia forced King George into invading Ottoman territory, the Pan-Slav movement drove the Czar to declare war upon Turkey at a moment so inopportune for Russia that disaster followed the Muscovite arms throughout all the earlier stages of the conflict.

No member of the reigning house of Italy has any avowed connection with the numerous secret political societies which play so great a role in the peninsula.

True, it is rumored that the young Queen Helene has leanings toward the association organized in Italy for the emancipation of Albania from Turkey. But nothing positive is known on the subject. Equally devoid of confirmation is the report that King Victor Emmanuel is a Free Mason, although he has recently shown his sympathy for the craft, which in Italy, as in France, is a purely political and anti-ecclesiastical secret organization, by appointing its Grand Master, M. Nathan, to a seat in the Senate.

In France Freemasonry, which, differing from that in English speaking countries, is avowedly atheistic, constitutes the most influential secret organization now in existence and a powerful factor in the administrative and political fields. Most of the leading statesmen of the republic, from the President downward, are either active members of the craft or avowed friends thereof. So that there is but little prospect of any success attending the attempt which is now being made by the so-called nationalist and clerical forces to compel the government to apply to the fraternity those same drastic laws which were enacted on the Masonic instigation for the purpose of controlling and disciplining the various religious associations and monastic orders. Indeed, it is idle to dream of the present government of the republic dealing with the Masonic federations and lodges in the same drastic manner as with the Society of Jesus.

EX-ATTACHE.

THE PRINCETON MASCOT.

ANECDOTES OF "JIMMY" JOHNSON, THE OLD NEGRO WHO DIED LAST WEEK.

Princeton, N. J., July 26 (Special).—Old Nassau's two famous characters are no more. Scarcely had the undergraduates and alumni recovered from the news that "Johnny" Degnan, famous in song and story as their beloved college policeman, had passed away, when the news that "Jimmy" Johnson, who for more than threescore years had been a familiar figure on Princeton's campus, and the college mascot, had moved over the River Jordan. The story of "Jimmy" Johnson, the runaway slave who came to Princeton in 1839, became a janitor in "Old North," later a dealer in second hand clothing, and since the early seventies the "apple, candy and peanut vender" among the students, is too well known to require repetition. Every son of Princeton and nearly every other person interested in the unique things that add attractiveness to university life have heard how "Jimmy" secured his freedom from slavery through the generosity of Miss Theodore Prevost, a lineal descendant of President John Witherspoon, who promptly provided the $550 necessary to make him a free man. It has all been already recorded in Princeton history, as given by James W. Alexander, '60, of New-York; Jesse Lynch Williams, '92, of Princeton, and "Jim" Barnes, '94.

Here are a few anecdotes of this old negro, who just a month from the day "Johnny" Degnan was laid to rest passed out of Princeton life. It is said that "Jimmy," upon reaching Philadelphia on his runaway trip, back in the thirties, secured passage on a river boat bound for Trenton. The captain needed a cook, and at once interrogated "Jimmy" as to his ability in matters pertaining to the cuisine. "Jimmy" had never had any experience in such affairs, but, realizing his difficult situation, promptly responded, in his stammering way, "Be-be-liess de Lawd, I'se dun a g-g-great deal ob dis kind ob wuk, boss." He got the job, but fearing detection on the boat, debarked at Trenton and came on to the old college town.

Four times did "Jimmy" launch out into the matrimonial sea, and not once was his adventure in this field marred by divorce or desertion. Providence three times interposed its hand, and three times "Jimmy" was left alone in the world. All three of these helpmeets now sleep beneath the green turf in Princeton Cemetery, within a stone's throw of the little cottage in which he and his four wives spent so large a part of their lives. Mrs. Johnson No. 4, who is still a young woman, being only in her thirty-seventh year, survives him. About a year ago, when some of the undergraduates were talking to "Jimmy" about his young wife, he replied: "Ye-yes, m-ma w-wife is v-very y-young, b-but she is m-mighty g-good and k-kind to m-me." Mrs. Johnson, who heard that the students had learned of the big difference in their ages, said to a neighbor: "You can tell them stoodents that he's seen three of his wimmen put under de ground, but I guess he'll git across de river befaw I do."

Up to his eighty-sixth year, which was a year ago, he still retained all of his mental faculties and distinctly remembered every important event that had happened in the college since his connection with it, in 1839. The time the undergraduates barricaded the faculty in Nassau Hall in 1841, the fierce class fights of the fifties; the war feeling between the Northern and the Southern students in the early sixties, the stealing of the cannon in 1875 by the Rutgers students, the thrilling escapades of the band of "daredevils" of the early eighties and the famous fight with "Pawnee Bill's" cowpunchers and snake charmers, in 1899, were all as fresh in his memory as on the day they happened.

Occasionally "Jimmy's" remarkable memory led him astray, so the story goes, but never on anything that touched the big events of the college. He always boasted of never forgetting a face he had once seen. When Mark Twain was here, a year ago last May, as the guest of Laurence Hutton, the author, he and Mr. Hutton one day strolled out through the university campus, and, coming across "Jimmy," the humorist in his characteristic way said: "Hello, 'Jimmy'! Don't you remember 'Sam Brown,' of '59?" "Jimmy" straightened himself, and, not wishing to display any forgetfulness, replied, with absolute confidence: Oh, ye-yes, Mister Be-Be-Brown. I remember you puf-puf-puffectly, Mister Be-be-Brown," and the answer brought forth a shining half dollar.

"Jimmy" won the respect of every one in Princeton through his honesty, good nature and courtesy. Up to the time of his death on Tuesday he proudly boasted of the fact that Mrs. Cleveland always recognized him with a gracious bow whenever she passed him on the campus or streets. Frequently while passing through the campus she has gone by a long line of students filing out from recitations or lectures, not one of whom was recognized by her, but "Jimmy" always received her pleasant smile, and in acknowledgment of so great an honor he always bent his aged form and tipped his faded hat.

Old "Jimmy" and his wheelbarrow, with its variegated colors, will no longer be seen on Old Nassau's campus, dispensing his sweets and fruits to the enthusiastic undergraduates and admiring alumni upon their return, and now that he is gone a new mascot will have to be found to keep fresh the once familiar figure and presence of the beloved old negro.

SOUTHERN SONG GAMES.

HOW FLORIDA "CRACKERS" DANCE WITHOUT OFFENCE TO THEIR RELIGIOUS NOTIONS—KISSING GAMES AT ROYAL COURTS AND IN RURAL COMMUNITIES.

(First Article.)

A few years ago The Tribune printed a series of articles on children's song games, discussing the mythological elements and the relics of ancient customs preserved in them. In these articles attention was directed to some extremely pretty and interesting games as played by negro children in Georgia, words, music and a description of how the games are played having been furnished to the writer by Mrs. Louise Clark Pyrnelle. My curiosity in the premises had been excited by reading about the games in a charming story of childlife in Georgia, entitled "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," written by Mrs. Pyrnelle, and published by Harper & Bros. When I opened correspondence with Mrs. Pyrnelle she had left her native State (I surmise that the book is largely a description of her own childhood), and was teaching school in Florida. Thence she sent me her interesting contribution, and not only gave what I asked, but, obeying a Biblical injunction, made it a double measure, and that pressed down and running over. Blessed are all such in the eyes of your collector of all kinds of lore! The additions were games from Florida—games played by the whites of that region, the Crackers. The present modest contribution to the subject, which Mr. W. W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., has treated most delightfully in his book "Games and Songs of American Children," is based upon Mrs. Pyrnelle's communication, my own recollections of childlife in Michigan and Northern Ohio, and verbal and written collections made in the course of my lecture tours in various parts of the United States.

In Florida the games which I am about to describe are not the exclusive possession of children; they are played by adults as well, and when so played some of them take the place of the dance. This phenomenon is not peculiar to the South, however. It is common to many rural communities in all parts of the country, especially to communities where the traditions of a religious prejudice against dancing still exert a powerful influence. When they are not resorted to as a subterfuge, but, together with "kissing games," are frankly cultivated for their own sakes, so to speak, they may be looked upon as a survival of a custom once common among all classes of society. "The maids of honor of Queen Elizabeth's day," says Mr. Newell, "if we may credit the poets, were devoted to the game of tag, and conceived it to be a waste of time to pass in idleness hours which might be employed in that pleasure, with which Diana and her nymphs were supposed to amuse themselves. Froissant describes the court of France as amusing itself with sports familiar to his own childhood." Even at a later date the ladies and gentlemen of the English court indulged in a dance which was a dance only in name, being in effect nothing else than a stately version of the kissing game known in every rural district in the United States as "Pillow." A player carries a pillow about the room and places it at the feet of the favored one, thus mutely soliciting a kiss, which is bestowed while both are kneeling on the pillow. The equivalent of this simple game, known to the English people two centuries ago as the "Cushion Dance," helped to arouse the ire of John Selden, who in his "Table Talk" found time to deplore the change which had come over court dancing, when he remembered how the gravity and stateliness which had prevailed during an earlier generation had given way to the Trenchmore (which dance, according to Burton, went "over tables, stoves and chairs") and the Cushion Dance. Here are the words of the old political moralist:

So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time there has been nothing but Trenchmore and the Cushion Dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toity.

Those of my readers who are curious about these old dances may find the music and a full description of how to play the Cushion Dance in an eighteenth century MS. in the Lenox Library, which J. W. Drexel bought at the sale of Dr. Rimbault's library in London. We have Mr. Newell's word for it that games took the place of dances in the country towns of New-England forty or fifty years ago. In these towns

dancing under that name was little practised; it was confined to one or two balls in the course of the year on such occasions as the Fourth of July, lasting into the morning hours. At other times the amusement of young people at their gatherings was "playing games." These games generally resulted in forfeits, to be redeemed by kissing, in every variety of position and method. Many of these games were rounds; but as they were not called dances, and as mankind pays more attention to words than things, the religious conscience of the community, which objected to dancing, took no alarm. Such were the pleasures of young men and women from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. Nor were the participants mere rustics; many of them could boast as good blood, as careful breeding and as much intelligence as any in the land. Neither was the morality nor sensitiveness of the young woman of that day in any respect inferior to what it is at present.

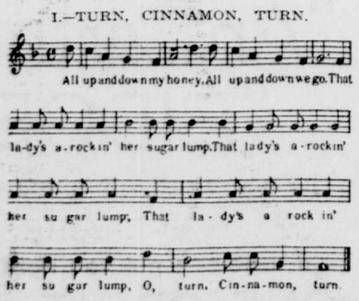
In a footnote Mr. Newell is careful to explain further and add to his apology for the prevalence of kissing in the games of the young people of a former generation in New-England. Those who have participated in the games will scarcely think his apology necessary. Thoughts that the salute was indecorous or immodest never entered the minds of the players, though too great an exhibition of partiality for one maiden or neglect of another frequently left a sting. It is pleasant, moreover, for those who must needs find an extenuation for the custom, to remember that in England for centuries and up to the end of the seventeenth a kiss was the usual salutation of a lady to a gentleman whom she wished to honor. Erasmus thought it "a custom never to be sufficiently commended."

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you,

says Henry VIII to Anne Bullen at the dance in Shakespeare's play. "The Portuguese ladies," says Mr. Newell in his apologetic footnote, "who came to England with the Infanta in 1662 were not used to the custom; but, as Pepys says, in ten days they had 'learnt to kiss and look freely up and down.'"

In urban communities the kissing games are fast dying out, as are, I am sorry to say, also the innocent love games, the rounds, of children. Some years ago, when some kind friends organized a children's choir for me to illustrate a lecture on the subject of "Dramatic Dances and Children's Games," in one of the populous cities of the Northwest, I was horrified to find that not one of the twelve or fifteen little ones had ever heard of "London Bridge" or "Oats, Pease, Beans"; and hours of effort on my part to persuade even one of the boys to kiss any one of the girls were futile. I shuddered to think what ungallant stock is growing up in Minnesota. But now to Mrs. Pyrnelle's "Cracker" games.

I.—TURN, CINNAMON, TURN.



"This game is really a dance," wrote Mrs. Pyrnelle, "and a clever device on the part of the young people to delude their church member parents into the belief that they are only playing, as they have no fiddle, which Crackers, like negroes, regard as an extremely sinful instrument." The game is played as follows: The young men having chosen their partners, the players stand in two lines, partners facing each other as if they were about to dance the Virginia reel—as, indeed, they are, to all intents and purposes. The song begins. To the words—

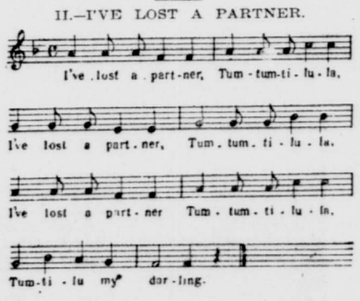
All up and down, my honey,
All up and down we go,

the first man takes his partner by the hand and leads her to the bottom of the line. He now begins at the top of the girls' line, she at the bottom of the men's, and they swing each player, in succession, and themselves after each one of the others, all singing:

That lady's a-rockin' her sugar lump,
That lady's a-rockin' her sugar lump,
That lady's a-rockin' her sugar lump,
Oh, turn, Cinnamon, turn.

When the first couple have finished swinging, or "turning," all the players in the lines, they take their places at the bottom, and the dance proceeds with the couple next in order, and so on to the end.

II.—I'VE LOST A PARTNER.



This game seems to be a variant on a game popular in Northern Ohio many years ago, called "Happy Is the Miller." I have heard it also from natives of Connecticut, and it may be that it came into the Western Reserve along with the original settlers. To play it an uneven number of players is required. The odd player, a man, takes his place in the ring, which in this instance is double, partners walking arm in arm, the women forming the inner circle. In "Happy Is the Miller" the words run thus:

Oh, happy is the miller who lives in the mill,
As the mill turns 'round he gains what he will;
One hand in the hopper, the other in the bag,
As the mill turns 'round they all cry "Grab!"

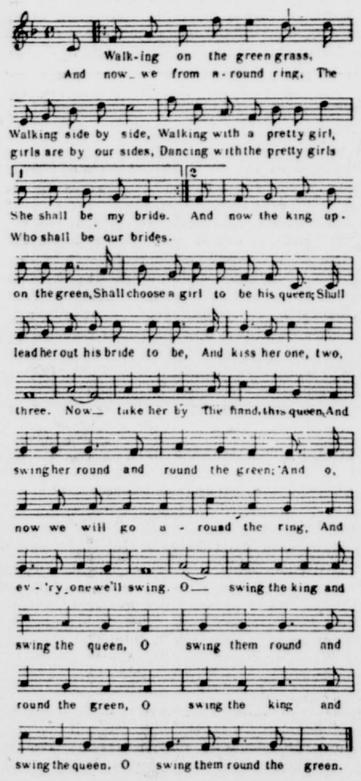
At the word "grab" each man seizes the arm of the woman immediately in front of him, while the player in the ring seeks to secure a partner in the scramble. If successful, there will, of course, be another partnerless player, who seeks to supply his want at the next turn of the wheel. The "Crackers" sing a verse to fit each phase of the game:

I've lost a partner,
Tum-tum-ti-lu-la,
I've lost a partner,
Tum-tum-ti-lu-la,
I've lost a partner,
Tum-tum-ti-lu-la,
Tum-ti-lu, my darling.

I'll get another one,
Tum-tum-ti-lu-la, etc.

She's better than the other one,
Tum-tum-ti-lu-la, etc.

III.—KING AND QUEEN.



This is an unusually elaborate game, and combines features of the Virginia reel and the most salient element of the love games—that is, the kissing. The men select their partners as for a dance, and, thus paired, they promenade "as in a school procession," writes Mrs. Pyrnelle, singing:

Walking on the green grass,
Walking side by side;
Walking with a pretty girl—
She shall be my bride.

Here the procession resolves itself into a ring, youths and maidens alternating, all singing:

And now we form a round ring,
The girls are by our sides;
Dancing with the pretty girls,
Who shall be our brides.

During the singing of this stanza the ring has kept moving. It is next broken into two lines, one of maidens, the other of youths, facing each other as for a reel. The song is resumed and each of the actions described in the following lines is performed by the couple at the top of the lines:

And now the king upon the green
Shall choose a girl to be his queen;
Shall lead her out his bride to be,
And kiss her, one, two, three.
Now take her by her hand, this queen,
And swing her round and round the green.

Having thus called out, saluted and swung his partner, the man begins with the second woman, and thence down the line, swinging each of the women dancers in turn, his example being followed by his partner with the men, the song continuing:

O, now we'll go around the ring,
And ev'ry one we'll swing.
O, swing the king and swing the queen,
O, swing them 'round and 'round the green.
O, swing the king and swing the queen,
O, swing 'em 'round the green.

These lines are sung over and over again, if necessary, until all the dancers have been swung. Thereupon the king and queen take their places at the foot of the lines and become the willing subjects of the next couple, song and action beginning at the words, "And now the king upon the green, etc." After all the couples have played at royalty the promenade is resumed, and the game started over again, "generally with a change of partners," writes Mrs. Pyrnelle, "as, of course, no girl likes to be kissed the entire evening by the same fellow (?)."

H. E. K.

OLD "JIMMY" JOHNSON.
The Princeton mascot, who died the other day.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," is announced as the title of a new comedy secured for Henrietta Crosman, from the pen of "a well known dramatist." It is to be hoped that, as Miss Crosman is not called on to produce it at once, but any time within a year, she will have an opportunity to persuade the aforesaid well known dramatist to change this terrible tag. It may be a strong play, but it sounds like a dramatized nursery rhyme.

"The Wild Rose" celebrates its 100th production at the Knickerbocker next Tuesday. It has four more weeks there, and then will tour America, the European trip having been abandoned.

"The Defender" will probably run well into the autumn at the Herald Square. C. H. Chamberlyn has also three other light operas under way, one of which will open the Victoria in September. Another is "Morocco Bound," imported from England. It will come to New-York later in the season.

"The Chinese Honeymoon" goes on its way merrily at the Casino, as honeymoons should. Its popularity is sound, for it is deserved.

Edmond Audran's "Mascot" will be the opera at Terrace Garden this week, where large crowds are always in order.

The little fifty minute play which Charles Frohman is to produce at the Savoy Theatre in connection with the regular play when Miss Ethel Barrymore begins her engagement there is called "Carrots." It is a translation of a one act comedy entitled "Poil de Carrotte," and which has been presented in Paris at the Theatre Antoine. Miss Barrymore will appear in it in the character of a nicknamed and oppressed boy, who is the chief figure in its story.

The fall season at the Academy of Music will open on Thursday evening, August 7, two weeks earlier than usual, with the new rural play "Quincy Adams Sawyer." This will be the first appearance in this city, and unusual preparations are being made for the presentation. Charles Dickson heads the company.

J. Wesley Rosenquest has engaged William H. Thompson for an important part in "Robert Emmet," Brandon Tynan's new Irish play, which he produces at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 18.

Among the artists whom John C. Fisher will present in his coming production of "The Silver Slipper," at the Broadway Theatre, is Maide Villiers whom he engaged while in Paris a few weeks ago to create the prima donna role in the American production of the play. Mlle. Villiers has never appeared in this country.

Robert Drouet's new play "The Captain's Interference" has been accepted by a Broadway manager for production next spring. The author will play the leading role.

Athletic sports are a part of the entertainment in "Japan by Night" and those with sporting proclivities have found the bamboo fencers and the jiujutsu demonstrators both exciting and instructive. This is the fourth week of "Japan by Night" on the Madison Square Roof Garden, and "The Mikado" continues in its Japanese surroundings. One of the specialties in the Japanese café is chop suey freshly made every day.

This week Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden will have a big bill. The cost of the performance reaches the sum of $7,000 on the week. At the head of this bill stands Creatori, the Italian government conductor, with his military band of sixty Italian musicians. Thirty minutes only is devoted to this act, for which $2,000 is being paid for a week. Mr. Hammerstein certainly deserves the encouragement of the public for his attempt to entertain his audiences. The Sunday night concerts and Wednesday and Saturday popular price matinées still continue in popularity.

Thousands of out of town visitors visit the Eden Musée each week and it is interesting to watch their amusing mistakes in the wax works department. They often ask questions of wax figures, as of old, and take real persons for wax representations. The special attractions during the week will consist of hourly exhibition of moving pictures and afternoon and evening concerts. The interior of the Musee is kept cool by electrical apparatus.

Balerie Bergere is back in vaudeville again, presenting a one act comedy called "Billy's First Love," which will be seen at Keith's Theatre some time in August. Peter Daly, with his supporting company, will also be at the Union Square in August, offering "A Dress Rehearsal." The Four Madcaps and the Kaufman troup of bicycle riders head the bill this week.

The New-York Theatre Roof Garden enters this week on a bill of straight vaudeville, with McIntyre and Heath, the minstrel comedians; Cole and Johnson, negro comedians and singers; Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Circus, Cook and Doretto, eccentric acrobats; the four Cuttys, two men and two girls who play high class music on various instruments, and many other vaudeville attractions.

Tony Pastor's bill the coming week includes the latest big hit in vaudeville, the Crane Brothers and Belmont, as "The Mudtown Minstrels"; Manley and Rose, in a new comedy act entitled "Young Sleuth"; Frank O'Brien, "The Dissipated Gentleman"; the Bell Trio, pantomimic, acrobatic and comedy eccentriques; "Josie" and "Willie" Barrows, in a refined singing and dancing act; Fields and Wolley, the "Two German Soldiers," and others.

Out of the host of Duss notices for the week one gleans that Duss will continue till October at the St. Nicholas; that "a remarkable boy violinist" has been discovered by Duss, "name, Nishel Shapiro; occupation, schoolboy; age, thirteen; color, white; address, No. 75 East One-hundred-and-ninth-st." Also that Miss Alta Yolo will sing with him next week; that he is to play at the compositions of Richard Strauss. And finally that five (5) advance agents are to precede him on his coming tour of the country. Heavens!

Kaltenborn continues to furnish excellent music of a high class at the Circle Auditorium.

The floating roof garden on the steamer Grand Republic is as popular as ever.

Miss Rebecca MacKenzie, soprano soloist, will sing this evening at the Kaltenborn concert.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

MACKAY'S DEATH TOUCHED CALIFORNIANS—A GERMAN EX-ARMY OFFICER'S DERELICTION.

San Francisco, July 25.—Two old Californians died this week for whom genuine regret was expressed by all classes. One was the last of the Bonanza millionaires, and the other was the most eloquent orator of the Pacific Coast. More sorrow was shown over the death of John W. Mackay than over that of any other Californian for a long time. Mr. Mackay had endeared himself to the people of this State and Nevada by many generous acts. His struggle for cheap Atlantic cable rates and his recent fight for a Pacific cable were all characteristic of the man who carried through the development of the Comstock Bonanza mines in the face of formidable obstacles. Many instances of his charity were called out by death, some of the best tributes to him being made by such men as "Sam" Davis, of Carson, and Richard Dey, of San Francisco, who knew him in the old days on the Comstock.

Another death that touched all Californians was that of General W. H. L. Barnes, who has been called the Chauncey Depew of the West because of his skill as an after dinner speaker. General Barnes was also a finished orator and writer. For twenty years he was one of the foremost lawyers of the State, and few public functions were regarded as complete without his presence as chief speaker. One of his most eloquent efforts was the oration regarding President McKinley. Barnes was one of the founders of the Bohemian Club, and was the life of the periodical "junkets" that the club held. His Masonic funeral was largely attended, and the streets for blocks were lined with people to do honor to his memory.

Otto Meder, once lieutenant in one of the crack German regiments, is in jail here, charged with obtaining $700 by fraud from George Schonewald, proprietor of the Hotel Del Monte. Meder posed as a German baron, and, as he was a man of fine education and excellent address, he was accepted as honest, especially as he was vouched for by a German army officer, Lieutenant Valentin. He borrowed Valentin's money, and when pressed for payment gave a spurious check, which Schonewald cashed.

Several big Tonopah mining men were in the city this week. They included Arthur Brock, of Pennsylvania, president of the Tonopah Mining Company, and W. P. Curtis, of the Fraction company. Mr. Curtis said that his company had just finished sinking five large shafts, equipped with modern appliances, and is preparing for further developments.

Irving M. Scott, the builder of the battleship Oregon, did not press a charge of burglary against the Swedish sea captain who smashed a lot of furniture in his house. The captain paid $237 damages. He was very drunk one morning early, and mistook Scott's house for a hotel. When his calls failed to obtain a room, he went on a rampage and smashed costly bric-à-brac.

The sad suicide of Evan J. Coleman, while insane, this week, ended the career of one of the best known business men and club men of San Francisco. Mr. Coleman married the eldest daughter of the late United States Senator Gwin, and for years his hospitable house was the headquarters of the Southern element in San Francisco. He was one of the leading members of the Bohemian Club. For many years he was manager of the Pacific Transfer Company.

Luther C. Tibbets, who introduced seedless navel oranges into Southern California, and made a large fortune from the sale of buds from the two original trees, died this week in the poorhouse at Riverside. Not far from the county farm where he died was the superb country seat which he built at the time of his great prosperity. He lost his fortune in litigation over water rights.

NOTES OF MEN AND THINGS.

THOUGHT HE WAS A POACHED EGG AND WANTED PIECE OF TOAST—SKUNK AND AUTOMOBILE.

At Newport they are telling of a would-be philanthropist who thought his mission in life was to rescue people who, although sound of mind, had been locked up in insane asylums. In furtherance of this laudable purpose he visited an asylum, and there found a man who was seemingly sound of mind on every point. They talked politics, and the lunatic disapproved of Bryan; polo, and, the lunatic said, lack of team work and Keene's condition accounted for the Americans' defeat; the duties of wealth, and he of unsound mind expressed the belief that libraries were being overdone. In fact, on any and every point the lunatic seemed to be a singularly well balanced and matter of fact individual.

"Well," thought the philanthropist to himself, "here is where I will score. I will rescue this man, and by so doing make a name for myself." But as he was turning away the other stopped him with a question.

"Have you a piece of toast in your pocket?"

"Certainly not," replied the philanthropist. "What on earth do you want of a piece of toast?"

"Why, you don't seem to appreciate the fact," returned the other, "that I'm really a poached egg, and I'm very tired and want to sit down."

"Niggahs," said a man from Virginia the other evening, "have curious ideas of distance. I was riding along near Warrenton some time ago with a friend of mine, and we stopped an old darky and asked him how far it was into town. 'About six miles, sah,' he replied, and on we drove. After about twenty minutes we encountered another old fellow, and I was for inquiring again. 'Oh, what's the use,' returned my friend, 'he'll say six miles.' 'Bet you he don't,' I bluffed. 'Taken,' was my friend's response, as we drew up beside Uncle Remus. 'How far is it to Warrenton, uncle?' I asked, and we both leaned forward to hear his reply. 'About six miles, boss,' he rejoined, and my friend's face was divided by a grin of triumph, which dropped away as the negro added, 'and a piece, sah.'

"Now, what I want to know is who won that bet? I bet it wouldn't be six miles, and my friend bet it would. The darky made it six miles and 'a piece,' which I claim must be more than six miles. My friend says 'a piece' is no known measurement, and that the old darky said it because he thought it sounded well, and that therefore he won the bet. Who do you think won?"

J. G. B.

CIVIL WAR VETERANS' SOCIETY.

It is to be presumed that the large majority of those who witness the parades and who know of the regular meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic look upon these veteran soldiers and sailors who aided in maintaining the honor, integrity and supremacy of the national government during the Civil War of 1861-'65 as merely picturesque bodies, with no real duties to perform for the people or for the State. This is far from true, especially as regards the officers. These old men not only meet in their post rooms and attend the State and national assemblies once a year, but they do a vast amount of charitable work for others not members of their organizations.

Each post has its relief committee, which is composed of the officers and a few selected men from the ranks. Under the laws of the State it is provided that the soldier veterans who may be destitute need not be sent to the county poorhouse, but may be assisted from the poor fund upon recommendation of the relief committees of the Grand Army. It is required, however, that the relief committee shall personally investigate each case of destitution of a soldier or sailor, whether he be a member of a post or not, and shall certify to the designated officials the actual condition of each case, which certificate shall govern the amount of assistance to be given. The same regulation governs in the cases of families of deceased veteran soldiers and sailors where they are in need of assistance.

The commander of a post has duties that are not always what he would select and which are often disagreeable. On the death of a veteran, regardless of the fact that he may never have been a member of the Grand Army, the commander must personally view the dead body and identify the man as a veteran, and ascertain also whether or not he or his friends are in financial condition to meet the expenses of the funeral. If not, then he must notify some undertaker that the State or county allows $35 for the funeral expenses and authorize him to provide the coffin, the hearse and one carriage and attend at the burial. And at the time of the funeral the commander of the post must personally acquaint himself with the knowledge that the veteran is buried, and make note of the location of his grave, which goes on the official records. Another duty of the commander is personally to inspect each gravestone put up at a soldier's grave and make a sworn report as to the condition of the stone and the lettering thereon, after which the bill for the same may be paid. All gravestones put up at public expense must be of good white marble with lettering of a specified size, and to cost not more than $15. These are only a few of the duties that devolve upon officers of these veteran bodies, and which are given gratuitously, and following out the precepts of the order as exemplified in the motto "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."

QUICK LUNCH ROOM TERMS

PHRASES USED WHERE FILLING FOOD IS DISPENSED WITH LITTLE CEREMONY.

"To you, the uninitiated, these —"

When the great majority of the quick lunch room proprietors of New-York agreed last week to raise the price of "beef an'," also of "ham an'," from 10 to 15 cents, and their momentous decision was duly, if somewhat jocularly, recorded in the papers, the surprising fact developed that there are actually to be found men and women in this city who do not know what "beef an'" is.

"Beef and what?" asked a downtown business man, as he read his paper going home on the L.

"Well, you don't know beans, for a fact," his companion laughed.

"That's it, eh?" said the first. "But how should I know whether it was beans or cabbage? I never go to that sort of a place to eat."

And there are thousands more like this man, who never went to "that sort of a place" to eat, or have carefully forgotten that they ever had to. How "the other half" eats is unknown to them. They enter a café where the linen is liberal and snowy, give their order confidentially to a silent waiter, and by and by their food comes to them, under a cover. There is something private, even intimate, about the whole process, however crowded the café. They do not know the strange sensation—strange at first—of having one's order "bellowed through the hall," of drinking coffee out of handleless cups so thick they stretch the mouth to rim them; and, greatest loss of all, they do not know the curious system of abbreviation that prevails in such places, abbreviations that are often metaphors in the rough, and of which "ham an'" is only a faint suggestion.

If you are new to this style of a lunch room, you enter, sit down at a bare and not too clean table and wait quietly to be served. You are likely to wait some time, but while you wait you hear a bare armed waiter roar down a passage, "Sind up the goat." That's easy. You know he wants more butter. Then he cries, "Beef an'" and you know that. "Plate o' Bostons" isn't hard, either. But "Make it two, sunny side up" is a staggerer. However, the solution is simple—two eggs fried on one side only.

Finally, you get tired of waiting, and by pounding a glass with a spoon and sundry gesticulations you get a waiter to come to you. "Give me some poached eggs on toast," you say, "and a cup of coffee."

The waiter turns toward the kitchen and shouts, "Noah on a raft!" Then he wheels toward the steaming, polished coffee tanks and cries, "Draw one!"

"Say," you call, with an afterthought, "I guess I'll make that scrambled eggs on toast."

"Wreck Noah," calls the waiter solemnly.

The strange thing may well seem to be that you get what you ordered.

There are many such phrases, some of them common to all the "grub-on-the-run" places, some of them local.

"A little on the cow" is milk. "Draw one—black" is coffee without milk. "One up" is not golf, but a symbol, meaning that the waiter who calls has another cup of coffee coming to him. "Off the griddle" means butter cakes, those deadly bullets, or, rather, small cannon balls of dough, which are commonly known to the hardy eaters thereof as "sinkers," but which it is high treason to call by that name within the lunch room.

"Put up the flag" means macaroni, just why, no one seems able to explain, though there is vaguely felt to be some suotle reference to Yankee Doodle and the Stars and Stripes. "Brown the wheats" means simply an order of buckwheat pancakes, while "two in three" signifies that somebody wants two eggs boiled three minutes. "Red, white and blue" is a plate of mixed ice cream.

The crown of the collection, however, is to be found on the Bowery, where there is much poetry in the block, anyway. There, if you should happen to have the sort of a taste that demands mince pie with powdered sugar on top, you will hear shouted to the rear: "One indigestion in a snowstorm!"

One cannot well object that there is more truth than beauty in such a phrase, for it has been stated on eminent authority that truth is beauty. So one cannot shun these lunch rooms logically on aesthetic grounds. If you demand your coffee in a thin cup with a handle, "coffee in the shell," as the waiter scornfully orders, you will be snubbed as a dude. But if you accept conditions as you find them, you will get food that is at least "filling," as they say in New-England, and you will undoubtedly save money. Many a good man, indeed, has eaten there, not because he had to, nor because he thought he had to, but because he liked to. The penning of many a criticism of the Niebelungenlied, bristling with the vocabulary of aestheticism, has been followed by a plate of "beef an'," and the phrases of culture, ping pong wise, have been tossed back and forth over the grease-polished tables. And surely it is better to wreck Noah when his son is so near, to render filial service.

NEW PHRASES OF MODERN CHARITY.

Those who attended the sessions of the Summer School in Philanthropic Work, which closed its fifth annual session in this city the other day, listened to more than one of the proverbs of latter day philanthropy, as postulated by speakers representing many of the great charitable activities of the country. Some of these speakers had a terse and poignant expression that gave telling setting to their thought. Some idea of the condensed wisdom of the twentieth century charity worker may be had from the following pithy paragraphs, jotted down here and there during the six weeks of the course:

The motive of charity is as old as man, but the methods are changing.

Charity organization has as its primary object the doing of good to the person to be helped, and not to the person who is doing the helping.

The Associated Charities does not exist to take care of the disagreeable relatives of well to do people.

Professional promoters of entertainments should be avoided if charity wants to retain its good name unimpaired.

That charity which is paying 50 per cent for collection is doing business on a falling market pressaging a Black Friday.

When you herd tramps together in an open jail you are not only paying their board for the winter, but you are paying them to come. And no other boarding house does that.

The criminal class in the United States to-day consists almost entirely of those who have been made criminals by our present penal system.

The whole story of juvenile lawbreaking is very much the story of a vital and irrepressible impulse of nature seeking to find expression in a world in which its appropriate opportunity has been denied.

Don't call a policeman to chase away the boys.

Get in touch with bad civic conditions as they press upon the very poor. We have pads on every side between us and such conditions. To get thoroughly acquainted with a few unpadded families is the first step in civic reform.

A park ought to be a place for recreation rather than for remote botanical observation.

Say this to the capitalist; it is utter foolishness to continually give charity to able bodied men who are not paid enough to live on.

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