

Racing Yachts That Cost Little

Dory Fleets That Furnish Good Sport at the Seashore Clubs



START OF A DORY RACE.

Yachting has generally been regarded as a sport which only the wealthy can enjoy. In a measure this is true. If one wants to own a fair sized racing yacht to run a comfortable cruiser plenty of money is necessary.

J. Rogers Maxwell owns the steamer *Celt*, on which he cruises and he races the schooner *Queen*, which was built this year at a cost of about \$75,000. His son, Harry L. Maxwell, owns the 70 foot sloop *Yankee*. These three yachts probably represent an outlay of about \$150,000, and it will cost this year \$25,000 to maintain them, without the owners' expenses for entertaining.

It costs money to own a racing yacht, if one wants to go in thoroughly for the sport, but almost as much fun can be had with small boats, and this year at nearly every one of the yacht clubs there is a fleet of small craft that range in size from 12 foot long and in price from \$35 up.

The dory famed for its seaworthiness is the craft most sought after nowadays, and there are hundreds of them scattered along the coast from the Delaware Capes to Maine. The dory is a flat bottomed high sided boat, with sharp bow and stern. Originally it was used as a rowboat and was adopted by New England fishermen because of its seaworthiness. It is purely a Yankee invention and is built in five sizes, which size is designated by the length of the floor, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 foot boats. Fishing dories are built with a few little changes, the dory has been altered so that it can now carry a mast, on which is rigged a leg of mutton sail and jib. The boats

are fitted with a small centreboard, which is in a trunk amidships, and have a rudder hung on the stern.

A few yachtsmen tried these small sailing craft a few years ago and were much pleased with them. The boats could sail fast for their size and rig, were seaworthy and easily handled. They are so light that they ride on the tops of the seas and the sailor must be a novice who will get caught and upset.

The most popular sized sailing dory is 13 feet on the floor and 8 feet long on top from stem to stern. At each end are two small bulkheads in which are kept such small things as the sailor is likely to need. There are four thwarts or seats, and if necessary, eight or even ten persons can be carried in one. It only draws about three inches of water without the centreboard.

They are painted white and have a sheer strake finished bright, which gives them a yacht-like look.

At the Crescent Athletic Club, which has a house at Bay Ridge, thirteen of these were purchased by the members early in the year, and they have been raced regularly since the yachting season has opened.

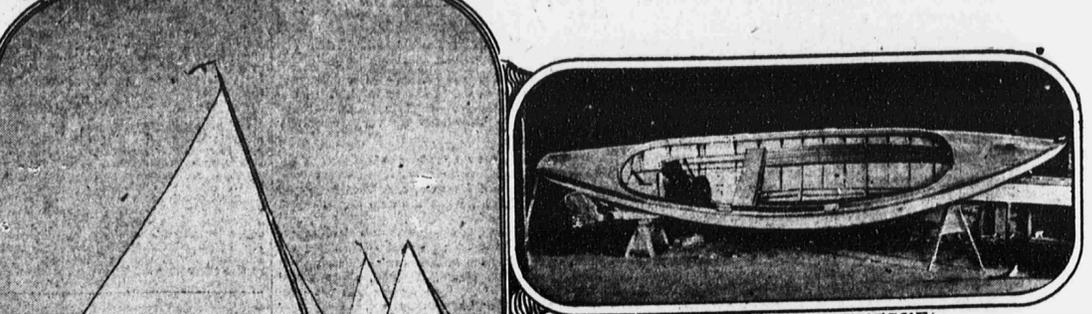
Each one of these boats has a red crescent painted on its side near the bow and on the stern is its name. These names have been selected by the members with care. Skid is one, Hunkley is another. Then there is the *Scot*, *Sport*, *New Moon*, *Coccol* without the k, and *Rooter*.

At Milton Point the American Yacht Club has another fleet which also takes part in weekly races, and across the Sound from Milton Point, at Oyster Bay, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club has another fleet. The Shelter Island Club has another fleet, and there are to be found at the Manhattan Bay Club and the India Harbor Club.

Now interclub races are to be arranged and the first of these will probably be between the Crescents, American and Seawanhaka Corinthian Clubs.

The sailing dory costs \$75, and with a few extras, such as reef points and mast hoops, the cost is increased to \$85. At that price there is a large profit for the builders, who turn them out by the hundred. The material for one of these dories, it is said, costs about \$14.

Now that the gas engine has become popular, power dories are to be seen everywhere. Around Marblehead the row boat has almost entirely disappeared and everything has an engine in it. A power dory with a 1 1/2 horse-power motor costs \$15 and the price runs from that up to \$500 for a 2-foot boat with a 7 horse-power motor. The power dories are decked over forward so as to make them a little more seaworthy, and the weight of the engine lifts the bow well out of the water. The seats or thwarts are arranged just as in the regular fisherman dory, in some of them, but in the higher priced ones the seats are around the side of the boat and the centre is an open space on the water. The centreboard is a better grip motor will make about five miles an hour.



DORY WITH GAS ENGINE!



VIEW SHOWING THE STERN OF THE DORY SAILING MODEL.



PECULIAR RIG OF THE DORY'S

PERSONAL FADS OF GOLFERS.

OBJECTOR TO TRAVIS'S UMBRELLA AND TO DUDISH PROS.

Cigarettes the Handiest Form of Smoking Links—Hilton Sets the Fashion—Fleetmailing Swing Idiots Passing Out of Sight—A Reform Long Needed.

Golfers must have an eye to their manners as well as to their golf. In the majority of golfers are now as in playing the game—they admire and pass up the classic swing for the get there stroke. The illusion is now only to their little personal whims or peculiarities. "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and, faith, he'll prent it"—indeed, he is already in print. A critic who signed himself "Disgusted Putter" wrote to *The Sun* during the amateur championship to charge Travis with effeminacy in carrying a sun umbrella at Englewood, although it made him the only contestant not beaded with perspiration on brow and neck, and in an aside the writer dubbed Aleck Smith and Will Anderson unmanly because they smoked cigarettes continually during a professional competition at Van Cortlandt Park. To a schoolmaster on the links, it is evident, to teach the game their "ps" and "qs" as to midsummer critics, or schools of critics, not to be assuaged by the good scores made by the players who offend.

Travis, it may be stated parenthetically, had not carried his white umbrella before at an amateur championship since the Garden City tournament of 1900, when the day was also of tropical heat. Where so much latitude is allowed to participants in midsummer sports in being off in a hatless man clad only in white shoes, socks, flannel trousers and thin silk shirt, it seems odd to blame Travis for "putting up a game," as the slang is. He wears a pongee coat and white linen hat always and under the umbrella he had the stately bearing of the Southern planter of the stage. Clad much the same way, with light umbrella hoisted and a big "bee" on the arm, the New Yorkers of the "bee" used to walk to market on midsummer days; as the heads of families still do in Southern cities. It would have been more kind to Travis, who drove the longest hole of his career at Englewood and wore himself out in the exertion; to have branded him as old fashioned in carrying an umbrella, rather than effeminate. Umbrellas have always excited animosity in some folks. The man who first carried one in London's streets was smacked by the mob.

Cigarettes smoked on the links is not a habit of the professional class. H. H. Hilton, twice winner of the open and as many times of the amateur championship in Great Britain, smokes at least two cigarettes for every hole he plays. At a recent four day tournament of a Metropolitan Golf Association club which about 100 players and 300 onlookers attended, the

superintendent said he had sold 120 boxes of the highest priced grades of cigarettes. The golfer company disposed of something like 7,500 cigarettes. "Our bar trade has been very light," added the manager. "The players only drink with their meals and some long drinks after the rounds."

Not many years ago a common charge against golfers, especially the professionals, was that they reeked of Scotch whiskey and vile pipes. Now the pros model themselves on the amateurs, and if they have become somewhat finicky in their manners the "Disgusted Putter" should blame those whom they imitate. Let them begin by branding Hilton as an unmanly golfer for using cigarettes. Travis in the shade of the white umbrella smoked cigars as long as a baseball bat and as black as a Pittsburgh stogie. The professionals have not picked up cigarette smoking from him.

Out West last year the few who played in coats, including Travis, E. M. Byers and D. P. Fredericks, were dubbed cranks. In the East there is no comment on the idiosyncrasies of golfers as expressed in their clothing. Only the game they put up is regarded; and it is the same way in England, where the Earl of Winchelsea, a golfer and father of golfers, always played in a leather suit at the championships, a coat of the soft deerskin our early hunters and Indian fighters used to wear. The members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's team thought it odd to meet golfers who did not wear coats, but some of them took up the fashion, and it has spread in England since their return as a comfortable idea on hot days. There men in the country don knickerbockers and jacket or a flannel suit in the morning, and although they golf, shoot, fish or ride, they do not take it off, except they get a wetting, until they dress for dinner. "It seems funny," said one of the varsity visitors, "the way your players change and bathe at the golf clubs, or rather, if there is no reason, it is funny."

This was one of those quiet remarks that the other Englishmen used to find so diverting when they were all grouped together, but an unconscious one. A Fox Hills golfer who wore one last season on his right wrist used to grow eloquent on the way it stiffened his forearm and took off all strain from the muscles. He believed he couldn't play the iron shots properly unless the leather boot was strapped around the right wrist. This golfer's cure was easy. On the day of an important qualifying round his friends bribed the valet to strap the bandage on the left instead of the right wrist. The golfer did not notice the

difference and led the field with the best card of the season. The cure put the drink on him.

Barring Brokaw, Johnstone and Travis, the amateur championship field were coastless. A few smoked pipes, about as many more very prudent, talked the number of cigarettes, but the larger proportion did not smoke at all until they were through the round. The advantage of a cigarette are that it is always ready, quickly lighted in a wind and soon enjoyed, so that one may be lit and consumed between the drive and second shot. Quite a number use cigarettes on the links who prefer a cigar or pipe within the club house.

In the taking of practice swings before the shot, the "Disgusted Putter" should blame those whom they imitate. Let them begin by branding Hilton as an unmanly golfer for using cigarettes. Travis in the shade of the white umbrella smoked cigars as long as a baseball bat and as black as a Pittsburgh stogie. The professionals have not picked up cigarette smoking from him.

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ARTIFICIAL ICE MAKING.

Five Million Tons Turned Out Yearly—\$40,000,000 in the Business.

Few American trades have grown as rapidly in recent years as artificial ice making. The conditions of ice supply and the number of factories requiring ice in enormous quantities seem to promise a further extension of the business. It is limited to no particular State, but has been most generally and most largely developed in the Southern States.

In 1870 there were four artificial ice making plants in the United States. In 1880 there were thirty-five. In 1890 there were 200. In 1900 there were 800. There are now considerably more than 1,000.

The capital invested in them is more than \$40,000,000, and the amount of ice they turn out in a year is in excess of 5,000,000 tons, of which 1,500,000 tons is manufactured in the Southern States.

The original artificial ice plant established in the United States was in New Orleans in 1850, and the intention of its projectors was declared to be to supply artificial ice in the territory south of the ice line, which is south of the North Atlantic, New England, Middle and Northwestern States. By degrees ice plants have been established in the territory supplied with natural ice; breweries, hotels, restaurants, packing houses and hospitals having retrograding plants.

BADGE NUMBER BUGS GET BUSY

ENCOURAGED BY NIGGER MIKE'S VICTORY AT 100 TO 1.

A Betting System That Succeeds About Once in Eight Million Times—Combinations of Figures on Which Men and Women Pin Their Faith—As to the Power of 13.

"A thing like that Nigger Mike 100 to 1 win starts off a whole slew of new badge number bugs, as if there weren't enough of them already," said a man who sells race track badges on the race tracks.

He referred to the hunch o'camp made by Kenny, the Fall street saloon keeper who owns Nigger Mike, the 100 to 1 winner.

Nigger Mike won on the thirteenth day of the Brighton meeting. Kenny remembered this before the race, when he noticed that his badge number was 13,072. He added these figures up and found that they fed the hunch by making 13. He had exactly 132 in his pocket, and he made four \$13 bets on his coat at 100 to 1, yielding down \$520 on the badge number hunch.

"That badge number hunch goes through about once in eight million shots," went on the badge seller, "but hundreds of track visitors, some regulars, but mostly casuals, keep pounding away at it."

"I know one hope-number who's been chasing the badge number rainbow for about seventeen years, though it has never got him the price of a car ride. His bug is that any badge number that has a couple of eights in it ought to fetch him home the car price."

"It seems that back somewhere in the seventies he connected with the double-zero, playing the wheel, and that gave him the o'-'bunk smoke that the pair of ciphers were meant to work for him for the rest of his life. There are days when I don't happen to have a two-cipher badge for him, and I pass him along to the other badge sellers. If they haven't any either, he takes his place. One of the badge windows at the track gate and stands by till one of the badges with the pair of ciphers in it shows up."

"Although, as I say, he's never picked up the price of a packet of Jersey garden seeds with his two-cipher badges, he simply won't go through the gate unless he gets one. He's one of these natural-born, you-lose-penny-players that drift on from season to season, sloughing out their superfluous junk, but never letting go."

"They've got more ways of playing the badge numbers than a con dog has wood-ticks. Some of them pull a long map over a badge winding up with an odd figure, while, on the other side, there are slews of them who won't have an even figure for any price. Then there are programme dopists who, before starting for the track, determine to play in every race a horse with a certain number on the card—No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100."

"One man who did this at the spring meeting at Belmont had to wait till the second race was about due before he could snag out a badge footing up his day's lucky number—and then he raced into the ring to get his bet down on No. 11—his badge number was 10,262, which footed up his luscious figure."

"He didn't scramble up to his book in time to get his bet down, and No. 11 on the programme, a 60 to 1 shot, came home with the boy looking back and grinning. He was the sorest butcher for a couple of weeks that ever got a thumb mixed up with a soup bone, but he's still playing his system and waiting for another chance."

"Some of these badge bugs insist upon getting numbers that foot up their age. The other day, and observing this a glinty eyed little man nudged along to me in the car aisle and offered me a dollar bonus if I'd sort 'em over and slip him badge No. 9,999."

"Nine is my get-the-spinach number," he stammered, "and the four ages foot up my age, 36, and if I don't have a charter a furniture van to bring home the dust to-day I'm a smudge."

"We have all kinds of trouble getting rid of badges with the figures 2 and 8 in sequence anywhere in the number, since that foot '23' gets zipped along. It doesn't make any difference if it's 12,345, or 1,234, or 19,123, or 23,456, the anti-23 bunch are to cut to pieces of the 2 and 3 thing together, and bill the badge pack with a greasy word or two when it is slipped to them."

"We always try to oblige them, but there are whole bunches of badges that I have this combination on them—the whole thousand of the 23,999 number in the big bumper days—and the badge seller who catches these has his hands full explaining to the agent 23 bugs that he can't get anything else in stock to hand on."

"The fellows who look upon 13 as a lucky number have far outnumbered the anti-13 chaps during the last five years or so, and most fell over who got the badges beginning with 13 grin over that they regard as a good omen. But I've never seen this 13 hunch get anybody anything, although I've heard of this coppit'g bunch of Nigger Mike's own."

"I once sold a badge numbered 13,013—thus beginning and ending with the queer number on the three-cent day of the month, and also the 13th of the month, and on a Friday, to a man who had been born on the thirteenth of the month, also on a Friday, and had thirteen letters in his name. This seemed like a sure enough hunch for him to fall for all the horses on the programme numbered 3, and he did."

"His nudger system not only did it get him anything in a solitary race, but the way out of the track he got into a fight with a man who stepped on his corns, made a pass at him and got on ched all to pieces and then pinched for diso derly conduct in the bargain. I saw him a few days later with his head wrapped up in bandages."

"Nigger Mike's stuff, that 13 pilchup of yours, isn't it? I was ornery enough to ask him."

"When he recognized me I was afraid that he was going to throw a rock at me."

"One day when I caught one of the first batches of badges to be shipped out to the sellers, I tickled a confident looking little man mightily by selling him the pat number 1,000."

"Well, I guess that isn't a nudger or nothin'," he said, "giving with it, happy jumps at me. 'Why, that's just the piece of chance that I came down to win to-day—1,000. Need just that much to pay off a note, and in any way in the world, I can lose with this badge number. If you see me wearing that stuff look when I come out I'll know that I got the action I was looking for on this patch of card."

"Did that 1,000 badge do you any good?" I asked him.

"—Eh—It did me good, all right," he replied mournfully, pulling the 1,000 badge out of his buttonhole and tearing it into little pieces and throwing the pieces in the car aisle and stamping on them."

"There was a little more sense behind the bug of a fellow who, because he did well with a certain number—11 happened to be 10,002, although that fact isn't important—on a day went after the same number the next day, and the day after that, right on for a week, while the good streak lasted; and it did last a week, though of course the number had nothing to do with that."

"Three summers ago a Western chap visited the races for three days got from me by sheer accident, three days running the same number badge—it was 8,224. If you figure that down you'll see that it was about a billion to one chance, and probably worse than that, for the badge sellers generally get hold of different sets of thousands every day. The Western man had whopped lucky with his three badges, too."

"One of these vairy, vairy smart women who go to the tracks every day, was real sorry she'd get humorous about the number on the lady's ticket I sold her on the outgoing train one wet autumn afternoon five or six years ago."

"The number on the lady's ticket I handed her was 2,222, and she passed it back to me with one of those clever remarks."

"Oh, that one's too dreadfully too-too," she said. "Let me have one that is less monotonous at the beginning and end and in the middle."

"So I handed her a lady's ticket from the bottom of my pack and passed on."

"The woman to whom I sold the 2,222 ticket a minute or so later didn't do a thing that afternoon but become adjacent to six straight winners, upon one of which, the joke man, May 4, she had a little straight bet of \$10 at 500 to 1. The newspapers all had the story of her big clean-up, and all of them published the number of her ticket, as the figures were a bit unusual."

"I saw the woman who'd givenly tossed the lucky ticket on the following afternoon. She was a sad looking skirted party, but she wasn't too sad to deliberately stick out her tongue at me."

"What for? I asked her, surprised."

"—Because you didn't make me take the ticket with the four 2s on it yesterday," she said with a woman's unreasonableness, and I got a laugh out of it, anyway."

The woman grinned greasily, but looked in no wise chagrined.

"You see too much for an old papa," she said, shaking a soiled raffishness at him with clumsy archness, and then she got down the steps as unsteadily as she had ascended them.

Half an hour later a batched faced, sharp eyed woman with blond hair, a wine colored silk dress that made considerable of a rattling noise, and quite an assortment of diamond rings, walked up the steps with a majestic air.

"I desire," she said, haughtily, to the man with the newsgay, "to see Mrs. Blank in private," and she named the cottager's name, somewhat to his astonishment.

"Oh, she's at the bath, or having her hair curled, or something," said the cottager, not in the least crunched by the woman's majestic manner. "She won't be down for a couple of hours. What's the trouble, anyhow?"

"Trouble, sir?" said the woman, sepulchrally, turning her pale eyes upon him. "I'm not aware, sir, that I have mentioned anything about trouble."

"Oh, 'scuse me," said the man, anxious to find out what the woman's graft was before dismissing her. "Can't you state your business to me?"

"I feel that you would not understand, said the woman, mollified, but hesitating. "I am a developer of the dual soul, the double mentality, the manifold will, and the multitudinous spirit, and I have heard that Mrs. Blank, again naming the cottager's wife—is immersed in the occult and the esoteric."

"She's just about immersed in cantaloup and bacon and eggs by this time," dryly replied the cottager. "Anyhow, I'm sure she wouldn't care to see you. Good morning."

"The developer of the dual soul bestowed a series of shrivelling glances upon the cottager—which he didn't notice, having all ready resumed consideration of the beautiful and ruffled down the steps with a frou frou of her wine colored silk dress that sounded almost like a clatter."

A while after that a shrewd eyed young fellow, carrying the "dummy" of a book under his arm, hopped up the steps two at a clip.

"Hal good morning!" he breezed, advancing upon the cottager and picking up his hand and shaking it impatiently. "Wam! Beautiful piazza, heigh? Get the breeze, hey? The houseyculik climbing over everything is fine, too. Well, we're sure got to get you, Mr. Blank," correctly naming the cottager, which caused him to wonder how it happened that so many people utterly unknown to him knew his name.

"Got to have you, for sure thing."

"Have me, hey?" said the cottager. "Well, I'm not being had quite so often as I used to be."

"Who's Who in the Atlantic City Cottages," said the breezy young chap, displaying the cover of the dummy book he carried with that title printed in gilt on the top cover. "I've got most of the swell cottagers—the real kind get in, you know. Only need you and a few others to complete it. Going to get it out in the fall—greatest souvenir thing you've ever had a chance to get in your life. Your picture and your name, your prefer, and a photograph of your cottage, with an interior view or so, and the write-up—about two full pages of write-up. You can do the writing up yourself, and no matter what you say about yourself, it goes. And only \$200. Just giving it away. Next year we'll get \$500 a throw for the same thing. Er—here's a fountain pen—just give them, please," and the rapid young chap scribbled that form of contract and introduced a dotted line at the bottom which involved the signer's agreement to dig up \$200 for the "Who's Who" thing."

"Skip!" was the cottager's sole word of reply, but he said it in a way that denoted how thoroughly he meant it.

The quick young man wasn't in the least taken back. In fact, there was a certain amount of admiration in the grin with which he stalked the cottager as he started down the steps.

"Well, they told me you weren't much on that fall thing, Guv'nor," he said, looking over his shoulder and still grinning. "But it's all right. No harm done. Say, what's the name of his Nobs next door, the old party with the white spinnach on his map reading the paper on the porch?"

The cottager vouchsafed no reply to the question, but he noted out of the corner of his eye that the "Who's Who" thing didn't take a chance on going to the next cottage.

The cottager stuck it out on the front porch till after 11 o'clock. During the time, besides those described, the following mounted the porch and tackled him, all of whom he fanned:

Two wandering professors of osteopathy, one a man and the other a woman, the masseuses and one masseur with systems of rubbing; two more faking impostors by the name of ventriloquist and phrenologists who wanted to play on the front porch an alleged representative of a New York newspaper who offered to have a picture of the cottage printed in the Sunday edition for \$20; two more palmists, an East Indian astrologist, and four more husky looking beggars with phony letters, and one of them an absolutely exact record for one cottage during one forenoon. The cottager swears that he'll never say a word about the porch again, on a wet day, sick or no sick, unless the front steps are removed, but the women folk of the cottages don't appear to mind these indignities, being well used to them.

GRAFTERS BY THE SEA SHORE.

PEST THAT ATLANTIC CITY COTTAGERS MUST FIGHT.

The Doubter Tries a Morning at Home and is Approached by Every Variety of Easy Money Hunter—Quick Getaway for the "Who's Who" Book Man.

ATLANTIC CITY, August 4.—As the height of the season approaches, this place is overrun by a queer lot of feripatetic grafters, who make a business of their wiles. Some of them look like characters in vaudeville. Most of them confine themselves strictly to working the cottages—"cottage" down here being an unnecessarily modest word in its application to the splendid and ornate residences that go by that name. The beggars are the raviest ever. The grafters are almost ludicrously bold and unafraid. The fakirs are laughably reliable charlatans.

A man maintaining a fine cottage here couldn't quite believe all the tales of his women folks about the swarm of dough seekers who work the cottages here on week days. He was a bit under the weather a few days ago and so, instead of coming up to Philadelphia in his business as usual, he decided to loaf around the cottage for the day.

He was reading his newspaper on his front porch at half past 8 o'clock in the morning when a stolid looking German of 40, a mighty rugged seeming chap with a fine color and the look of somebody with a good breakfast in him, walked up the steps. The German wore a pretty good brown sack suit and his straw hat wasn't unduly unburned, considering the advanced season.

"Well?" said the cottager.

The German shook his head, making a gesture of deprecation, plainly indicating, or meant to indicate, that he was shy of English, and produced a gummy letter from his breast pocket and handed it to the cottager. The letter professed to be from the hand of an Atlantic City clergyman, and it set forth the statement that "this deserving German had had a lot of domestic and other trouble in the old country," and whatever little amounts of money—nothing but money was mentioned—might be bestowed upon him by charitable individuals or persons wouldn't be wasted. The cottager took another look at the lumpy, well nourished carcass of the German and handed him back his letter.

"They roller chair pushers on the Boardwalk, and you look pretty husky," he said to the man. "On your way."

"Me push von oof dem 'tings?" snorted the German who had no English, indignantly returning his letter to his breast pocket, and then he hustled down the steps to escape the cottager's rapidly approaching aloof look.

The cottager had barely resumed his paper before a trig, but exceedingly calclimined and otherwise made up woman of middle age tripped up the porch steps with a fine simulation of youthful lightness. The cottager put aside his paper and rose and bowed.

"The lady—can I see her?" inquired the calclimined one.

"She's breakfasting in bed—I'm the only one up yet," said the cottager. "Anything I can do for you?"

The madeup woman considered for a moment as she tapped her foot, and then she gazed at the cottager, a portly middle aged man, with a great assumption of girlish winsomeness.

"You have troubles?" she asked the cottager, with her head cocked to one side.

"None that a dyspepsia tablet or so won't fix," said the cottager. "Why?"

"I'm a healer of troubles," said the woman, producing a card with "mental healer" under her name. "I teach repose of mind. I exercise cares by teaching people to take the opposite thought. I—"

"You'll probably do better on the opposite side of the street, madam," said the man, somewhat annoyed because he'd been salamaung rather unnecessarily, and she went down the steps with a toss of her head.

A rough looking chap, evidently a foreigner, with a bullet head and a heavy layer of fat on the back of his neck, wheezed up the steps a few minutes later.

"Palms?" he said to the cottager, hoarsely.

"Hey? Palms in midsummer? What for?" said the cottager.

"I mean, do you vant palms red alreety yet," said the bullethead.

"—Eh—No, I want my palms red—especially before I've so much as had the front page headlines in my newspaper? Get out!"—and the palmist went down the steps hurriedly and in an obvious state of alarm.

A little while later a puffy faced young woman, decidedly bedraggled looking as to her hair, walked up the steps with no great amount of steadiness.

"Good morning, sir," she said, with an attempt at the ingratiating manner. "Beautiful, isn't it, this weather?"

"Fine," said the man, rattling his paper suspiciously. "What's the—"

"I'm going to ask you to do something for our angels," said the bedraggled and puffy faced woman, producing a notebook with some names scribbled in it. "The darling little tenement tots of Philadelphia, you know. We have a home for 'em here, you know, and we fetch 'em down here for a week; and they have the grandest time, the babies and scordid streets. All of the cottagers are giving liberally this year. Now what shall I put your name down for? Pullase make it generous for the darling! Do I take the money at once? Oh, yes—there is immediate need for it, you know."

"You must have overworked yourself yesterday, madam," said the cottager, whose memory for faces is excellent. "You looked overworked or something, any way, late last night, when you were being pushed down the Boardwalk in a roller chair, with your feet hanging over the dashboard and your arm tossed quijectionally around the neck of a young fellow who was bawling a song at the top of his voice. 'Member that?"

"The woman grinned greasily, but looked in no wise chagrined.

"You see too much for an old papa," she said, shaking a soiled raffishness at him with clumsy archness, and then she got down the steps as unsteadily as she had ascended them.

Half an hour later a batched faced, sharp eyed woman with blond hair, a wine colored silk dress that made considerable of a rattling noise, and quite an assortment of diamond rings, walked up the steps with a majestic air.

"I desire," she said, haughtily, to the man with the newsgay, "to see Mrs. Blank in private," and she named the cottager's name, somewhat to his astonishment.

"Oh, she's at the bath, or having her hair curled, or something," said the cottager, not in the least crunched by the woman's majestic manner. "She won't be down for a couple of hours. What's the trouble, anyhow?"

"Trouble, sir?" said the woman, sepulchrally, turning her pale eyes upon him. "I'm not aware, sir, that I have mentioned anything about trouble."

"Oh, 'scuse me," said the man, anxious to find out what the woman's graft was before dismissing her. "Can't you state your business to me?"

"I feel that you would not understand, said the woman, mollified, but hesitating. "I am a developer of the dual soul, the double mentality, the manifold will, and the multitudinous spirit, and I have heard that Mrs. Blank, again naming the cottager's wife—is immersed in the occult and the esoteric."

"She's just about immersed in cantaloup and bacon and eggs by this time," dryly replied the cottager. "Anyhow, I'm sure she wouldn't care to see you. Good morning."

"The developer of the dual soul bestowed a series of shrivelling glances upon the cottager—which he didn't notice, having all ready resumed consideration of the beautiful and ruffled down the steps with a frou frou of her wine colored silk dress that sounded almost like a clatter."

A while after that a shrewd eyed young fellow, carrying the "dummy" of a book under his arm, hopped up the steps two at a clip.

"Hal good morning!" he breezed, advancing upon the cottager and picking up his hand and shaking it impatiently. "Wam! Beautiful piazza, heigh? Get the breeze, hey? The houseyculik climbing over everything is fine, too. Well, we're sure got to get you, Mr. Blank," correctly naming the cottager, which caused him to wonder how it happened that so many people utterly unknown to him knew his name.

"Got to have you, for sure thing."

"Have me, hey?" said the cottager. "Well, I'm not being had quite so often as I used to be."

"Who's Who in the Atlantic City Cottages," said the breezy young chap, displaying the cover of the dummy book he carried with that title printed in gilt on the top cover. "I've got most of the swell cottagers—the real kind get in, you know. Only need you and a few others to complete it. Going to get it out in the fall—greatest souvenir thing you've ever had a chance to get in your life. Your picture and your name, your prefer, and a photograph of your cottage, with an interior view or so, and the write-up—about two full pages of write-up. You can do the writing up yourself, and no matter what you say about yourself, it goes. And only \$200. Just giving it away. Next year we'll get \$500 a throw for the same thing. Er—here's a fountain pen—just give them, please," and the rapid young chap scribbled that form of contract and introduced a dotted line at the bottom which involved the signer's agreement to dig up \$200 for the "Who's Who" thing."

"Skip!" was the cottager's sole word of reply, but he said it in a way that denoted how thoroughly he meant it.

The quick young man wasn't in the least taken back. In fact, there was a certain amount of admiration in the grin with which he stalked the cottager as he started down the steps.

"Well, they told me you weren't much on that fall thing, Guv'nor," he said, looking over his shoulder and still grinning. "But it's all right. No harm done. Say, what's the name of his Nobs next door, the old party with the white spinnach on his map reading the paper on the porch?"

The cottager vouchsafed no reply to the question, but he noted out of the corner of his eye that the "Who's Who" thing didn't take a chance on going to the next cottage.

The cottager stuck it out on the front porch till after 11 o'clock. During the time, besides those described, the following mounted the porch and tackled him, all of whom he fanned:

Two wandering professors of osteopathy, one a man and the other a woman, the masseuses and one masseur with systems of rubbing; two more faking impostors by the name of ventriloquist and phrenologists who wanted to play on the front porch an alleged representative of a New York newspaper who offered to have a picture of the cottage printed in the Sunday edition for \$20; two more palmists, an East Indian astrologist, and four more husky looking beggars with phony letters, and one of them an absolutely exact record for one cottage during one forenoon. The cottager swears that he'll never say a word about the porch again, on a wet day, sick or no sick, unless the front steps are removed, but the women folk of the cottages don't appear to mind these indignities, being well used to them.

GRAFTERS BY THE SEA SHORE.

PEST THAT ATLANTIC CITY COTTAGERS MUST FIGHT.

The Doubter Tries a Morning at Home and is Approached by Every Variety of Easy Money Hunter—Quick Getaway for the "Who's Who" Book Man.

ATLANTIC CITY, August 4.—As the height of the season approaches, this place is overrun by a queer lot of feripatetic grafters, who make a business of their wiles. Some of them look like characters in vaudeville. Most of them confine themselves strictly to working the cottages—"cottage" down here being an unnecessarily modest word in its application to the splendid and ornate residences that go by that name. The beggars are the raviest ever. The grafters are almost ludicrously bold and unafraid. The fakirs are laughably reliable charlatans.

A man maintaining a fine cottage here couldn't quite believe all the tales of his women folks about the swarm of dough seekers who work the cottages here on week days. He was a bit under the weather a few days ago and so, instead of coming up to Philadelphia in his business as usual, he decided to loaf around the cottage for the day.

He was reading his newspaper on his front porch at half past 8 o'clock in the morning when a stolid looking German of 40, a mighty rugged seeming chap with a fine color and the look of somebody with a good breakfast in him, walked up the steps. The German wore a pretty good brown sack suit and his straw hat wasn't unduly unburned, considering the advanced season.

"Well?" said the cottager.

The German shook his head, making a gesture of deprecation, plainly indicating, or meant to indicate, that he was shy of English, and produced a gummy letter from his breast pocket and handed it to the cottager. The letter professed to be from the hand of an Atlantic City clergyman, and it set forth the statement that "this deserving German had had a lot of domestic and other trouble in the old country," and whatever little amounts of money—nothing but money was mentioned—might be bestowed upon him by charitable individuals or persons wouldn't be wasted. The cottager took another look at the lumpy, well nourished carcass of the German and handed him back his letter.

"They roller chair pushers on the Boardwalk, and you look pretty husky," he said to the man. "On your way."

"Me push von oof dem 'tings?" snorted the German who had no English, indignantly returning his letter to his breast pocket, and then he