

Richard Croker, the Fighter

Is Living Like a Prince in His Beautiful Irish Home.

Former Tammany Chief Has Certainly Chosen a Charming Spot in Which to Rest After His Strenuous Career in America.

Dublin.—Richard Croker displayed a distinct appreciation of the beautiful when he pitched his Tudor castle on the slope of the hills that encircle Dublin Bay.

Shown in by a neat-looking maid, your correspondent found himself in the presence of Mr. Croker himself, standing with a formidable looking pipe in his mouth, in the grand hall of the building, directing the operations of two local workmen, who were engaged in what seemed to be the rather difficult task of making the flue of the hall chimney work. It was a study in concentration. You might have imagined that nothing else existed at the moment, but the problem of that refractory flue.

Mr. Croker gave a friendly nod, and then resumed his attitude of absorbed contemplation of the work, until the crisis in the operations had passed, when he turned round to his caller with an inquiring gaze. On hearing that the Sunday World desired to have an intimate description of his home, and permission to photograph the interior, he replied: "There need be no trouble about the photographs," and going into his study brought back a roll of them.

"These," said he, "are all I've got. You are welcome to them."

Mr. Croker had just come in from a walk in the grounds, and wore a loose frieze overcoat, ketcherbockers, brown stockings and heavy shooting boots. He looked in perfect health.

Your correspondent remarked that they believed in New York that he was about to return and take a hand in politics again.

"They're wrong," said the former boss of Tammany Hall. "I shall never return to American politics again—never! I think I've said that before more than once, and I'm not in the habit of going back on what I say. I'm out of American politics for good, but I hope to pay my personal friends there an occasional visit. When I go the papers will say that I am back on some political business, but they'll be wrong again."

Croker Has a Tiger.
There was no mistaking the quiet but perfectly polite determination expressed in his tone, and at the same time, by way of more effectually

of his fine mansion, and of all the valuable things that are in its many rooms, Mr. Croker is far prouder of his stud. That was what he wanted me to see all the time.

But before we came to the stables I was able to get a good general impression of Glencairne itself. The entrance gate, in solid cut granite, seems rather strange to an Irish eye, and looks like the gable of a house in an old Belgian town like Broges. The lawns and flower beds are laid out with great taste, and to-day are a perfect riot of green and colors.

There are few buildings in Ireland like Glencairne. Most of the great residential houses in this country were erected in the eighteenth century, when domestic architecture was conceived in somewhat commonplace vein. Glencairne is not unique, but it is a noble pile, crowned with an Irish tower in the center and a beautifully chaste Italian portico running from the building to the south, and so to the gardens. The house is built of cut granite, and part of the wall of the original building, once the residence of a well known Irish judge, is incorporated in it.

In the Japanese Room.
But to return to the Japanese room. It is indeed a gem. There are no corners in it as in an ordinary room. The "corners" are all circular, and they are covered with charming and quaint Japanese tapestry. The ceiling is Japanese, with a perfect aviary of Japanese birds painted with excellent taste, full of life and movement. At the other side of the hall is Mr. Croker's own study. Here on the wall is an address from the Democratic club of New York, of which the ex-leader is absolutely proud. Here, too, are some books, many of them relating to American affairs, one by his friend, W. J. Bryan.

And here, above all, are large photographs of Mr. Croker's two dead sons. He shows the pictures to you without any apparent emotion, because he is a man who has mastered emotion. Presently, as you go through the house, you will see, off the large and handsome corridor upstairs, a



THE MAIN HALL AT GLENGAIRNE



THE DRAWING ROOM

various branches of the Croker family as given in Burke.

On the left of the staircase, as you go up, there is a fine piece of tapestry, showing Glencairne itself, with gaily-dressed women on the lawn.

Setting aside the oratory and the fine corridor, there is nothing upstairs that Mr. Croker seems to be anxious to show you, except an old-fashioned bed in one of the rooms, which once, it appears, belonged to Daniel O'Connell.

Old and Quaint Engraving.
After this substantial piece of domestic comfort, the thing that seemed to excite Mr. Croker's interest most was an old and quaint engraving of a meeting of the pugilists, Heenan and Savers, hanging among other things of the kind, in a passage leading to the billiard room.

I mentioned the billiard room. Like the large strong room, with the Croker archives, it is off Mr. Croker's study, and is a noble apartment, containing two tables especially made for Mr. Croker in the United States. This room can be entered not only from Mr. Croker's own room, but also from the hall and again from the grounds; and, finally, there is communication with the kitchen, to facilitate the attendance of servants. The walls are oak paneled, and decorated with oil paintings in chocolate tints, of many of the chief streets and buildings of New York, including Wall street, Tammany Hall, the post office, the city hall, Central park, Fifty-ninth street, Fifth avenue and the Democratic club.

The bedrooms are in the Adam style. The bathrooms, etc., are sumptuously fitted, and have beautiful tiled walls and floors, and all the bedrooms have their own supply of hot and cold water.

The drawing room and dining room were the two last apartments to which Mr. Croker conducted me. The most striking adornment of the drawing room is a gigantic tiger rug with the head raised, the jaws open and the terrifying teeth fully displayed.

Glad to Show People Around.
"Mind the tiger," said Mr. Croker—a timely injunction, as one might easily trip over its head.

"A wonderful skin!" I answered admiringly.
"Yes," replied Mr. Croker. "I get the finest. I admire the tiger." The panelling is in bird-eye maple, and here again the elaborate decorating of the ceiling is in the refined and delicate Adam style.

The dining room is the most spacious room at Glencairne. The walls, like those of the hall, are mahogany-

paneled, the panelling being filled in with tapestry. The ceiling is also in mahogany, elaborately carved and molded. There is a beautiful sideboard in the same material, designed by the architect to harmonize with its surroundings. The thing in this room, however, which Mr. Croker shows you with most interest is a quaint and oriental-looking bowl, which he tells you with much satisfaction once belonged, like the old bed upstairs, to Daniel O'Connell. It is a punch jug, which would hold about a gallon of that inspiring concoction, which, according to a Cork poet, was accidentally discovered by St. Patrick; and Mr. Croker informs you, as he looks at it affectionately,

"During the past few years there has been more than ordinary activity in the organization of so-called commercial clubs, business men's leagues and similar associations in the agricultural sections of the country. Some had mushroom growth, and like some flowers, bloomed and blossomed, withered and decayed in an hour. Others struggled along indifferently and succeeded in spending much of the people's money without assisting the town to greatness, while a very few succeeded in doing things that were of benefit to the community.

There is little use in trying to make a suit of clothes for a man out of a pattern of cloth that has only sufficient goods for a child's suit. There is little use in trying to build up a great town in a locality where there is not the material to sustain it, and where there are only resources for the support of a hamlet. Towns of importance exist only where there are certain natural advantages, resources that can be utilized in manufacturing, territory sufficiently large to command extensive trade, or some other favorable condition. In the west manufacturing must be confined to such lines as can be advantageously produced. In manufacturing there are many factors. There must be considered the cost of fuel, the raw material, the labor and highly important are the transportation facilities.

One of the noticeable things about commercial clubs is the optimistic tendencies of their members. Business men of a strictly agricultural town will form an association. Perhaps the leaders are interested in the real estate business. They want the town to boom. Some of them may have a few acres of land and worthless unless for a "factory" site. Meetings are held, plans are made for the bringing in of some manufacturing plant that perhaps may give employment to half a dozen or a dozen hands. Correspondence is started with a view of getting some outsider interested. The right man, apparently, makes his appearance. He wants a bonus of a few thousand dollars. His proposition is seriously considered. The subscription paper is passed around, the amount secured, and the real estate man sells his "factory" site at a good price. The factory is started. It runs about a year and there is a vacant factory building for rent, or for sale. How many towns in the southwest have had this experience?

Even had the enterprise been a success, it remains that there is a field more productive of good for the town than the "club" overlooked. Say that a factory be started in a small town. It may give employment to a dozen men. The pay roll amounts to \$30 a day. The output of the concern may reach a total of from \$25,000 to \$35,000 a year. "Every little helps," and all other things in harmony with this adds to the importance of the place. But let us return to the town of a territory of 150 square miles. Suppose that each square mile represents four families—farmers' families. This would make 600 families who should do their trading in the town. The reports of the bureau of statistics of the United States department of labor and commerce, assures us that the average expenditure of the farmer each year for all the supplies he requires in the way of agricultural machinery, carriages, wagons, clothing, and food, is \$627. Careful estimates of the amount of the farmers' trade that goes to the mail-order house and is in other ways diverted from his home town, shows that it is more than 25 per cent. of all he spends. Thus we find that from the territory of the town there is annually diverted in trade the nice sum of more than \$79,000. This amount goes from the town, ceases to be a factor in its upbuilding. It means that every day the town loses about \$132 in trade.

Now would it not be much better if the commercial club took up the matter of devising means of protecting the business interests of the enterprises in the mercantile lines already established, than to bring in a new enterprise of uncertain success? Is not the trade of the farmers and the people of the town equally as beneficial as the wages paid to the few men that the factory might employ? Does not \$79,000 in trade more than equal the output and the general accruing to the wealth of the town by the factory?

It is evident that there is a wide field for commercial club effort in the keeping in the town the dollars that are earned and devising means of protecting trade.

His Dire Threat.
There was determination stamped on his brow.

"Refused, eh!" he hissed, snapping his words like the explosions of a motor-cycle. "Then I shall turn on the gas."

The beautiful girl swooned. When she recovered she found him sitting in an easy chair reading the sporting news.

"Ah, you didn't turn on the gas after all, did you?" she asked in trembling tones.

"Yes I did," he replied coldly.

"You—you turned on the gas, Harold?"

"Of course I did. How could I light it if I didn't turn it on?"

And then she asked his forgiveness and accepted him on the spot.

A Canine Secret.
"You can always tell the people who are unhappy from the look of their faces," said the tired woman, "but if you look out of the window of a man's dog you never can tell which dog it is that has cried all night and kept you awake."

OF THE BREADFRUIT TREE.
Many Ways in Which This Strange Tropical Plant is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the West Indies, the South Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick, yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the South Sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy.

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Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks. The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahel."

This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels.

The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.

COMMERCIAL CLUBS

CAN BE MADE IMPORTANT FACTORS IN TOWN BUILDING.

BEST FIELD FOR THEIR WORK

Their Efforts Should Be Put Forth to Keep the Dollars in the Home Town—Protecting Business Interests.

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UNITY OF INTERESTS.

Relationship of Residents of Rural Communities to the Home Town.

"Live and let live," is a policy that has come down through the ages and is an expression of the Golden Rule in only different words. There is no born in man a desire for self-preservation. It is a law of life, and to this desire can be attributed that which is considered selfishness within us. Savage man has little regard for the rights and properties of others. He lacks the sense of equity and justice and is guided solely by the brutal instincts. Intelligent man realizes that all his fellow creatures are entitled to the same rights he would enjoy himself. Therefore where the Christian spirit is found, there can be looked for such equity as gives all an equal chance to gain a livelihood and to enjoy the products of their labor.

There should be the greatest harmony among the citizens of every community. The interest of all the classes comprising a city or a district should be considered identical. It has been noted that the most prosperous towns have been built up by harmonious and united effort of all the people composing it. In these days when there are evils to combat, when oppressive trusts exist that are factitious in unequal distribution of wealth, it is all important that the masses in each and every community unite and work in harmony for the protection and betterment of local conditions. It is to be regretted that in many agricultural communities there is a lack of harmony between what is called the business interests and the producers of crops. Different reasons may be advanced for this condition, but the most common cause is a misunderstanding on the part of the citizens as to the relationship that should exist between them. It is wrong for the teachings that go forth that the farmers' interests are different from those of the merchant, or that the merchants' interests differ from farmers' of the community. It is also an erroneous idea that the town is alone for the townspeople and the country districts for the farmer. It is not true that the merchant is dependent upon the farmer for his support? And it is equally true that the town is an important thing to the farmer. It is a convenience to him and he is as deeply interested in all that pertains to it, to its advancement and the betterment of its public institutions, its streets, its parks and all, as are the people who reside within the town. The merchants should realize how important the farmer is to them, and the farmer should be brought to a realization that the town is for him as well as for those who reside within its limits, and, that the less antagonism between the residents on the farms and the residents of the town the better it will be for the whole community. There is a unity of interests that cannot be ignored, and there is a common field wherein all can work for mutual benefit.

GET-RICH-QUICK GAMES.
Government Investigating the Operators of Bucket Shops That Do Business Through the Mails.

In times of prosperity there are always chances for the grafter. During the past ten years has been the era of the get-rich-quick man. No sooner does one scheme play out than another takes its place. Thanks to the ever diligent postal inspectors, and an unrelenting government, the schemers are not so plentiful as a few years ago. For some years a number of supposed legitimate grain and stock brokers thrived in both eastern and western cities. These were active in soliciting through the mails, and through local offices the business of small investors. The millions of money gained from the unsuspecting people will never be known. In New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities large and extensively conducted offices were maintained. Once the government got on the right trail, there were irregularities discovered that resulted in fraud orders being issued against a number of the concerns. The end is not yet, and the work of extermination will be kept up till there is none in operation. Buying stocks in a fair market is a risky business, but when there are schemers to stack the cards against the investor, there is not a ghost of a show. Many a bank clerk and business man can trace his downfall to speculating in the bucket shops.

Deadly Common Plants.
The things that give the most pleasure in life frequently can also cause the greatest pain. Among flowers, for instance, the beautiful snowdrop, the hyacinth, jonquil and narcissus are all poisonous, and to eat the smallest part of the root of either of them would produce fatal results, while the juices of the leaves will cause violent vomiting.

The berries of the yew tree have killed many people, and the opium obtained from poppies has also claimed its victims. Lady's slipper and lily of the valley are both dangerous, and if the blossoms of crocus are chewed they will cause vomiting. Flowers from bulbous roots, however, seem to be the most dangerous, and it might not be out of place to dealers in these to label them with a cross-bone and mark them poison.

Courage in Daily Life.
Bravery helps to make a nation safe. A nation of cowards, however prosperous, cannot be a great nation. Men and women who dare fling themselves against great odds for the sake of their convictions; who do not shrink from crying out against any evil that may menace the purity of the government; who will, if need be, sever all political, social and financial ties for love of country—these are the heroes to which a nation resorts in her hour of need.

Cigarettes and Conscience.
The man who limits himself to cigarettes shows a smallness of mind. He seems smitten with some hidden conscience that feels it is not right to smoke; but he smothers it, and with great bravado determines to be a devil of a dog, and take a cigarette—Grata.

Our Pattern Department

A PRETTY APRON.



Pattern No. 5775—A dainty white apron adds to the trim appearance of the little school girl. New designs are constantly being shown, but none more becoming to the wee maiden than those having a full gathered skirt, hanging straight from a narrow yoke. A broad bertha finishes the neck edge and gives style to the little garment, but it may be omitted if desired, and a narrow lace edging could be used to finish the neck. The materials most in use for aprons are cross-barred muslin, lawn, linen and gingham. For a child of seven years two and three-quarter yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 3, 5, 7 and 9 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5775.
 SIZE.....
 NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

LADIES' SLIP OR SHIRT-WAIST LINING.



Pattern No. 5781—The increased vogue of the thin lingerie waist and the general popularity of over-bouse effects, has created a demand for a plain blouse or under-slip, and the up-to-date wardrobe should contain several of these valuable garments. The one here shown may be closed in either front or back, and the pattern provides for full length or elbow sleeves. It is adapted to several materials such as China silk, lawn, batiste, all over-lace and the fancy tuck materials. For 38 inches bust measure two and one-eighth yards of 36-inch material will be required for the making. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

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Compulsory Education in China.

The board of education has under consideration a scheme of compulsory education of children, by which 100 primary schools will be established in each provincial capital, 40 in each prefect, department, and district, and one in each village.

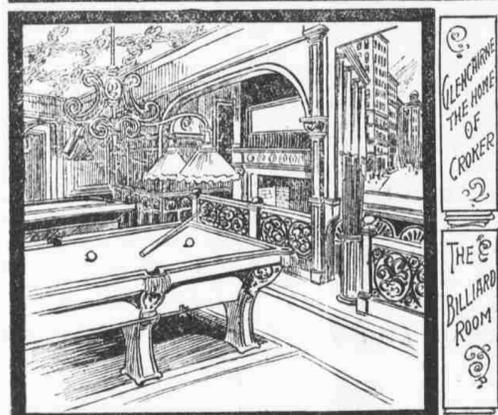
The same board is of opinion that all children reaching a certain age should be forced to enter the schools, otherwise their parents are to be punished. It is also proposed that the provincial director of education shall attend the school once in every two years and hold an examination—Shanghai Mercury.

Home Champagne Popular.

The conclusion of the bureau of statistics from the study of the champagne production in the United States is that the quantity of genuine fermented-in-the-bottle "champagne" wine produced in this country at present is nearly one-half as great as the importation of wine of the same general class; or, in other words, that about one-third of the genuine champagne wine now consumed in this country is of domestic production and the proportion which the home product forms of the total is rapidly increasing.

King Carlos Honors American.

King Carlos has conferred the title of baron on A. Patterson, manager in Portugal of the business of the Standard Oil company, in recognition of his personal efforts to develop commercial relations between Portugal and the United States. This unprecedented honor to Mr. Patterson is commented on with great interest by the members of the diplomatic corps in Lisbon.



GLENGAIRNE THE HOME OF CROKER

THE BILLIARD ROOM

changing the conversation, or rather the entire center of interest, he led the way into the Japanese room.

Mr. Croker is a man who wants to get things done promptly, and always goes right ahead. I wanted to linger over some of the beautiful things he had brought to his beautiful house, but as we passed through the rooms he was always most unconsciously marching on. Indeed, proud as he is

very beautiful little oratory, the stained glass windows of which he has created to the memory of these two boys.

Hall is Beautiful.
The grand hall, however, to which we retired from the study, is the principal feature of the house. It is a large apartment in dark mahogany, with an elaborately carved and massive old Irish mantel-piece. Around are

IS THERE INSANITY?

Absolute Sanity Declared by Expert Not to Exist.

Anglo-Saxons are so prone to take common-sense views of things that they seldom realize the full force of the familiar saying that all men have some form of madness in them, says Current Literature. The sound inference is, as is pointed out by Dr. G. H. Savage, the eminent English alienist, in a recent Lancet paper, that perfect sanity would be not only undesirable in itself, but from a strictly scientific point of view, impossible. For a perfectly sane person—were such a thing thinkable—would be dull and uninteresting—a mediocrity, a nonentity. The point to seize, however, as Dr. Savage impresses upon us, is that there can be no comprehensive idea or definition of insanity, because the thing does not really exist. No scientist can set up any standard of rationality or denote insanity. One can diagnose a case of typhus because it is a confirmed fever characterized by a pe-

culiar course of the temperature, by marked abdominal symptoms, by an eruption upon the skin. But there is nothing in what goes by the name of insanity to further a diagnosis as that term is understood by medical men generally.

Perhaps, adds Dr. Savage, there is no need to wonder at this, since many have to be treated as lunatics whose brains and nervous systems show no change whatever from the normal course of what is recognized as sanity. Unfortunately, the impulse to define and classify sometimes leads to misinterpretation of a deplorable kind. Such, for example, is the false view, as Dr. Savage deems it, that every person of unsound mind is a lunatic. That, he says, is a "pseudo-legal" absurdity. "Obviously there are many persons of unsound mind who are neither dangerous to themselves nor to others—why, therefore, regard them as aliens?" The true difficulty, insists this distinguished expert, is that the disease insanity does not exist.

At this season of the year the best game preserve is a refrigerator.

OF THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange Tropical Plant is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the West Indies, the South Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick, yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the South Sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. The fruit is better before it has fully matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

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