ENTRAPPING RUMSELLERS.

THE DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE SUNDAY LAW.

A Smart Bartender Brought to Grief—Practical Jokes Turned Against Them—Chats with Representative Saloon Keepers.

"Quick, Mike, cheese it. There's two of 'em right on my heels!"

The warning was addressed to the bartender of a prominent corner saloon in Harlem on Sunday morning. It was afforded by a well-dressed young fellow who had suddenly popped in by the side entrance. Instantly everything was in commotion. Three men who had been drinking at the bar abruptly dropped into as many chairs, leaving their liquor untasted. The glasses containing it, together with a half-emptied whiskey bottle, were deftly swept out of sight by the bartender, who then shed his white apron with a swiftness suggestive of a stage trick. Sinking into a chair at the end of the counter, with crossed legs cocked upon a beer keg, he was speedily interested in the columns of a newspaper. The new comer was facing the counter. He exclaimed in an indignant tone: "Soda water be hanged! What do you take me for? You can sell me a glass of lager, can't you?" The side door again opened, giving entrance to the two suspects whose approach he had signalled.

"Not a drop—not even a smell, I tell you!" quietly replied the bartender without looking up from his newspaper. "I'm sorry to refuse a good week-day customer, Billy, but you'll have to content yourself with soda, sarsaparilla, or a lemonade, as the rest of 'em have done, or go elsewhere for a nail driver."

The young man mutteringly joined the three who had so opportunely quitted the bar on his entrance. The new comers were sleekly dressed but wide-awake looking men. They seemed disappointed, but made their way to the counter and asked for beer. Of course it was refused, and in a manner more forcible than polite.

"What are you doing with your side door open, if you're not selling anything to drink?" cried one of the men.

"My sleeping room is just yonder," said the bartender, indicating an inner door, "and there's no way to it but through the saloon here. However, since strangers seem to take advantage of it, I'll see that the door's kept locked or only opened to my friends."

He bowed out the discomfited spies and locked the door after them. Then the interrupted conviviality was smilingly resumed, the signal giver audibly believed that a nip of old rye would touch his dry spot quite as effectually as soda water or Seltzer, and the bartender was so good humored with himself that he stood the cigars for the crowd.

"Were they policemen, or the society's spies?" queried the writer.

"Down-town cops in civilians' dress. I saw the shorter one's badge under his coat," replied the bartender. "Society's spies!" he added with an oath. "If they'd been ducks of that sort, I'd have been tempted to take 'em in the private office yonder, an' give 'em a lesson agin'n quackin' in the future. I would have done it if it cost me my place in the island."

"Then the citizen spies are held as more obnoxious by liquor sellers than policemen out of uniform?"

"Of course they are, and what more natural?" said the bartender, going to the show window and peering cautiously out at the side of the lowered blind. "The policemen do no more than their duty, and are merely obeying orders, while these mean-souled, psalm-singin' hounds—but I couldn't do 'em justice if I'd cuss for a week, and I don't forget that it's the Lord's Day. Hold on: here's a go!"

A general peeping out revealed the two baffled spies lounging on the street corner in careless conversation, but each with one eye on the suspicious side door and the other on a bright-faced little Irish girl who seems making for it with a covered pail.

"D'ye catch on?" said the bartender, turning to his familiars with a grin. "It's Mrs. Kelly's little Norah coming for beer. Billy, as I let her in, do you dance out, and give the boys to be on the lookout for a big sell at the down-town cops' expense."

Billy acted on the suggestion as the little girl was allowed to slip in at the side door a moment later.

"Is it beer you say, Norah, and on a Sunday at that? Why, I'm surprised at you!" said the bartender, taking the proffered tin pail and half filling it out of a jar that he nimbly tilted out over the edge of his ice closet, after which he restored it to her covered. "Never mind the money," he added, waving back the seven coppers she had placed on the counter. "Bein' as it's a Sunday, it's a present I'm makin' your mother of this pint to-day. Don't you forget that, my dear, and be sure you don't let any strange cops see you bringin' the pail home."

Having seen her to the door he repaired to his peephole at the curtain. It was evident that Billy's priming had been done. Oblivious to the fact that they were observed by numbers of loungers, including two policemen in uniform, as the corners and sidewalks of two spies pounced on the little girl as she was about to pass them. Both alarmed and mindful of the injunction fresh in her mind, she resisted, at first tearfully and then spitefully, screaming and kicking. But she was overcome in a sickening struggle, one can triumphantly, one flaccid. In the struggle the fellow who seized it knocked off the cover, and upset the entire contents on his own and his companion's freshly-polished shoes and trousers legs. A peal of laughter from the crowd at the expectant throng, mingled with an unmerciful chaffing from all quarters. The discomfited spies, red in the face, and crestfallen, made lively tracks for the elevated railroad station on the next corner, followed the little girl almost as much astonished as they, with her overturned pail at her feet, and what was left of the milk on the flagging.

"It cost me my chances for the day in orders for six pitchers of beer, but it was good, and I wouldn't have missed it for an extra day off," chuckled the bartender, resuming his apron and his place behind the counter, as the side door began to open and shut and the saloon to fill up with a good-humored and thirsty throng, who commented on the practical joke before, between, and after drinks.

"Never mind the door for the present, Billy. That brace of ducks won't sneak this side of Yorkville before nightfall, you can bet."

As we took our leave for investigations in other quarters he shouted: "Drop in ag'n, an' don't you go to Orange county for your lager, whatever the down-town cops may advise!"

A few blocks further up the avenue, and not far from 125th street, an acquaintance, thirsty like myself, indicated another convenient side door around an adjacent corner. The number of these side doors is fully equal to their business importance on a Sunday in New York. After trying the one in question, which was locked, and passing under the inspection of a scrutinizing eye looking out of an improvised aperture just above the keyhole, we were admitted. Two ungainly men were at our heels.

"Beer, Jakey," said our friend when the bar was confronted in the half-darkened interior.

"Will your friends have the same?" queried the bartender, as the foaming goblets were produced, with an off-hand glance at the rustic-appearing strangers.

"Yes, the same, if it's bock," one of the latter replied before a disclaimer of the imputed acquaintanceship could be framed. He laid down a dime.

The beers were as carelessly furnished as their predecessors, and drained with as much gusto.

"Now, my man," said the first speaker, while the apparent verdancy of both instantaneously gave place to professional coolness as they displayed their shields, "suppose you put on your coat and come along, for your violation of the Excise law is clearly proven."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the astounded bartender, bringing down both fists on the counter with a volley of chain-shotted profanity; "nipped again, by the holy poker! But I might ha' knowed it by your sneakin' style, you dirty suckers!"

"Hurry up!" was the rejoinder. "You can call your boss's wife and have her give him the tip when he shows up, but you're not to get out of sight, and we've no time to lose."

"All right," said the entrapped publican, tearing off his white apron and putting on his coat. "You're in as hot a box as I, for you drank up every drop of that beer, while on duty, which is dead ag'in orders!"

"Pooh!" returned the officer who had not until now spoken, while both looked a little uncomfortable; "we had to taste it to know what it was."

"You didn't only taste it, you swallered every drop—beer, bead, an' bubble! I'll swear to it, as will them two gentlemen likewise, as saw you. An' if they hadn't been looking on you'd ha' swilled a keg a-piece, without showin' up for more'n the first mugs, before 'restin' me."

Jakey was incontinently hustled off to the lockup. Sixteen more arrests were made in Harlem on that Sunday. Of these, eleven were made by policemen of remote precincts on detective duty in civilians' dress, three by paid or amateur spies in the interest of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and two by regular uniformed policemen in cases where the violations were so manifest as to render it impossible for them to be linked or overlooked with safety to the guardians themselves.

One unwelcome investigator had a side door shut in his face so violently as to receive a bloody nose and contused eyes. Another sustained a sortie from an entire shanty neighborhood that was backed by a flock of goats, from which he emerged with his man at the expense of a ruined spring suit and numerous bruises. Another was half paralyzed with a mixture of Number Six and Hoffman's Hot Drops when demanding whiskey. He was gravely assured that the saloon he had proposed to pull was nothing but a drug store in disguise, as he was sympathetically led to the hydrant. A new member of the force found detection so agreeable in a Second avenue saloon as to become helplessly drunk and transformed into a living chromo of somniferous tendencies, with his shield as a breastpin.

Yes; the authorities are making one of their periodical spurts against us at present, owing to the howl for a stricter enforcement of the Sunday prohibitory laws; but, as is always the case, there is a keener demand for liquor and more of it drunk under the pressure than in ordinary times," said a shrewd publican, whose saloon was visited toward nightfall. "The spies got deadwood on me once, which stood me in a heavy fine; but it's next to impossible for them to do so again, short of clairvoyance, with my present precautions. You noticed that my partner stood outside, with the key of the side door in his possession. Well, just so he has mounted guard from early morning, and will remain there till bedtime. He admits no one with whom he is not personally acquainted, never more than two at a time, never any one with his load already on, and the pitcher and tiff-pail trade is indiscriminately excluded for the day. He's wide awake. There's no entreaty on the part of a stranger that can move him to commission, and no sly slipping in on the heels of a bona-fide customer. The precaution is tedious, but it beats out the spy system."

"But does it pay?"

"Of course. Sunday is always our best day, and especially profitable when the enforcement takes a spurt, as at present. The closer the door the dryer the gullet. You can set that down as a rule in run selling. Still, with the anxiety and worriment that an evasion of the law entails, there's many of us would be glad to comply with its exactions, and shut up square and honest, if we could."

"But why can't you and don't you?"

"It couldn't be done without seriously injuring the week-day business, save by coöperative action on the part of neighboring saloons, and they wouldn't trust each other sufficiently to make an attempt in good faith possible. You see, if you're a steady drinking man, and can't pass Sunday morning's fillers here as usual, you'll naturally make a raid across the way, or to the nearest gin mill whose side door is open, feeling miffed at my inhospitality, perhaps even to the extent of drifting away from me altogether. A man is never ripe for treason to old gin-mill associations than when fairly backed by the voice of an unappeased appetite for stimulants. The most magnanimous internal economy takes a tumble in such a crisis. And so it goes."

"Still, you must be in constant danger of detection. The regular patrolmen hereabouts, for instance, must suspect something crooked in view of this steady side-door business, which is so universal."

The man of extra precautions laughed amiudeily. "Suspect? Why, they know all about it, as a matter of course!" he exclaimed. "That's the reason that policemen are sent far away from their own precincts to act as detectives. It wouldn't do for 'em to be put on such duty work on their own beats. In the first place they couldn't be depended on, as they are mostly in sympathy with us. And in the next place, suppose they conscientiously perform their duty, where would their free drinks and flask fillings come from during the week and on stormy nights? No, no; it's the fanatical duck that's responsible for these troublesome spurts. They soon play themselves out."

We paid a parting visit to the practical joker of the morning. But, sadly enough, he had challenged his destiny once too often. The side door was being locked, but this time with the jocund law despiser on the outside. Aprons, hatless, and coated, with a decided thirsty expression of countenance, he was in the custody of a heavy patrolman, while his accuser, a peaky-faced, consumptive-looking youth who ran incorrigibly to arms and legs, was accompanying him.

"Yes; I'm caught at last," said the prisoner, in response to a commiserating nod: an' there," levelling a menacing forefinger at the peaky-faced youth, "there's the white-livered society scrub as done for me, after all. He wriggled himself outside of three fingers of my worst dynamite before he sprung the racket on me. That's some consolation. I'll tell you how it happened some other day. Ta ta!"

HOMAGE TO DAVY JONES.

Was the Steamship Berinania's Delay Accidental or an Act of Faith?

It was learned yesterday that the Italian steamship Berinania, which left the Wall Street Stores, Brooklyn, at noon on Friday for Mediterranean ports, anchored afterward in Gravesend Bay, and remained there until yesterday morning, when she sailed for her destination. A gentleman who came up from there said:

"I don't think that there was any other reason for the delay except the general superstition of sailors as regards sailing on Fridays, which is especially prevalent among Italians, Danes, and Swedes. It was not believed, when Capt. Serra sailed on Friday noon, that he would go right to sea, but that there would be some pretence for coming to anchor until Friday had passed. Whether steamship captains are really opposed to sailing on Friday or not is not a matter of record, but it is a fact that they rarely if ever do so. It seems that the perpendicular ascent is over 100 feet. Only two cars will be run this season, one ascending while the other descends. Next season it is proposed to lay two additional tracks and run four cars. The coaches are seventy feet long, with a reversed elevation of nearly eight feet, that will conform to the incline and prevent the passengers from feeling any inconvenience during the ascent. A stationary engine of forty-horse power, situated on the crest of the hill, will furnish the motive power, and the steel cable by which the cars will be drawn up will be wound on two six-foot drums. The large cable attached to each car will be one and a half inches in diameter and there will be two smaller auxiliary cables as a precaution against accident. The total cost of construction will be $15,000. Tickets for a round trip of the road will cost five cents. As every pleasant holiday and Sunday brings a rush of more than 20,000 persons to the semi-rural delights of this locality, the High Bridge Incline Railroad is likely to prove a remunerative enterprise.

Two Ways of Making a Living.

A man with a red moustache, dressed in a blue flannel suit, has been trying for a fortnight to swindle many down-town firms. He has called at the offices of many stock companies, and said that their paper was being counterfeited in Boston by a man named Harris. His reason for informing them was that Harris had eloped with his wife, and he wanted to get even. All he asked was $10 or $20 to procure evidence. At a number of wholesale merchandise establishments he represented that Harris was in league with some clerk to defraud the concern. He has obtained considerable money.

A heavily built German of ragged and battered appearance sat down on a stoop in Ninth street yesterday and took from a pocket three pieces of bread. He placed one of them on the flagging near the curbstone, and then crossed the street and waited in the shadow of a doorway until two fashionably dressed ladies approached. Then he walked in an aimless way toward the bread, and when the ladies were a few feet away he seized it, and pretended to ravenously devour it.

"Poor fellow," said one of the ladies, "he is in a starving condition. Let us assist him."

The fellow walked away the richer by half a dollar. In Tenth street he repeated the trick, and was rewarded with a dime. He has carried on his little swindle for the last three years.

GENUINE MEN OF LEISURE,

WHO HEED NOT THE CITY'S BUSTLE.

A Glance at the Occupants of the Benches in City Hall Park—What a Detective Says—An Interview with a Talkative One.

The windows in the front of THE SUN building afford a view of the busiest spot in North America. The street below is traversed by half a dozen important car lines, and wide as it is there is often scant room for the almost constant quadruple procession of other vehicles. The sidewalks swarm with the multitudes coming from or going to the bridge, the elevated railroad, and the Post Office. Just across the narrow park one sees the wondrous tumult of Broadway. Yet in the park, at the confluence of these two mighty streams of travel and traffic, there are always to be found scores of drowsy loungers occupying the benches and presenting so many pictures of ease, idleness, and thorough comfort. Bankers, brokers, and merchants, whose wealth and success in life have made their names famous at least on this continent, rush past the park in the morning at that gait and with that manner peculiar to the New Yorker, who seems always to begrudge the little time it takes him to get to work. Past the park also tramps the great multitude of clerks and shop and factory hands who are about to begin, or, later in the day have finished, a long and hard day's toil. They, like the busy millionaires, bestow glances of curiosity and wonder upon these idle men in the park, but none of them meet responsive glances, for the park loungers, if they heed the life around them, do so only to resent the disturbing clatter that accompanies it. They do not avail themselves of the exceptional chance afforded them to study life in a great metropolis, any more than they heed the spirit of the people, which is said to be so potent and contagious that strangers who come to the sights at their leisure invariably find themselves rushing along at the violent speed of the people around them.

The park loungers sit quietly smoking their pipes, reading the papers, turning the tobacco in their mouths, or looking dreamily through half-closed eyes, as oblivious to the greed, the cares, the tireless energy, and the restless spirit of the toiling million as if the City Hall Park was a wide, dense forest and their benches were in the heart of it. The hot sun may blaze upon them, but they have the advantage of being able to sit it out and see it slink away, leaving them to enjoy the cool shade they are occupying. The rainy summer storm is short compared to the length of time they are free to keep their seats, and the wetting that comes with it is not always without enjoyment. In fact, as long as hunger and thirst are satisfied, and sleep, which is forbidden by the rules, can be overcome at will, there is nothing to weigh upon the mind of the average aristocrat of the park benches.

A SUN reporter dodged between rumbling trucks and flying cars yesterday across the crowded Printing House Square into the quiet of the park, and found a loafer seated on one of his comrades there. Every seat had its tenant. The only female in the park was wheeling some janitor's baby under the thin shade of two young maples. Two stout German lads, with bundles by their sides, sat on the edge of the grass, talking and laughing together. They were tired and hot, and had stopped to rest. They were the only loungers who showed any active signs of life. The yellow-skinned, hollow-eyed man in a seat close by them had the only idle attitude and countenance, and watch chain, and gold studs. He was an invalid. The veterans were as motionless for minutes at a time as so many wax figures. Once in a while one leg would be tossed over another, or two feet would be thrown out to facilitate a yawn or a stretch, but no one seemed to menace a fly that disturbed some one's rest.

Detective Quackenbush of the City Hall Police joined the reporter.

"Looking at the gentlemen of leisure?" he asked.

"Yes; what are they, who are they, how do they live—what do you know about them?"

"Well, I don't know much about them. You never see the same faces here two days in succession. They are all kinds. Some are tramps, though most of the regular tramps are winter "lodgers" are on the country roads now. Some are people out of work and either looking for it or tired of looking for it. It's curious about that. When a man is a little short of pluck and gets out of work, he makes a trial or two to get a place, a few mornings in succession. Then his collar gets dirty, his cuffs get black, a tear comes in his trousers or coat sleeve, he has no way to get clean linen or to have the rents mended, he gets ashamed to apply for work, and gradually hardens into a confirmed loafer. There are plenty of drunkards here. You can pick them out by their faces. Then there are people here who are well to do. I should not be surprised if that old Irishman there, whose collar is white and who appears to live well, is worth a thousand, and has many people working for him. We know that such characters do come here. There's an old man whom you can almost always find here, winter or summer, who owns several tenement houses, and he has a lot of children around him, and people say harsh things about his motives in attracting them, but I have watched him for years and never saw any reason to doubt his good character. Then there was an Englishman who used to get his mail addressed to the park, and amounting to $40 or $50 a month, and who spent all his time here. Every morning he used to go to the Battery wall and bathe, and have known him to have to break the ice to get into the water. He kept as clean and was as particular in his dress as a bachelor. Our greatest is an old man named Conroy, as well to do as almost any man in the First ward. Doubtless, too, some of these people are drawing wages, but having a chance to loaf a few hours, come here to do it.

"This park is not quite such a popular bumming place as some of the up-town squares. The loungers know that a municipal policeman is detailed here, and they fear the regular police more than they do the park policemen. At night our policemen shake them up every time they come round. It don't do to allow sleeping in the park. Drunken men fall asleep on the benches, get robbed, and then make a great to do about it.

"The reporter spoke to four of those that by their clothing and general appearance seemed without doubt to be professional idlers, and also to be able to talk intelligently. Two said they were looking for work, a third said he was wondering whether somebody would do him some good with some money, and the fourth, a man under 40, shabby, but clean and with a kindly, intelligent face, talked until the reporter excused himself and went away. He was a carriage maker. The reporter asked him whether he could not get work.

"I suppose I can. I don't know why not," he replied.

"Why don't you?"

"I do. I worked a month last winter in Pittsfield. I happened to feel like it. I worked this morning. I closed up a bedroom."

"What did you get for that?"

"A drink, a cigar, and a quarter. I can get that job whenever I feel like working; but once in two days is near enough together. My expenses don't include housekeeping. I buy a paper every morning to see what's going on. Partly to get the news and partly because if there's a big thing up anywhere I always go and see it. Crowds are liberal—particularly crowds of sightseers or pleasure seekers."

"How far do you travel to see things and find crowds?"

"Any distance. As far as San Francisco if I choose, though I've never been that far. There's no charge for walking, and riding dead head on freight trains is very economical."

"Did you ever work regularly after you learned your trade?"

"As steady as a man could for seventeen years, between the time I was 13 and 30. I did well, too. I worked until my father and mother died and left me alone in the world. Then I married and broke up the house till my wife died. Then I didn't care a ——, and I don't care a —— now."

"Do you believe the world owes you a living?"

"We-l-l, of course. It gives every man a living, and why should it not be as long as it lasts. I don't subscribe to the tramp's theology that it owes you a good living, and that you can force a good living out of it. You can throw your hands up any minute and the State'll take care of you; but that's not getting a good living. The best living is to have things as near as possible to the way you want 'em, and it's according to your wants how hard and how long you have got to work. But you have got to work more or less if you ask for anything more than food or sleep. Some won't work, but trust to stealing, which in my opinion is harder and worse in all ways than manual labor. I work when I want clothing or when I want any particular thing that costs money to get. I once took a notion I'd go back to Canada, where I was born, and take a look around. I worked until I got good clothes, and even a watch, and I paid my fare and rode into the town and out again like a gentleman. I put up at a hotel, saw all my friends, and left the impression that I was doing well—as I was.

"In Pittsfield last winter I got acquainted with a young widow. That's why I only worked a month. I liked her, and she liked me, and I don't doubt I could have married her—but when ... came to look the thing over I saw I should have to knuckle down and work the rest of my life, and that scared me. I was happy as I was. I hesitated a week, and then I quit and came here."

"But what is to be the end of all this? You've got to come to being kept by the State, sooner or later."

"Never," said he earnestly. "I never will be."

"How can you help it? You will grow old and feeble—"

"I know now."

"Who are these people all around us here?"

"I ain't acquainted with any of 'em. I usually see some that I know wherever I go, but these are strangers. They all look tired. There's no hope for 'em when they get to looking tired. When pride tires before the body does there's no hope for the man. Begging comes easy, and stealing feels natural."

"Don't you ever beg?"

"Not if I can help it. I don't like to. I hate the feeling."

"But you just said you went into crowds because crowds are liberal."

"Oh, I don't beg in the crowds. I sell things. Certain things you can always sell. Pocket-knives are sure to sell in a crowd of men. I often get a dollar for a twenty-five-cent knife, but I only show one knife at a time, and a story goes with ——— knife. It don't do to show more than one. The more you show the less you can get. Cement for china always sells in a crowd of women—and knives and cement don't weigh anything or take up any room."

"A detective just told me that people who own houses and horses and wagons, and have plenty of money, spend their time on these benches. How can you account for that?"

"Perhaps they do. If he knows 'em, he's got a right to believe what he knows. But such people are nothing to what I meet on the road. I meet lords, dukes, and even princes—at least that's what they tell me they are confidentially. I meet men who have given up vast estates in Europe and gone to tramping because they don't believe in landlordism. I often meet men tramping to this place or that to take big fortunes that are waiting for them, and afterwards I meet the same men tramping back again. Others call themselves botanists, geologists, or historians, and explain that they're looking for rare flowers, queer rocks, and old settlers—no harm in saying what they please, is there?"

SUCCESSFUL BOOK AGENTS.

Men who Make $10,000 and More a Year by Means of their Pleasing Address.

"I have been told that there is a book canvasser who has earned $25,000 a year. Is that so?" a SUN reporter said to Mr. George Washington Davis, who is in charge of the canvassing department of D. Appleton & Co.

"You may judge for yourself," said Mr. Davis, pulling out a memorandum book. "This firm has paid $20,000 to Mr. Samuel Collins since September last for his personal services in canvassing for one book, 'Artistic Houses.'"

"Is not that an exceptional amount?"

"That is a large sum, but Mr. Collins has been a book canvasser for fifteen years, and has made a handsome income. He began at $10 a week. The book sells for $300 the set. One of our agents made $2,000 in one month selling Appleton's Cyclopædia. Such men think it a poor week when they do not earn $100. One of our canvassers, named Rust, earned $1,248 in ten weeks selling the 'Art Journal.' Another earned $750 in a month selling 'The Gallery of British Art.' I could give you the name of a woman who has earned $357 in one week selling our books. There is Mr. Fowke, who has been forty years a book canvasser. I should say he averages $10,000 a year by his personal sales. He has sold many sets of the Cyclopædia. There is a lady who has just come in who earns $2,500 a year. I suppose there are fifty men in this country who are earning $100 a week as book agents.

"Of course, these are not the sort of men that funny paragraphs are written about. They are gentlemen who are good conversationalists. People like to hear them talk, and they know how to talk to the right people. They ride in carriages, dress well, and lose no time. They know thoroughly what they have to sell and how to sell it. They can depend upon them to sell a given quantity."

"Could they take any kind of books and earn such wages?"

"Probably not. The most money is made in selling expensive books. Publishing runs in this direction now. A firm put $500,000 into the Cyclopædia before they got a cent back. They put $200,000 into 'Picturesque America' before they began to get their money back. That sells for $24 a copy. If we depended on the trade to sell it, we should have to get $500 a copy to make it pay. Agents sell books that could not be sold in any other way. People will not go to stores to look for books, but when they see really good books offered in the right way they will buy. The best books are now published by subscription."

"Do you find women or men the best agents?"

"Men. There have been some successful women agents, but they do not show the same perseverance as men."

"Do men often fail at it?"

"Oh, yes. Perhaps 3,000 people a year who think they can be good canvassers, and I think I am lucky if I get ten good canvassers out of the 3,000. It is like any other business, and requires brains, aptitude, and perseverance. Mere brass and assurance will not do. A good book agent must be a pleasant person."

"How do you find them?"

"They come to us. The most prolific season for good canvassers is immediately after a business panic. Men who get out of business, and have no capital but brains, often begin as book agents, and get a fresh start in life. Sometimes they keep at the canvassing only until they get capital to begin business again. Sometimes they keep on for life. The demand for good book agents is brisk, and likely to increase."

Liquor Drinking on a Cool Day.

"This hot weather for business, I suppose," said a SUN reporter yesterday to the proprietor of a popular down-town barroom.

"By no means," he replied, cheerily. "It's just the other way. Cool days like this in the summer seem to give men even a stronger taste for liquor than they have in the winter. This is owing to a certain extent to the fact that the general tone is invigorating, and never is it better when the weather is hot. There is a good deal more profit in liquor when your trade is among men who don't want to pour enough liquor into their glass to bathe in it, as they do in beer, except when you retain froth by the glass. The profit in beer, except where glassfuls of froth are thrown over the counter, is greatly overrated. When people cannot tell the difference of handling the beer, and particularly of the large quantities of ice that are necessary to keep it cool, you knock a pretty heavy percentage off the profit. Liquor is different. You have to do is to keep your bottles in a little cracked ice under the counter, and you have it cold enough to suit anybody. Then, again, regular drinkers don't want any ceremonial performance about their liquor, and won't touch it if it has been iced."

FASHION NOTES.

Satin fans are very fashionable.

All shades of gray are in high favor.

The pelisse is all the rage for children.

Peaked trimmed bonnets grow in favor.

Gold-colored stockings are in high favor.

Shot silks and satins will be worn in the fall.

Faille will be the leading dress fabric next winter.

Large collars, capes, and pelerines are much worn.

Pleated brim and cap-crown bonnets are much worn.

The short, since kid glove is almost a thing of the past.

Long wristed tan-colored and buff gloves are all the rage.

Confirmation dresses, to be in good taste, must be very plain.

French gray and Egyptian red combine well in costumes.

Lace is the correct trimming for all one-fabric thin dresses.

Hats are worn far back on the head, bonnets tip-tilted forward.

Light wool dresses will be worn until the weather is warmer.

Burano lace cloth is very fashionable in France and England.

Children's muslin caps have wide brims or borders of embroidery.

Watered silk for ladies are revived, and worn under cut-away jackets.

Dresses all of one fabric are more in favor than combination costumes.

Medium-sized hats or bonnets are more worn than very large or very small ones.

Skirts trimmed with lace, put on in half-moon shapes, will be very fashionable.

An inside waist of the same shade should always be worn under every Jersey.

A new Llama lace of very fine quality is coming into use for black lace bonnets.

Mosquetaire gloves have been improved by a series of elastics on the inner side of the wrist.

Muslin bonnets with cap crowns and pleated lace brims appear among other millinery novelties.

After all, white or cream-tinted flannel serge makes the prettiest and most suitable seaside suit.

Quaintness—something unexpected and original, is the aim of the modiste and milliner this season.

The new Suede gloves, with elastic wrists, take the names of gants Tannes, the Bourse, and the Coppelia glove.

Bonnets with peaked brims usually have a bow or bunch of flowers placed within the brim directly over the forehead.

Capes and mantelets of lace, chenille, and bead nettings are worn on dressy occasions, even when the weather is during hot.

It is a fancy with French dressmakers to cut the bottom of the skirt into turret blocks, and under these to place a pleated ruffle.

The small colored batiste pocket handkerchief, trimmed with lace and worn in the front of the bodice, is a pretty English fashion.

A new London bonnet is called the Jumbo. The crown is of gold braid, plaited on gold cord, and the brim is a thick, soft pleating of cream-colored velvet.

The frames of fine fans are of tortoise shell, mother of pearl, black carved or brown polished wood, sometimes varnished and ornamented with small pictures.

The economical will be glad to learn that silks will be cheaper than ever in the fall, as thousands of pieces of the best new silks have lately been purchased at Lyons at cost prices.

Harper's Bazar says that independent young women select some simple style that is becoming to them, and have all their dresses, of both rich and plain fabrics, made by one pattern.

A pretty foreign fashion for small girls is to dress them in pelisses of red Surah or Turkey twill, entirely covering their white dresses. With these they wear large wide-brimmed hats and little red socks, not stockings.

The latest novelty for morning hats in the city, for driving, and for the seaside are high-crowned English walking hats of rough white straw with sloping crowns, brims pointed front and back, and rolled close against the crown on each side.

The preferred trimming of white, rough straw, English walking hats is two entire birds—pigeons, ring doves, or parroquets. These birds are placed on the left side of the hat, fastening down a scarf of crepe de chine or velvet, which surrounds the crown.

Large white Leghorn hats are trimmed around the crown with white ostrich plumes, or a bouquet of red and white roses tied in with sprays of white lilac. Within the brims are placed, near the edge, a gold wire; within this wire gold lace is the forehead decorum is put on, and further back, next the face, pleatings of white lace or a puff of white mull or white net.

MAKING PEOPLE BEAUTIFUL.

THE ART OF CHANGING PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT WILL.

A Talk with a Man who Asserts that he Removes Wrinkles, Broadens or Narrows Faces, and Constructs Fine Complexions.

A dark-haired man reclined gracefully in an easy chair in a brown-stone house up town yesterday, and said to our reporter:

"I devote myself to making people beautiful."

He smiled tranquilly and brushed a lock of hair back from his forehead. He was slightly above the medium height, with a bulging chest and square shoulders. His hair was dark and glossy, and his large black moustache was curled slightly at the ends. His complexion was clear and noticeably white in contrast with his black hair, and his finger nails looked as though they had been the special care of a manicure.

"Doubtless," he continued, with an agreeable smile, "you think me a charlatan. I claim that I can make people fat at will, and yet I am not fat. My cheeks," he continued, touching them with his two forefingers, "are not full and round. This doubtless surprises you when coupled with my assertions."

"No," said the reporter, "it does not."

"But," continued the Professor, "if you had seen me a few weeks ago you would have noticed the difference at once. I was a sight, then, sir. I had just come from Chicago, and had been victimized by malaria until I looked like a—like—well, until I was as thin as a rail. I have been fattening up during the past week. In two weeks more I shall be as full and round as ever."

"How do you manage it?"

"By a system, and a preparation which I have invented. I had been in Chicago many years before I came here, two months ago. I built up a flourishing practice there, and am doing the same thing here. But it is somewhat difficult to make people believe that I am not a fraud. I have no school and am not recognized as a regular physician."

"What is your profession?"

"Briefly, I devote my life and mind to practising the arts that beautify. Everything concerning beauty is to me of absorbing importance, and the development of the figure, the art of pleasing, and the mysteries of the toilet are things I am constantly studying. How to make the face beautiful, the figure symmetrical, the manners engaging, and to improve the contour of the body and the personal make up, and to turn out a perfectly harmonious whole are usually ladies' work, is it not so?"

"Yes," said the reporter, "it is."

"While it is not possible to make every woman beautiful, it is possible to improve almost anybody's personal appearance. Corporeal beauty is a development of face, figure, feature, disposition, and personal appearance. Corporeal beauty is an art in dressing the face, just as there is in clothing the figure. Everybody knows the arts that dressmakers bring to their aid in making a dumpy figure look tall and a tall figure look dumpy—I mean symmetrical. In improving the face I bring to bear kindred principles. I bear upon my work. For instance, it is a well-established fact that red widens. Thus a hatchet-faced woman comes to me with her hair parted in the middle and drawn back on either side from her forehead. Her face is too long, too thin, and too sharp. There is a straight line that runs directly through the part in her hair down between her eyes and over her nose and to her chin. In glancing at her, the first impression one receives is that she is wanting in roundness. To make this woman beautiful, I first take down her hair and part it on one side. Then I dress it down over her temples and puff it out above the ears, bringing it down a bit toward her cheek. I take some red and work it into a fine lather on her cheek bone. After this the eyebrows are darkened a little at the ends farthest from the nose. This always increases the impression of width. The same is done to the eyelashes, making the eyes appear broader than they are. This work changes the entire appearance of the woman. You cannot imagine what a difference it makes. Instead of the eye catching a straight line that runs down over her head into the chin, it is caught by the hair, which is parted on the side, and by the eyebrows and lashes, and the sympathy with this part diagonally across the face."

"Suppose a woman with a broad and fat face asks to be made beautiful?"

"It is much more difficult to handle a broad face than a narrow one. I make a theory for every woman I see, and carry it out in her individual case; but in general I may say if she is a blonde, the eyebrows should be darkened near the nose and allowed to remain light and indistinct at the ends. Then some red should be put in front instead of at the side, so as to increase the length of the face. The hair, which is now always banged, should be arranged in ringlets, so that the forehead may be seen through it. This further heightens the face. A woman with a fat face should always part her hair in the middle."

"But," added the Professor, stretching his legs and again passing his hand over his raven locks, "I, perhaps, made my most signal success in the West, when I produced my celebrated skin bleacher. I lived at the time in Chicago and, wishing to be a negro and made his skin as white as any Caucasian's simply by using my preparation. It was done in the presence of hundreds of physicians, and was the talk of the country for a short time. Of course, it turned the skin of the negro a dirty green in few months, but in bleaching him at all I did what no man had done since the days of Esculapius. Women come to me with dark faces, or with wrinkles. They use this bleacher, and, presto! the blemishes and the wrinkles are gone."

"Does your bleacher permanently remove wrinkles?" the reporter asked.

"No, not permanently," said the Professor, thoughtfully; "temporarily. Still it removes them, and that is one thing.

"I have been also very successful in reducing and building up people. Numbers of ladies come here in their carriages every day. I have a number of cases how that are being reduced at the rate of six pounds a week. I accomplish this by acids instead of alkalies. That is what people get when they go to the regular schools. They give alkalies, and the people continue fat; I give acids, and they continue to grow thin. Again, in making thin people fat, I use a medicine of my own invention. Anything that would fatten me would fatten a starved child, or, if I chose, I could give my attack of malaria I have fattened right up, and an increasing rapidly. This preparation is the essence of beef, iron, wine, whiskey, quinine, calisaya, and many other ingredients, which act as a tonic."

"What sort of people come to you?"

"All sorts. Many women who are evidently in fine society, but are not as beautiful as they wish to be, come here. Also many who would be pretty but for one or two defects. Some of them have dark spots on their arms or shoulders, which I bleach. Others have moth spots, sallowness, freckles. I simply make them beautiful. Others have what they call expression wrinkles—that is when they smile too much, little wrinkles will come in the corners of the mouth and the eyes. These wrinkles are usually ladies who have advanced to middle age, and it affords me great satisfaction to mitigate their afflictions. Besides this, I often color the eyebrows and eyelashes of light-haired women. Then, too, I bench the hair or darken it, and make the lips redder. I have also been successful in enamelling; but, understand, I do not pretend to make the enamel permanent. It never lasts more than three or four days. It covers any blemishes completely, and produces a beautiful complexion. It is a harmless beautifier, but I do not recommend it for continued use. Then there is a good deal done in pencilling the eyebrows. The rarest effects are obtained by mingling black and brown. Vivacity of expression can be given to the tamest face by skilful pencilling in colors. I do a large run of trade in the season from people who attend the opera, weddings, and parties.

"I do not pretend to have original creations in everything. For instance, I have photographs of Betty Rigl, the actress, and often make women up after her, because she has such a bright and cheerful face. Then I have Maud Granger's pictures before me constantly, because she has such perfect arms. Then here, you see, are pictures of Queen Elizabeth, which I keep for either elaborate coiffure and the artistic use of laces. Here is another picture of a Southern woman of my acquaintance, whose shoulders have a beautiful slope, and in these photographs of Mme. Récamier there are superbly arched brows and beautiful eyes."

By the way," continued the Professor, pleasantly, "did you ever see Marie Litta?"

"Yes, several times," said the reporter.

"Then I need not tell you that she is not beautiful. The fact is that she is decidedly plain, but I once made her so beautiful that she created quite a furor in Chicago. Once, just before she began her season there, she came to me and said she would like to be fixed up for her appearance at Music Hall that night. She has no eyebrows. I gave her a beautiful pair. I parted her hair in the middle, bleached her some of her wrinkles, rubbed in some coloring, arranged her hair so that the eye in looking at the face deserted the contour of the jaw and followed the line of the hair up around the head. The ensemble was attractive, not to say beautiful. I was covered with glory for two whole days, and she was pleased. It is the first desire of every woman's heart to be considered beautiful."

Dignity and Cropped Heads.

"Do many of your customers ask to have their heads cropped?" a down-town barber was asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, I have not done much else for a week but cut off people's hair, he replied. "My customers say to me continually, 'I will leave my hair with you, please.' and I have kept on cutting until my arm aches. I cropped heads half well, too. It takes but little time to go over a head, and there is no oil or bay rum."

"You don't have your own head cropped, I see."

"No. I require that all my workmen shall have their heads cropped, but I have to hold to my own hair. Why? Did you ever know a man of dignity to wear his hair cropped? No, sir. I have to make a sacrifice my convenience to my position, as the head of this establishment."

BASE BALL YESTERDAY.

All Four of the Eastern League Teams Defeat Their Western Rivals.

The Metropolitan Company's experiment of having a "ladies'