IN REFORMED SARATOGA.

A HALF-SUPPRESSED SIGH FOR THE GOOD TIMES THAT WERE.

How the Closing of the Gaming Houses and the Race Track Is Affecting the Famous Old Summer Resort—Reminiscences of the Old Days—Sketches of Famous Men Who Spent Their Summers There—The Millionaires' Piazza.

SARATOGA, July 11.—Just about a year ago, at midnight, in fact, of the 3d of July, 1895, occurred one of the most significant events in the history of Saratoga. At that hour on that night the Morrissey club house, famous in this country and known even throughout Europe as a resort for "gentlemen gamblers," closed its doors. The closing of these doors meant the opening of a new era in Saratoga life. Just what the new conditions will bring to pass it is almost too soon to tell, but it will be many a long year before the gossips of the watering places will cease to talk of the gayeties and glories of the old régime.

The Morrissey club house did not shut up on account of hard times. It closed, to put it mildly, by request. The story of the proposed "reformation" of Saratoga was told last year, but now that it has become an accomplished fact, a repetition of the main facts may be of interest. In all probability Saratoga's reform boom would never have struck the town if old John Morrissey had still been alive. It was he who built the club house, it was he who owned the race track. He was as careful in the management of both as if they were a church fair or a fat stock show. No Saratogians (as they call themselves here) were permitted to play in the club house. This was intended to placate the villagers as well as to guard against "squealers." Morrissey was himself the most efficient man in the place when it came to policing the village. He knew the crooks and gamblers, and whenever any of them appeared on the scene Morrissey promptly warned them off. He would not allow any of the disreputable hangers-on of the race track around his place. If a woman of questionable character appeared in the grand stand old John would go to her and say quietly:

"Madam, I am very sorry, but you will have to leave."

The invitation did not have to be repeated, and such people soon learned that they were not welcome at Saratoga. But John Morrissey died about ten years ago. The club house was carried on at first by Reed, then by Reed and Spencer, and finally by Canfield. It was always well managed, and was so unobtrusive in its gambling character that the restaurant, which was one of the most famous in the country, was frequented by the most aristocratic ladies here. They were not ignorant of the gambling, by any means. The room in which most of the gambling tables were placed opened into the restaurant by immense folding doors, which were almost never closed.

"I was at the club house after it was shut up," said Mr. Sturges, the present President of the village and the man who has reformed Saratoga, "and I stood talking with Mr. Canfield in the gambling room. He was arguing with me against closing the house, and insisted that ladies never saw any gambling going on when they came to the restaurant. Well, from where I stood I could see three of the tables in the restaurant, and it stood to reason that any one sitting at those tables could see just as much of the club room where we stood. I asked Mr. Canfield about it, and he said it was understood that ladies were not to be put at those three tables.

"'But,' I said, 'suppose all the other tables are full. Do you keep the ladies standing?'

"'No,' he admitted, 'we let them sit down there.

"'And after they have finished their meal, if they feel like taking a promenade about the room, is there anything to prevent their looking through these doors and seeing all the gambling there is in this room?'

"Well, he admitted again that there wasn't, and that the ladies did do it. He said that ladies always liked a glimpse of Bohemia.'"

In spite, however, of the fact that the club house was probably the scene of the heaviest gambling in Saratoga, there were a great many people who were in favor of making it an exception in Mr. Sturges's general order to close up all such places. But affairs had got to a rather desperate pass, and the new President seemed to feel that the situation called for radical measures. His predecessor, "Kail" Mitchell, was himself a gambler who had a fine establishment opposite the United States Hotel. There were altogether about thirty gaming places in town, and the worst of it was that the character of the sporting element was constantly growing worse. The change dated from the time that the Guttenburg people got control of the race track. With them came a flood of gamblers, "touts," low women, and hangers-on of the worst sort.

"Up to two years ago," said Mr. Sturges, "it was perfectly safe and proper for a lady to walk alone in the evening on any street in Saratoga. It was the boast of the town that this was so. Two years ago things were entirely different. A woman could not walk a block on Broadway without being compelled to listen to the most vile language. The loafers from the race track ranged themselves three deep along the edge of the walk, and there they would stand and ogle the women and make insulting remarks to every one who passed. Saratoga's reputation was being utterly ruined, and the better class of people saw that something would have to be done. The village charter was finally amended by an act of Legislature, the number of trustees being changed from six to thirteen and the office of President of the village made appointive. The new trustees appointed me about May 6 last year. I was just recovering from typhoid fever then, and it was several weeks before I was really able to do anything. About the end of June the club house and other gambling places opened for the season. On July 1 I sent for the Chief of Police and told him he must close every such place in Saratoga. We have four Police Commissioners, and those in office then had been appointed by Mitchell, and, of course, favored the gambling element. The Chief of Police came back to me after I had given him the order and asked me if I meant to include the club house in it.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't make the Commissioners believe that you mean it.'

"'I do mean it,' I said, 'and you may tell them I will meet them at any hour they may name and convince them of it.'

The meeting took place, and Mr. Sturges succeeded in convincing the Commissioners that his order meant business. The proprietors of the tables were notified, and Mr. Canfield sent word that he would close his house at 12 o'clock that night. Since that day, July 3, 1895, it is said that not a gaming table has been run in Saratoga, a thing which was almost unprecedented in the history of the resort. Of course the great majority of the cottagers and people of the village were glad of the change, but there are plenty of stories told of the old days before reform marked Saratoga for its own, and it is noticeable that a tinge of regret seems to creep into these reminiscences. There is an air of saying:

"Ah, these are degenerate days, when men can sit around a hotel piazza all day and go to bed at 10 o'clock at night without so much as betting a cigar on anything!"

And then the old-timer will go off into tales of the old betting days, when men sat up all night over the Morrissey tables and lost their thousands without blinking. There was Prince Poniatowski, who lost $80,000 at a sitting three years ago, and took no end of it beyond saying that he thought he must change his spring from the Congress, which is warranted to make you lose (flesh), to the Columbian, which is a tonic. And there was Walbaum, the owner of the race track. He was driving into town one night in a hack, and on reaching the club house he stopped the driver.

"Come in a minute," he said to the friends who were with him. "I haven't got the change to pay for the hack and I'll go in and win it."

They went in, and Walbaum stayed until 4 o'clock in the morning and lost $17,000 trying to get the money for his hackman.

The story tellers usually wind up with the prize tradition in Saratoga gambling about the night that $60,000 changed hands, and then the group gives a unanimous sigh, and some old fellow shakes his head and points to the placard advertising the Summer School of Theology and a big banner up the street announcing a course of lectures on philosophy, and there is a strange quiet among them.

Without doubt, there will be a change in the life of Saratoga. For a quarter of a century there have been regular announcements that Saratoga had "lost its grip." Nevertheless, the springs have continued to bubble just as joyously, the hackmen have not grown less numerous, the immense hotels are still doing business at the same old stands, and Saratoga is still Saratoga. Now, however, it seems more than likely that, although she will not really lose her grip, she will take hold in a new place. Within the last week there have been more people in the town than has been customary at this time of year, even in the most prosperous seasons. There have been two summer meetings of women, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. Both of these meetings were largely attended, and are an indication of the line along which Saratogians intend to retrieve whatever they may have lost by shutting out the sporting element.

There will inevitably come changes under the new order of things, but it does not seem possible that the real flavor of Saratoga life can ever wholly evaporate under the influences of summer schools of theology and philosophy and the interminable "papers" of women's clubs. There have been perhaps more famous Americans, at one time and another, under the roof of the United States Hotel than in any other hotel in the country. "The States" is fairly mellow with traditions. The men who are at the head of it have been there for over a quarter of a century and were associated with the great caravansary long before that. THE SUN correspondent interviewed them into reminiscing the other day, and the way the famous names tripped from their tongues was a lesson in history.

"Tell me some stories about those old days," said the reporter to Mr. Tompkins, who was the manager of the old "States," which burned in '65.

"Tell you stories? Humph! I was too busy those days to be looking out for stories!"

"Too busy in a house that accommodated only 250 guests?"

"Yes, but in the season we often had about 300 lodged out and many a time we had 600 guests, which is as much as we have part of the time in the present house. Busy? Well, I should think I was! I not only kept the books, but I gave out the candles—we didn't have gas then and the candles were kept under the desk in the office. You'd have liked to see Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Stephen A. Douglas come up and get their candles, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," chimed in Dr. Perry, "and you would have liked to hear the speech Douglas made from the front veranda when he was candidate for President. You remember," turning to Mr. Tompkins, "that Douglas went up to a store here and bought a new suit to make that speech in. It was a hand-me-down and Douglas was very proud of it—but it didn't make him President."

"And do you remember," said Mr. Tompkins, "the night Ned James and some other fellows were making such a racket on the veranda, under Mrs. De Witt Clinton's window? The boys used to get out there in those days and drink and talk and laugh, and Mrs. Clinton wanted to go to sleep and she couldn't. Finally she came out and she leaned over the balustrade and she called out—you remember that impediment in her speech—

"'N-n-ned J-j-james!'

"'Yessum!' said James, very politely. 'Anything I can do for you, Mrs. Clinton?'

"'Is N-n-ned H-h-haywood there?'

"'No, Mrs. Clinton!'

"'Y-you lie! N-n-ned J-james! I h-hear his v-voice! G-go to b-b-bed, every l-last one of y-you!'"

"If you want stories," said Dr. Perry, rummaging around in the big safe and bringing a box out of one of the corners, "you can amuse yourself with these," and he took out a lot of yellow, faded newspaper clippings.

The reporter glanced at a few of the headlines:

"REJOICING OF THE VANDERBILT PARTY OVER MAUD S.'S FEAT."

"SENATOR WARNER MILLER'S BRIEF VISIT—HIS RETURN HOME TO GREET GEN. LOGAN."

"THE DANGEROUS WHITELAW REID."

"OSCAR WILDE SHARPLY CRITICISED."

"MISS KELLOGG'S CONCERT."

This seemed promising. The reporter preempted a corner of the famous millionaires' piazza, and sat down with the boxful of bygone Saratoga. In the office near by was the man who can serve as referee on everything pertaining to hotel life in the town for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Brown is room clerk, and he knows everything from the number of towels allotted to room 917 to the number of millions of dollars which have been represented on the millionaires' porch when it was quoted at its highest. Twenty years ago an inquiring newspaper man who found Mr. Brown at his father's barren ground when he hurried him for gossip declared that "the number of things that man knows and won't tell is surpassed in number and variety only by the things he doesn't know and won't tell." Mr. Brown is about as much of a sphinx as ever, but he can unbend most graciously, and as for information he is a walking biographical dictionary, albeit a sealed one. He remembered the time that Maud S. made her record of 2:11¾, and he fished out a clipping which chronicled the event as follows:

"Nothing has created so much excitement in sporting circles as the feats of St. Julien and Maud S. at Rochester—2:11¾! Who would have believed it possible ten years ago?"

"The dangerous Whitelaw Reid" has not changed as much in ten years as trotting records have. Here is what the correspondent said of him in 1878:

"Whitelaw Reid, with his poetic face and hyacinthine locks, is at the United States Hotel, resting his weary brain by looking at and admiring the pretty women (all from an artistic standpoint, however), as he will continue doing to the end of the chapter. He is one of those unfortunate mortals upon whom nature forgot to endow with a heart. Pique and the native perversity of women—leading her to care for and seek most persistently what is withheld from her grasp—combine to render such men very dangerous to the peace of mind of members of the fair sex. Like wild birds in a cage, they beat their lives out against an unyielding barrier, or, like moths, make holocausts of themselves, to feed the flame which relentlessly devours them. The barrier or the fire is not to be blamed, but only poor, weak human nature, which wantonly courts danger. He is a woman of the hour, however, desires intellectual companionship with a mind of high order, intensely analytical and clear, which reads human nature like an open book, and ruthlessly dissects human motives and souls from a plain above human weaknesses, one stored with general information, and largely developed on the artistic side, the complete master of the emotional nature, he will find it all in Whitelaw Reid. In dress he is fastidious, but perfectly plain and unostentatious, wearing neither diamonds nor jewels of any kind."

Another yellow old clipping records the fact that Capt. S. B. Franklin, U. S. N., is at the States, and that it was he "who, on his last cruise, brought home Boss Tweed from Vigo, Spain."

The same correspondent says: "Let me not forget one point which I meant to amplify. Strange to say, amid the myriad groups in conversation, I have not heard a solitary allusion to the Sprague scandal, nor a Pinafore quotation, nor a big, big D' at the weather. I heard a pretty steady click of billiard balls yesterday, but you know Mr. Beecher has vouched for billiards, and we are henceforth free to conclude that they are elevating to the moral nature."

It was in 1882 that a cynical correspondent found "a monopoly of lions" at the United States Hotel. There were two ex-Secretaries of State, Evarts and Blaine, William H. Vanderbilt, Gov. Cornell, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and Oscar Wilde.

"Oscar Wilde," says the disgruntled—or prophetic—writer, "thought there was too much competition for him to be pointed out as the biggest lion of the hotel, as he could not hope to rival Evarts in wit, Blaine in eloquence, or Miss Kellogg in stage effects, any more than he could Vanderbilt in wealth. So we moved to another hotel. He was careful, however, having learned that the crowd at the United States was, as Mr. Blaine expresses it, the 'tonicst' at Saratoga, to be always on hand during the concerts, to pose in the most conspicuous places and to promenade up and down in front of the multitude. It took Mr. Wilde no longer than the five minutes' walk from the station to and through the United States Hotel to form and volunteer an opinion as to Saratoga. As it was favorable, the success of the remainder of the season is assured."

"On Thursday morning, Mr. Askell of the Mt. McGregor Railroad Company gave a breakfast on top of Mt. McGregor to Oscar Wilde. There is a fine restaurant on top of the mountain, at which the meals are served in tempting style. About fifteen ladies and gentlemen were invited, and toasts were drunk and speeches made.

"In front of Mr. Wilde on the table was a semi-circle of pond lilies. In his speech he pronounced all lovers of lilies his disciples, from which it might be inferred that the flower and its typical purity and loveliness were entirely unknown until he pointed them out to an ignorant world and thus promulgated a claim upon them. Last evening Mr. Wilde gave a lecture in Congress Hall ballroom, which was attended by a large audience, not all of whom were by any means pleased, as I heard many of them say immediately after their return, at the same time there was a concert and fireworks in Congress Spring Park, and Oscar was advertised in the letter, as Jumbo of Barnum's circus was last week. A huge sunflower was depicted in fireworks as 'Oscar Wilde's favorite.' It proved a perfect spitfire. It was suggested that the 'windmill' on the programme of last week would have represented the lecturer himself."

It does not seem strange to find 1878 at the head of a letter which says:

"Mme. Marie Roze is the cynosure of all eyes at the United States. She is a remarkably handsome woman, of the brunette order, with large, lustrous eyes, changing in expression with each fleeting emotion, abundant dark hair, clear complexion, and a voluptuous physique. The gods seem to have showered upon her every good gift—a divine voice, musical beauty of a high order, a brilliant intellect, an amiable disposition, and charming manners. She wins her way to the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact.

"On the 15th of August, Mary's Day, which Mme. Roze calls her fête day, or name day, she presented her friend, Mrs. Melville Landon, wife of 'Eli Perkins,' the humorist of journalistic fame, with a beautiful rosebud of rubies, surrounded by leaves of gold studded with diamonds, of which there were forty-eight in number. As she took it from her own bosom and pinned it on the breast of her friend, she said: 'See, a rose from a rose to a rose.' All the Marys in France celebrate the 15th of August as a birthday.

"The effect of the waters here is wonderful on some systems. Married men have been known to lose their memories and forget all about their wives at home, and sail around with pretty girls on their arms as in their bachelor days, and married women seen in many cases to be equally unfortunate. From the time their husbands leave for New York on Monday morning till their return on Saturday night, they appear quite oblivious of their existence, and to have a realizing sense only of the presence of some other masculine. Things get a little mixed, but the tangles will doubtless all be unravelled in the fall, and everybody will return home better for his summer's recreation.

"Bachelors and widowers of eighty dash around here like youths of seventeen, and there is a widow who has been here, it is said, for seventy-five summers, who, by the aid of plumpers and their dye, still holds her own and is anxious to confer her fortune and herself upon some aspiring young man.

"An exquisite from Baltimore is here, he who drives a tandem, changes his dress four times a day, and wears different jewels with each suit; diamonds with one, turquoises with another, amethysts with a third, and so on to the end of the chapter. In white flannel with turquoises he looks just sweet, especially when he gets his three hairs carefully arranged over his bald pate. Navy blue is quite becoming to his blonde complexion, and when he turns back his sleeve and shows you his diamond sleeve buttons and tells you 'they cost $000, don't you know,' one is quite dazzled."

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt came to the States every summer for years before his death. He was often accompanied by his aunt, who registered as "Miss P. Vanderbilt." She was a slim, trim, bright-eyed lady of the old school, who tripped out from dinner over the long piazzas to their cottage with almost the elasticity of a girl, and wore the daintiest of little white caps on her comely head. A newspaper woman, writing of W. H. Vanderbilt in 1886, said:

"I can easily believe genial and kind things of him, for, several years ago, I was once thrown in his company in his own railroad car under circumstances which, through no fault of mine, were calculated to embarrass me slightly, had he not shown the tact of a kindly natured man. The rest of the party were out on the observation platform, and two persons, of whom I was one, were temporarily alone in the dainty little car, when Mr. Vanderbilt entered and began chatting with the other lady present, but by and by, ignoring the fact that no introduction had taken place between himself and me, he acted the part of a considerate host, and joined me at the window, where I sat solitarily watching the landscape. He stood a long time pointing out to me the villas of various prominent residents on the banks of the Hudson, along which we were rapidly gliding. I enjoyed the courtesy the more because it was a quiet but significant reminder to the conscience of the other lady—the wife of a very high official, I am sorry to say—who had invited me into the car with an urgency that left no alternative but to accept, and then was too uncertain about the etiquette of the case to venture to introduce a newspaper writer to the railroad monarch.

"Some people carry away from an official residence at Washington much better manners than they take there, for it is the political city on the continent; and then, too, the growing consciousness that to be in high public service is to be the servant of the fifty million sovereigns, is in itself an educator; and this lady was no exception to the law of growth. She was nearly new to her position when this incident occurred, and in after days, when her knowledge was better adjusted to its requirements, her behavior toward all the responsible lady writers at Washington was just what President Arthur's has been from the first, by virtue of his own gentlemanly intuitions. I do her the justice to say that I received at her hands, in those latter days, whatever courtesies were due from a woman to a woman and as the representative of prominent papers. But I have never ceased to remember gratefully the master of that day's ceremonies who, and who alone, could from his position dare to rebuke a President's wife."

Mr. Vanderbilt always lived in Cottage row, a wing of the hotel containing sixty-three suites of rooms arranged for families. In 1884, an inquiring reporter for an Albany paper made out a list of the occupants of these rooms and sent it to his paper. The list was as follows:

W. H. Vanderbilt, H. McK. Twombly, Edgar Mills, Senator Warner Miller, Moses Fraley of St. Louis, W. L. Skidmore, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, Mrs. David Thompson, Col. Goddard of Providence, A. J. Antelo of Philadelphia, the Misses Thompson of Philadelphia, James R. Jessup, Jr., Robert Colgate, not he of fragrant soaps, but of the Atlantic White Lead Company; A. R. Van Nest, George Bliss, H. Polhemus, Mrs. Minturn, Samuel F. Barger, William C. Burning, Dr. Charles E. Hoffman, Mrs. R. H. Goddard of Providence, Dr. J. H. Gaulter, William Baylis, C. P. Fisher, W. C. and John Stanford, Mrs. Thomas J. Owen, Fred Gould, Mrs. E. R. Thompson of Rochester, Robert MacLean, D. C. Wilcox, E. J. King, R. F. Tysen, Thomas Stokes, Mrs. William Goddard, Nathan Chandler, Maclay White, Mrs. George Osgood, Mrs. Austin Sands, Mr. Stranahan, F. W. Von Stahl, Mrs. Augustus Schell, and John T. Martin.

The number of millions represented among the guests seems to have been ever a fruitful subject of comment. One of them announces with pride and exclamation points that he himself counted twenty-five men seated at one time on the "millionaires'" piazza, and that, after due mathematical calculation, he was prepared to state that the aggregate of their fortunes would wipe out half of the national debt. Another newspaper man seems to have had a mania for keeping tabs on widows, and in one tattered clipping he gives this important piece of information:

"The number of widows at 'the States' to-day reaches fifty-five!"

Many of these old effusions are gay and gushing, but among them there were a few which would be taken as evidence, in any court, that the writer was at the springs on account of dyspepsia. One of these disgruntled individuals hailed from Minneapolis, and he looked at everything through a jaundiced eye. He remarks that "unsophisticated persons are filling themselves full of the sinister waters." Of course, it may not have been dyspepsia, but the "sinister" waters which ailed the gentleman, but something was evidently wrong.

"Saratoga," he remarks, "is oddly situated for the headquarters of comfort seekers. It is always hot here when it is hot anywhere, though it is not so prostrating as Philadelphia or St. Louis at the same temperature. There is no water except a little lake that is situated in a hole two miles off, down at Moon's, whose glory is the invention of that diaphanous fodder known as Saratoga potatoes. There are no pleasant drives—not one. The drive to the lake is tolerably smooth, but it is a broiling exposure. There is no shade except from the fortuitous hantlings of nature that grow here and there in clumps, then this 'famous drive' ought to be embowered in maples. The lawn mower is a stranger here, and both sides of the highway are overgrown with tough grass and weeds. The whole drive is a disgrace to the town."

Not content with this reflection on Saratoga's temperature, he goes onto say that it was, at that moment, "a boiling cauldron"—in politics.

"Each party is here in force. Among Republicans, Wadsworth is most talked of just now, but Cornell sits serenely in front of his cottage across the court and he has many calls. Senator Blaine dropped in there last evening, and I fear the event may embarrass the Governor in some quarters. The Tammany and county Democracy are seeking harmony in the same way that Buck Fanshaw broke up the riot; but they have made real progress, for after four days' parleying they have got so that they can sit in a room together without committing personal assaults on each other."

Apropos of politics, one correspondent, presumably a woman, had something to say of Hendricks in 1878, which includes that gentleman's views on the money question:

"Ex-Gov. Hendricks," she says. "Vice-President of the United States *de jure*, but, alas, not *de facto*, is here. It is pleasant to find him so unaffected and simple, so genial, kind-hearted, and accessible, as, indeed, all truly great men always are. He is perfectly unpretending in his dress. Among so much tinsel and show it is pleasant to see a man of his parts attired in a plain business suit without the slightest attempt at display. It shows in the case of any man that he has confidence in his own intrinsic merits to win respect for him wherever he goes. Diamonds and dress coats are essential to invest some men with dignity; extra weights, as it were, thrown into the scale, to bring them up to the standard excellence of better men. I like the Governor, and so does every one else, no matter of what party, and if the women could vote he would be the next President. He is sanguine of the success of the Democracy in Indiana this fall, thinks the handsome Voorhees certain of the Senate, and believes in a moderate amount of soft money; don't want the money so hard that it will break up the country. He thinks the Democratic platform comprehensive enough for anybody, so far as the financial question is concerned, and sees no occasion for the national party organization. He claims that Indiana is more advanced than any other State, so far as woman's rights are concerned, that is, her property rights. She is competent to own and manage her own property there, no matter how it comes to her, by inheritance, gift, or her own earnings, whether she be married or single, to proceed in courts, independent of her husband, and, in short, to get rid of him altogether, without much difficulty, if he don't behave himself decemingly."

Here is a vivid sketch of life at "the States" in "the good old days." It will be observed that the deep interest in the millionaires was at work in this man's brain, too:

"He who is worth a mere half million is an insignificant personage at this hotel at the present time, and he whose bank account foots up only $100,000 is better than a pauper. The $50,000 man is a tramp. There were over twenty-five millionaires sitting on the piazza smoking and listening to the music last evening. W. H. Vanderbilt with his income of $7,000,000 a year at the head of them, and they differed from the common herd about them mainly in the fact that they were more poorly dressed and wore 50-cent cigars in their mouths. And even that last fact was not obvious to the casual spectator.

"An interesting vista is this same piazza. Twenty feet wide and more than a third of a mile long, covered with a rustic roof seventy feet above it, and running completely around the interior court, in the middle of which is a band stand, it assumes twice a day a most vivacious and picturesque appearance. From 10 to 12 in the morning, and from 8 to 10 in the evening, all the inmates of the "States" and many villagers and cottagers swarm here in close clusters, about as thick as chairs can be placed. Taking a stand at the door of the ladies' west parlor, the eye falls on many well-known personages. Miss Louise Kellogg sits here by her mother's side, now dipping into conversation, now exchanging a word with a passer by, now giving her head a listening tilt toward the music stand. Though of stately proportions, she has not lost her comeliness or attractiveness. She is in black silk on this warmest of nights, and is wrapped in a shawl—one of her watchful mother's pet hallucinations being that her brilliant pet will somehow catch cold and lose her voice.

"Just beyond is ex-Gov. Hoffman's phlegmatic face, the pudgy and easily caricatured chin, bubbling over the edge of a turn-down collar, No. 17. 'I am not much interested in politics,' he naively says to the daily interviewer. 'I have withdrawn from public affairs to attend to my exacting private affairs,' and he scratches his chin with a little finger on which is a ring with three large cat's eyes in it, and looks benevolent. He gives his intimate friend to understand that he has made money during the last five years, and he has suddenly blossomed out as a millionaire, but those who have kept the run of things know that the fortune has not been recently acquired, but only revealed, and discern on the treasure chest Boss Tweed's coat of arms.

"Just beyond where Hoffman sits is one of the best-known figures at the springs—a very portly lady with a pleasant face and popular manner, who carries herself with rare grace and dresses superbly in dainty, fluffy fabrics, the loveliest pinks and lavenders of elaborate make. It is Mrs. Seligman.

"Skipping several unfamiliar faces, we come to a set, may be called a journalistic group, though they do not all seem to be talking together, and the proximity may be accidental. First are Gen. James Watson Webb and his wife, he patriarchal in appearance and almost colossal in figure, creeping on toward ninety, a perfect magazine of entertaining memories, and so vigorous nothing but the gout assails him that he is likely enough to survive his 100 years. Near by is a lady with a distinguished face and impressive manner—a face which, once seen, is always remembered. It is Mrs. Frank Leslie, the talented widow of the great publisher, and she is talking with Mrs. Cleveland, sister of Horace Greeley, and her daughters, who have come down from the Kensington to the Carcer.

"Here comes Vanderbilt, walking down the piazza, carefully threading his path among the handsomely dressed ladies, and looking this way and that, evidently seeking somebody. He wears a blue frock coat, white marseilles vest, dark blue cravat, a white hat with a three-inch weed on it, and a face with an amiable sort of scowl on it, and looks about as much like a farmer as he did when he raised 100 bushels of potatoes in one year down on Staten Island, and the Commodore rejoiced over his agricultural talent.

"Here, too, are Gov. Cornell, looking as if he wanted something, and was not certain about getting it; ex-Senator Blaine, Hugh J. Jewitt of the Erie Railroad, the Belgian and Italian Ministers, such Turkish notables as Hakki Bey and Hassam Bey, Foster Dewey, a habitué of Saratoga, and Tweed's private secretary ten years ago (a good-looking, quiet man, with plenty of money, they say), Congressman Kasson of Iowa, ex-Postmaster-General Tyner, and numerous Democratic politicians from New York city, who have come here this week to 'grease the machine.' This piazza scene is at once bewildering and captivating. It is an uncommonly striking picture, for three out of four are ladies."

This same writer quotes an interview he had with Gen. James Watson Webb, in which the latter made some very gloomy predictions. Referring to the President's veto of an appropriation bill, he said:

"It was correct. I remember that in one of these omnibus appropriation bills passed in Jackson's administration, there was an allotment of $50,000 to improve some bay on the coast of Georgia—I forget its name. Gen. Taylor told me about it—he was the engineer sent out by the War Department to survey it. He sought it for a month or two, assisted by the Government of Georgia, and finally reported his inability to find it. The Secretary of War had to appeal to the Congressman who got the item inserted in the bill to point out the bay referred to. But it doesn't make much difference how matters go. This republic is doomed: it will break up in anarchy before long. The rot of universal suffrage is ruining us. It is preposterous nonsense to pretend that one man ought to have just as much to say about making the laws as any other man. The intelligence and property of the country ought to make the laws. The surrender of this position is the death warrant of the republic. Look out for the next serious trouble."

Here is another item which seemed strange: an echo out of the past amid all this Chicago hurly-burly about Presidential candidates:

"Mr. Cyrus W. Field said to-day that he had seen extracts from a letter concerning the Field family, and asked where he could get the paper. On furnishing him with one, I told him I had heard his name mentioned for Governor of New York by several persons. 'What!' he exclaimed. 'John André and all?' I assured him they were ready to go the whole contingencies.

"'Well, you just tell the boys,' said Mr. Field, 'that I wouldn't take office—that there is no office in the gift of the American people that I would accept under conceivable circumstances. The press is too free-tongued to make it pleasant. A man of decent character, who wants also a decent reputation, will keep out of politics.'

"I wondered if he agreed with Gen. Webb, that this too free and democratic country was going to the bow-wows, but before I could ask him he dived off as if he had an Atlantic cable to lay before dinner."

One of the dyspeptic journalists gossips after this wise:

"The piazzas at the Grand Union are as populous and quite as brilliant as those at the States, though they do not contain as many distinguished people. The States is more a family hotel, and its grand parlor, through not so large as that of the Union, is more refined and elegant. At the Union are to be found Russell Sage, languid and dull of features and looking as if life were a burden, often pointed at him and had caught by accident; Judge Grady of the Supreme Court, telling stories as well as ever; John Kelly among his sachems, his porcupine head radiating even more pugnaciously than usual; Judge Grace, Judge Hilton, whose spacious Saratoga park with its frowzy lawn and cast-iron quadrupeds, is a failure, like Garden City and the store; James R. Keene, neatly groomed, and seeming equally unconspicuous of horses and of bulls, and a dozen members of the Democratic State Committee."

"The famous clubbing Police Captain, Williams, came under professional discussion. My friend, who had himself swung the locust in every grade of the force for the past twenty years, from a patrolman up, gave me a good pen-and-ink sketch of New York's most famous policeman since the late Tombs Justice, Joe Dowling, was a Sergeant. He said that Williams had been originally a ship carpenter in Nova Scotia. That is not exactly representative; but Nova Scotia is not a thing to exult over. Williams is a brave, daring, rapacious, and unscrupulous man, hated and maligned by a great many people, a better man, perhaps, than half who attack him, but pretty bad nevertheless. Politics put him off the police force, and, having shown his usefulness, it became the wish of the Republican Police Commissioners to put him in the Twenty-ninth precinct. This is the resort of the most noted gamblers and the most notorious women. Its influence was all Republican.

"My friend remarked that it was a singular fact that the higher grades of criminals are Republican, as the lower classes are Democratic. About this time, Capt. Williams, who is as diplomatic as Arabi Bey, began to hold a sheltering hand over Gen. 'Baldy' Smith, then a Democratic Police Commissioner. Many a time, it is said, has Williams prevented not only his own men, but officers of other precincts, from locking up Baldy when lurching along the street as drunk as Bacchus. By the power thus obtained the Police Board voted to put Williams into the 'Beefsteak Precinct.' Here, through his confidential detective, whom my friend spoke of, and, I infer, but he meant Schmitberger, money from disorderly houses flows into Capt. Williams's pockets so fast as to have made him already independently rich. If the landladies and the 'sports' don't pay up they find themselves made uncomfortable.

"It cannot be denied that Williams is a bold officer. One night he had the temerity to lock up Jim Bennett and his side partner, ex-City Judge Gunny Bedford, for being whooping drunk on the street. Last came a startling revelation: Capt. Williams learned the favorite resort of Clut. Wheeler, a Republican Police Commissioner. It was a very improper resort. He made a descent upon it one night and found to his supposed surprise the jovial Commissioner lying back on a yellow brocaded sofa listening to the grand piano. With him was an equally portly, if not so oleaginous, friend. This friend has since filled an office so high that, as they used to say in England when the Prince of Wales was threatened with scandal, the name is too great to be breathed in this connection. I don't allude to Secretary Frelinghuysen or George Bliss."

As THE SUN reporter read on through these yellow records of days gone by, the millionaires' piazza began to fill up. There were groups of women wearing blue and white ribbons and an enamelled badge; they were the Daughters of the American Revolution; other women with fans and black satin bags joined the blue ribbons; they were "federated" women from the city, and their bags were full of manuscript. Up the street the banner of the philosophy lectures flapped and billowed in the wind. An eminent clergyman, who is to lecture in the Summer School of Theology, came up the steps. The faded clippings of two decades ago rustled and seemed to sigh as if they missed something in the air. The reporter sighed, too, and put them back in the box and Dr. Perry put the box back in the safe, and the current of life in reformed Saratoga ran more peacefully when the big doors closed on those records of so much frivolity and gayety.

VICTIMS OF DUCK SUITS.

VARIED DISCOMFORTS SUFFERED BY MEN CLAD IN WHITE.

Ingenuity of the Trousers in Evil—Devices to which Cadets Are Put—Problems Concealed Under a Fair Exterior—Courses Open to the Man Who Sits Down.

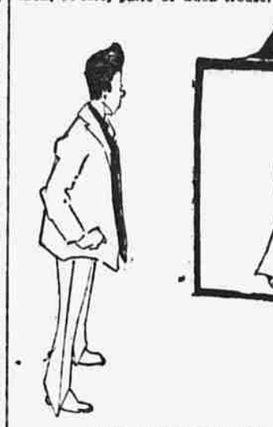
Whoever invented duck clothing must have been a man with a cruel and ingenious mind. He must have foreseen that the cheapness of a duck suit would lead many sensible but impecunious men into an ill-considered purchase, for there is no denying that the coat and trousers look uncommonly well when folded up neatly on the counter or buttoned discreetly over the statuesque physique of a show-window dummy. It is its inexpensiveness which maintains the fashion of duck clothing, combined with the specious idea that because it looks cool to the purchaser it must in fact be cool to the wearer. The very popularity of the commodity leads, moreover, to an increased investment of capital in its manufacture, and eventually, by the process of competition, to an even cheaper, and hence more

WRINKLED DUCKS.

subtly seducing products. Poor married men who have nobly abandoned the idea of fleecy and expensive flannels, time and time again are induced to make a trial of these base compromises, and so they grow sadder but scarcely wiser with the passage of every holiday.

Soldiers and sailors wear duck trousers, but theirs is a life which makes a boast of hardships. The discomforts and privations of the army and navy are matters of course, and the mere physical annoyance at a pair of duck trousers shrinks, like the trousers themselves, to small proportions when compared with the rigors of an encampment or a cruise, to say nothing of an actual campaign. Again, Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall wears rich clothing. But his love of cutting a figure overpowers his love of ease, so that those who see him on Broadway, parading the sidewalk as white and unbending as a celluloid collar, are merely surprised that he was not born to the gentle estate of being stay-. To him the wearing of such a garment of extreme tension is a sweet torture, a rapturous annoyance.

The West Point cadets have some of them as many as forty pairs of duck trousers. Since it



DUCKS CREASED FLATWISE.

is next to impossible to preserve the perpendicular creases in the front and back of the trousers, many find a frequent rearraying of their legs the simplest and quickest method of obeying the regulations concerning spotless neatness of uniform. The departing cadet, be he lean or fat, short or tall, bequeathes his duck trousers to the dearest friend he leaves behind. Thus these highly creased garments find a permanent home at West Point, and you may judge the number of a man's friends by the number of his trousers, or indirectly by their condition of unwrinkled fidelity. Those who have ever worn "ducks" will sympathize with the less fortunate cadets, who find that the most effective method of preserving the essential crease is never to sit down. They furnish an example of aesthetical endurance which compares favorably with the self-denial of mediæval monks. If they stand up so boldly for the sake of a crease, what will they not do for a cause?

But the faults of duck trousers do not cease with the moment when, yielding to temptation, their master sits down, and arises to find them shortened to his boot tops, wrinkled about the

THE DUCKS THAT BIND.

calves like an accordion, and bagged at the knee, to the utter extinction of crease, symmetry, and elegance. It is the tendency of things to return to a state of nature, and so little by little, in the space of an afternoon, a clean pair of duck trousers approaches that neutral tint admired by artists, and regarded by housekeepers as "dirty clothes." The process of degeneration is gradual like the revolution of the hands of a watch; but suddenly the victim awakes to the fact that it is half past six, and his trousers are in a condition of obvious and shameful dirtiness. There are three courses open when the garment arrives at this state of total depravity. It may be thrown away, and the owner may sign a pledge never again so to err; but it is not probable that the man, who has what he originally thought to be a bargain, will admit defeat without a battle. The trousers may be worn still, in the teeth of the fashion's law, or, finally, they may be sent to the wash and worn on their return. It is a difficult issue, which involves principles of taste, and will not admit of a final decision.

It is said that there are duck trousers which do not shrink, and possibly there may be a few of them. But the rule runs contrary to such exceptions, and most men will find that trousers which have been through the wash demand

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

prim and sedentary poses of the wearer on pain of their explosion into fragments. Linen duck, moreover, is capable of a high polish, and not only looks suspicously like celluloid, but no hair sofa ever afforded a more variable and uncertain surface to sit on. But the most unfortunate thing connected with the washing of duck trousers is the lack of durability of their buttons. Whether it is that the laundress delights in pulverizing the bone buttons situated at various points of the duck trousers, or whether the buttons themselves rot away under the purifying process of hot water, the trousers return to their duties wholly unfitted to fulfil them.

Indeed, the discomforts of this style of clothing are innumerable, and the criticism which applies to the trousers applies as potently to the coat. The discomfort which street cleaners would be compelled to endure if their white

DUCK BICYCLING SUIT.

suits had not been constructed on the principle of pajamas instead of uniforms, would be extreme.

Not warned by narrow escapes and ignominious examples, bicyclists are now ta