

HOW, WHY AND WHAT I AM

AN INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR PLUNKITT AT THE BOOTBLACK STAND

First, we—the artist and the interviewer—introduced ourselves to the bootblack and asked for Senator Plunkitt.

The bootblack dropped brush and blacking while he told us about the Senator. He was terribly worried that day for fear the Senator might be ill or in an accident.



IDENTIFICATION OF THE SENATOR.

occult way that policemen have, had found out that somebody wanted the Senator. He, too, was almost moved to tears at the non-appearance of Mr. Plunkitt; he had his own theories, which he unfolded.

After the policeman came a clerical-looking person, who in turn emphasized the fact that the Senator was as punctual and as regular as an old-fashioned eight-day clock and mean while, with Machiavellian finesse, tried to find out what was wanted of the late Mr. Plunkitt.

COUNT D'ESTE POUNDING ROCK

A FAMOUS NAME ON THE ROLLS OF THE WORKHOUSE.

He gets a Loan of \$25 by Means of a Fairy Tale, but His Partner Quarrelled With Him and When He Went to Get More Money He Was Arrested—Looks the Part of a Count—Wanted in the West.

Count Marion Francis Leon D'Este is a prominent rock on the workhouse at Blackwell's Island. It has been suspected that his right to the title is not altogether conclusive, but the rocks are real enough.

Count D'Este produced at this juncture a yellow envelope of official dimensions. In the corner was printed: ON H. E. M. SERVICE, FOREIGN OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FILLING UP THE DINNER ROLL.

LOCAL STATE LEAGUES DON'T PRY FAR INTO QUALIFICATIONS.

Easy for a Man Who Is at All Well Known to Be a Member of Many Such Associations—Easy for Him, Too, to Run Up His Dinner Bill—Comes High for Poor Men.

A New Yorker complained the other day that in the midst of the arduous public dinner season he was asked to join the local association of a Middle Western State and pay \$15 for the pleasure of attending it.

On the other hand, hundreds of men who are no worse off, but who lack the instinct to make social distinctions, are naturally attracted to those whose business cannot well be promoted by their appearance at public dinners.

came to the surface.

"Why should I roast him?" "Because he needs it; he's got the big head. I'm his friend, but you take my word for it, it'll do him good or I wouldn't advise it."

"Well, THE SUN isn't 'roasting' people simply because their friends want them roasted; if it did, the whole business of the paper might be directed in that channel."

"You're all right. I couldn't get yer to say you'd roast me."

"But I didn't say I wouldn't, and, to tell you the plain truth—"

"You don't say so? Glad to hear it!" "To listen to the Senator, you would imagine that he would dislocate in tears if the package had been one inch smaller. It is in this manner which cages and keeps voters

"I can see it in yer eye. You newspaper people are always up ter tricks; yer always pointing 'round' to get some one an' never count right straight out. Out wid it."

"No, yer don't. Yer here for something; yer can't cheat me. Whichever of us, whether there's a game. Come, what's yer game?"

"I'm all right, an' I know the Senator like a book, an' I might tell yer a few things he'd very likely forget to mention; but if yer set in yer way, why I tell yer what I'll do; come down to-morrow at noon an' yer can go in the private room there an' talk to him. I'll fix it for yer; he won't dare say 'No' to me. I know too much about him. You've got to promise one thing, though. I'll fix it up for yer if yer'll swear to give him a roast, not an every day kind of a roast, but a first class one."

"The fighting blood of the interviewer

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SENATOR GEORGE W. PLUNKITT.

The interviewer closed her eyes and leaned her head back.

"Why don't you want McClellan for Governor?" "The Senator arranged his hat and moustache with elaborate care, then he twirled the forty calcium horse power in his shirt front."

"Who said I didn't?" "Who said I didn't?" "Who said I didn't?" "Who said I didn't?"

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mine, an' mine is ag'in it, every bloomin' time. No woman suffrage for me!"

"The Senator was at last exalted. If there had been space over the roof he would have pranced. He did prance with his tongue."

"Woman suffrage! It ain't womanly. It don't do to have women in yer work, ever used women to help you over in yer Washington Hall, as you call it?"

"Used 'em? Well, I should say I had. 'Tell us how you've used 'em."

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"The Senator appeared around the corner of the room, looking as if he had been through a mill."

"Come, now, what is it? I see what you mean. Man to man!"

"The Senator sat down. 'I promise if I can without betrayin' a confidence. 'We want to know what you do for your occupation?'"

"The Senator was taken unawares. He was silent a moment, but the interviewer looked as innocent as he did."

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"TAMMANY'S PAPA."

ON A MULE'S AGE AND WISDOM

RECORD OF GORDON BEASLEY'S BEN IN AND OUT OF A MINE.

Went Down Wilkesbarre Way With the First of the Family to Settle There—Was a Coal Miner's Strike—Max Beasley Working Yet for All Major Wright Knows, and the Major Will Inquire.

"They tell many astonishing things about mine mules in the coal regions," said Major J. Ridgway Wright of Wilkesbarre, "about the great age to which they are known to live, their remarkable memory and the like."

"The best evidence is that the mule came to the region and to the mining business from the Gordon Beasley branch of the family. He was one of the first mules to engage in mining, and it happened not long after the first mining began in the valley."

BLIND MAIL CARRIER DEAD.

Though Sightless, Arnold Scott Was a Postman for Twenty-eight Years.

Boston, April 30.—Arnold Scott, who was totally blind but nevertheless earned his living for many years at Bernard Beasley farm and turned in to working on it again, just as natural as if he had's left it more than forty years before to follow mine for thirty-eight years."

"Whether he is still working on the farm I don't know. I mustn't forget to inquire about that when I go back home. I'd like to know."

"When the mail was given to him at the post office he would put it into his pockets, of which he had more than the average man, and into two or three bags slung over his shoulders. Occasionally, in distributing these letters, he would become confused, and then some one on the road looked at what he had and straightened him out."

Butch Peasants Prefer Shoes of Wood.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Holland, "is worn almost exclusively by the peasant classes, and they find them more comfortable than the leather shoes that are worn by the middle class."

"Some years ago a mine became abandoned and the company abandoned it, removing Beasley's Ben and all the mules, and thinking that Ben had worked long enough in the mines, turning him out to pasture."

"He hung around the mine a few days, and seeing no prospect of a job, disappeared. Come to find out after a week or two, he had gone back to the Gordon Beasley farm and turned in to working on it again, just as natural as if he had's left it more than forty years before to follow mine for thirty-eight years."