JOYS of COACHING NOT CONFINED to the UNCO' RICH

A. G. VANDERBILT Carries Passengers In the "VENTURE" For As Low As 25 Cents Each.

By M. W. Mount.

Numbers of men in New York are able to tell how drivers of the coaches from Denver to Leadville would come in on the stroke of 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after a drive often filled with difficulties and dangers of which no one unacquainted with coach driving in the Rocky Mountains in early mining days can conceive.

Heroic men drove those coaches and maintained a schedule that was their pride and boast. They drove and they kept to their schedules because they had to. It is the fashion now to drive a road coach upon schedule time for amusement.

The New York road coach of to-day is an elegant affair contrasted with the Colorado coach of yesterday. It travels over the finest roads in the country, and yet there is enough of difficulty in maintaining an exact schedule of time and in driving a four-in-hand of mettlesome horses, to make the accomplishment of both something worth while striving for, aside from the amusement derived from the sport and the entertainment afforded by passing through beautiful country scenery accompanied by a delightful company of congenial spirits.

There is at present almost a furor for coaching in this city. So devoted has fashionable society become to this pastime that women have organized the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club and have become so expert at tooling coaches, under the tutorship of Morris E. Howlett, that they have held creditable meets, exhibiting no less than nine drags in line at their last drive.

The popularity of coaching has another illustration in the success which Alfred G. Vanderbilt has had with his coach Venture, bookings for which have been so phenomenally good that Mr. Vanderbilt has extended the season for drives to November 2. Even pouring rain has not deterred lovers of this style of driving from mounting to their seats on top of the Venture for their outing to Ardsley.

Practically every morning since September 9 Mr. Vanderbilt has tooled his coach from the Holland House to Ardsley, starting at 10:30 o'clock in the morning and returning from Ardsley at 5:30 o'clock. There are twelve stops along the route, each made upon schedule time, including four changes of horses each way.

AN ARDUOUS SCHEDULE.

This is the first time Mr. Vanderbilt has run a coach as a private enterprise, and he has stuck to his somewhat arduous task in a manner to excite the admiration of all coaching enthusiasts, who know what the work means. Upon the occasions of his rare absences, the coach has been tooled by Harry Brenchly and Charles H. Wilson.

The Venture made a hit in London before the season opened here. "The London Road" predicted all manner of triumphs for it, saying of Mr. Vanderbilt's horses: "The careful matching of each pair is a revelation to English notions," and "no horses in classes over 15.3 can compare with those driven by Mr. Vanderbilt."

Who could fail to admire the regularity and absolute rhythm of movement of these blooded horses as they start from the Holland House in this bright autumn weather, champing and fretting under restraint; their glossy coats shining in unison with the glistening coloring and glittering equipments of the coach; their spirited mien in keeping with the gay attire and eager expectancy of the throng on the top of and within it!

As long ago as 1875 the Coaching Club of New York was organized by Colonel William Jay, Delancey A. Kane, James Gordon Bennett, Frederic Bronson, William P. Douglas, Leonard W. Jerome, S. Nicholson Kane, Thomas Newbold and A. Thorndike Rice. They held their first drive from the old Hotel Brunswick, at 26th street and Fifth avenue, to the St. George Hotel, in Philadelphia, Colonel William Jay tooling the coach. From that day to this he has, with only five exceptions in twenty-eight years, led the drive at the annual meet and parade of the club, on which occasion it is the duty of the vice-president to bring up the rear of the procession when the president leads.

Colonel William Jay is president of the Coaching Club, whose other officers are: Vice-president, Reginald W. Rives; secretary and treasurer, George G. Haven, jr.; members of the executive committee, Prescott Lawrence, Peter Goelet Gerry and Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

This club limits its membership to seventy, and in order to become a candidate for election a man must prove his ability to drive a four-in-hand and must own not less than a fourth interest in a drag. Members who own a whole drag are entitled to a whole vote upon club affairs, but in cases where several members have a partnership interest in a drag practically only the vote of the drag counts, since only one vote is represented.

Members are fined for absences from the annual spring meet, unless a month's notice is given, and they are fined if late at the meet. Other rules of the club are also strictly enforced, as, for instance, the one regarding the sizes, weights and equipments of coaches and the wearing of uniforms at meets and at evening affairs connected with them. The coach uniform consists of a dark green cutaway coat with regulation club buttons and a yellow striped waistcoat. In the evening the costume is of the same cut as that of the usual evening dress, but the coat is of green cloth with a collar of black velvet, regulation buttons, a facing and lining of black satin or silk and a waistcoat of buff color in winter and white in summer. Trousers are of black cloth.

LONG LIST OF EXPERTS.

Gayer coaching parties perhaps never met in olden days in England to discuss the day's adventures than gather at the two annual dinners, after the business meetings of this club in January and March. Distinguished strangers and foreigners may be invited to this club without restriction.

The dues of the Coaching Club are singularly small in comparison with the outlay necessary for the maintenance of drags and teams. The initiation fee is $75 and the annual dues are $35.

The names of New York men able to tool a coach, as included in the roll of this club, illustrate the popularity of the sport of driving four-in-hand among men with the leisure and means to indulge in this inspiriting and healthful amusement. Besides the officers named, the club includes William Goadby Loew, Clarence H. Mackay, William Forbes Morgan, Richard Mortimer, George R. Read, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Bryce J. Allan, James Gordon Bennett, A. S. Bigelow, C. Ledyard Blair, G. S. Boissevain, Seymour L. Cromwell, Robert Livingston Gerry, Theodore A. Havemeyer, George Griswold Haven, George Griswold Haven, jr., Edward Browning, James A. Burden, William P. Douglas, George P. Eustis, Peter Goelet, Austen Gray, William C. Gulliver, Eugene Gerry Higgins, James Hazen Hyde, C. Oliver Iselin, Oliver G. Jennings, Delancey A. Kane, Gustav E. Kissel, William Woodward, W. Watts Sherman, F. K. Sturgis, Edward T. H. Talmage, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt, W. Seward Webb, Harry Payne Whitney, E. Victor Loew, jr., George von L. Meyer, Edwin D. Morgan, Stanley Mortimer, J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, Edward Brinton Smith, T. Suffern Tailer, Nathaniel Thayer, James J. Van Alen and George Peabody Wetmore.

Members who have resigned from the club are Tracy Dows, Thomas Hitchcock, jr., Charles A. Baldwin, Charles Carroll, Frederick Gebhart, Henry Pratt McKean, E. M. Padelford, E. V. R. Thayer, William R. Travers, Charles P. Williams, F. O. Beach, George R. Fearing, Richard McCreery, Thomas Newbold, James V. Parker, Perry Tiffany and Francis T. Underhill.

The pleasure of coaching, however, is not confined to the wealthy. Anybody may book a seat, make up a coaching party or engage the entire capacity of the Venture. There are on the top of this coach ten good outside seats and seats inside for four persons of sedate age and habits. The coach stops for passengers wherever hailed and in every way is run just as though it were a public conveyance, and its driver accountable for every minute of time and the absolute correctness of his schedule.

COACHING RULES STRICT.

Every detail about a road coach and park drag is governed by the strictest rules. Each scrap of wood, metal, leather, cloth, carpet and the like must conform to coaching regulations as to quality, place, size, weight and color. Brown leather ribbons may be used on both a road coach and park drag, but the harness of the latter must be glossy black patent leather, while that of the former may be either black or brown. In one case monograms decorate the rosettes—whose color is determined by rule—while on the road a coach must use sober metal bars or devices on leather rosettes.

The park drag must not be as heavy as the road coach and it must be handsomely decorated with monograms, while certain portions of it must correspond in color. Its seats must be covered with different materials than are used on a coach, and it is altogether a much more luxurious and costly looking vehicle. Even the mountings upon a coach harness must be of the same material used on the liveries of the servants. Where ribbon is used on the fronts of bridles it must match the color of the livery waistcoats. Another thing interesting to know is that when the owner of a coach or his representative drives the stable shutters are always down. In all other cases these are up.

No less than fifty-four rules are provided to regulate the equipment of a drag and its harness, while the road coach's furnishings and furbishings are governed by fifty-one. The park drag is also equipped with luncheon boxes, wine racks and, when going to the races or a luncheon, with a box on the roof called an "imperial," probably because it contains royal good cheer.

The selection, handling and conditioning of a horse for coaching purposes is a matter so difficult that only an expert can succeed. It is said that one requires intuition in picking out a good horse, but experience and knowledge are required to get a horse in good hard condition, well muscled up, with plenty of flesh of the right sort on, and to pair him off with a partner of similar character. Good mouths must be developed, and the production of a first-class coach horse is a distinct phase in equine education.

The typical coach horse, experts say, should be from 15.3 to 16 hands high, with a maximum amount of bone and substance and qualities of courage and endurance. He should have a refined head, good length of neck, sloping shoulders, plenty of depth through the heart and lungs, short back, middle piece closely ribbed up, and straight, square, broad shoulders, with the tail well set upon the croup. All these points having been secured in a horse, the next consideration is his weight. This can be arranged by his trainer, as a usual thing.

A. G. VANDERBILT DRIVING THE COACH VENTURE.

DRIVING A PARK DRAG.

A POPULAR EXHIBIT.

The exhibition of park drags and road coaches at the annual Horse Show always draws the largest crowds. There is much enthusiasm as the glossy and handsomely equipped coaches, with their jingling harness, glittering paraphernalia and champing horses, sweep into the course, with the horns winding "tally-ho!" and a great show of action.

The highsteppers in park drags awaken the greatest expressions of admiration, but seasoned coachmen know that the soberer pace of the road coach horse is the correct thing. Horses for road coaches should have an action straight, true and not excessive. To the park four-in-hand is left the privilege of showing off prancing, highstepping animals. In the former a fair amount of knee and hock action is desirable, but too much is worse than not enough.

A coach horse is not considered of much value unless he can take up a square trot at the rate of twelve miles an hour and keep it up with weight behind him. Galloping coach horses are a relic of olden days in England or our own West, when the steaming, galloping coach horses pulled up at tavern doors ready to drop from overexertion. In spite of the spurts of speed attained by galloping horses in old England, the speed attained by Mr. Vanderbilt's coach horses on the run to and from Ardsley exceeds that of any such oldtimers on record.

It takes about six weeks to train coach horses for road work, during which time they are driven in pairs to discover which horses will pull together best. Fours made up of horses that show the greatest uniformity of temperament, action, speed and driving qualities are considered better than those in which size, color and conformity are the main features.

Those who take out coaches have to find a staff of men capable of attending to the headquarters' stables and of making the various changes along the road, the selection of which also means thought and work for the amateur coachman.

How many who admire the neat guard flourishing his gleaming horn realize all the requirements which a guard must possess in order to be suited to the work assigned him? Not only must he be a man of smart appearance and affable manners, but he must be quick, active, attentive to the call or instructions of the coachman, thoroughly able to "put horses to" and take entire charge of the coach, and, last, but by no means least, he must understand how to "sound" a horn—not blow one. There is all the difference in the world between the inspiring sounding wind of a horn and the noisy broken toot of one in inexperienced hands.

Who is able to withstand a thrill of excitement at the sound of a winding horn, followed closely by the spectacular appearance of a gayly caparisoned coach sweeping up in a cloud of dust behind four magnificent horses, the quick change of teams and the echoing call to the road?

AN EXPENSIVE SPORT.

Apart from the actual cost of the coach itself—and it may cost as much as a man pleases to spend upon it—the mere starting of a coach, arranging relays, for men to change horses, and the numberless small incidentals important to make a run successful, mean an outlay astonishly large to a person not well acquainted with the ethics of coaching. James Hazen Hyde, for example, spent $30,000 in order to start the Liberty coach, which he drove from Lakewood to New York, a distance of eighty-two miles, making a record in fine runs and schedule time.

For a run like this about fifty horses are required, distributed at relay stations, with trustworthy men to care for them and other things necessary to their well being. Altogether, running a coach costs not thousands but tens of thousands of dollars. In comparison with the outlay upon this sport the small sums charged for passengers at booking offices seem absurd. Prices range from 25 cents to $5 for seats, according to the distance run over. Nevertheless, enthusiasts seriously take a businesslike pride in good bookings, and, as in the case of Mr. Vanderbilt, will even extend a season in recognition of it.

MERELY PREPARATORY.

"I don't mind telling you," said the pretty girl confidentially, "that I want to take a thorough course in cooking in order to fit myself to be a good wife."

"You are doing the right thing, my dear," said the matron in charge of the cooking school. "May I ask how soon you expect to be married?"

"How should I know?" rejoined the pretty girl, daintily rolling up her sleeves. "I haven't found the man yet."—Chicago Tribune.

NEW SUN DIAL FOR PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

To be unveiled by Ambassador Bryce next Thursday. Gift of Sir William Mather, of England. Replica of one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

A BURGLAR SYNDICATE.

The Wholesale Robberies of Church Treasures in France.

Paris, October 14.

The wholesale robberies and swindling operations of the firm of "Messrs. Anthony Thomas & Co." as disclosed by the examining magistrates of Limoges, establish a precedent in the criminal annals of France. The exploits of Robert Macaire, and of the famous Collet, were marked with brilliant audacity and astonishing personal courage. Mme. Therese Humbert, who with an empty safe as her sole security borrowed from prominent bankers upward of $10,000,000, was a past master in the art of swindling; Gallay, the clerk, who discovered an ingenious system of cashing checks drawn upon one of the most important financial establishments of Paris, and who fled with a young actress in a steam yacht to Buenos Ayres, displayed mathematical talents of the highest order, but for thorough up-to-date actuality and modernity, the "business" carried on by "Messrs. Anthony Thomas & Co.," of Clermont-Ferrand, breaks the record.

When the separation laws were under discussion a couple of years ago, and before the inventories of church property required by the government were completed, it was found that church treasures and objects of art were offered for sale by dealers in antiquities in enormous quantities. At the same time ecclesiastical jewels, illuminated prayer books, mediæval tapestries, and other valuable religious and historic objects of art vanished from the churches, especially in the country districts, with miraculous rapidity. The theft of the gold crown of St. Michael, bought in 1875 by public subscription for $100,000, and spirited away from the Mont St. Michel in an automobile in which were seated two smartly dressed men and a Parisian woman of dashing appearance, was described in The Tribune in September of last year. Robberies were reported at churches and cathedrals at Lyons, Marseilles, Nancy, Chartres and Rennes. Strange to say, none of these complains was followed by arrests. Neither the regular police nor the private detectives employed by bishops in whose dioceses the robberies were committed succeeded in getting upon the track of the culprits.

A few weeks ago information reached the police authorities of Paris, Lyons and Clermont-Ferrand, according to which the prosperous industrial establishment managed by the brothers Anthony and François Thomas was the central agency in France of a syndicate of gentleman burglars implicated in robberies of church treasures. Careful and discreet investigations indicated that this strange partnership, which might well be called "Raffles & Co.," was doing a business on an unprecedented scale, the whole of France being reserved as the field of its enterprise. The head offices occupy extensive premises in the Rue Bréschet, at Clermont-Ferrand. By virtue of a warrant issued by M. Vigier-Lejeune, local magistrate at Clermont-Ferrand, the police, under the direction of M. Antrigues, searched the premises, and arrested Mme. Thomas, mother of the Thomas brothers, and François Thomas, who was in charge of the books. The police found an illustrated postal card representing the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Dickens. Upon this card was a message addressed to Mme. Thomas and dated London, which ran as follows: "This is a picture of the offices of one of our important English customers. Lots of business in hand. Big profits confidently expected." M. Vigier forthwith apprised the authorities of Scotland Yard. Further search was made at the home of the Thomas brothers at Clermont-Ferrand. Here were found between the mattresses of a bed, a magnificent eucharistic pigeon in massive gold, several communion plates, and ornaments assorted to match the famous reliquary stolen from the Church of Ambazac valued at $40,000. Six hundred letters were found, many of which were written by well known dealers in antiquities doing business in Paris, London and New York, in which offers were made for the purchase of mediæval objects of art. The library of the Thomas brothers contained a well selected collection of books descriptive of French churches and cathedrals, and the latest technical works treating of art treasures of the Middle Ages, and many catalogues of ecclesiastic treasures and jewels. A portion of the library was devoted to voluminous criminal reports of celebrated trials, and to police novels chosen from Gaboriau, Balzac, Eugene Sue, together with the "Adventures of Vidocq," "Memoirs of Troppmann," "Souvenirs of Macé, Chef de la Sureté," and "Conspirateurs et Gens de Police." In a sort of studio a strange collection of drugs was discovered. Among these were various kinds of poison, and correspondence of an exceedingly confidential nature from young women.

The news of these extraordinary discoveries spread like wildfire. The good folk of Clermont-Ferrand refused to believe that the Thomases could be guilty. They must be victims of conspiracy. Was it possible that the venerable and highly respected Mme. Thomas, who gave large sums to the local poor, who was on intimate terms with the bishop and the curate, and who was the benefactress and patron of half a dozen holy and charitable works, could have taken part in these sacrilegious robberies? Three days later matters took another turn. A letter arrived at the police station of Clermont-Ferrand, dated at London and signed "Anthony Thomas," bearing the strange message: "Shall arrive at Clermont-Ferrand at 6 o'clock in the morning day after to-morrow, and shall call at your office." Surely enough, on the day and at the time announced, a young gentleman of refined appearance, attired in a travelling costume evidently made by a smart West End London tailor, drove up in a cab before the Clermont-Ferrand town hall, and, leaving in the vehicle a valise of costly green morocco, stepped out and proceeded to the police station. The visitor was received by M. Artigues, Commissary of Police. "You see I keep my appointment," were the first words uttered by Anthony Thomas. "I beg that you will not imagine that I thus constitute myself your prisoner in order to deny the accusations brought against my firm. No! Once for all I admit my guilt. Moreover, I do not come here from motives of remorse or for any twinges of conscience. I regret nothing. I thus renounce my liberty and perhaps my fortune out of considerations of a higher and sentimental nature."

M. Artigues asked for further explanations. Anthony Thomas replied: "Four days ago, with firm confidence in the future, I was in London with my friend Faure. I was on the point of completing the sale for an important sum of the gold reliquary of the Church of Ambazac, and of other objects of artistic value. A telegram from a friend in Paris apprised me that 'all was discovered,' that my mother and my brother had been arrested, and that a search had been made at my office and at my residence, and that a great number of letters had been seized. This was a terrible blow to me. I assure you that my mother and my brother are innocent. Furthermore, I know that among the papers seized there are several letters from a lady whom I adore, and whom I have loved devotedly for years. This lady is married. The search of the police has disclosed the secret relations that have existed between this lady and myself. It is to save this lady's reputation that I now deliver myself up, imploring you not to divulge her name."

M. Artigues reassured Anthony Thomas by observing: "In my capacity as examining magistrate it is not for me to compromise a woman against whom no accusation has been made." When pressed for more explicit information that might establish the innocence of his mother and brother, Anthony Thomas stated: "I never took my mother or my brother into my confidence in regard to the robberies of church treasures. They imagined that simply as the agent of millionaire dealers in antiquities I was purchasing in their behalf. They never knew that I obtained many of the treasures by simply going to the churches or museums in an automobile as a wealthy tourist and stealing them from the country churches where they were guarded in a most temptingly inadequate manner. In most cases I induced the guardians to give me the originals upon receipt of well manufactured imitations that could only be detected by expert examination. I had no difficulty in persuading them that as the churches would soon be deprived of their treasures anyway, by virtue of the decrees of M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship and Education, they might as well profit by the circumstances and sell the originals for solid cash. I have, moreover, just learned that the wealthy dealer in antiquities who supplied information that led to the present discovery did so out of pure revenge because he had missed the opportunity of buying the reliquary of Ambazac at the low price offered by me when I showed it to him in Paris before my visit to London, where I secured more advantageous terms. I am guilty; but after all I am an insignificant accomplice compared with the great millionaire big-wig art dealers who provided me with working capital, with automobiles, and who paid me liberal commissions on objects delivered in Paris and in London after each operation. That is the way that I became a robber of church treasure."

Faure, who has also been arrested, was a sort of secretary of Anthony Thomas, and when examined by the magistrates gave the following description of the theft of the reliquary of Ambazac: "On September 11 Anthony Thomas and I took the train at Clermont-Ferrand. At a small station we got out of the train and found an automobile that had come from Paris to meet us. In the automobile I saw an extremely beautiful and fashionably dressed lady. On the front seat was the chauffeur. We got into the automobile and went at a rapid pace to Ambazac and stopped at the church door. Anthony Thomas and the chauffeur alighted and entered the church. They came out a few moments later. Thomas had a parcel wrapped in a newspaper, which he concealed beneath his ample English waterproof cloak. Thomas and the chauffeur jumped into the car and we sped toward Paris at the rate of fifty kilometres an hour. Thomas told me that he had made a great bargain. He said that the church people had sold him the reliquary for a mere song, and that he was sure of disposing of it through a London agent for delivery in New York for $12,000." It may be noted that this reliquary is estimated by experts to be worth at least $40,000.

An interesting incident of the affair was the discovery on October 9 by a boatman near the Pont Royal in Paris, floating in the Seine, of a leather bag containing many letters from Anthony Thomas, photographs of nearly a hundred objects that had been stolen, and the address of the agency in Regent street, London, to which the property had been forwarded. It appeared later that the bag had been thrown into the river by Thomas in course of his passage through Paris. This information, communicated by the boatman to the Paris police, was transmitted to London, and forty-eight hours later a telegram from Scotland Yard informed the chief of police in Paris that the reliquary of Ambazac had been recovered and was at the disposal of the French authorities. Following closely upon this, a well known Parisian art collector, M. Henri de Lannoy, called upon M. Blot, under inspector of secret police, and delivered to him a dozen gold and jewelled reliquaries, chalices, cups, croziers and crosses that he had bought from Anthony Thomas. The police are on the track of the $100,000 crown of St. Michael, and it is believed that a great part of the stolen objects will soon be recovered, or, if abroad, where they are will be ascertained. The value of the treasures stolen or fraudulently obtained by the firm of "Anthony Thomas & Co." is estimated by experts to exceed $2,000,000. It appears that Anthony Thomas is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity and belongs to the same lodge as the present Minister of Justice. The affair is followed with keen interest here, and the trial, if it takes place, may possibly lead to many startling disclosures.

C. L. B.

FREE ADVICE.

"An old subscriber wants to know what fur is most economical for poor people," said the stenographer of a woman's magazine.

"Tell her bearskin," said the fashion editor, crankily.—Lippincott's.

SOME QUEER THINGS FOUND IN STREETCARS.

False Teeth, Glass Eyes and Even Wooden Legs Lost by Their Owners.

The New York travelling public plays the losing game at the rate of nearly two hundred articles a day. Doubtless more articles are lost, but that represents the number found by honest people. The percentage of honest people is large. Finders turn over to the railroad, steamship and streetcar companies all the glass eyes, false teeth, cans of paint, rolls of music, legal papers, catalogues and wooden legs they discover without an owner in places where they do not belong. Perhaps the eyes and teeth don't fit the finders, otherwise they might safely keep them, for it would take a brave man to advertise the fact that one of his eyes has an habitually glassy stare, while no woman will admit wearing false teeth.

People lose everything they can wear or that they can carry, and it is illuminating to learn what the travelling public does carry. It is confidently asserted by railroad companies that travellers lose everything except their heads, but they neglect to mention that sometimes railroads cause the loss of these.

One would fancy that a parrot could not readily be lost, yet a parrot, accompanied by a bottle of whiskey, was turned in at the office of the subway not long ago. The parrot was a temperate bird. The disgrace of being found with a flask of the intoxicating beverage and not being able to explain the accident—talk as energetically as he would and did—proved too much for him. He succumbed, as many another has, to circumstantial evidence, turned up protesting claws, ceased using language and forgot it.

A lost canary took his finding more blithely, but then he came without any other accompaniment than a neat gilded cage. In the dingy office of the "lost and found" property of the elevated trains he trills out the gayest roulades. Even the sight of the fifteen thousand umbrellas, the accumulation of six months' losses on rainy days, never beclouds his spirits with the memory of stormy weather.

In this thirsty weather it speaks well for the honesty of a person who will turn into the property office "a tin can and its contents." The contents are flat and no longer cold, but the can hobnobs with flasks of other wet goods, bottles of champagne and sundry finds of like nature collected in the "cellar" of the office—a small bin with a door fastened upon temptation.

In the "wardrobe," as a large corner of the storage room is called, hang hundreds of overcoats. They seem to illustrate street travel as nothing else does. The silk lined broadcloth of the rich man hangs beside the cotton faced shoddy of the laborer, and the latter has probably been the more sorely missed.

DIVERSIFIED FOOTGEAR.

In the shoe bins stand boots that positively squeak of Jersey farms side by side with ribbon tied pumps of the shopman and a motley range of footgear that embraces all the styles worn from the Bowery to Fifth avenue and which would stock a fair sized shop.

There isn't an article of feminine attire which has not been found upon the streetcars, and men have been just as frank and liberal in their losses. Not only do they leave overalls, shirts, socks, underwear and trousers—both clean and very much otherwise—just thrown around, but they even forget their baseball mitts. There are pitchers', batters', catchers' and fielders' mitts enough to supply a goodly number of college teams, with sweaters to match, souvenirs from various teams.

The manager of a department store would faint at the sight of the "lost and found" office. There are "gents' black shirts" and "women's white petticoats" mixed up on the same shelf with lamp shades, carpenters' tools, bundles of soiled towels (of which a laundryful are weekly emptied into the streetcars), trumpets, hats, caps, fancy millinery, belts, smoking sets, drugs, samples of glue, a couple of cannon, nails, firecrackers, axes, armlets, gloves, scales, a bathing suit, boxes of lunch, canes, shawls, cigars, handsaws, hairbrushes, a pump and other startling incongruities such as would cause a crush at a bargain sale for the sake of the oddity of it. All the transportation lines have been made unwilling depositories of bankbooks and bank checks as well as of banks—the children's savings kind. One hates to think of the wails that have rent the domestic air when small boys and girls have discovered that the "bogey man" has carried off their savings and so shortened the allowance of candy for a while. Some baby curls up his roseleaf toes and mumbles in an unknown tongue about the bit of a shoe that a deckhand has swept into the "lost and found" packages, or a conductor has put in his pocket to store among its pink and blue, white and tan fellows in the storeroom at the end of his line.

Some credit must be given to losers for the care they exercise in making their losses. They leave only their eyes on steamboats and sleeping cars, in which places they also deposit their teeth—such as may be conveniently removed. Here, too, they leave their crutches. For lack of enterprise these benighted steamship and steamboat companies have never got John Smith to sign a proclamation something like this: "After a single trip upon your line I was able to walk off without my crutches." Some of their guests for a trip might cap this by interpolating "leg" for "crutches." How people can go off without their legs is something that boat officials cannot tell, yet cork and wooden limbs remain behind, witness to the fact that they did not find themselves in their present lost condition without assistance.

More valises and bags of various kinds, from handsome alligator suit cases to painted canvas receptacles, are found upon street conveyances than anywhere else. Persons who leave a boat or train generally remember that they have baggage on their hands which they will need at the end of their journeys. Porters are there to jog their memories and their pockets upon this subject. There isn't a human graphophone yelling at them to "step lively" and a crush of vigorous humanity to enforce the command. These and other contributing causes lead to a great deal of baggage, plenty of wraps and an innumerable quantity of furs being left upon all the lines of street conveyances.

"Just feel the heft of this," said the manager of one "lost and found" office. The suit case was a large affair of alligator skin and it weighed as much as though some man had tucked his wife inside for greater convenience in carrying and then neglected to take her along on the trip. With it were dinky little shopping bags, and the large, netted bags full of bundles, which spell Brooklyn or Jersey to the initiated; valises, new and old, cheap and otherwise, and all full! At the end of six months the companies will sell off their accumulated stock. They are more obliging than the express companies are. They open all the bundles first, to see that no dynamite, playful bombs or uncomfortable skeletons are among the contents. Of course they don't expect to see the bombs or dynamite—if there be any—but they know that others will see it and so they take their chances and save the public nerves. When a man buys lost trunks from an express company he doesn't know whether he is getting a line of Paris millinery, a bundle of valuable bonds, a cadaver or a quantity of photographs, such as one company is wearily keeping for a popular danseuse who ordered the trunk sent to Paris and then to South America. At the last command the company lost its sense of humor and refused to follow the wanderings of the light footed lady any longer.

UNDERWEAR CLEAN AND DIRTY.

Perhaps the ordinary individual is most astonished at the quantity of underwear left promiscuously upon boats, trains and streetcars. It looks as though the travelling public sheds its outer skin, just as a snake does, in transit, and bothers its head no more about the episode. And then women have a little way of walking off of steamboats without their hats, and of distributing their eyeglasses, spectacles, pocketbooks, gloves, jewelry, veils and parasols upon the seats of any vehicle of transportation in which they may be sitting for a time.

One time lately a boarding house lost its big brass bell. A Jerseyman claimed that the bell was meant for an obstreperous cow in the suburbs, but a New Yorker can be trusted to know a boarding house bell when he sees one.

Books from all the libraries in town gather in "lost and found" offices. School books and other literature collect even more thickly, for these are seldom claimed. As soon as a library book is brought in notice is sent to the library from which it comes. Notice is also sent to persons whose names are found in any of the books, and owners are thus enabled to call and claim their property. When rosaries of beads are found, however, one does not know whose prayers have been blessing the ways of travel, so that they linger, lending something of sacredness to the spot in which they lie.

Plans of buildings, manuscripts, letters of recommendation and other sorts of letters all find their way to the "lost and found" office of lines of travel. Names are usually upon plans, so that these may be returned, but manuscripts often remain as inscrutable as to their ownership as they might have proved to the reading public had they ever been claimed and printed.

It is said that "musicians' heads are always up in the clouds," and it would appear as though their eyes were fixed upon harmonies rather than upon the instruments which translate these, for every sort of musical instrument has been found upon streetcars with the exception of pianos and organs. Not only are drums, fifes, mandolins, violins, flutes and the whole list of various instruments from which music may be evolved gathered up from the cars, but music stands and rolls as well. One can as easily imagine a musician going off without his drum as an engineer without his pump. Both are so obvious. Yet both have been forgotten.

And then there are the youthful graduates to whom diplomas and class pins represent more than anything else in the world just at this season. Think of their feelings when they learn that their precious diplomas and secret letter class pins have been lost on a streetcar, where neither are held in more respect than the demijohn and kettle picked up on the same train. One may be certain that no English woman ever lost a tea kettle. The ones in the "lost and found" office are big and aggressively American.

Perhaps the only thing that a streetcar conductor has not turned into his office is a mustard plaster. A conductor bent down on a recent night and drew from under the seat of a car what proved to be a large homemade mustard plaster. He looked at it contemptuously a moment. Everybody on the car looked. He threw it away.

On another occasion one woman looked at a "find" to some purpose. A young woman dropped upon the floor a handsome ring, with a peculiar setting, as she left a car one night. Next morning she hastened to the "lost and found" office to seek it. Another woman was before her, and the last comer waited. Something struck her as familiar in the closing words of a description of a ring which the woman in front of her was giving to the clerk at the window. The ring handed to the woman struck her as even more familiar. She confronted the clerk and the woman, who was slipping the ring upon her finger. "That is my ring!" she declared. The other woman muttered some hurried explanation about a mistake and "a ring just like that," and hastened away, leaving the owner of the ring to prove her right to it to the bewildered clerk.

This, however, is an exceptional case. People usually get their bottles of perfumery, stethoscopes, saws, flower pots, bolts, couplings, babies' playthings, aprons and commutation tickets without any other claimant appearing to make things uncomfortable for them.