# A FIFTH AVENUE DOG SHOW.

*SOCIETY CROWDED TO WALDORF-ASTORIA TO VIEW PETS.*

**How It Happens That the Great Hotel Was Open to the Kennel Denizens—Sporting Fixtures That the Hosts Find Profitable—Notable Incidents of the Occasion.**

Once a year the Waldorf-Astoria is open to dogs. The animals of this species, however blue-blooded, fluffy or tiny, or however decked out in jewelled collars or silken blankets, are in general held in detestation by the clerks of the swell New York hotels. "Love me, love my dog," does not hold good in the hotel business, no matter how desirable in other ways may be the owner as a patron. Abroad the hotels are not so particular, and, as a consequence, whenever a celebrity of the stage or society first visits New York there are usually news stories afloat telling how the visitor has been refused at this or that hotel because the pet dogs would not also be taken in. The exception to the rule at the Waldorf-Astoria is when the Toy Spaniel Club of America holds a show there. There have been three of these high toned canine functions, the last on Thursday and Friday of the past week.

Thomas W. Lawson, who claims residence at Boston, is president of the Toy Spaniel Club of America, but it is not to be understood that this circumstance has impelled Proprietor Boldt to break so publicly each year the printed rules tacked on the doors in his bedrooms. If any personal influence has had weight it has been that of the society women who hold the other offices and who make entries at the show. But as a fact, for once in a way, a swell dog show is "good business" for the Waldorf-Astoria. Society and sport, when brought together hand in hand to the hotel, or to any hotel, is a combination that puts many shekels into the till.

At the Holland House road coaching is the fad. The horse show is said to bring $100,000 each season to the Fifth avenue hotels alone. The annual contest for gig horses for the Waldorf-Astoria cup has been a torch, as it were, to reveal a hotel that has a sympathy for horse show folks. The new Hotel Martinique came to the last show with a similar cup. If a torch of the sort is to be lighted on the completion of all the hotels now building with social aspirations, the horse show prize list will soon suggest a hotel directory, but that's outside the question. The Waldorf-Astoria is now the only hotel to have a dog show, but there may soon be others.

There are specialty clubs enough to go round, as the clubs are styled that guard the interests of a particular breed, if the hotels are willing. It is only at hotels, oddly enough, that the specialty clubs make any money on their shows. Held in halls these shows become picnic parties of the members and exhibitors, all of whom have free cards of admission. The general public won't turn out of the beaten paths to seek amusement at them and to demand a ticket for cash creates the sensation of the cry "Land Ho!" after a long voyage.

The Bulldog Club of America found this out when, with the passing of the Hotel Logerot, it tried to continue the show to balls. At a hotel, as when the spaniels were receiving at the Waldorf-Astoria, there is a constant inflow of outsiders who pay at the gate. The women run in for a glimpse of the dogs after luncheon; young couples, who otherwise would cling to a settee among the palms, find it as agreeable to talk together over the dogs; men from the stock brokers' offices, the billiard room and lobbies drift in and out of the show; women in stunning gowns and escorts in evening dress call on the dogs before and after dinner—in all there is a genuine outside interest to help make the hotel show pay expenses.

There were many side incidents of the show to furnish entertainment to the regular lobby sitters, each of whom in his heart thinks he could give a tip to Proprietor Boldt on how to run the hotel.

"You told me that Mr. Boldt would not permit dogs here," snapped out a woman at the information desk. "So I have been keeping Fido at a livery stable, where horrid rats might bite him, when he should be in my room. Yet I have seen a dozen different women going up in the elevators with dogs, and I want to know why my Fido is discriminated against. I told you I would pay extra, I think it——"

"Quite right, madam; to be sure, most certainly," broke in the clerk at the first opportunity. "But the dogs you saw are not lodgers here. I mean they don't live here. There is a dog show on and they are only on view for a few hours, madam; only tolerated here in a transitory way, as it were, d'you see?"

"No, I don't see at all," was the retort. "A pack of dogs for a few hours is worse than my Fido for a month. I'll tell my husband as soon as he comes home and make him leave here at once."

As she sailed away, leaving the clerk in a badly flustered state, that individual began to figure out that the house would lose $40 per if the woman made good. There was more fun in an incident that took place strictly on the quiet. A clubman of ultra convivial habits and much wealth, who had a room in proximity to the dog show, summoned a bellboy in hot haste. He found the sport still in pajamas and with a wet towel about his head.

"Boy," ordered the gay old chap, "I think you had better summon the doctor, but first get me a pepsin and bromide. All day long I've seemed to hear dogs barking. It's up to me to quit."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Blank," explained the bellboy. "But some dogs were carried past your door, sir, and I heard them, too, once or twice."

"So you heard 'em, too, eh!" exclaimed the sport in cheerful tones. "Then just scratch that medicine order and bring up a cold bottle."

Very few of the dogs were carried in openly, however, and the pets were so well behaved that only a very nervous person could have heard one yelp, but dogs will be dogs, of course, and in excitement a bark may have floated from the parlor suite in which they were benched. Perforated boxes, so well ventilated that the dogs could get plenty of air, wickerwork baskets and suit cases with the tops knocked off were the receptacles to hold the dogs on their trips to and from the show. They were taken away over night and only brought back early in the afternoon.

The dogs were benched as at any show, the boxes lining two large rooms, while the outer parlor of the suite was the lobby of the theatre, as it were. There was a ticket-seller at a table near the door, and as the visitors passed the portal they were accosted gently but firmly in the manner of a charity fair by a young woman who had chances to dispose of on two pretty spaniels and a dog picture or two, all to be raffled for the good of the treasury. A roped in judging ring, the floor of plankings covered with sawdust, was in the largest room. Here the judge to award the ribbons and special prizes in the many classes, a gray haired, portly country gentleman looking sort of individual, maintained a dignified and serene air among the many excited and eager women who paraded their dogs about him.

"Coat" is an important matter in the judging of spaniels, Pomeranians and other fluffy pet dogs, and, whether a society woman worth millions or one who sells dogs as a business, each of the women had a hair brush in the hand not holding the leash. As opportunity offered, each woman would brush up her dog's coat, and, when requested to line up the dogs, the brandishing of the brushes in the disengaged hands suggested that they were about to charge and assault the judge. But no such fears were justifiable, for once the zeal of contest had been settled by the announcement of the judge the women displayed a perfect satisfaction with the placings. Winners were congratulated by the losers, or condolences passed on by the victors to the unsuccessful, and the women took back their dogs to the benches, to make way for another class in the ring and a repetition of the judging scene.

There were two miscellaneous classes mea t, as at other bench shows, for dogs of established breed for which no regular classes had been provided. One was for puppies, the other an open class. It was stipulated that the entries must be under twelve p unds in weight, which may be broadly put as the limit of weight for a toy dog. There were fifty-seven other classes, the first prize in each being a cup, the second a medal and the third a ribbon. The first in a winners class received a cup. The classification had the approval of the American Kennel Club and to win in a winners class counted one point on a championship record, all of which is technical but indicates that a show in a hotel parlor is as regular in an official way as any of the great shows of the West or East.

There were nearly 100 special prizes, some of $20 in gold, but most of them of cups on which two or thre wins have to be scored at different shows. There were more English toy spaniels benched than of any other breed, but they are not termed Blenheim, King Charles, Prince Charles or Ruby any more, but known by the less aristocratic classification of orange and white, tricolor, black and tan, or red spaniels. Japanese spaniels and Pomeranians were also heavy classes. The Yorkshires are not so much in fashion as they used to be, nor are the toy black and tans, the shivering little pets of America just after the Rebellion. Pugs of the fawn sort were a blank at the Fifth avenue show, but there were three or four of the rare all black type. There were a couple of toy bull terriers and a dozen of their opposites, the woolly Maltese terriers that suggest toy shop dogs and have woolly coats of the doormat variety.

There were some oddities, for society ranges the world over for the quaint in pet dogs as in other curios. The Griffon Bruxellois, somewhat resembling a short haired Yorkshire but with bushy whiskers, are rather new from Belgium, and there were a number benched. Utterly new from Paris were the Papillions, resembling a sable Pomeranian puppy, with a monkey face. "Monkey-faced terrier" is the French description. There were also some Pekinese spaniels, very small and bushy, somewhat of the pug order in shape of head, but with furry flapping ears.

Here and there was a dog in a glass case, a black pug making a particularly fine appearance in such a crystal house, as he reposed on a cushion of light blue silk, but ordinarily the exhibits were in just boxes as one may see at any bench show, indeed, one of the same firms of outfitters that supply the big shows, contracted for the benching. Packs of six or eight spaniels from the one owner made very interesting groups. There were no "gingerbread" decorations, and jewelled collars were only notable by their absence. It was a regular dog show, only novel for being in a great Fifth avenue hotel and from the cosmopolitan stream of the city's fashionables and casuals that poured into the suite to visit the pet dogs.

## *A CIVIL WAR STORY.*

**The Confederate Yankee Who Became the Benefactor of Union Soldiers.**

"I was up in the northern part of Maine the other day and heard a story which was a little out of the ordinary line of civil war stories I have read about," said a New York drummer whose territory is New England. "I had noticed a funeral in the town, the turnout of which indicated that the deceased must have been a prominent man in his lifetime.

"A citizen said in answer to my inquiry that the man had retired from business several years before his death. The citizen added: 'His funeral to-day is much larger than it would have been some years ago.'

"I then heard the story.

"When Lincoln called for troops there were few men in the State of Maine who opposed coercion of the South. This man was an exception.

"Although a New Englander from a Colonial family whose history goes back to the Colonial wars, this man was, at the call for troops, what was known in the North as a copperhead. He was an officer in the militia at the time of Lincoln's election. Every man in his command except him volunteered in answer to Lincoln's proclamation.

"He not only refused to go out, but he boldly contended that it was an outrage to oppose the secession of the Southern States. He was ostracized socially and commercially. His business dwindled away.

"During the second year of the war he left the community. Nobody seemed to care where he went.

"Two years later he returned. He was a physical wreck. The feeling in the community was not quite so bitter as in the beginning of the war. However, the man was not cordially received.

"He had not been back long when it was learned that he had been in the Confederate army and was discharged on account of his inability to do duty. This information did not tend to increase his popularity.

"He came into possession of considerable money soon after his return. Meanwhile some of the shattered remnants of Maine companies began to drift home. Most of them were broken in health and some were penniless.

"This man began contributing to the relief of the needy. A majority of the beneficiaries did not know the source of their help.

"After the war was over it leaked out, little by little, that the benefactor was the man who had been ostracised. To the credit of many he was again admitted to fellowship, and his business began to thrive. He became independent.

"A few years later he was elected to office on a Republican ticket. The nomination came to him unsought. Up to that time he had never affiliated with the party that elected him.

"He served his term of office, but whenever there was a township or county election he voted the Democratic ticket. This was understood to be his right. It was never questioned.

"Before he retired from business he was on one occasion visited by a man from the South who had been the Colonel of the Confederate regiment of which he was a member. The ex-Confederate was down at the heel in every way.

"No one knew what happened during his visit in Maine, but a few years ago it became known to a few people in the vicinity that the Maine man helped his old commander to recoup his fortune. That man until 1901 was a successful broker and banker in this city, and his silent partner for nearly fifteen years was the Maine Yankee who as a Democrat held a Republican office.

"I have travelled all over the United States, and met all sorts of people, but I have never heard a civil war story that was anything like this. My informant is at the head of a big industry in Maine: he told me that only a few persons knew the facts as I have stated them."

**When Shah of Persia Sleeps.**

*From the London Tatler.*

The Shah of Persia never under any circumstances sleeps on a bedstead, and no matter where he has stayed, whether it be in royal palaces or hotels, he has either had the bedstead removed from his sleeping apartment or else has relegated it to some remote corner, so as to enable him to sleep in the exact centre of the room on a couple of huge cushions or soft Oriental mattresses stretched upon the floor.

And just behind the cushion upon which his head rests there is always a small table, upon which are five portraits. The centre one is of himself. It is flanked on either side by those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, while beyond them on either side are the pictures of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. These portraits accompany him everywhere, and may be said to watch over his slumbers in his own dominions as well as abroad.

# MAN'S CHIEF SUIT—THE SACK

*CUT OF THE ATTIRE WORN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.*

**Errors to Avoid in the Cut if One Would be Dressed After the Prevailing Fashion—Double Breasted Coats Less Popular—Points About the Waistcoat.**

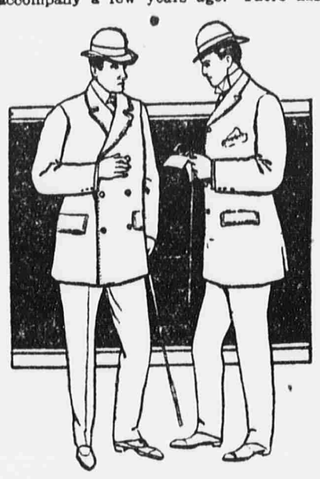
After all, it is the sack suit that interests the average man most in the domain of clothes, for he wears it more frequently than any other, and it is, in fact, the attire in which he spends most of his time. The sack coat long ago became the garment of the worker by reason of its highly utilitarian qualities.

If there is one piece of advice important to the man who is about to buy a coat of this kind it is to avoid the extreme length which is affected by men who would rather be very much dressed than well dressed. There are men to be seen on the street with sack coats reaching almost to their knees.

These are not, of course, made by well known tailors, nor even by unknown tailors with taste and judgment as to how a style should be treated. There are some styles in which a degree of exaggeration is sometimes permissible. But these sack coats, longer than the ordinary correct coat, are too grotesque for serious consideration. Yet they are made up by thousands by the wholesale manufacturers in the West and sent through the country.

Having avoided this error, there is another point almost as important to bear in mind. The outward sign of this is excessively padded shoulders.

They are as much a breach of fashion as the very short coat which they used to accompany a few years ago. There has



SACK COATS.

rarely been a time when the best London tailors did not stiffen the shoulders of a coat, however broad the wearer's shoulders might be. But it remained for the men in this country to build out shoulders with such liberal supplies of cotton batting that the shoulders bore no discernible relation to the figure.

This unlucky mode was also rampant with overcoats until it was rejected so completely by men who dressed well that even the others gave it up. It may be worth while to explain here that no amount of padding will do as much to make the shoulders of a coat look broad as will the way in which it is cut.

With the front sections cut broad and the armholes not cut out too much behind there will be a more natural illusion of broad shoulders, even where they do not exist, than the use of half a bale of cotton could ever secure. Shoulders that have been made to look broad by this means have the added appearance of naturalness.

With a coat that is of the proper length, falling, as do those in the picture, only a little below the hips, and one that is not too much padded at the shoulders, there is already something accomplished toward securing a smart garment. There are details of fit and finish which depend in a large measure on the skill of the tailor and the amount that the coat is to cost.

It might be stated as an important general principle that a well fitting sack coat must be loose. There is only one place in which it should fit closely. That is over the shoulders.

Nowhere else should it do more than suggest the outlines of the body. This is the secret of the London success with sack coats. They are cut close only over the shoulders. The fit has the appearance of taking care of itself after that.

As a matter of fact, this air of simplicity is imparted by smart tailors only by very expert cutting. Coats are tighter now than they were two years ago, but no smart tailor would attempt to make them fit into the waist, for instance, or out over the hips.

Nor would they be cut into the body under the arms by any tailor who knew what a smart coat was. Falling from the shoulders, over which it fits closely, the lines of a coat vaguely suggest the outlines of the figure. Of course, such a fit is to be had only from a tailor who knows his business.

Such tailors, it is needless to remark, are likely to be employed by establishments that demand very high prices. These prices may not seem exorbitant when one is informed that the best cutters now receive as much as $80 a week, and one man employed in a Fifth avenue establishment gets $100.

Sack coats this year are made by the best tailors with three seams in the back—one in the centre and two on the sides. The flap is in the centre at the bottom of the seam, and not as it has been for several seasons at the bottom of each side seam.

It should not be more than four inches deep to be in good style, although makers of the very long coats cut them as deep as six inches, and for fear they may not then be sufficiently conspicuous they put buttons inside of them.

Such eccentricities are no more thought of by good tailors than are deep cuffs on the sleeves. The nearest approach to a cuff that first class tailors now put on a sack coat is formed by making the end of the sleeve of a bias piece of cloth.

Another eccentricity of the past few years should be avoided. This is the fashion of cutting the coat deep enough in the collar to show the top button of the waistcoat.

The sleeves are still finished at the cuffs with bone buttons similar to those worn on the coat, but smaller. There should not be more than three buttons, and the buttonholes should be the real article and not mere imitations of buttonholes.

Three buttons are used in the best made sack coats. The edges in front at the bottom do not meet, but are cut away slightly from the lowest button, so that they are quite separated at the bottom.

The two lower pockets are covered with flaps, and the change pocket is protected in the same way. But the handkerchief pocket has no such covering.

Strapped seams are sometimes urged by tailors striving for a decided novelty, but they are in reality adapted only to hunting or other coats for sporting wear.

The double breasted coat has for more than a year past been declining steadily in popularity. Even last summer it was limited almost entirely to yachting, in spite of the fact that a double breasted blue coat used to be considered an almost indispensable summer garment for the man who wanted to be well dressed. For winter wear it is less suited, because the two layers of material are bunchy under an overcoat.

But there are always men who want to buy such a coat, principally for wear on those winter days when an overcoat is too heavy. So these coats are made by good tailors who are not swayed by the taste of their customers always out of plain colored cloths.

Dark blue and dark gray—so dark as to be almost black—are the shades used for this winter's double breasted coats. Save that they are double breasted, these coats are made exactly like the single breasted sack in point of fit and finish.

The double breasted coat is, however, a much more difficult garment to fit, and one should have complete confidence in a tailor before allowing him to attempt one.

In spite of the mistaken opinion to the contrary, stout men look better in double than in single breasted coats. The looseness of these garments serves to conceal their ample proportions much better than a single breasted coat does.

Men's sack suits are this year smarter in cheviots combining gray with some other shade so as to make a slight contrast. These grays are usually in checks, strongly marked for those who want to let the world see what they are wearing, and almost invisible for those who care less for pronounced patterns. Brown has lost the favor even in the rough cheviot after a long period of popularity.

In the case of all waistcoats of the same goods as the coat and trousers, there should be a collar of the regulation design. It is no longer good form to put the last buttonhole so far from the button that they cannot possibly meet nor to cut a passageway for the watch chain.

## *PEACOCK TRIMMINGS FOR MAN.*

**Blue and Green the Color Scheme of His New Socks and Neckties.**

The latest men's neckties and socks show the hues of the peacock. The mixture of blue and green in spotted effect is wonderful to behold, but is becoming alike to blond and brunette, the glib haberdashers say.

A man who is correct in his dress sees to it that his neckwear, shirt, waistcoat and socks match in tone and often in design. Grays, pale sage greens, purples of exceeding delicacy and pale tans are the leading shades, and they are as pleasing to the eye as the most beautiful colors and fabrics designed to part woman and her money.

Scarf pins for business wear have a simple coral setting or a baroque pearl.

## *MYSTERY OF A WOULD-BE SPORT.*

**Attempt to Have Kenneth Lawrence, Heir to $100,000, Declared Legally Dead.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 9.—A suit filed in the Circuit Court of this country to declare Kenneth Lawrence legally dead, and to provide for the distribution of his estate of nearly $100,000, revives interest in one of the most mysterious cases with which the detectives of this city have ever had to deal. That the young man was murdered is the belief of relatives and friends. The suicide theory was early eliminated from the case; first, because there was no reason for such an act, and, second, because he would hardly have been able to conceal his identity so effectually that the subsequent search would not have developed something concerning him.

The young man inherited a great deal of property in this State and Ohio. He did not drink to excess, but early developed a liking for gambling, and was well known on the racetracks from the time he was 18.

He visited many Eastern racetracks and was generally successful in a small way, and was evidently familiarizing himself with racetrack methods in order to make that form of gambling his business in life. In 1900, one year after he reached his majority, he converted a piece of property in this city into cash and started for New York with $2,000 in his pocket.

He went to play the races. Since his departure not a word has ever come from him. When two months passed away and no letters were received from him, an investigation was started in the East.

He had stopped at a New York hotel and had gone from there to the races. That was the last seen of him. After a long search his trunk was found in a railroad station in a New York town and the check showed that it had been shipped from New York city.

It had remained uncalled for more than two months, but its recovery shed no light on the disappearance of the owner. There was no known reason why Lawrence should want to go to the little town to which the trunk was sent.

Friends of the young man believe that he had a presentiment that something would happen to him, and that this idea came of what he regarded as the hazard of the calling upon which he had determined, for he had just attained his majority when he made his will. He named Oliver T. Parker, a relative, and his mother and his stepfather as the beneficiaries, and they have joined in a petition asking that he be declared dead and the property be distributed under the will.

Coincidently with attaining his majority he took out a life insurance policy for $10,000, and this and the will were deposited in a safety deposit box at the Indiana Trust Company, and there they have remained ever since. The premiums were paid up to the time of his disappearance, and suit is to be brought to recover on the policy as soon as the young man is legally declared to be dead.

The theory of the detectives is that Lawrence attended the races and was possibly a large winner; that he made a display of his money and was inveigled into some den in New York city, drugged, robbed and murdered.

It is thought that his trunk was sent out of New York city with a view to following it up and getting the contents, but that the murderers afterward weakened and did not call for it. This is the only theory that can be suggested, for there was no reason for Lawrence to disappear of his own volition when he had a large fortune in his own right and had never been in any trouble.

**Slaughter of Game in South Africa.**

*From South Africa.*

During the four months of the shooting season of 1904 something like 13,000 head of game has been sold on the Kimberley market. Those figures were rather staggering, but it is surprising, perhaps, to hear that they had more than doubled during the present year.

The secretary of the Game Protection Association had obtained a return from the marketmaster which showed that 29,119 head of game were sold on the Kimberley market during the period April 1 to August 15 last. If of that 29,119, say 2,000 head were small birds which did not come within the usual interpretation of the word "game," that left something like 27,000 head of buck and birds which were included in the usual interpretation of the word "game." That was a lamentable return, and clearly emphasized the necessity for taking some action to stop the indiscriminate slaughter of game.

The totals under the various heads of the return showed that the game included 3,402 springbuck, 244 duiker, 1,816 stembuck, 6,863 hares—the past season had been a remarkable one for hares, as all knew—3,897 korhaan, 3,247 redwing, 704 guinea fowl, 137 paauw, 229 wild duck, 25 wild geese and 8,555 partridges and small birds.

# GRAFTERS AT THE CLUBS.

*SOME CARRY OFF MAGAZINES, OTHERS ARE SLOW PAY.*

**Uses of a Club When One Is Skating on Thin Ice Financially—Violations of Rules by New Members—Limitations in Credit—Many Abuses of Visiting Privileges.**

"That feller," stammered the new hallboy in great excitement, "just carried a magazine out of the house."

"Who? Mr. Newmember?" asked the head clerk. "P'raps it was his own."

"No; it belongs to the club, an' he took it when he thought I wasn't lookin'."

"Nothing of the kind!" answered the head clerk. "Do you understand, no member ever violates the club rules intentionally."

Then the head clerk, muttering something about the sins of his employers, sat down and wrote a note to Mr. Newmember. It was a delicately polite communication asking that gentleman whether by inadvertence he had carried away the current number of a popular magazine and begging him, should he discover that he had done so, to return it at his earliest convenience.

The head clerk made a note as to asking the house committee to provide a blank form to meet such cases, and held a short conversation with his immediate subordinate upon the subject of club etiquette and then took up other duties.

Club life on a large scale is really so recent a thing in New York and the town takes in yearly so many men of decent appearance, dress and bearing who have never before belonged to clubs that clubland sees many strange doings. Hundreds of comparatively new club members have not grasped the elementary principle that a club member is on his honor to take no pecuniary or other advantage of his club, because that would be taking advantage of fellow members, toward whom he sustains a relation of social trust and confidence.

Ignorance of this simple law has all sorts of manifestations in the clubs to which entrance is easy. Every such club includes some members who habitually violate the universal rule against tipping club servants.

The offence of cutting newspaper files is of common occurrence and that of carrying off current magazines is not unusual. In a surprisingly large number of clubs the library is systematically plundered by members who take out books which they neglect to return.

It may be hard to believe, but there are clubs, and pretty well known clubs at that, which are time and again plundered of toilet articles—hair brushes, scissors, nail files. There are others that find it impossible to keep paper cutters, and in some the matches disappear, safe and all.

Much of this petty thieving is the work of servants, but some of it is done by members who to all outward appearances are as respectable as their fellows.

Every club, new or old, has a few bad debts. These increase in hard times and shrink in times of prosperity.

A club that should lose $500 upon annual sales of $50,000 would be doing badly in good times and pretty well in hard times. Shortly before the panic of 1893 there had been a great expansion of club life in New York, and in the years between 1893 and 1898 many of the new clubs either went out of existence or sharply cut down expenses because members neglected to pay dues and to meet other club obligations.

That period was marked by a stricter rule in the matter of club credits, a policy to which a good many clubs have clung through all the good times since. There has been another expansion of club life within the last five or six years, and the clubs that suffered by the last panic are on their guard against the next.

Most clubs find that the posted list is an effectual device to make members pay their monthly house account. The list is long when first posted, but it quickly shrinks, and in very few clubs is the limit list of those whose credit is suspended a very long one.

A man with credit at half a dozen clubs may easily live the better part of a year without paying out much for meat and drink. He has only to be careful to see that he is not posted at all his clubs at the same time. Club comity has not yet gone so far that house committees keep each other informed as to members who have got on the limit list, and a man does not suffer in his credit at one club because he is momentarily under the ban at another.

Club credits are for all sorts of odd things. Some men habitually buy wine for home consumption at their clubs, and buy it on credit. Other members buy coffee, imported cheeses and other fine groceries in the same way.

A few clubs permit members to have general purchases sent to the clubhouse C. O. D. Not a few men thus buy their winter underwear and the clubs that admit women to privileges pay out money for all sorts of feminine trifles.

The cab credits of all large clubs are considerable. One club, however, drew the line sharply when a member sought to have his wedding carriages placed on his monthly bill. Another club drew the line when a non-resident member wished to buy on credit from the club cellars a keg of rum and have it sent half way across the continent.

One of the most insidious things that some clubs have to deal with is the abuse of non-resident and suburban privileges. It is, of course, the duty of a non-resident or a suburban member of a club, should he become a resident of New York, to notify the proper authority at once in order that full resident dues may be assessed against him.

But a good many men manage to live in town and to enjoy full resident privileges upon the relatively low dues of non-residents or suburbanites. Most of these dodgers would be hurt if they were accused of defrauding their fellow members to save $30 or $40 a year, but it comes to just about that thing. Every year some clubs have to scare such delinquents into common honesty by threats of expulsion or requests to resign.

Another abuse from which some of the large clubs suffer is the violation of the rules touching the admission of guests. A few clubs prohibit the entertainment of any resident of New York in the clubhouse save in a private room or upon public days. This rule is perhaps less often violated than a good many other more important regulations.

Other clubs limit the number of guests that a member may introduce to six or eight a year. This rule is violated in some of the best known clubs in town, and in others is laxly administered. New York club members have occasionally been astonished and annoyed at the way in which foreigners will overstay their club privileges.

In this matter of attention to foreigners the New York clubs are the most liberal in the world. A visitor from the other side does not have to be a man of title or distinction to have many club doors thrown open to him, and a great many clubs have found their openhanded hospitality abused by men who have coolly stretched a fortnight's invitation to a month or six weeks.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Every effort has been put forth to make this stock as attractive as can be found anywhere in New York.

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FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 32ND ST.


# A JEWISH MAGGID IN TOWN.

*ABRAHAM BEN ABRAHAM FIGHTING THE GHETTO'S ATHEISM.*

**A Revivalist Called From Jerusalem in View of the Indifference of Young Jews to the Faith of Their Fathers—His Preaching an Unusual Event Among the Jews.**

A Jewish revivalist has come here from Jerusalem to convert the lax and indifferent sons of the Ghetto to the faith of their fathers, and his nightly appearances on the streets of the lower East Side, where he holds forth before large gatherings, form one of the picturesque sights of the Jewish quarter.

A revivalist is a strange phenomenon among Jews, for they are traditionally opposed to all revival and missionary work, and as a rule they discountenance all attempts at conversion of any form, but it is said that such is the indifference and the growing tendency to discard religion among Jews in America that no objection is raised to the work of this revivalist even by the most pious and devout.

New conditions create new needs, and even the most orthodox of the elderly folk who pass this revivalist as he stands on the curbstone and admonishes an unruly gathering of Jewish young America nod approval at his words. But by most of those who make up his audiences the revivalist is not so favorably regarded.

Whether they be pious or not, the appearance of a Jewish missionary standing on the street corners and exhorting people to come back to God is an innovation. They do not know how to take it and cannot understand the motive.

There are those ever ready to question the worker and to hint at various dubious purposes. Many openly express their doubts and ask questions, and there are others who scoff and jeer at Abraham ben Abraham from Jerusalem, as the Jewish revivalist styles himself. No gathering is so sceptical and distrustful as a gathering of the younger elements of the East Side, especially when some one talks religion on the street. So the man who has come to convert the denizens of the Ghetto to the Judaism of old has a hard time of it.

The other evening about twenty different versions of the old man's motives and objects were given by young men who were listening to his discourse. Every little while one of the auditors would turn aside to tell his neighbor all about this preacher of the street and to tell it with an air of knowing everything that there was to be known.

Freethinkers, Socialists and other radicals were particularly anxious to impute some doubtful motives to the old man, whose fine patriarchal appearance might inspire any one with confidence.

"He is a Christian missionary, an apostate," said one young man. "I know him. He lives on Henry street. He was sent over here by the missionaries from England. He is trying to get us to accept Christianity. Down with him!"

There were those in the crowd who were inclined to believe the statement and were almost ready to break up the meeting. They contented themselves, however, with just making some disturbances.

"Why, he is doing it for money," said another denizen of the Ghetto, a young laborer. "Don't you see him selling those little pamphlets, and getting a cent for every one of them that he sells? He is making all kinds of money. I know him very well. He lives on Chrystie street. He owns two tenement houses there. He cannot fool me. I can take you to his houses and show them to you. Anyway, what is the use of standing here?"

And a big howl went up which for a few moments interrupted a fervent discourse in behalf of religion.

"Do I know him? Of course I know him. He is a great one, standing out here and talking religion. Why, it is money he is after, that is all. Why, he is one of the richest men on the East Side. He owns two tenement houses and a saloon and two grocery stores. I can show you where they are; and he makes all this money with those books he has got, getting a cent apiece for every one of them. He is all right in America."

This was another appreciation of the old man and his work, coming from a young man who wore eyeglasses and a red campaign button on his coat and carried an umbrella.

The majority of those who talked about the Jewish revivalist thought that he was a missioner, and almost all agreed that he was out for graft. Only a few turned to the defence of the aged preacher and pointed out that he was a pious, sincere old man, solicitous for the welfare of the Jewish faith; that he was only an old time Jewish "maggid," or preacher, adopting the methods of the modern Christian revivalist.

The preacher frequently overhears the charge of being a missionary that is raised against him, and he immediately launches into a long discourse exonerating and vindicating himself, and attacking his critics as anti-Semites and enemies of God and the Jew.

The little pamphlet that Abraham ben Abraham carries about him and sells for one cent a copy is made up of a quaint, naive, zealous appeal for the restoration of Judaism. It is written by the preacher himself in the most picturesque Yiddish.

It is in the form of the parable, the fable and the story that the Jewish revivalist attempts to drive home his arguments for orthodox Judaism and his refutation of atheism. The pamphlet is called "Understanding and Blessings," and contains eight pages.

In the course of an evening, during which the preacher holds forth on several street corners, he probably sells fifty or sixty of his pamphlets at one cent each and this seems to be the only source of his income.

Recently the charges raised against the old man that he was a missionary became so loud and so persistent that he was moved to write a letter to the Yiddish newspapers denying the accusation.

The Jewish revivalist dresses very shabbily, and this adds picturesqueness to his appearance. He is a man with a long, shaggy, full flowing beard, and his deep set, black piercing eyes shine with the lustre ever to be seen in the eyes of a fanatic.

Abraham came here from Jerusalem some months ago and ever since has been preaching on the streets of the East Side every evening. In spite of the opposition that he meets with and the policemen who jostle him from one corner to another, he says that he is determined to stay here and continue his fight for Judaism. He sees the approach of a great revival of Judaism, and says that he is going to do what he can to check the indifference, the laxity and the atheism of some of the Americanized Jewish elements.

## *MYSTERIOUS MAN OF LETTERS.*

**Englishman Who Has Taken Up His Residence on Island of Bouton.**

*From Lloyd's News.*

Latest mails from Celebes in the Eastern Archipelago tell of the advent of a mysterious Englishman, who has taken up his residence on the Island of Bouton.

Early in July arrived in a sailing boat a bronzed, broadchested stranger, accompanied by a little fair haired dwarf, apparently his servant. According to the story told by the agent of a wealthy merchant of Macassar, the two white men proceeded to build a large log house, the interior of which they painted a brilliant scarlet. Over the threshold, flanked by Union Jacks, they raised a gigantic wooden shield, bearing a portrait of the master of the house seated at the apex of a pyramid, around the base of which crowds of pygmies grovelled, looking upward with expressions of bewilderment and awe. Beneath this wonderful device was a mysterious inscription: "I am a M. O. L."

Hundreds of natives came to look at the "funny white men," but the master repelled their curiosity, brandishing a couple of revolvers. The quaint shield roused the admiration and curiosity of all, and stories were told by the superstitious of dark deeds done at midnight in the house of the strange white man.

One native, more educated than his brothers, read the inscription beneath the shield, and the word went forth that the big white man was a new god, named Amol, and that the dwarf was his attendant priest. This story was readily believed because of the hundreds of sheets of white paper which Amol daily covered with mysterious writings, believed by the natives to be charms against disease.

For six months the Englishmen lived on the stores they had brought with them. Then the dwarf set sail for Macassar to lay in a new supply. He told a curious tale about his employer.

Amol, he said, had told him that he was the "greatest English novelist alive." But the English people were fools, and did not appreciate good work. Cheap journalism and upstart publishers combined to stifle men of letters. He was himself a man of letters, although no one would believe it. For years he had been unwillingly compelled to prostitute his genius that he might live. But at last a rich lady, who had hoped that he would marry her, died of a broken heart, bequeathing him her fortune. Forthwith he shook the dust of London off his feet, leaving behind him, he hoped forever, his unappreciative native land.

**Eccentric Provision of a Will.**

*From the London Daily Mail.*

Mr. Thomas Hayes of Leopardstown Park, Stillorgan, Dublin, by his will left his estate, valued at £32,875 7s. 1d., in trust for such persons as his daughter, Gertrude Frances Talbot Power, wife of Mr. James Talbot Power, shall appoint.

In default of such appointment he directed that "£199 19s. should be paid to his daughter on the first day after his death (should she so long survive him), £199 19s. on the second day after his death (should she so long survive him)," and this phrase is repeated throughout the will for each day until the 250th day after his death.