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AUSTRIA'S NEW PILOT IS AN ADMIRER OF AMERICA.

For nearly a year past reports have been current to the effect that Count Goluchowski was about to retire from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs for the dual empire, of Minister of the Imperial House and of de facto Chancellor. Of late his position has become absolutely untenable by reason of the intense hostility of the people of Hungary both to his person and to his policy. Moreover, his health has suffered severely from the effects of the arduous labors in connection with his office; and this, taken in conjunction with several bereavements, notably the death of his mother, and with his desire to devote himself to the administration and the enjoyment of his large estates, has led him again to tender his resignation, which this time has been accepted by the Emperor, who has offered the post to Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Diedrichstein, his ambassador in London.

Count Albert Mensdorff's nomination, while eminently satisfactory to the people of Austria, to the great nobility of which country he belongs, will likewise be agreeable to the Hungarians, since he is the brother-in-law of Count Albert Apponyi, who shares with Kossuth the leadership of the Magyar party and who was in this country a few years ago to represent the Hungarian legislature at the interparliamentary congress at St. Louis. Moreover, there is something particularly fitting in the appointment of Count Albert Mensdorff, for he was born in that wing of the Hapsburg Vienna which is assigned to the Department of Foreign Affairs and to the Imperial House at the time when his father, Count Alexander Mensdorff-Pouilly, was at the head of these two offices. Count Alexander's retirement into private life after the disastrous war with Prussia in 1866 was partly due to his persistence in taking upon himself the responsibility of having brought about the conflict in question; partly, too, to his conviction that new men were needed for the execution of the treaty with Prussia, but mainly, perhaps, on account of the popular outcry raised against his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Field Marshal and Countess Clam-Gallas.

The field marshal was one of the principal commanders of the Austrian army in the war of 1866, and it was asserted at Vienna that the extraordinary knowledge which existed at Berlin and at the Prussian headquarters regarding the military projects of the campaign was attributable to the fact that the count wrote very freely to his wife from the front, and that the countess either sent these letters on, or, at any rate, communicated the contents thereof to her husband at Berlin, wedded to Count (now Prince) Alfred Hatzfeldt, father of the Prince Francis Hatzfeldt who married Clara Huntington, adopted daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington, the Western railroad magnate. On the strength of this story the count was suddenly deprived of his command in the face of the enemy, was sent back under close arrest to Vienna, and, after having been mobbed, hooted and almost lynched on his arrival, was brought before a court of inquiry in order to satisfy in a measure the public clamor for a court martial, and even for a trial of himself and of the countess on charges of high treason. After a couple of sessions of the court of inquiry the Emperor suddenly stopped all the proceedings, a measure which, though kindly meant, was, perhaps, unfortunate, since the investigation, if carried to an end, would have cleared the count in the eyes of the people

of the imputation of that betrayal of military secrets to which the Austrian press was disposed to attribute the disasters of the imperial army.

That there may have been some innocent indiscretion on the part of the countess in writing to her sister at Berlin many people at Vienna are disposed to believe. But that there was any such thing as intentional treachery, as claimed in Austria during the first few months following the crushing defeats in that unfortunate campaign, no one any longer credits for a moment. Count and Countess Clam-Gallas immediately withdrew to their country seat, and for a number of years remained absent from Vienna, being followed in their retirement by their brother-in-law, Count Alexander Mensdorff-Pouilly, who took up his residence at his wife's castle of Nicosburg, in Moravia, which had served as Prussia's headquarters during the latter stages of the war, and where the treaty was signed which transferred the supremacy which Austria had until then enjoyed in Germany to Prussia. Two years later Count Alexander Mensdorff, who had retained the warm friendship of the Emperor, was raised by the latter to the rank of prince, and invested with the title of Prince Diedrichstein, which had belonged to his wife's father. The prince's wife, who died only last spring, was a very remarkable woman, famous in her youth for her beauty. Her grandfather was, at the time of the Napoleonic wars and of the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, sovereign prince and ruler of Diedrichstein. His son Joseph was mediatized by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. He died in 1858 without male issue, but leaving four lovely daughters. One of these married Count Alexander Mensdorff, another Prince Alfred Hatzfeldt, a third Field Marshal Count Clam-Gallas and the fourth Count Herberstein.

Whereas, Prince Joseph Diedrichstein figured in Part II of the Almanach de Gotha among the mediatized houses of Germany, his son-in-law had to content with remaining a mere noble and with a place as such in Part III of the Almanach, since it was not within the power of the Emperor to invest him or any one else with the prerogatives of mediatization. Yet he was allied by ties of blood with several of the reigning houses of Europe, notably those of Great Britain, of Portugal and of Prussia, his mother having been the Duchess Sophia of Saxe-Coburg, sister of the Prince Consort's father, and also of the Duchess of Kent, who was Queen Victoria's mother. Moreover, he was not only the first cousin, but also the boyhood friend of the Prince Consort of England, and their intimacy continued until the death of Queen Victoria's husband, who acted as godfather to Count Albert Mensdorff, the new Minister of the Foreign Office. Queen Victoria always retained a particularly warm spot in her heart for all those who had enjoyed the regard and affection of her impenetrable spouse, and when Count Albert Mensdorff was sent to London as a secretary of the Austrian Embassy he was received by her, not as a mere foreign diplomat, but as a near and dear kinsman. By his charm of manner, his exquisite tact and discretion, he has succeeded in maintaining his position as such with the entire royal family, being a particular favorite of King Edward and Queen Alexandra and a constant guest beneath their roof at Windsor and at Sandringham. Indeed, it was owing to the British monarch's intimation that the presence of the count at the Court of St. James's as representative of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be agreeable to him which led Francis Joseph to promote him from his secretaryship of the embassy to the full ambassadorship in Eng-

Count Albert Mensdorff's Nomination to this Important Post Pleases the Austrians and Also the Hungarians, Says Ex-Attache.

land on the retirement of Count Deym a few years ago. Inasmuch as the present Prince Diedrichstein has only one little frail seven-year-old boy by his marriage with Princess Olga Dolgorouki, it is quite on the cards that Count Albert may eventually succeed to his brother's title and to the possession of the vast estates, including the castle of Nicosburg. The count is unmarried, and although his name has frequently been mentioned as the suitor of this and that reigning beauty in London, and even as likely to contract a matrimonial alliance with the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who has been his closest friend, he still remains single. He speaks English without the slightest trace of any foreign accent, and until he became ambassador was the bright particular star of those amateur the-

atricals which were a feature of the house parties at Chatsworth and other grand country houses in England, being usually associated with the lovely Princess of Pless and with Miss Muriel Wilson in these entertainments. He is short rather than tall, is about forty-five years of age and holds the rank of captain on the reserve list of one of the crack dragon regiments of the Austrian army.

As far as this country is concerned, it may be safely asserted that when Count Mensdorff assumes office as Minister of Foreign Affairs he will bring an atmosphere of unprecedented good will toward everything American into that great department on the Ballhausplatz of the Hofburg at Vienna, where old Prince Metternich devised and organized the Holy Alliance against the United States, thereby calling into existence the

Monroe Doctrine. For none of Mensdorff's predecessors has had such a host of American friends, nearly all of them acquired during the many years that he spent in London in a diplomatic capacity. In this he will differ from his predecessor, Count Goluchowski, who, although a gifted and in other respects a charming man, was imbued with the most bitter kind of prejudice against everything American. The count, it may be remembered, at the time of the war with Spain, in 1898, endeavored to engineer a European intervention in behalf of Spain, and has frequently been mentioned in connection with attempts to organize an economic coalition against the United States. Not even Goluchowski's best friends are quite clear as to the origin of his animosity toward America, but there are some who ascribe it to the influence of his wife, who was a Princess Murat, and who has a strong strain of American blood in her veins through her grandmother, Princess Lucien Murat, prior to her marriage Miss Caroline Fraser, of Philadelphia. Count and Countess Goluchowski gave a curious exhibition of their sentiments with regard to Americans at the time of the engagement of the countess's father, the late Prince Joachim Murat, to Miss Gwendolyn Caldwell, of Washington. For they induced him to break off the match after all the trousseau had been purchased and on the very eve of the date appointed for the wedding, and pledged themselves to furnish him the same income as that which Miss Caldwell was to have settled upon him, namely, \$100,000 a year. They, however, made the payment thereof conditional on his refraining from marrying any American woman, though they entertained no objections whatsoever to his matrimonial alliance with women belonging to other nationalities, and fully approved of his union not long afterward to the English born widow of the Parisian financier, Baron Arthur Hainqueriot.

The post of Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Dual Empire is inevitably associated with that of the Minister of the Imperial House. The latter is an office which is not particularly well understood abroad. It entails the direction of the department which has charge of all the interests of the imperial family, and of the administration of those mysterious and secret laws known as the Family Statutes of the illustrious House of Hapsburg, statutes to which the Emperor himself is subject, and which govern all the members of the dynasty to a far greater extent than the laws of the land. The Minister of the Imperial House is the only one not a prince or princess of the blood who is aware of the tenor of these laws, for some mysterious disobedience to which the Emperor divested the late Archduke John not merely of his honors and dignities, but even of his very Austrian citizenship, sixteen years ago; and the Minister of the Imperial House is bound by the most caustic oath not to divulge their nature, although he has frequently called upon by the Hungarian Parliament to do so, but always in vain. The minister has charge of all the family archives, is trusted with all the many deep and sometimes terrible secrets of the Hapsburgs, including those appertaining to the succession; and, last, but not least, the minister is called upon to pass judgment upon the genealogical qualifications, the social antecedents, etc., of those members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy who demand admission at court. In fact, he is by virtue of his office the marshal and supreme head of the Austro-Hungarian nobility and the arbiter of all its disputes and controversies. It is therefore always a source of satisfaction, alike to the imperial family and to the nobility, when this office, which has been held in turn by the great Metternich, by Count Alexander Mens-

dorff, Count Beust, Count Andrássy, Count Kalnoky and Count Goluchowski, is vested in the hands of a son of the old aristocracy, such as Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Diedrichstein, EX-ATTACHE.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO.

How It Compares with That of Irish and Germans in America.

The physical record of what W. E. B. Dubois, in his publications of the American Economic Association, refers to as the 250,000 independent Negroes, including 200,000 farmers, 20,000 teachers, 15,000 clergymen and 10,000 merchants, is, according to his statement, far better than the record of the Irish and as good as that of the German-Americans in thirty-four of the great life insurance companies, and the best class of this group is fully abreast of America and morality with the great middle class of Americans. In literature, art, business and professional life, and its members have repeatedly, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and other great cities, proved their right to be treated as American citizens on a plane of perfect equality with other citizens. It has made progress, Mr. Dubois says, in spite of the fact that this numerically small class, with little inherited wealth, has had laid upon it the responsibility for the civilization and reformation of the great streams of emigrants from the rural South simply because they are of the same race, although no one would think of asserting that the risen Negroes are in any sense responsible for the degradation of the plantation ones.

In the case of the Irish immigrants or of the Jews, Mr. Dubois points out that it would be considered a hard thing to require them to see to the poor of their own race, and if this were done they would have the sympathy of the rest of the community in their undertaking. In the case of the Negro, however, every disability, every legal, social and economic bar, is placed before the little group charged with responsibility for the welfare of the incompetent and unfortunate of their own race. Not only that, but the group is judged continually and repeatedly by the worst classes of those very people whose uplift is calmly shifted to their shoulders by the city at large. The result of this has been the suffering of the inferior elements of the race of immigration. Mr. Dubois continues: "New York had, in the '40s, an intelligent group of well-to-do, thrifty and skilled Negroes, the nation has ever seen. Forty thousand strangers dropped on them. The city formed a cordon around them, and not only cut off every avenue of economic and social escape, but narrowed, beat and crowded back the better class out of their vantage ground, which had been gained by work and diligence, and this group was literally suffocated beneath the deluge of immigrants. It has not wholly recovered itself to this day." He finds the remedy for existing conditions in the organization of Negroes into self-sustaining, self-supplying groups, as is already being done in many places.

BLACK HEN'S EGGS.

F. Augustus Heinze, the copper man, was talking about a certain financier. "He is a wily one," said Mr. Heinze, smiling. "There is no getting around him. Even as a boy he had all the wiles of the serpent in his breast. "He tells himself how in his boyhood he used to do the marketing for his mother, and how easy he found it, even then, to get the better of people. "One day he went into a grocer's to get some eggs. "Give me," he said, 'a dozen black hens' eggs, please.' "The grocer laughed down at the little fellow. "Black hens' eggs?" said he. "And how can any one tell the eggs of a black hen?" "I can do it," said the boy. "Then go ahead," said the grocer, waving his hand towards a huge basket of eggs. "And the boy went over to the basket, picked out twelve of the largest eggs, paid his money and walked out."

THE LODGE AT GLEN QUOICH.



A DEER DRIVE IN GLEN QUOICH. Glen Quoich is a deer forest, of about fifty thousand acres, in Inverness-shire, and is called the finest in Scotland. It yields an average of one hundred stags each season. It was leased the other day by Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg and New York. The rent and the other expenses of maintaining the property are estimated at \$500,000 a year.

SOME HUMOROUS IMPRESSIONS OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Written for The Tribune by a Teacher.

Up on Morningside Heights, where stand the big buildings that cost Columbia University many plaintively solicited millions, the green lawns and red brick walls of the college are the scene of a pleasant academic picnic just now. A visitor to this pretty spot last week noticed several sunburned boys, with their heads in the air, lying under the trees studying logarithms, while an elderly woman with a white dress and a pink sash sauntered by with a book on deductive logic. She received an abstracted bow from a lean, ascetic man of prodigious solemnity who was sitting on the stone steps of the library counting the metrical feet in Byron's "Don Juan." Two well known professors, in negligé shirts, were smoking cigars together in the shade. All over the campus were fitting spectacled women with white parasols and round shouldered men in outing flannels, while from the open windows of the stone halls floated the odor of chemicals, the clang of the recitation bell, the drone of the lecturer and all the hum of the educational mill. The Summer School of Columbia was in full swing. There is a good chance, if you are a school teacher, to get more education without giving up your paying position in the winter. If you don't go to Europe, go to the summer sessions.

Those people of perennial enthusiasm who write "Hints to Shoppers" in the New York newspapers will tell you that if you can only endure the heat of the summer in the city there is no time like July for real bargains in the shops. The credulous and the amateur shopper may rise with the lark, or rather, in New York, with the milkman, to attend the "white sales" of January, but your expert shopper waits till all the well dressed and wealthy have left town and then takes a leisurely way down Fifth avenue, where she "picks up"—a phrase that means buying something you don't really need—the most beautiful Parisian confections for one-half their original price. Now, though the female school teacher may seem to have set her heart more upon the doctor's hood than upon the Parisian bonnet, she never loses the eternal thriftiness of womanhood, and she spends just as much time in trying to get another academic degree cheap as does the more primitive woman upon laying in bargain necklaces. So when that great and wise man, the president of Columbia University, offers in the summer an educational bargain on Morningside Heights, the ewige welliche from the uttermost parts of the academic world rush to New York. Here you may get the remnants of perfectly good lectures that were fashionable last winter; also short lengths of courses that were very expensive in the whole piece, and splendid instructors who are a little shopworn, of course, after a winter of

display, but out of whom you can, with care, work wonders, because they are of the best material, after all. If you continue for several summers to collect such remnants you will some day have enough for a bachelor's hood, or even for a master's gown.

Of course, there are some men at the summer school, but somehow they don't seem to count. Many of them are college boys going over again the courses in which they failed, and they hardly see any fun in the outings. Some men work alone and independently in the laboratories and libraries, and do not attend the lectures. And the others, well—even when they do come to the classroom you hardly see them. They generally sit into a little group in the back of the room, where they take notes or lounge or joke with one another; but the women—God bless 'em!—fill all the seats in the front rows, and with upturned faces take in thirstily and gratefully every word that the lecturer says about economics or Shelley or integral calculus.

So it was that on the last Fourth of July "the fair" began to arrive in great troops at Whitler Hall, the dormitory for women, at 120th street and Amsterdam avenue. Nearly four hundred of them descended upon the imitation marble halls of that home for intelligent females. Most of them were strangers to the city (for the chance to see New York is part of the inducement of the Columbia Summer School), and their confusions and troubles were at first many. The hall employs a couple of social secretaries, brisk young women who are kept as busy answering questions as is "Information" at the Grand Central Station. Here are some typical questions they are asked and must answer, somehow, at all hours of the day and far into the night:

"Why won't the druggist take my check for soda water?" "Which is the cheapest tailor in town? I want to have a suit made." "Will you have some one move my washstand out of the room at once?" "Will you tell me the address of Dr. Knapp?" "Some one told me he was the best oculist in the city, and I want to have my glasses mended." "My doctor told me that if I studied one bit in this summer I'd break down, and I am determined to take that Chaucer course. Now what would you advise?" "Mayn't I invite three cousins to that West Point excursion? Yes, I know it is gotten up exclusively for summer school students. But mayn't I?" "Is President Butler in? No? Well, then—er—can you give me a catalogue?" "When I drew near the desk to see how the secretary was bearing up, a tall, slow moving Southerner with long eyelashes and an unspoke-

Serious Work Characterizes Columbia's Hot Weather Courses, But Human Nature, Here as Everywhere, Provides Laughable Incidents.

able hat was blocking the tide of humanity. The secretary had just written out some directions on a slip of paper and had handed them to her. The girl contemplated the paper, while the secretary glared at her and motioned those behind to step lively and pass in their requests. "Aren't you going to blot this?" said the Southerner, softly and sweetly and very slowly. "How can I fold it up all wet and put it in my purse?" She was standing over a desk covered with a big blotter, but the long suffering secretary said nothing. She only took the paper from her, slammed it down on the blotter in front of the girl's nose and gave it back to her. "Tired? I should say she was," said a friend of the secretary to me when the luncheon bell rang and the last dozen women had received explicit directions how to reach the dining room on the ninth floor. "They'll learn soon; but for the first few days they are just ridiculous. You wouldn't believe that thinking women could be so unreasonable. You see, a great many of them come from little Southern towns, and it's hard for them to adapt themselves to the big city. Just now my friend the secretary noticed one who had been sitting over there for ever so long. She looked anxious, so the secretary went over and asked her what she wanted. 'I am waiting for a telephone message,' she said, 'and I can't understand why the office boy doesn't bring it to me.' "Did you leave your name at the office?" asked the secretary. "Why—no—I thought if I sat right here near the door—"

"How do you suppose," said the secretary, "that the telephone boy will know you are Miss C—, no matter how close to the telephone you may sit? He has probably been to your room already and can't find you." She thanked the secretary for the hint, but I think it saddened her to find that nobody knew her. At home she is probably the colonel's daughter, and bows to every one she meets. "Some of them are overconscious of being alone in a great city. They get flustered at everything. We have just had a scare over a robbery. A New Orleans pianist came sobbing to the secretary, with the news that she had locked her door carefully on leaving it for breakfast, but that \$200 had been stolen from her bureau. "I knew anybody could crawl up that fire escape," she said bitterly.

"The secretary hurried upstairs, went into her room, and, after a few minutes search, pulled the \$200 from under her pillow. She had forgotten that she had transferred it from the bureau. But, dear me, the trouble wasn't over. The news of the robbery spread all over the house, and by the time the secretary got downstairs every woman on every floor past which the fire escape ran had applied for a change of room.

"About an hour ago," continued my informant, "there hurried up to the secretary a young woman, fashionably dressed in a pongee dust coat and a flower laden hat. The only academic marks about her were the springlike walk and the tight mouth.

"Is there any one here who can go shopping with me?" she asked in the assured tones of one who is accustomed to being heard. "I don't know of any one who is going to shop this afternoon," said the secretary. "Can't you go with me?" asked the shopper, crisply.

"The secretary looked hard at her and obviously crushed down the first words that came to her lips. Then she said gently: 'Well, you see, the head of the house is away, and as I am in complete charge of this hall and the four hundred people in it, I could hardly leave it this afternoon'; and the well dressed Minerva jerked away."

I raised my eyebrows, but the secretary's friend said to me, with a cynical smile: "You think that she was asking a good deal from a stranger? Bless you, that's nothing. Last night a very young teacher came up to the secretary and wailed: 'My room is No. 624, and I'm all the way from Maryland, and I never slept alone in all my life before, and what shall I do?' I know she expected the secretary to offer to sleep with her, but my friend was pretty tired by that time, so she told her the janitor had a cat he might spare her."

I watched the secretary reading the amusement advertisements and the church notes in the newspaper, because she is sure to be asked all about the theatres and the churches before the day is over, and then strolled under the trees toward the recitation rooms on the campus. I visited an English class, and was at once struck by the unusually mixed quality of students assembled there. This is because there are no formal entrance examinations for the school, and because of the different reasons that

impel the students thither. The conditioned college freshman, a sturdy, careless wad, sits flanked by the middle aged lady principal of awful intensity of purpose, and by the red haired girl with the turned down collar and the artistic attitudes. It must be very difficult, I feel, to adjust a lecture or questions to such a heterogeneous audience. I notice another difficulty for the instructor presented by the reticence and caution in the responses of the adult pupil. A class of college freshmen will be anxious to speak almost before they have formulated their ideas; they have nothing to lose and all to gain by their artless gabble. For, by talking, it is well known one impresses one's instructor with the deep interest one is taking in the course, and even if one's written work is slipshod "class interest" may pull one through. But not so the weary adult with a scholastic reputation to lose.

The instructor puts a question. That each member of the class has an opinion you may see by the glittering eye and attentive pose of the body. But shall that opinion be launched? Suppose the head of the English department of a Little Rock, Ark., institute should make a mistake! Should be corrected by that young gosling of a college professor who sits there with his indulgent smile! And it is not him that the one from Little Rock dreads so much as the opinion of the principal of an Oshkosh school, to whom she was only last night indulging in the little stately "brag." The Oshkosh is sitting beside her in similar nervousness.

I was glad to leave that class. It made me as uneasy as an Ibsen play, though the characters speak nothing but commonplace, though the scene is dreadfully important, though the same. I asked the instructor, one of those brilliant but absurdly young looking scholars that may often be found teaching in big universities, if he didn't find some difficulty in teaching the old idea how to bend. He laughed, and said "Yes"—that a good many of his pupils were a bit inflexible. When a man or a woman has been teaching for ten years in a certain way he is not going to give up that idea easily—and especially at the suggestion of a comparatively callow youth. "It is often rather awkward teaching one's elders," he said. "A very sweet faced, gray haired woman walked into the office at the opening of the school and asked for Mr. —, naming the instructor put down for the course. 'I am he,' I replied. She was visibly staggered, and after a few moments she said, with a gentle severity: 'Do you think, sir, that you are old enough to teach me?'"

"They take advantage of my youth, too—these elderly ladies. They try to bully me. One has been here already to know what her mark for the term will be. 'But I haven't made out the marks yet,' I objected. 'Now, my dear boy,'

she coaxed, 'you know just as well as I do that you have made up your mind about those marks, even if you haven't put them down on paper. Now tell me, what is mine?' I felt like a very bad boy, but I couldn't tell her."

But one must not think that life at the Columbia Summer School is all a horrid grind. It has, as I said at the beginning, the elements of a picnic, only not a foolish picnic, with indigestible cakes and laughter that is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. This picnic is educational in its effect. The relaxation of the summer school takes the form of excursions to West Point, Tarrytown, the museums, city hospitals, the Immigration station, and so forth. There are receptions where light gossip about college entrance requirements is exchanged and the relative amounts of salaries in different localities. At the first reception each student wears a small placard on which is written her name and native city, so that all may get down to conversation without any preliminary fencing. They are to have dances, I hear, but I have not as yet seen their joy so unconfined. The most hilarious pleasures so far have been on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, when a fine brass band plays classic airs and the students stroll around the great dim bulk of the domed library and under the yews and poplars of the softly lighted campus.

I do not think that there are many flirtations at the summer school. From what I know of men and women in academic life, I gather that they rather despise one another physically. And this is very natural. Can a man who loves Tenyson's Guinevere get up a romantic passion for a woman with a sharp smile and thin hair? Can a woman who knows Ray Blass admire a little cautious pedagogue? Not much. And so they wander solitary in the moonlight, perfect examples of that good old lyric that begins:

POKER PLAYER'S PEDAL EXTREMITY.

There is an enterprising dealer in men's shoes in Boston who, at one time, was accustomed to display sticking out of each pair of shoes in his windows three new \$1 bills. The accompanying announcement used to read something like this: "Three of a kind beat two pair." On one occasion a bright young man undertook to get the better of the dealer. Entering the store, he said to the proprietor: "You sell shoes according to the rules of poker, I see." "Yes," was the reply. "I wear size No. 9," said the bright young man; "wrap me up two pairs of them." "When he had received the shoes he tendered in payment therefor \$3." "Pardon me," said the proprietor, "but those shoes come to \$5." "Not according to Hoyle," said the bright young man, with a triumphant grin; "three of a kind beat two pair." "Very true," responded the suave proprietor, "but they don't beat four nines. Six dollars, please."—Harper's Weekly.