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Careers for the Coming Men.

Practical and Authoritative Discussions of the Professions and Callings Open to Young Americans.

XX.

The Stage.

BY JAMES K. HACKETT.

Can the stage be reckoned among the practical professions which are open to the young men of the day?

In answering this question let us throw aside the consideration of prejudices which among certain classes of our people have long been discussed very bitterly and apparently to no purpose. Let us consider rather the practical advantages that might accrue from the adoption of the stage as a profession. In view of the large and increasing number of theatres in the country, the great value of their real estate and the gross box office receipts throughout each season, it is surely reasonable to say that the stage as a profession may be seriously considered in chosing one's life work. Furthermore, it is a surprising fact that the number of theatres is growing far out of proportion to the increase in population. This clearly shows that, instead of retrograding, the stage is bound to advance in affording a practical opportunity for either a commercial livelihood or an artistic career.

To the query as to whether I should recommend to one of my family the adoption of the stage as a profession, I would simply answer that it is very rare to find a man, no matter what his calling may be, who advises his son to adopt his own profession. Why? Because in our own experience we see the hardships, the trials and the troubles perhaps more clearly than we see the pleasures and triumphs accruing from our calling; whereas, in viewing other professions we see only the successful man. We understand nothing of the trials and struggles. We hear but of the success. In other words, we see the high lights of the picture and not the shadows, and yet the shadows are, after all, the most important. My father, the late James Henry Hackett, who had every honor which the profession of the stage could heap upon him, always regretted that he had not practised law, while my half-brother, John K. Hackett, who was for nineteen years Recorder of New-York City, and the predecessor of Recorder Smyth and recognized to be one of the finest criminal judges we have had, regretted that he had not adopted the stage as his profession.

To-day a man may approach the stage in a business capacity or he may approach it artistically, or perhaps in both ways. If he approaches it with a prospect of either becoming a manager or a producer, he must have, in addition to a keen business sense, the ability to gauge the desire of the public and its varying tastes, while at the same time he must have a knowledge of things dramatic, so that when a play is presented under his direction it will please and prove successful. If he approaches the stage solely with the hope of an artistic career, then, of course, he should have that indescribable quality, magnetic ability. It is only necessary to glance over the long list of actors in our country to point out dozens of men who have an immense amount of ability as actors, but who lack the wonderful power of magnetism. The result is that they can never rise above a certain level. Therefore, to answer concisely the original question, it is necessary to determine which branch of the drama one desires to pursue, the commercial or the artistic, and if convinced that the aspirant has a qualification for either in greater degree than for any other calling, I should certainly advise him most earnestly to adopt the stage as his profession.

But should the aspirant desire to accumulate great wealth, and if that is his sole desire, I should say by all means no. It is almost impossible for any one through the medium of an actor's art alone or through artistic management to secure wealth. On the one hand we have only to point to the late Augustin Daly, who, with all his success, left an estate terribly involved; and on the other hand, to mention the honored name of Sir Henry Irving, who a few years ago was in dire financial difficulties. This is due principally to three causes: First, the desire to do things artistically; second, that when you have a success many people, such as authors, share in your profits, but in event of failure there is no one to share the losses; and third, to the fact that the scenery, costumes, etc., in other words, the "plant," on which so much money must be expended, is perishable. It would seem to me that the chances in the managerial field, when one is fired by desire to produce artistic results, are 25 per cent against you. Whereas, if a man invests $50,000 in a shoe factory, his plant is non-perishable, at least almost so, and is generally a valuable asset.

Is it better to begin very young if one desires to follow the stage as a profession? I should say about the age that one would start in any calling. A training for the stage should be as complete as an apprenticeship to any other art or profession.

A thorough education is very desirable, but that does not mean a college education is absolutely essential. I hope to see the day when there will be a college specially endowed, in connection with our leading universities, for education in dramatic art. This would have its effect in attracting the right class of aspirants for theatrical honors, and as selection would then be made by examination the stage would profit considerably, to the greater satisfaction of the playgoer.

An individual's chances on the stage are considerably improved by a sound preliminary education. The difficulties of getting a start in the dramatic field are the same as are experienced in other professions. The struggles for success in the legal or medical profession are just as keen, and it is a case of the survival of the fittest on the stage as in other arts. The apparent attractiveness of the theatre, I think, draws more applicants to the stage than to the majority of professions in proportion to the number of people employed. This is due to the fact that so many people do not realize the necessity of adaptability and preparation. They think that it is merely a matter of walking on and acting. In many instances where they have failed in other ventures they suddenly become imbued with the idea that the stage is their calling.

If an individual feels that he is qualified to try the stage in all seriousness as a profession, he should apply to a manager. A good deal will depend upon the impression he creates, as it is scarcely likely that the manager is going to offer an engagement to an unknown who shows no special aptitude for acting. In other callings a man must produce references and prove himself capable. Why should it be different with the stage? The beginner will get a salary equivalent to his position, which is usually enough for self-support, but, as the average season is only thirty weeks, the total should be divided by fifty-two to arrive at the weekly income.

The development of the stock company throughout the country affords fine opportunity to acquire the groundwork of the player's art. The actor is called upon to play a variety of parts, and eventually may find there the line of work for which he is best suited. It should then be his object to perfect himself in that particular line, and the long runs which successful plays now obtain may enable him to rise from the ranks by dint of his own conscientious work. Artistic elaboration of a character comes slowly, and commensurate with this is the public's recognition of the artist. It is always well to bear in mind an axiom of the painter's art, "Better to paint a little, but paint that little well."

LIKE MONTE CARLO.

Want to Have Gaming Tables at Altenberg, Andorra and San Marino.

Of all the dangers that beset those small States of the Old World which owe their existence and their independence either to the jealousy or else to the tolerance of their powerful neighbors, there are none more grave than the temptations held out to them by the owners of public gambling establishments, who, driven from each of the bigger countries in turn, are endeavoring in every direction to secure some point of vantage and some foothold, such as they enjoy for the present, and possibly for a few years longer, at Monte Carlo. It is only by the most solemn pledges that he will decline to renew the concession sold to the gambling house firm of Edmond Blanc, Constantine Radziwill and Roland Bonaparte that the Prince of Monaco has averted the loss of his principality and its annexation to France, while Altenberg, which is also known as Moresnet, has just forfeited the independence which it has enjoyed for nearly a hundred years in consequence of its having aroused the indignation of the neighboring powers by granting concessions for a public gambling establishment on its soil to those gambling house owners who have recently been expelled by the Belgian Government from Ostend, Spa and Namur.

More even than San Marino and Andorra has Altenberg existed by the tolerance of the adjoining States. In fact, it may be said to have owed its origin to an accident, namely, to the inaccuracy of a map, and to the obscurity in the wording of a diplomatic document. The mistake arose in connection with Article XXV of the Treaty of Vienna, which dealt with the delimitation of the Prussian and Dutch frontiers. Commissioners were appointed to settle the controversy which arose concerning the matter, and finally it was decided that the territory in dispute, comprising an area of about a thousand acres, with a population of about three thousand, should remain neutral territory, belonging neither to Prussia nor to Holland, both, however, retaining a species of suzerainty over this smallest of all republics, which until now has been subject to the rule of its Burgomaster and municipality of ten duly elected members.

The people of Altenberg lived peacefully and contentedly, free from the obligations of military service, from onerous taxation and from political strife, until a few months ago, when the expelled gambling casino owners from Ostend and from Spa entered into negotiations with the Burgomaster and his council. From a financial point of view the offers made were of the most tempting character. The price which the gamblers were willing to pay to the municipality for the privilege of establishing public tables was sufficiently large to admit not only of the repeal of the tax of $1 a head which the inhabitants had paid until that time, but likewise gave promise of furnishing each of them with a small annuity. They accepted the terms, and within the last few weeks a large casino has been erected at Moresnet, where gambling of the most public and undisguised character is in progress without interruption by day and by night. Situated at a small distance from the direct line of railroad from Brussels to Cologne, and barely twenty minutes by train from Aix la Chapelle, the Altenberg casino naturally presents unrivalled attractions and advantages to the gambler, and so great has the scandal been caused by the fortunes which have already been squandered at the tables that Emperor William has decided to interfere. He has accordingly intimated to the Belgian Government, which, after the Brussels revolution of 1830, became invested with Holland's rights of suzerainty over Altenberg, that he is disposed to renounce all claims and prerogatives with regard thereto for a merely nominal sum of money to Belgium, provided the latter will annex the little State and extend to it the new and extremely drastic laws against gambling recently enacted by the Belgian Parliament. This offer has been accepted by Belgium, and arrangements are now in progress for the incorporation of Altenberg into the Kingdom of Belgium.

Emperor William's action in the matter meets with general approval, for his cession of his rights in connection with Altenberg to Belgium silences all objections that might have been raised by foreign powers had he seized the territory, while its strategic advantages to the empire are so infinitesimal that his subjects would cheerfully abandon them sooner than permit the establishment on the very borders of the empire of a second Monte Carlo, entailing the ruin of thousands of their sons, and daughters as well, for women form a very large percentage of those who squander their fortunes each year at Monte Carlo.

The fate of Altenberg cannot but serve as another warning to San Marino and Andorra, two other small republics, one in Italy, the other in the Pyrenees, on the Franco-Spanish frontier line. Each of them has been confronted by similar temptations, to which both have had the good sense to turn a deaf ear. San Marino enjoys the distinction of being the most ancient republic now in existence, having been founded more than fifteen hundred years ago by a saint of the name of Marino, who sought refuge on a rocky bluff of the Apennine Range, in the neighborhood of Rimini, from the persecutions of the Christians by the Roman Emperor Diocletian. Some thirty square miles in extent, with a population of a few thousand, its government remains the same to-day as it was fifteen centuries ago—that is to say, a republic which has been respected and befriended by all those many native rulers and foreign invaders that have figured in the history of the Italian peninsula during the last fifteen hundred years. It maintains an Order of Knighthood, and likewise an Order of Nobility—for fiscal purposes. That is to say, the republic sells at a fixed tariff rate the various grades of its Order of Knighthood, as well as nobiliary titles, from those of duke and prince down to mere baron, the money thus obtained being devoted to the maintenance of the local hospital and of the foundling asylum. Among other strange features of this small republic, which has been described as "a freak of liberty," is the circumstance that the government maintains at its expense the three local medical practitioners, the citizens enjoying medical attention in this fashion free of cost. The doctors are required, however, to be foreigners—that is to say, aliens—as far as the republic of San Marino is concerned. The magistrates and the police must likewise be foreigners in order to insure their impartiality and perfect independence in the discharge of their duties.

With regard to Andorra, it has existed as a republic for little over a thousand years, covers an area of scarcely more than one-half the number of square miles of New-York City, while its population is only a little greater than the number of men and women daily employed in some of the great office buildings in New-York. It was founded by Louis le Débonnaire, the son of Charlemagne, to commemorate a notable victory on the spot where Andorra la Villa, the capital of the valley republic, now stands, the first citizens being those of his soldiers who had most distinguished themselves in the battle. The republic has remained to this day under the joint protection of Spain and of France.

The House on the Hudson.

BY FRANCES POWELL.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Athena Derohan, born in Athens of American parents, who have long remained abroad, while a child in France is offered a doll for some kisses by Lord Ebbrides, who bets that any one can be bought. He loses. Athena's mother buys, from her winnings on the bet, an antique emerald. After the loss of her father's fortune and her mother's tragic death this stone, which is left to her, she calls "Nemesis." After her father's death in America she sells the emerald to Mr. Beverley, through Richard Thorpe, a young lawyer, who comes to announce that her cousin, Mrs. Spuyter, has obtained for her a position as housekeeper and companion at Highgrove Hall, on the Hudson, the home of Mrs. Erranti, an old and mentally unbalanced lady, and her son Philip. Mrs. Spuyten commits her to wearing a name not her own, Augusta Dean. She saves from drowning Mr. Randal St. John, nephew of the purchaser of "Nemesis," who lives near by, and himself the wearer of the ring. He is a friend of the Errantis, and Athena often sees him, disliking him. Philip is flowery in manner, and more than kind to her. During a house party she is subjected to insult by one of Philip's friends, named Sturgis, whom she finds next morning in the garden spring, where he has committed suicide. Philip seems vaguely to have had something to do with the tragedy. He now collaborates with his mother in preparing a new room in the house for Athena. He offends her by a too amiable demeanor, but pleases her by claiming to have known her father and by eulogizing him. Richard Thorpe reappears. He and Athena resume their friendship. Meanwhile Philip asks her to marry him. Mrs. Erranti arranges that Athena goes riding every day, often with Philip, and that the rides are not to be mentioned to Mr. Thorpe. One day a month later at a secluded spring Philip seizes her and kisses her wildly. Athena refuses to ride again. He succeeds in breaking her resolution by offering the mare for sale, conditional upon her orders and subjecting it to a buyer's brutality. Her maid makes covert allusion to her anomalous position in the household. Two English friends of Philip and Randal, whom he entertains at dinner, discuss with Athena the admixture of negro blood in marriage, to his evident annoyance. Athena engages herself to Thorpe, but prefers not to have it announced. While they are discussing Philip, Athena discovers one of the servants eavesdropping. Philip's attitude changes to sullen displeasure. He causes a fit of violent melancholia in Mrs. Erranti by persisting in a pigeon shooting contest with his guests, but later is again reconciled with her. Thorpe starts for Russia on a client's business. Athena takes Mrs. Erranti on a cruise. On her return she finds that Philip has discharged all the servants and engaged a new set. Philip has three entrances of the grounds locked and Athena shadowed by a servant. Von Schlange in Philip's absence drives in with a pretty, vulgar woman and elaborately insults Athena. Philip returns at the moment and almost beats Von Schlange to death with his riding crop.

XXVIII.

That last day of October—so brilliantly beautiful—proved to be what the country folk call a "weather breeder." It was followed by a long storm. November was a sullen month, with sad gray skies and constant drizzling rain. The wind moaned unceasingly through the dark trees; the gay, red leaves turned dull and sodden in their death on the chilling earth.

Madam no longer went out. The weather was too damp. Mr. Erranti did what he could to lighten her imprisonment by turning the veranda into a winter garden. Inclosed with glass, filled with palms, ferns and flowering plants, with divans and easy chairs ranged against the warm red of the brick walls, it became not only her garden, but a favorite lounging place for Philip and his friends.

Heated by steam—as was the house—its atmosphere was that of a conservatory, and, being no hothouse plant, I needed all my strength to withstand its enervating effect. Often, suffocated by the airless luxury of my surroundings, I longed for the cold, draughty farmhouse of Long Island. Philip also insisted upon having double windows in the north rooms of the second and third story. Yielding to his fondness for rich tints, he had them made of colored glass, purple, pink or yellow. Opaque, they shut out the view as well as the air; for, differing from any I had before seen, none had the usual single pane that will open for airing purposes. Mine was a pink barrier, filling my room with rosy light, but my view northward was gone. The two windows left free were overshadowed by the knoll which ran behind the house.

I missed my outlook toward Beverley Towers—missed the light that shone every evening from the windows of Mr. Beverley's library. I had liked to think of Richard's uncle ensconced before the fire, book in hand. A comfortable, neighborly glimmer of lamps in the early autumnal twilight, I had felt a friend was near. I even ventured to grumble a little to Philip, to regret my lost view, to mention the cheerful glow in the distance. He showed such pain at my disapproval of his arrangements for my "comfort"—as he called it—that I let the matter drop, resigning myself to the inevitable.

He was very kind in providing me with good maps, on which I might follow Dick's journeyings, and brought me all the books on Russia—novels included—that he could find. The romances he read aloud. Often it was nearly midnight before I remembered to put away my embroidery and say "good night!"

Since Dick's going he had shown a never flagging interest in him and his affairs—so kindly an interest I wrote to Dick and told him, thinking it would set his fears at rest. Indeed, when a letter came the last week in October saying that Dick was just starting for a long trip northward—to visit an out of the way estate belonging to his client—Philip startled me by an exclamation of alarm:

"How rash!"—then made matters worse by trying to mend them. "Don't look so frightened, child! I don't know what I meant, I'm sure. Travelling there is doubtless as safe as here. If winter should set in early—probably it won't this year—what harm can come to Mr. Thorpe in a well warmed railway car? I take one twice a day!" smiling reassuringly.

"But he writes he must, after leaving the train, travel some distance by carriage—or sledge."

"And your lovely little head is full of tales of wolves and such nonsense?" laughing at my fears. The laugh was, I knew, affected. "You foolish child, it's too early in the season for wolves to be hungry! Before winter has starved them into ferocity Mr. Thorpe will be safe and sound at home. Cheer up, Athena, and read me what I may hear of your letter."

"It's a ver yshort one," I said, regretfully, "that is the only news in it. He is to write a longer one in the cars. He says it will reach me as soon as this!"

"Probably to-morrow—or next day. In the mean time don't worry over problematical accidents."

I succeeded in dismissing the anxiety his words had at first aroused, and waited for my letter with a tranquil heart. It did not come. I soon began to learn the sickness of heart that follows a hope deferred. Two weeks—two long weeks—dragged away! At first I believed the mails in fault; then, that the letter lay forgotten in the pocket of some careless servant; at last that Dick had met with some accident—or was very ill. The coming of the mailbag was a daily torture; and when François, sorting its contents, murmured with an apologetic shrug of the shoulders, "Nothing for Mademoiselle to-day," I could hardly preserve my outward composure.

Philip, I knew, shared my fears, though he pretended to feel none, even making some plausible excuse for the non-coming of news; but when I confided to him my resolution of speaking to old Mr. Beverley when next I saw him at church he highly approved.

"But for the fear of being meddlesome I should have done so myself," he said.

Just then, however, one of the horses fell ill. It was thought to be a case of glanders, and because of the contagious nature of the disease I was not allowed to ride or drive. A wholly unnecessary precaution, I thought. The sick horse was quarantined, the others perfectly well. Philip used them as usual, and on Sunday the servants were sent to church. When I pointed this out to Philip he laughed at himself for being, perhaps, overcareful, but would not yield his point.

"It is a very deceitful disease, Athena," he persisted. "The best vet can't always be sure a horse isn't developing it. As contagious, too, as the measles. Dogs can't catch it, they say, so I don't forbid Don the stables."

"I doubt if 'Jim Crow' really has it," I hazarded, being an obstinate person. "You know you are not sure, Philip."

At this he looked very grave.

"My dear little woman," he said, "you must let me judge for you in this matter. I am answerable to Mr. Thorpe for your health and safety. During his absence I run no risks."

So I remained shut in behind the high walls of the park. Philip never remembered to make the inquiries for me, and was so uncomfortable when reminded of his forgetfulness I disliked speaking to him on the subject. Pride forbade my asking Randal about Richard. I dreaded his slow, contemptuous smile, his sneering drawl. Often, too, I caught him watching me stealthily. Sometimes I wondered if he had guessed my relationship to his cousin and was enjoying hiding ill tidings from me. Never, in his long chats with Madam, did he mention Richard's name, and she seemed glad to have him forgotten. Nemesis still flashed upon Randal's hand, so I knew he had kept the secret of his gambling from Mr. Beverley. He lost so constantly, so heavily, that I wondered where he got the money with which to play, for debts of honor must be paid.

November crawled slowly away. Philip had begun to treat me with the air of tender pity one shows to a wounded creature. The servants were subdued in manner when they waited upon me, as if awed by the secret knowledge of some great misfortune. Madam alone was the same as ever—kind and affectionate, peevish and selfish by turn. I kept my trouble from passing the threshold of her door. I was accustomed to suffering alone. I would do so to the end, please God.

"How thin thou art growing, my child," said Madam, "how very thin! It is not unbecoming—no, making thee look more spiritual even than before. Still, I like it not! Yesterday, when all ate so much, so much—on Thanksgiving Day all are pigs, Athena—thou didst eat nothing! Oh, I saw! And Philip, he was anxious. He said nothing, but he noticed. It is the weather. How may one have appetite in this eternal gloom? To-day is the last of this hateful month of rain. I am glad. It does well to end with a Friday. The last day of unlucky weather, let us hope!"

"December may enter gayly," I said. "The sun may shine to-morrow, dear Madam."

"Did we read those hateful newspapers, you and I, we should know their guesswork for to-morrow! Better not. We have too much sense; I have, that is, for thou art dull, Athena, to read their sheets of horror. Dreadful murders, horrid accidents—how now, child? Thy face flushes strangely—thou art not ill, ma bien-aimée?"

I was not ill. Well might she call me dull. Never once had I thought to search the papers for news of Dick. Had an accident occurred, one of serious import, they would tell me. I could hardly wait for my hour of freedom. When it came I hurried to the library, where I knew I should find the back numbers of Philip's favorite newspaper for the month. He kept them on file for reference. But they were not in their usual place. I hunted everywhere; I could not find them. François, whom I called to assist me, pretended to know nothing of their whereabouts.

"Monsieur always keeps them here." I showed the place. "Surely you must remember, François?"

"But yes, Mademoiselle, quite well."

"Then what has become of them?"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle."

"Then please search in Monsieur's room," I said. "I will look elsewhere myself."

During my search I met Mathilde, and asked her if she had seen them.

"But no, Mademoiselle," she said, in her usual stolid way.

"I mean the file of newspapers Monsieur keeps in the library."

"Ah, those, Mademoiselle? They were burned."

"Burned?" I echoed, despairingly. "Oh, Mathilde!"

"I regret it, since Mademoiselle desires them," she said, politely.

"Why were they burned, Mathilde?"

"I do not know. Monsieur gave the order." Then, seeing François approaching, she added, so that he might hear, "François destroyed them."

"Great idiot!" hissed the man between his teeth. "But Monsieur shall hear of thy folly!"

I went swiftly away from the two. I was cold with terror. Must I feel the icy hand of Death upon my heart again? I would go at once to Mr. Beverley. He should tell me what the others concealed. Their ill judged kindness was driving me mad.

The day was very dreary. The first snow of the winter had come. Great wet flakes fell, sadly, unwillingly, as though aware they left heaven for a deathbed on the sodden earth. Most of them melted as they touched the ground; but so many followed, and for so long, that by and by enough remained to give the world the appearance of being wrapped in a dirty shroud. Not until I was ready to start on my pilgrimage—late in the afternoon—did I recollect that the door in the wall was locked, and

Continued on fourth page

UNION LABOR HAS LEADERS OF VARIOUS KINDS—GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

JAMES DUNCAN.
Vice-president of the American Federation of Labor.
(Copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett.)

SAMUEL GOMPERS.
President of the American Federation of Labor.
(Copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett.)

FRANK MORRISON.
Secretary of the American Federation of Labor.
(Copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett.)

AGAIN THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.
(From The Brooklyn Eagle.)

LABOR DAY AND LABOR LEADERS.

WHEN UNIONISM HAS SO MANY GOOD REPRESENTATIVES, WHY EXALT A MAN LIKE PARKS?

The paradoxically named holiday, Labor Day, which comes to-morrow, will probably be observed more generally than in any previous year in the history of the day. Labor in this city is not in a condition to make so big a showing this year as last, but everywhere there will be a cessation from labor. The day is the dying gasp of the vacation season, and every one seeks to make the best of it. The trains yesterday were laden with thousands who were going once more to the country, with its streams, green fields and lakes, to spend to-day and to-morrow.

The presence of President Roosevelt at the Labor Day celebration at Syracuse and his speech at the State Fair grounds will be of more than local interest. President Roosevelt will go to Syracuse over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The Lake Forest, said to be one of the finest private cars in the world, which has been fitted up recently, has been placed at his disposal by W. H. Truesdale, president of the railroad. Judging from reports from Syracuse, the city is planning to make the visit a notable affair in the history of the city.

The annual parade of the representatives of labor in this city will probably not be so large this year as last year, owing to the defection of a number of unions from the ranks of the United Board of Building Trades because of its attitude toward the arbitration plan proposed by the building trades employes, who have charge of the parade. And especially because of the objection of many laboring men to marching behind the convicted walking delegate, Samuel J. Parks. This redoubtable personage, carrying his record of one thousand plus strikes with him and leaving his other records doubly rivetted down at home, as last year, will, it is announced, be the grand marshal. It will rejoice many of his followers to see him at the head of his own, especially as it was believed at one time that he would be prevented from being present by causes over which he had no control. It is not pleasant to be mourned as one dead when one is alive. Leading his horse at the head of the procession, with his trappings of office thrown over the saddle, his own cheering visage missing, would have been somewhat suggestive of such a condition. There is a possibility that Mr. Parks may not ride on horseback because of his physical condition. The well known candidate for Mayor, William S. Devery, his friend in time of need, may accompany him at the head of the procession. They may ride in a barouche or some other kind of open vehicle side by side, so that the faces of these public spirited martyrs may be seen by the populace. The flaming red shirt which Mr. Parks wore last year when he rode at the head of the thirty thousand who paraded then will be worn this year, even if it hardly look well on a person who has been mentioned as a candidate for the office of Controller on Mr. Devery's ticket. It is unfortunate that the parade in New-York is not to be headed by some of the labor leaders who dignify the cause which they represent and which are representative of a really large percentage of labor.

Early to-morrow morning the intersection of the Bowery and Bayard-st. will be thronged with as picturesque a crowd as one could find anywhere in the city. The special cars to take "Tom" Foley's guests to the picnic which he has planned for the denizens of his district, the IId, to be held in Sulzer's Harlem River Park, are to start there. Probably no district in the city contains so cosmopolitan or so picturesque a population as his. Greeks, Jews, Italians, Chinamen, Scandinavians, Japanese, Irishmen, Poles, Germans and Frenchmen look to him for offices when Tammany is in power. The only thing that mars the serenity of Mr. Foley, according to his own words, is his inability to speak fourteen different languages. But, as he says, they all understand enough of the good IId District speech to make their wants known. He should know. However, on this occasion, according to Mr. Foley, politics is to cut no figure. "It doesn't make any difference whether they have a vote or belong to Tammany Hall or not. They are all welcome, even those who 'knock' the 'Hall.'"

He expects that fifty thousand persons will attend the picnic, and has chartered fifty special cars to take the women and children to Fort George and then to the park. Doubtless, the little Chinese girls, with their gayly colored pantalets, will get as much fun out of the day as the American children. A varied programme has been prepared. The daylight hours will be given over to the youngsters. Punch will club the baby and poor Judy to death in his usual brutal fashion, lie like blue blazes when the sheriff solemnly announces that he has come after "You, Mr. Punch!" and expire in great anguish when the noose is drawn tight about his throat, to the great satisfaction of the youngsters. Clowns in loose pantaloons, their faces covered with streaks of livid paint, will play tricks upon each other. And there will be games for all, with an all day concert by the Catholic Protectory Band.

In the evening the grown up Foleyites will take possession of the park. There will be a grand march led by Mr. Foley and a belle from the IId District. Mr. Foley has demonstrated his right to be leader of the district in the plan he adopted for the selection of the belle. P. Whalen was selected by Mr. Foley to choose a committee, of which he should be chairman, to attend to this delicate task. "That was a good plan," said Mr. Foley, when commenting on the wisdom of the plan, "because, if any of the young women become jealous, I can thrust the blame upon Mr. Whalen and the other members of the committee." One of the features of the dancing, it was announced, will be national dances by the people of the different countries represented. Mr. Foley does not fear anything resembling a Donnybrook fair. He bases his views on this point on the fact that the different nationalities all live amicably together in the IId