DIANA GOES A VISITING.

A NEIGHBORLY CALL ON THE NEW MADISON SQUARE STATUES.

She Tells the Wise Men on the New Court House About This Town, and Discusses With the Lawgivers the New Problems of the Time, Which, However, Seem to Be Old.

Night time in Lawgivers' row on top of the new Appellate Division Court Building in Madison Square. The prophets and legislators showing all white and newly done against the sky, while the clang of cable cars curving round Broadway and the stir of vehicles and people walking on the avenue are borne upward.

Now and again a house door opens to admit home-coming occupants. The high park lights flicker over Moses's curling beard and bring out Mahomet's features, touch up the points of Justinian's crown and convert the scrol in Manu's hand to a thing of silver. Lycurgus, braving the air bare headed in Spartan fashion, shows out in fine relief, and Confucius, Solon, Zoroaster, King Alfred and King Louis are duly prominent, seemingly absorbed in making calculations as to the number of bricks in the opposite wall or the composition of the chimney tops.

There they are, strangers in a new country, feeling hardly to rights yet in their novel quarters when a visitor pops in all unexpected. Diana of the Garden tower came to make neighbors with them, having swung herself down over the intervening housetops as lightly as a snowflake or a thistle bloom and seemingly with as little inconvenience.

"I've been wanting to come ever since you got here," she said, bowing comprehensively to the group and perching herself on the parapet beside Solon. "But I have to watch the chance for getting off from the garden. I preside personally, you know, over sports and pleasures and there's always something doing."

"Sports and pleasures!" said the Athenian leader. "I believed you to be patroness of the chase and marriage."

He spoke cordially having noticed the stiffness of Moses's greeting and seen that Confucius looked rather indifferent.

"And we understood that you held rather a practical office here and pointed the winds for mortals," put in Lycurgus.

"Oh, yes. I did take aim at the winds regularly when I first came here," laughed the goddess, "but I got tired doing work and now face in whatever direction I will. I'm the sworn patroness of females and marriage, and yet retain my interest in animals, meaning different things to different peoples just as I did in old times. Fashion has come into my scope now and all frolics and athletics."

"You all know me," she went on, confidently. "That is, all who studied at the colleges of old Egypt and Asia Minor. Of course, these young nobies who lived within the last 1,900 years have only word of me; and perhaps I need introduction to the great Hindoo and the great Chinaman. But from the first hint I got of your coming I was pleased at getting such distinguished company within easy call. The more the merrier. And I can come to see you without touching earth."

"We have wondered if you did not find it lonely sometimes in so isolated a position," said Zoroaster, much taken with Diana's sprightliness and beauty.

"Not often," said the goddess. "Even in the midst of a thick snow or rainstorm that shuts me from sight the gossips are about me. The winds tell news from their different points of view. All the disaffected airs of any moment make it convenient to drift by my tower on their way out of town. Always new ideas, styles and inspirations are rushing in on the air currents. And the stories told me are amusing. Just before I came down here to-night a number of played-out musical airs were gathering to take their departure in company. They said they had got to be chestnuts, and were going off South to renew their youth."

"Had got to be chestnuts!" said King Alfred the Great. "I'm English, you know, but I confess I don't understand."

"Why, that's an old expression. It's a chestnut itself," said Diana. "It wouldn't cut a bit of ice as slang goes now."

"Slang!" repeated the Saxon. "What is that? Has English changed? I feel myself very ignorant."

"English has changed greatly, of course, since your day," answered Diana, "but you needn't be abashed. Slang is a distinct branch of speech grafted onto the original stock. It comes in handy sometimes, being graphic and picturesque."

"Then that is the talk the street urchin employed lately when he called us old guys and heathens and delivered a tirade about us that kept his companions laughing," said Alfred to King Louis IX., who was paying close attention.

"Have we been much discussed by sightseers?" he went on. "Well, I should say so, and some of us have learned what fame is and what it means to be snubbed."

"How so?" inquired the goddess, who had been looking covertly at Confucius, as if to make out when and where she had ever seen him before.

"Ten persons out of twelve who look us over," said Alfred, "ask who Manu is; what he ever did and why he is here presiding over court. Manu, who wrote his twelve great books on the duties of man and marriage ceremonials and observances——"

"Marriage observances!" interrupted Diana. "Then he's another one of you whom I wish to talk with particularly. So many of my marriages break off or turn out just medium. I wanted Lycurgus's ideas and Mahomet's. The modern marriage question is a muddle. They think of changing the United States Constitution in regard to it. There are just as many of my females all the time wanting to be helped out of marriage as want to be helped into it."

"That's a new presentation of the question," said Alfred. "But listen, not only Manu but our hoary headed old Zoroaster is continually being made sensible of his insignificance in popular estimation. Zoroaster, well, who in the world was he?" a handsome lady inquired, lately looking that personage full in the face. Her escort said that in his mind Zoroaster was somehow associated with a personal devil and fire worship, but he couldn't remember his nationality.

"Regarding King Louis people ask if he is the monarch the curved slipper heels were called after, or the one that gave rise to a particular style of house decoration. Few tell anything about Justinian except that he married an actress and made her a good husband, although a young fellow with some queer looking apparatus fitted to his nose, remarked one day that he could never forgive him for his treatment of Belisarius.

"They associate Mahomet almost entirely with Bluebeard and his many wives. And for myself they refer to nothing but the ridiculous story of hiding in the coward's hut.

"Oh, you mustn't mind. They'll soon get familiar with your fine points," said Diana cheerfully. "This is quite a town, you know, a good deal for folks to keep up with."

"A fair sized place, I take it," said Solon.

"We have nearly 8,000 lawyers here," returned Diana, at which statement Manu uttered something in Sanscrit that might be interpreted "Goodness alive!"

"Over 3,000 barbers," she went on, and Moses and Solon felt their beards somewhat nervously.

"Nearly 2,000 laundries, many of them Chinese." Here Confucius looked interested. "Over 4,000 tailors and tailors' supplies firms and a proportionate number of milliners, manicure makers and manicure establishments. You should see our beauty parlors and Turkish baths running night and day and our eating houses never closed the year round. Our Stock Exchange, and plumbers' and steam and gas fitters' are not to be excelled anywhere.

"Many of the occupations are new to me," said Solon. "I engaged largely in trade. Considering my station, I was remarkably familiar with the business affairs of my time, but these terms you employ are meaningless to me."

"Oh, I should love to take you round," said Diana. "And Moses, too. His people are enough to the front here. You are so wise you would quickly catch on. And none of you need feel out of place. For we have plenty of reformers here, active, zealous, some of them women. Women preach and lecture in public quite commonly now."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mahomet, who had hitherto held aloof.

"And there are women lawyers, physicians, scientists, engineers. A woman has founded a religion, testified to by several fine stone churches. They've quite come out, women have. And I can judge, for I know the first female mortal that ever lived."

"Were these things prophesied?" asked Zoroaster, looking at his companions. "And tell me, goddess, are my followers here? Do they keep pure the fire, earth and water?"

"Oh, there's a rage for purity," was the answer. "Pure water, pure air, pure food products. You should see the germs and defeated bacilli that troop by me. Hygeia, who always comes to my food shows, says she was never so hard worked as now. All the old-time complaints like the cholera and plague have got to be mere wraiths of their former selves, not being able to get any hold. Fire and flame has about lost its freedom and been put to work. The winds complain that they can have no more surprise parties, owing to the vigilance of the Weather Bureau. No matter where or how carefully they plan a storm so as to have a little fun these moderns get word of it. And ships are taken in, blinds hoisted, waterproofs put up and all heart taken out of the project. The winds used to have a big time with flames, enjoying no end of damage, but now, bluster as they will when they see a fire started some dampening substance is thrown on that's like a wet blanket to them. Besides the houses are built so there's nothing to burn. The steam and smoke puffing up over town tell me of lots of things done by the big furnaces and forges, but flames have no chance. Their cake is all dough, so to speak."

"I don't recollect that any of this was foretold," said Zoroaster.

"As for air. These moderns will soon be riding on it and through it," went on Diana. "That is, soon, according to our idea of time. Some air currents going up my way lately were laughing fit to kill because certain of their fellows had been caught, imprisoned as it were in a trap and put to work driving engines. They said the scientists weren't doing a thing to air in these days and they were making off as fast as possible."

"But you were ever practical," said the goddess, turning to Confucius. "You would be interested in our new science called domestic science."

"Ha! what might that branch of learning be?" answered the Chinaman, somewhat flustered by her direct notice.

"The science of table-laying, pillow flirting, bed making, floor sweeping," said the goddess. "Numbers of young women are studying it in conjunction with household economics. They learn it at college from trained professors."

"Bless my soul!" said Confucius. "I doubt not that if I thoroughly understood this age and its social and governmental needs I should have fresh problems to provide for."

"Problems! Oh! The problems are regularly installed," said Diana. "The fates, the graces, the muses, the fairies, were with me constantly at Ephesus and Rome. But here are the problems brand new, elusive, interesting, yielding to none who tackles them."

"Name them," begged Lycurgus. "I was a pretty good hand at reconciling social odds centuries ago."

"Well, there's the servant problem, the education problem, the marriage problem, the child-raising problem, the labor organization problem. Oh, too many to mention," said Diana rather impatiently. "You know it is my province to preside and leave details to other people."

"I believe no man should choose his own wife, and th no man should marry under 30," said the Spartan. "A child should be taken from his mother at 7 years old and disciplined by the State. Do they act upon that here?"

"The State brings up a good many children one way and another," said Diana. "It is quite proud of its reformatory schools. But I believe in order to get into one of these schools the boy or girl has to prove his or her right by being bad. We have quite creditable institutions for half-orphans and whole orphans."

"And does the State choose the citizen's wife for him?"

"Only when he has picked out too many women by mistake and there must be one singled out for him to stick to."

"Why should there be only one for him to stick to?" interrupted Mahomet. "People are grossly blind in this matter."

But Lycurgus took no notice of the remark.

"Are the citizens of this country allowed to have talents and ideas independent of the public good?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. If a man has a talent or an idea, whether genuine or spurious, nobody interferes," said Diana. "There are some folks here who agree with your plan about communizing property, ability and personality. They are called Socialists. There are several orders of them, and some of my women have joined them, but their theories get things in a fearful muddle, particularly on the subject of marriage. The more extreme among them hold that a man has no right to his house, his wife or his child, and that marriage as it now obtains is a direct obstacle to their dream of advancement."

"I understand," said Lycurgus. "Marriage gives the possessing classes hereditary character and property and so is against the general good. But I always held out for the possessing classes. No, all-men-free-and-equal theory will hold water."

"Humph," muttered Mahomet. "I sprang from the masses, and I don't mind saying at this late day that if it hadn't been that I married the rich widow whose business I managed I might have remained a camel driver and never formulated laws. It is my opinion, based on the goddess's disclosures, that what this country needs is more marriages rather than obliterating those that already obtain."

"Some of my women take up queer notions," lamented Diana. "Tell me, Solon, and you, Lycurgus, did you ever, in coping with the social conditions at home, encounter what they call the insatiable hunger for a new sensation? Some modern women—married women—experience this malady. It makes them restless, averse to home duties. And I hear there's a theory out that if woman would only get over her affections she could master the world. I hear the talk at balls, shows and women's meetings, and these sentiments concern me, the sex being so peculiarly my care."

"'If she could get over her affections she could master the world,'" repeated Lycurgus. "I'll ponder on that. You know I did wonders in taming a wild, barbaric people."

"Yes, I know," said Diana. "But Hymen says he thinks it might be easier to put the civilized touch on barbarians than it is to lead an over-civilized, over-notionized generation back to a natural state. I charge Hymen with the mischief in some of my women's lots. But he says that all his part of the work is to tie the matrimonial knot, that I have charge of the changes in female character."

"I presume you see a good many of the gods and goddesses," said Solon.

"Yes. Fortuna is round often sharing out her riches and poverty. Sometimes she changes her mind and reverses the lots she first apportioned. She says it's a mistake about her being blind. Pomona visits me. But she says she's of little use in New York, that her fruits, berries, and grapes are on hand in season and out of season. And sometimes she doesn's know herself whether its harvest or seed time.

"But I must be going. I shall slip over often now we are so near. And you must all look out for my circus. It comes soon. There'll be elephants passing by to delight Manu's soul and camels and all the old horse animals so welcome to us exiles. No, we don't have gladiators in my amphitheatre," this in answer to Lycurgus. "But you should see my boxers and cyclers and trick riders. We'll speak of these another time."

And in a trice she was gone, leaving the old archons and law framers to wander about this queer Western land they had waked up in.

NEW YORK A COLOSSAL BUYER.

The Various City Departments Expend $5,000,000 Each Year for Supplies.

The suggestion that there should be established a department for the purchase of supplies for all municipal departments, as there is one department for the pay of all municipal officials, a second for legal guidance to the various departments and a third for the scrutiny and correction of their accounts, is not a novel one, but it calls to notice very forcibly the extent to which New York, under conditions not always favorable to its tax payers, is a large purchaser of sundry supplies, which if procured in bulk by one department, would probably be obtained on much better terms.

The supplies of all kinds needed for the Department of Public Charities this year will cost $784,000 in Manhattan and The Bronx, $217,000 in Brooklyn and Queens, and $12,000 in Richmond—a total of $1,013,000. The supplies required by the Board of Education, all boroughs, amount to a little more than this—$1,028,000 this year. The supplies needed for the Department of Correction are to the amount of $285,000, for the Police Department $312,000, and for the Department of Buildings, Lighting and Supplies, $190,000 for Manhattan and The Bronx, $140,000 for Brooklyn, and $30,000 for Queens and Richmond, a total of $360,000, exclusive of the supplies needed for armories, which come under the head of this department.

The Fire Department buys during a year supplies to the amount of $500,000, the Department of Street Cleaning supplies to the amount of $200,000, and a modest estimate of the total number of supplies purchased by all municipal departments (in the accounts of some of them the cost of supplies is indistinguishable from the labor employed in their use) is $5,000,000. A sum so large offers many opportunities for reduction when purchases are made at wholesale, but the present system is for each department to purchase separately what supplies it needs.

All Intelligent Women should read the Knickerbocker Girl published Wednesdays and Saturdays in THE EVENING SUN. Society and fashion are leading features.—Adv.

CHANCE FOR NEW WRITERS.

PUBLISHERS JUST NOW KEEN AFTER LITERARY PRIZES.

It Is a Result of the Recent Great Success of Novels by Authors Previously Unknown—Process a Manuscript Goes Through—Profits From the Work That Succeeds.

"You don't happen to have the manuscript of a readable and fairly well written novel concealed about your clothing, do you?" jocularly inquired the head of a publishing firm when a non-literary friend dropped in on him the other afternoon.

"Well, not in this clothing that I'm wearing now," replied the visitor. "Why, are you shy of material to make up into books? I've always had the impression that the supply of readable, fairly well-written novels exceeded the publishers' demand in the ratio of about 100 to 1."

"I don't doubt in the least that you've had that impression," said the publisher, more soberly. "That's a very widely prevalent impression and one that does us a lot of harm. It keeps many a clever man and woman out of the literary hunt.

"The market for cloth-bound works of fiction is in better shape than it ever was before, so that, far from discouraging new writers, the publishers are actually reaching out for promising novels. I'll give you an inkling of the reason why. Publishers have learned in the last few years that the publication of new works of fiction is the hugest kind of a gamble, and of late the prizes have been won by the previously unknown authors.

"For instance, who had ever heard of the author of 'David Harum' before the publication of that record-breaking seller? And I could mention half a dozen other novels, written by previously unknown authors, published in the last two or three years, the sales of which have amounted into the hundreds of thousands. These lessons have taught even the most conservative publishers to scrutinize everything that floats their way in the fiction line with the hope of capturing prizes. We're all looking out for 'David Harums,' and we're all taking more chances in the lottery than we ever did before the boom period of the unknown author set in.

"There's another very foolish idea with respect to publishers that obtains very largely in the minds of folks capable of doing good writing, and that is that the average publisher doesn't know a good book when he sees it. It would be about as sensible to say that men who make a business of dealing in paintings don't know a decent picture when they see it.

"You'll often hear these persons who are sceptical as to the competency of publishers to pass upon books in manuscript cite that incident of the British barrister who went to the trouble to copy with his pen Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe' from end to end, and sent the manuscript to a famous publishing concern as an original work and who, in the course of time, got the manuscript back, together with a letter from one of the firm, stating that the book was dull, stupid, inaccurate and quite unworthy of being put between covers. That story may be true or it may not be true; anyhow, it happened in England, which is some few thousand geographical miles from the United States, where publishers are live people, if I do say so as shouldn't.

"But even admitting, which I don't, that publishers in themselves are incapable of passing on the quality of manuscripts submitted to them, what do we all employ professional readers for? It is easy enough to cite cases in which books that eventually achieved fame have been hawked about from publisher to publisher and turned down by one professional reader after another—but what of the great mass of manuscripts that are not peddled about, that instantly capture the attention of the publisher and the approval of the professional reader and are published out of hand by the firms that first get hold of them?

"The process through which a manuscript submitted to a publisher passes is not widely understood. Fully nine out of ten manuscripts submitted to a publisher proclaim themselves to be completely impossible trash at the very outset—stuff that any schoolboy could see would not do. The tenth manuscript, we will say, starts off so fairly and possesses such marks of having been written by a person of intelligence, that the publisher finds himself reading quite a lot of it.

"Having decided that it is quite fit to be passed on to a reader, he passes it on. The reader reports, we'll say, that the manuscript has its points, but that, on the whole, he doesn't believe it's quite up to the printing mark. Then it's as likely as not that the publisher will hand the manuscript over to another reader for his opinion. If reader No. 2 coincides with reader No. 1 in his opinion of the manuscript, then the publisher accepts the judgment of the two and returns the manuscript to the writer. If, however, reader No. 2 pronounces the book to be well worth printing, it oftens happens that the publisher will submit it to still another reader, and accept the judgment of the best two out of the three.

"The fact that publishers decidedly do know a good book when they see it—or see even a part of it—has been illustrated only recently in the case of a novel that, published a bit over six months ago, has already sold nearly 350,000 copies. The man who wrote this book was following an exceedingly exacting profession at the time the scheme of the novel took shape in his head. He couldn't see much chance of his ever getting the thing written, for he had to make a living for himself and his family.

"But he started to work on the novel, anyhow, jotting down passages in trains and cabs, any place at which he happened to be at leisure for a while. In this way he completed the first few chapters of the book. He wasn't a particularly indulgent critic of his own work, but the embryo novel struck him as being a pretty good thing. So he took a few hours off one day and went to see a publishing firm with his few chapters in his pocket.

"The publisher told him to come back in a few days, and when he again presented himself to the publisher the contract was all ready to be signed. The publisher requested the writer of those few chapters to give up his job and go ahead and finish the novel, and he guaranteed to take care of the writer while the work was in progress. The writer adopted the suggestion, and he drew on the publisher for his needs until the book was completed.

"This novelist has made between $75,000 and $100,000 out of that one book already, and is going to make a lot more out of it. He has, besides, another book three parts completed that'll sell in advance orders by the tens of thousands of copies before it is issued.

"There's big money in a successful novel. Of course, the prizes are few and far between, but they're worth trying for. The usual arrangement that a publisher makes with a writer whose reputation is not so firmly established that he can dictate terms is on the basis of the writer's receiving 10 per cent of the retail price of the book. That is, if the publisher is going to get up a $1.50 book, the writer receives 15 cents for every copy sold, with the usual reservation that the writer is to receive no royalties until 1,000 copies, say, have been sold. The publisher holds out these 1,000 copies to contribute toward the cost of publishing the book.

"Now, at these terms, the writer, if his book is in any way successful, makes about as much as the publisher, and he doesn't stand to lose anything, either. The publisher sells the book to the trade for one-half the retail price and he has to make the book, and advertise it and market it; and if it falls dead, he is all that money out of pocket.

"Writers of renown get better terms, and even writers whose initial books have large sales get bigger royalties in proportion as their books succeed. A writer who starts in on the 10 per cent. basis will get 15 per cent., say, if his book reaches the 75,000 mark and 20 per cent. when it passes that mark. Only one book, of course, out of a great many gets into figures like these. Yet there are many novelists of note whose books, year in and year out, achieve sales of only 8,000 or 10,000, on the average, and who make fine livelihoods out of the royalties, old and new.

"So, I say, let the bashful writing folks, or those who share the general misapprehension as to the inaccessibility of publishers, come on with their nurslings. In taking a chance they may win; but they can't do any worse than lose."

THE MAN WITH THE DOLL.

A Napoleon in the Advertising Line—Some of the Queer Tricks Which Made His Fortune.

Paris Correspondence of the Courrier des États Unis.

The oldest and most famous of all ventriloquists has just died at Lyons at the age of 91. He was known as "Monsieur Valentin" or "The Man with the Doll." His real name was Valentin Dewaeghenaere. He was born at Ypres in Belgium in 1810. During forty years he visited all the principal towns of Europe, and appeared before the courts of France, Belgium and Holland. He performed always with a wax doll that looked like a child, and with which he carried on a dialogue. When the doll became too saucy he stuffed it into his sack.

"The Man with the Doll" was famous in his time. The late M. Sarcey often referred in his theatrical recollections to that eccentric artist who was the delight of several generations, and even the Larousse Dictionary gives him the following lines: "Long ago at the Palais Royal there was a man known as 'The Man with the Doll,' who performed at the Café des Aveugles. He was a ventriloquist, and the then somewhat credulous public innocently fancied that it was the doll that said so many pretty things to him and told him so many sad stories."

As a matter of fact Valentin had his headquarters on the underground floor of the Aveugles, under the Palais Royal. The establishment was kept by one Henry and had an orchestra consisting of seven blind men. Valentin at first called his doll Jean d'Amsterdam, but later on while in Paris he changed it to "Fouyou" which is a corruption of "Voyou," "rascal" or, in full "little rascal"—the change was made at the suggestion of the tenor, Bousigue, of the Opéra Comique where the ventriloquist performed during the entr'actes. "Fouyou" soon became a Parisian celebrity, and every time a Ministry was turned out *Charivari* never failed to say that "Fouyou "was put into the sack.

Valentin made a fortune and when he retired from business he established himself in Lyons, where he lived quietly on his income. Notwithstanding his great age, which stooped his shoulders somewhat, Valentin was a handsome old man, with a long snow-white beard. He was a charming talker and liked to tell his adventures in his wanderings through Europe. When he was a boy he ran away from home, with no other resources than his *centre parlant*, his sister's doll and the instinct of an advertiser.

When he reached Brussels he managed to creep into the servants' quarters in the palace of the Prince of Orange. There he found a hiding place. When night came on the servants were startled by the crying of a child. They commenced a search, but when they were rummaging through one place young Valentin made the child cry in some other corner. In this way he kept them going about from place to place until he had them bewildered. At last he appeared before them and promised to find the child if they would bring him before the Prince. When the youngster was brought to the attention of his Royal Highness, he sent for Valentin. The youngster presented himself, and just as he was saluting the "baby" yelled furiously in the ante chamber. All eyes turned in that direction.

"That's my kid (*mioche*), your Highness," said Valentin. "He wants to come in. The little devil can't keep quiet for five minutes when he is separated from his papa."

Then Valentin commenced a conversation with the child in the ante chamber. The illusion was complete, and when Valentin ordered the little chap to come in everybody looked toward the door, expecting to see him. But the sound of the approaching nearer and nearer suddenly ceased to come from Valentin's pocket. Finally Valentin pulled the "baby" out of the little sack which he held in his hand.

This first performance created a little sensation in Brussels. The newspapers got hold of it, and laid the foundation for the future fame of "The Man with the Doll." Valentin's success was assured. To get his name in the papers he managed on arriving in a town to play some side-splitting trick. When he first reached Paris, after wandering about he sat down on a bench near the big fountain in the Garden of the Palais Royal. A number of nurses and children were in the place, and quite a troop of soldiers paying polite attention to the nurses.

Here was Valentin's opportunity. "Fouyou" was in the pocket of his light overcoat. He pulled him out unobserved and walked over to the fountain. Then he deliberately poised "Fouyou" over his head, at the same time making him yell in terror. The next instant he tossed the "baby" into the water where it uttered gurgling screams. Then Valentin fled. About twenty bold and intrepid heroes plunged into the deep pool and scrambled for "Fouyou." One of them succeeded in catching him and bringing him to shore in safety. Angry and excited men and women had already assembled when the heroes were coming out of the water. But soon their anger and excitement vanished in a roar of laughter when they heard the rescuer exclaim in astonishment, "Damn it, it's a doll!"

The next day the Paris papers gave a full account of the affair, and Valentin and "Fouyou" secured a first-class advertisement.

WHAT JARRED THEM SO.

The Beau of Avenue A Tells About His First Yachting Adventure.

"Say," the beau of Avenue A inquired of a friend the other night, "is youse next to der cost uf yachts? Well, say, pal, wot's der right price fur one uf dem upright poles wot dey tie der sails to? Masts, dat's it. Well, what ought dey ter stick yer fur de whole shootin' match, includin' plantin', glun' in, an' all der trimmins? Just fur a boy's size boat, y'know. Fifteen ter Tirty greens? G'wan! On der dead? Well, say, den der guy wot owned dat yacht didn't put it on us so heavy at dat. We only had ter cough up fur a seven spot. An' we t'ought we're gettin' stuck. All der way from fifteen ter Tirty greens, hey?"

When asked the cause of his sudden interest in yachting matters the beau related the following thrilling tale of the sea.

"It wuz like dis. Bug Buckley—you know Bug Buckley de ice man—comes ter me one day last week an' says, 'Say,' says he, 'dost care fur ter ride upon der bosom uf der briny drink wid me an' inhale der fresh salt breezes of Mudder Ocean?'

"'Nut'in doin', says I. 'Spud McTarty's fresh suds an' briny pretzels is good enough inhalin' fur me,' says I, 't'inkin' all der time dat he wuz trubbin' der gran jolly inter me.

"'Naw, dun der devil,' says he. 'I got der loan uf Fish Murphy's sailboat fur de afternoon, an' der grait's too good ter spill. Now I ain't no sailor an' neither is youse. But it looks easy once we gets our trusty craft out in der open. Wot t'ink?'

"An automatic banjo in the corner suddenly started off on 'Strike up the Band. Here comes the Sailor,' and the beau glowered fiercely at the man who had dropped the nickle in the slot. Not until the tune had run its full course would he consent to resume his story of the deep.

"Well," he then continued, "we went. We finally got der right stiffuns untangled, lifted der sail an' out we goes. Say, der Bug wuz right, when we struck de open t'ings wuz dead easy. Bug took der motorman's stand in der back, an' erway we went. It beats trolley ridin' all t'ell. No trucks in der way, no tracks ter keep on, no nut'in yer just ride wherever yer like. But dat's just where der trouble comes in: dere's nut'in' ter stop yer. It wuz comin' home an' we wuz about half a block from der boat platform.

"'Slow up quick,' says I, I feelin' scared.

"'Wot wid?' says he, he feelin' scared, too.

"'Der brakes,' says I.

"'Dere ain't none,' says he. 'Hully gee! We'll rear der whole platform off.'

"'Run over de shels,' yells I, de anchhein' der bitchin' weight on a yacht.

"'I ain't got no string on it,' says he.

"'Y fool,' yells I, 'run it over anyhow,' an' der lobster didn't do it.

"Dat's wot jarred us so."

Established 1868.

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THE PANHANDLER'S CRAFT.

ART IN TALES OF WOE DISCUSSED BY AN EXPERT BEGGAR.

Sobriety in Business Hours Necessary to Success—Big Men More Liberal Than Little Ones—Weak Points of Women—Curious Effect of a Sport's Superstition.

"Well, if youse goes on de bond wot to print me name and number, I don't mind puttin' youse wise to some o' de kinks o' de graft," said the panhandler off watch, as he upended one of the barrel-house dippers filled with the three-cent Bourbon and drank the stuff. "I ain't sayin' dat de biz is wot it used to be, but it's still wort' de w'ile of a gazoob dat's next to de best way to dodge de rough-necks wit' de tin shields, and dat un'stan's how to read charackter. Dem is de two main wires: Hikin' from de cops w'en dey've piped youse, and knowin' how to size up de maps of de right kin' o' folks to brace f'r de price.

"De foist t'ing f'r de panhandler dat expec's to have de price o' all de suds he kin han'l w'en he knocks off woik, is to keep from gettin' de bun on w'ile he's on dooty. De jag kin wait till de sun goes down, and it'll be all de better f'r havin' ben waited f'r—jes' look at de fun I'm havin' wit' meself now, f'r instance" and the panhandler off watch tossed off another dipperful of the three-cent Bourbon, without using any water or other ameliorating fluid for a chaser, and with every evidence of extreme relish.

"Yes," he went on, "dat's de number one t'ing f'r de panhandler wot reely wants to succeed—hold off de package until de woik's ben done and all de coin's ben picked up on de route. A lot o' f'oks 'bjec' to diggin' up to a panhandler dat looks like he wants to lean agin a post. I don't know w'y dey should 'bjec', but a lot of 'em do, as I say.

"F'r mine, I always make it a pint to brace de big men. De little terriers ain't perducers. De little man nearly always wheels on de street grafter wit' de held-out mitt, and calls him a 'loafer,' and gits de clutch on his walkin' stick, and swells out his t'irty-two-inch chest, and truns back his head, and tries to make hisself look like Buffalo Bill a-crossin' de Alps. It don't make no difference wot kin' of a ditty and hoochee-cooch de panhandler gives de little man in de way of a spiel, it's always, or nearly always, de same.

"De big blokes f'r mine, as I say. And de sweller dressers dey are, de better. I always picks out a swinger dat pounds along as if he owns ev'ry brick in de pavement and dat's got a swagger on like a royal marine in de beginnin' of a drunk. Youse kin always know dat a fair-haired boy like dis has got de change right dere in de little side pocket, and dat he likes to be tol', even by a panhandler, wot a blazin' hot rag he is.

"'Youse has de make-up of a gent,' says I, 'dat kin afford half a minnit's time t' listen t' de appeal o' distress of a poor guy dat's out on de rocks,' and den I jes' rubber at him out o' de tail o' me off lamp to see how he takes dat.

"If he walks right on, sa-in' 'On your way!' I fall in one step behin' him, and tord him de little one 'bout me been able onct to wear de same kin' o' swellerino togs dat he's sportin'. Dat nearly always nails 'em. Dey preten' dey're not listenin', but they are, at dat, and all youse is got to do is to keep up dat line o' talk, chuckin' in one or two about benev'lent count'nances and prosp'rous, charitable books, and dat kin', before youse'll see his t'ickbit fin makin' f'r de change hole in his coat.

"W'ile he's groppin' f'r de piece o' silver youse wants to let one out about his not lookin' as if he ever had a day's bum luck in his life, and den he'll say:

"'Don't youse tink dat I'm a minnit'—I don't know w'y it is dat ev'ry guy in de swell push, w'ether he was born wit' a gut fork in his t'ops or not, and t'inks he never hungry w'e I'm a minnit' in his life, likes to take hisself t'ink dat he's had a whole lot o' hard luck durin' de course of his career. I've ben up against de gatge harder'n youse ever dreamed of,' de bloke'll say, den as he joggles de metal in his little kick and fishes f'r de piece he's goin' to cough, and den it's up to youse to butt right in and say:

"'Well, youse don't look it, and youse must have made a mint o' bones ter be dat.'

"'You've got dat right you bet. I've made a win-out,' de big easy one wit' de glad rags on says, and den de coin's as good as stowed away in de jeans dat youse is wearin'.

"But if w'en youse makes de brace agin de big duck in de eighty-dollar blanket, he hats youse de merry twinkle out o' his 'windows and tells youse he feels all de drunk den he kin earn f'r his own low sp'ritus, den it's de cue to push him de frank spiel.

"'I see youse is next,' says I, 'and youse is de kin' o' man dat's got sym'thy f'r a duck dat's cold inside and out, and dat ain't got de price of one o' de warm boys—not, I s'pose, dat youse y'rself was ever in dat bad fix,' says I.

"'Wash't, hey?' says de guy, and he gets to thinkin' as he plods along, and he right beh'n him, 'bout de times w'en he's been stuck in a prohibition town out in Iowa, or somet'in' like dat, w'ere he couldn't nail a ball, and in nine cases out o' ten he'll come to de front wit' de chunk.

"I've had gazoobs like dat say, in handin' me de coin, 'Look here, if I ever lose yr' buyin' food wit' dat, I'm a dum ass!' Dey don't t'ink w'ere I'm except gettin' as much red-eye as de coin's good f'r, I'll have youse pinched f'r a vag.

"I got it on de conk wit' one o' dem geezers a couple weeks ago, howev'r, went on the panhandler off watch, sorting out three more pennies for a dipperful in the barrel-houses the exact price of what was produced on account of the importance of the barkeeps on account of any change. "He was a-swingin' along Sixt' avnoo, long 'bout de time I'm me to knock off I on'y woiks until dark, and, as he had one o' dem chesty, good-natured buns on, says I to myself, 'Dat one ought to stand fr two bits at de leas'.' I chocks him de t'ing dat I'm a-t'inkin' of, jes' one to make him t'ink dat life's wot lives', and he stops and hands me sech a genuine grin dat it looks to me like money in hah'.

"Youse needs a drink purty bad, eh, chum?' says de big swell, jammin' his nut into de side pocket of his kagbo.

"'Never badder since de day o' me bott',' says I, and it looked so easy dat I was hopin' he wouldn't have no change less n a half.

"'Tink it 'ud help you a heap, eh, pal?' says de toppy guy wit' de mellow tun, pullin' out a whole han'ful o' de bright two and four-bit pieces, and runnin' over 'em wit' his eye.

"'It 'ud make me feel like enterin' me name f'r de cake walk at de Garden,' says I.

"'Me poor, unfort'nit man,' says he, den, sud'nly cuttin' out his grin and puttin' on de undertaker mun, 'Youse's is a sad, sad story, and drunk, I fear, has been de room o' youse dere. Take dis, and read it, and you'll never feel like takin' another drink as long as youse lives.'

"Wot d' youse t'ink it was he handed me dem wit' his left fin, as he put de coin dat he had in his right back in his pocket? Say, I want t' be kicked t' deat' by rabbits if he didn't reach into his left hand pocket and pull out a track a track, and give it to me! Dey're waiks on. I kin see his shoulders a-shakin' and I knows dat he's givin' me de boot inside o'him, but he never turns aroun' agin.

"I held de track up to de light, and I sees a picter of a sailor wot's full o' suds and then w'ere he's gettin' run over by a milk-cart w'ile he's souzed up, and den de nex' picter's w'ere he's all spread up like one o' dese street corner sky-pilots and preachin' to wot looks like forty-five t'ousand people in de picture. I brought de track down here and give it to Jimmy de Blink, de barkeep, to read, and w'en he seen wot it was he was goin' to give me de boots and t'run me out.

"'When youse sets out to brace de fairies in de shoppin distric' youse is got to change de gange all roun'. Youse don't want to stack up again de big, strappin,' rich-togged, swell lookers at all. Dey won't do f'r any part o' de route, and dey're li'ble to foler youse up four blocks to put one o' de biddies wit' a badge nex' t' youse's lay. In playin' de wimmen along, youse wants to pick out de quiet-dressed, unassumin' little t'ings, dat ain't got no strut 'bout dem at all, and dat walk wit' der hands in front o' 'em and dear eyes on de group.' Dat's de deep, sympat'etic kin' o' wimmin'—de kin' dat've had troubles in deir families, and brudders an' husban's gone to de Lis-yis, and all dat sort o' t'ing, partickler if dey're dressed in black. I always like t' tackle de kin' dat's dressed in black, and widdies is de swellest kin' of a graft f'r de panhandler.

"Well, youse wants to side up to de skoit like wot I've described, and talk low and oit so's not to scare her, and at de same time make her t'ink youse is so starved dat you can't talk very loud, and w'en she looks up youse wants to git real earnest and t'rain her de hungry spiel. If youse is good enough de hungry spiel, youse'll be able to squeeze a lit' in de wet into de corner o' each lamp w'ile youse is tellin' her dat you haven't seen de color of a pork chop f'r five days, or somet'in' like dat.

"Now, de hungry pipe 'll nearly always nail de wimmen. Dey's somet'in' confis-tooshinal 'bout de right kind o' wimmen dat makes 'em feel bad over de t'ought o' a man bein' hungry. Dat's wat youse figgers on t'rainin' 'em.

"But youse wants to be keerful and name de figger—always make it a dime w'en youse is tackin' a skoit or she's purty li'ble to pass youse a couple of coppers. Youse wants a organ grinder and she'll purty li'ble to do it any way, w'en it comes to dat. F'r it's also any way, w'en it comes to dat. F'r it's also again de nachur o' wimmen to be open and free wit' der coin. Dey have too much trouble in panhandlin' it from der husban's deseelves, I s'pose.

"But in the course of a day's woik, youse kin sometimes stack again a woman dat'll pay youse's way. I met one o' dem ony t'ing a month ago. She was a nice-lookin' boot a month ago. She was a nice-lookin' old gray-headed pusson, and she wore gold-rimmed 'specs. I heaved her de starve-out spooch, and she pipes me off over de tops of her specs, and she says:

"'Dear me, de po' man do look hungry.' 'It's ben four days sence I had so much as a bite, ma'am,' says I, and, bein' nachully a thin—dat's one o' de t'ings dat makes me a thin—dat's one o' de t'ings dat makes me a star panhandler, 'cause I look de part, I give de nice o' pusson de look like I could eat a jackass stuffed wit' firecrackers.

"She begins de search t'rough her pocket-book, and nixey piece in de t'ree-color coin has she got. Den she rubbers at her wad o' bills, and all she's got on de small order is one o' de 'Ams. She skinned it off de roll and gunned de searchin' look.

"Youse look like a honest young man, if youse is hungry,' says she, and she hands me de five-spot and tells me to run into de candy store on de corner and git change and she'll gunnee a dime. O