TID-BITS FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

A Cat That Was Not— Grant Clubbed by a Policeman

Two Stories by Riis.

"The Making of An American," the new book by Jacob A. Riis, the New York Sun's police reporter, and the powerful and victorious enemy of the slums, is full of good stories from beginning to end, as must be such an autobiography. Some of them are grave, some are gay, some are thrilling and some, very funny. After relating some of the dangers a police reporter meets with in the slums Mr. Riis says:

Once when I really was scared, it was entirely my own doing. And, furthermore, it served me right. It was on a very hot July morning that, coming down Mulberry street, I saw a big gray cat sitting on a beer keg outside a corner saloon. It was fast asleep and snored so loudly that it aroused my anger. It is bad enough to have a man snore, but a cat——! It was not to be borne. I hauled off with my cane and gave the beast a most cruel and undeserved blow to teach it better manners. The snoring was smothered in a yell, the cat came down from the keg, and to my horror there rose from behind the corner an angry Celt, swearing a blue streak. He seemed to my anguished gaze at least nine feet tall. He had been asleep at his own door when my blow aroused him, and it was his stockinged feet, propped up on the keg as he dozed in his chair around the corner, I had mistaken for a gray cat. It was not a time for explanations. I did the only thing there was to be done; I ran. Far and fast did I run. It was my good luck that his smarting feet kept him from following, or I might not have lived to tell this tale.

On another occasion Mr. Riis was present when a policeman very roughly turned General U. S. Grant back from the fire lines on the occasion of some big fire, and even struck him a blow on the back:

The fire line was drawn half way down the block toward Fifth avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd, and were out of patience when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster, with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and, hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out:

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire lines? Chase yourself out of here and be quick about it."

The general said never a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none. I was never so much of an admirer of Grant as since that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a row, stood upon his dignity and demanded the punishment of the policeman. As for him, there was probably never so badly frightened a policeman when I told him whom he had clubbed. I will warrant he did not sleep for a week, fearing all kinds of things. No need of it. Grant probably never gave him a thought.

THREE LITTLE STORIES

Cecil Rhodes was greatly amused some time ago when he was on his way home from the Cape on a Castle liner. While passing Cherbourg several vessels of the French channel squadron were drawn up in line to salute the ex-Empress Eugenie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yards of their vessels, shouted "Vive l'Imperatrice!" The Castle liner's captain, wishing to show his respect to the empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words. "Tell them to say 'Beef, lemons and cheese,'" suggested Rhodes, playfully, and, to his utter amazement, the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of "Beef, lemons and cheese!" which entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors. The ex-empress is stated to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterward.

According to the Canadian Gazette, a woman in England said not long ago to one who came from the city of Quebec, "I suppose you frequently see the Falls of Niagara." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I often take a morning walk there before breakfast," adding, "It is only about 500 miles." According to another story, at the time of the queen's jubilee in London a lady of rank sent an invitation for a garden party to some Canadians. It was a very pleasant letter and very kindly expressed, and she ended by saying, "Please come in your native dress."

Frederic Villiers, the well-known war artist and correspondent, tells of having seen the following sign in a prominent hotel in an Australian town where water was scarce: "Please don't use soap when washing, as the water is required for tea."

Breakfast at Home.

Tit-Bits.

"Well, madam," says the head of the house, who has apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, "what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madam, may I ask?"

"Mutton chops, my dear," says the wife, timidly.

"Mutton chops!" echoes the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter—"mutton chops! I could have guessed it. By the living Jingo, madam, if I ever eat another meal inside of this house——" And, jamming on his hat and slamming the door, the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant.

"What'll you have, sir?" says the waiter, politely, handing him the bill of fare.

"Ah," says the guest, having glanced over it, "let me see. Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop!"

Animal Anecdotes

A Pet Cockroach.

New York Times.

It has been said of the jackie that he is so passionately fond of pets he must have something to love if it is "only a cockroach in a 'baccy box." This statement was founded on fact, for one of the most remarkable pets of an English ship was a monster cockroach. He was four inches long and one inch broad.

One of the sailors had tamed him and built for him a cage with a little kennel in the corner of it. This insect prodigy learned to recognize his master's voice, and when he heard him call would hurry out from his kennel in response.

A Moss-Back Grouse.

Ornithologists are amused at the contrast in intelligence between the Canada grouse and the ruffed grouse. The latter, if the hunter takes with him into the woods a barking dog, will go into a tree to avoid the dog, and the instant the hunter comes within sight will fly, for it has learned that what gives safety from the dog will not at all siffice in the case of a man.

The Canada grouse has not kept up with the times and cannot apparently learn that the man is not so easy to avoid as the dog or fox. As a result the bird will jump into a tree when dog and man approach and sit there while the hunter fires shot after shot, if it chance that so many are needed. The writer has seen three shots fired at a Canada grouse before the bird moved from its perch.

The same bird has been known in summer when its young were with it, to bristle up after the manner of a sitting hen and run at the man who came too near its brood, just as the hen will sometimes attack the small boy who tries to catch a chick.

Crab Fishing Extraordinary.

For ingenuity in the crabfishing line the North Carolina raccoon is not least on the list. When seeking crabs, of which he is extremely fond, he repairs to a swamp and hangs his tail over the water.

The crabs, thinking they have discovered something to eat, immediately lay hold of it, whereupon the wily animal, feeling the pinch, gives his tail a sudden jerk and lands his prey.

He retires with it a short distance and proceeds to make a meal—being careful, however, to get the crab crosswise in his mouth that he may not suffer from its nippers.

FISH STORIES

Recently a log of red pine was washed ashore on the west side of the island of Benbecula, in South Uist. The salver, to his surprise, when nearing the log, noticed a number of fish alive on the sea beach. Of these he caught forty-six. The supposition is that a shoal of these fish was following the log, which was full of barnacles, and when the log grounded some of the fish which were on the shore side could not get out to sea again.

An imaginative Englishman, who is engaged on the Liverpool steamship Canada, writing home to his relatives, recently told of the capture of a big shark at East London, South Africa. When ripped open, the monster, which was eighteen feet long, was found to have quite recently swallowed a soldier bodily. The man's body and uniform were intact save for a small portion of one shoulder, which had been bitten off.

Jas. J. Hill's Advice

Success.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will never ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means. Never let a month pass that you do not put something in the bank. Saving is the first great basic principle in the foundation of success. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer marks a man as a fool who apparels himself with extravagance and glaring colors. Never try to win the favor of your employer by slandering your fellow workers. Slander always sticks. Show kindness to your fellow employes, but do not let it be forced kindness for that deserves no thanks. Resolve slowly, and act quickly. Remember, it is better to be alone than in bad company; that you cannot give your employer or yourself full value if you try to work after a night of dissipation; that silence, like cleanliness, is akin to godliness, and that a clear conscience gives sound sleep and good digestion, and clothes one in an impregnable coat of mail.

THE FAMILY TREE

The Smart Set.

A brand-new family tree adorns
The home of Croesus Pickles;
With tales of titled ancestors
His fawning friends he tickles.

To all the world that tree proclaims
Descent from lord and lady.
Betwixt the branches and the ground
Of course it's rather shady.

—Josephine Coan.

The Model Farm at Last.

Washington Star.

"Does your son know much about farming?"

"I should say he does," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He says he reckons he'll go to town an' make about a million dollars, an' then cum back an' run this farm proper."

Hit or Miss.

Who'll kill the octopus?
"I," said Van Sant.
"Deny it I shan't;
I'll kill the octopus."

Who'll get the ax?
"I will," said Toole.
"Jump in and you'll
Find me there with the ax."

—Chicago News.

Irresponsible and Reckless.

Smart Set.

Hewitt—Do you ever go home drunk?

Jewett—My dear boy, when I'm drunk I'm liable to go anywhere.

COSTLY EATING

Peacocks' Tongues, Peanut Bud Jelly, $90 Tea.

London Answers.

If the man to whom expense is no object desired to feed his guests on the most expensive sweet in the world, he would send to China for a few pots of jelly of peanut-buds and ginger. It is made of the tiny leaves which sprout from the kernels of peanuts. These have to be removed by hand, and a thousand will hardly fill a teaspoon. Two jars, each holding about a tablespoonful of this conserve, recently changed hands at £50 apiece.

The housewife who thinks it extravagant to pay two shilling a pound for tea might well hold up her hands in horror at the price paid in 1894 for several five-pound boxes of golden-tipped Ceylon Pekoe, which sold wholesale for £18 per pound, and retail for 25 shillings an ounce. Some was purchased by a Fleet street firm, and some went to Aberdeen. This tea was nothing but the blossoms of choice tea plants. But even to-day choice Darjeeling tea commonly fetches half-a-guinea a pound, and best coffee, the tiny berries which come from Mysore, is almost as expensive.

A dinner was given to a little party of eight at a West End restaurant last June. The bill which the host, a young Australian millionaire, cheerfully footed was £160. Considering that one dish consisted of the tongues of two dozen peacocks, that the soup was turtle-fin, and that the wines were the rarest to be had, the price seems hardly extravagant.

FIXING HIS POCKETS

Chicago News.

The practice of some dressmakers who clothe fashionable patrons gratis in return for the advertisements of their wares was one well known in the time when dandyism reigned in England. That famous fop, Count d'Orsay, not only obtained his clothes for nothing, but was paid for wearing them. By a delicate arrangement, each time the clothes of the exquisite were sent home he was to find a bank note of a certain amount in the pockets. One day the tailor sent in a suit with nothing but its own merits to recommend it. D'Orsay's surprise was extreme, but he was equal to the occasion. Calling his valet, he told him to have the tailor's parcel returned to him for alteration, with a message to the effect that "he had forgotten to line the pockets."

How It Happened.

Puck.

Pat—So Kelly is dead.

Mike—Yis. He hadn't an inimy in th' wur-r-uld!

Pat—Phat did he doi of?

Mike—He was killed in a foight!

JONATHAN SHOPPING.

John Bull—"Now, my little man, what can I do for you?"

Master Jonathan—"Wall, guess I'll buy the whole store!"

(American millionaires agree to purchase the Leyland line (Mediterranean, Portugal, Montreal and Antwerp) fleets. A meetings of shareholders has been called in order to to confirm the arrangements.)—Vide Daily News, May 1. —From Punch.

CURRENT JOKES

"But you must admit that the Boers are holding their own," ventured the American boarder.

"They are doing worse than that," sighed the British boarder. "They are also holding ours."—Chicago News.

"And you say the candidate treated you all like gentlemen?" asked the political manager.

"Well, I suppose that's what you's call it," said the worker; "he only treated us once."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Upchurch—Maud, I wish you wouldn't have so much to do with that young Higginside. I am told he is a confirmed agnostic.

Miss Maud—Why, mama, the agnostics don't confirm people, do they?—Chicago Tribune.

"Sure," said the newly arrived immigrant from Sligo, "sure, I hed plinty o' money whin I got off the boat, b't they was a divil av a shmart man dhere wid a little tin box, an' he sez t' me, sez he, "'Tis filled wit' grane goods. Do yez want it?'

"An' what c'ud a thrue son av Erin do but show his pathreetism by inveshtin' in th' same?"—Baltimore American.

THE WHIRL OF A GIRL

Smart Set.

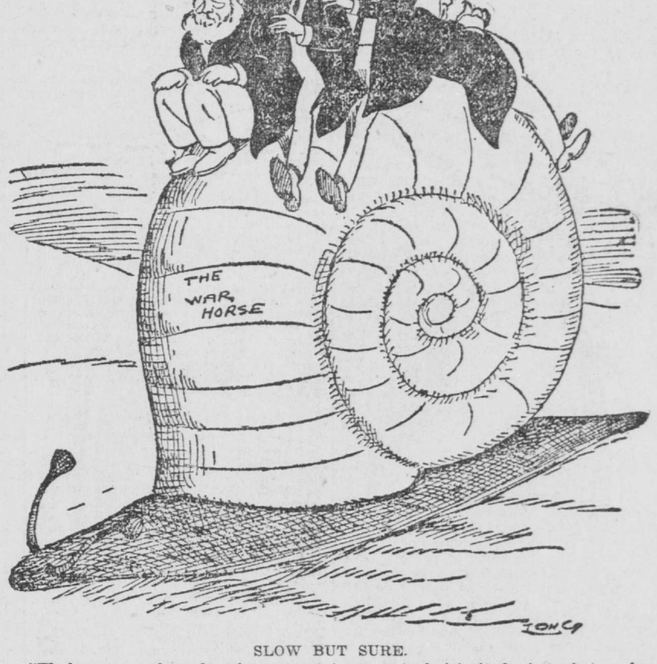
She leaned back in her chair with a weary though contented sigh. This had been such a busy day, she thought. In the morning she had had a protracted siege with her dressmaker over a creation in pale blue satin, that was to gladden the eyes of all observers at the largest ball of the season. After a dainty luncheon at Delmonico's she had gone with Jack to look at the new span he thought of buying, and had agreed with him as to the perfect match of the glossy brown steeds. Then Jack and she had driven downtown, and she had dropped him at his club while she went to take her fencing lesson. After that she had made a call or two, and then hurried home to dress for the dinner the family was giving that evening. Everything had gone off perfectly—the new cook was very satisfactory—and later they had looked in on the last act of "L'Aiglon." How magnificently Bernhardt played! And after that she had gone on to the Stuyvesant ball and had danced until her cheeks were as pink as the roses she carried. And now she was sitting before her large mirror, wrapped in a wonderful fluffy robe of softest white, and in a moment the maid would—

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! Come right here this minute and set the table for supper!"

The girl rose and glanced down at her blue-checked calico gown.

"Yes, ma," she said.

—Ruth H. Dutcher.



SLOW BUT SURE.

"We have never been free from a certain amount of vicissitude, but what we have to expect, and to hope for, and what I think we have absolutely secured, is a steady, unvarying progress towards a successful issue."—Lord Salisbury at the Lord Mayor's banquet. —London Express.

THE THEATERS

BILLS OF THE WEEK

"Casino Girl" and Miss Coghlan—at the Metropolitan.

"McFadden's Flats"—at the Bijou.

"The Casino Girl" comes to the Metropolitan theater Sunday night for five presentations. George W. Lederer was responsible for the creation of the piece. Harry B. Smith is the author of the book. The company is one of about sixty people. Frank Bernard, a comedian of quaint methods and sure drollery, is one of the best known of these. To Miss Clara Palmer has been given the title role of the merriment. She is a young prima donna of experience and prominence, whose work in the Francis Wilson organization last season was highly commended. Ben Grinnell, R. E. Warren and Harry Short are numbered among the funsters. J. Hayden-Clarendon has the barytone part, and Nellie McNaughton, Carrie Reynolds and Hattie Arnold are the gayest of the comediennes. The chorus contingent is numerically large and made up of very dainty feminine songsters. "The Casino Girl's" story is this: A prima donna from the Casino flees New York and the stage for quiet and millinery commerce in modern Cairo, Egypt. Pilsener Pasha has brought such a fine quality of beer to the khedive that the German is made a local ruler. Pilsener's understanding of the privileges of a pasha includes the possession of lots of wives, and besides a houseful of femininity he adds to the collection about forty chorus girls who have been stranded along the Nile by Gaggs, an elongated tenor. When the Casino girl quit New York she left behind her a young beau. This youth turns up in Cairo and renews his courtship, which is interrupted by his arrest as a notorious Cairo outlaw called Muley Bey. Muley himself, who is a jovial scoundrel, contrived the arrest to divert suspicion from himself. He is aided in the conspiracy by a companion who is equally scoundrelly and genial. Between Pilsener, the wives, the two comic thieves and Gaggs, the comic opera star, the main fun is released. The extravaganza teems with catchy melodies, many of the songs winning tremendous vogue in London. The more popular of these are said to be "Mamselle," "Millie," "The Casino Girl," "Lover's Lane," "Money" and "Annie Moore," the latest named being admittedly one of the biggest of recent song hits. There will be a matinee on Wednesday.

"THE CASINO GIRL."

There are few of the younger theatrical stars who have won their spurs more quickly, and at the same time more firmly and surely than Miss Gertrude Coghlan who is to be with us at the Metropolitan the last half of next week opening Thursday. Miss Coghlan chose as the initiative of her career to enact a character with which nearly every one is familiar. "Becky Sharp," as she stands forth from the pages of Vanity Fair, has puzzled and perplexed our fathers and ourselves and our children. Few who have read the book have been able to decide just how bad this strange but fascinating woman really was, but the living, breathing, beautiful creature of the play, although as truly subtle and as great an enigma, wins hearts in spite of reason. Miss Coghlan will be surrounded by a strong supporting cast.

MISS COGHLAN COMING.

Colinette, which Miss Coghlan will produce on Friday and Saturday nights, is a comedy, but it so nearly approaches the tragic in its climax, that one wonders it is not to develop into a second La Tosca. Unlike Floria Tosca's unsuccessful effort to save her lover from the difficulty into which his political opinions have placed him, Colinette, largely through the charm of her own sweet personality, rescues her husband from a similar position, yet Colinette is not like La Tosca, or any other play for that matter. It is a succession of surprises in situation, brilliantly witty in dialogue and strong in its character creations.

There comes to the Bijou, the coming week, commencing with a matinee tomorrow afternoon at 2:30, an old friend, "McFadden's Row of Flats," but we will hardly recognize it, so many changes have occurred. It is the boast of the management that everything is new but the title. New and elaborate scenic embellishments handsomely designed wardrobe, novel and electrical effects, and all new faces will be in evidence. The plot of "The Flats" is no more complicated than last season, though it has been re-written, which means funny situations followed in rapid succession by pleasing specialties, entertaining musical numbers and witty dialogue.

M'FADDEN'S FLATS.

Prominent in this season's cast of merry makers may be mentioned the following well-known farceurs: "Billy" Barry, Jr., who is said to portray the part of Tim McFadden, candidate for aldermanic honors, in a most rollicking manner; George Yeoman as his rival is one of the best delineators of Germon dialect on the stage; Bobby Ralston and Jerry Sullivan, the two yellow kids, are exceptionally well fitted for the parts; Harry Watson is seen to advantage as "Weary Willie," and there are many others.

The bevy of handsome chorus girls are seen to advantage in numerous marches, dances, musical numbers and ensembles. Among the novelties are the trained goat, who does everything but talk, the performing pig and the new burlesque on Sousa.

"The Little Minister," a beautiful, heart-filling story in the original, which J. M. Barrie, its author, has successfully transferred to the stage, will be presented at the Bijou following the engagement of McFadden's Flats. It has gained its tremendous favor by reason of its pure, charming and simple story, told in the same fascinating way on the stage that Mr. Barrie told it in the book. "Lady Babbie," rogish and bubbling over with mischief and fun, but with a true heart, is its heroine, and the play presents her as if she had just stepped out of the pages of the novel. A company of unusual ability is promised to be seen in the play, and includes such well known players as Frances Stevens, Horace Mitchell, W. G. Masson, Walter Crosby, Maude Gilbert, Thomas Greene, R. B. Graham, Cecil Kingstone and others.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

A New Theatrical Monthly.

"The Theatrical Resume," a monthly periodical dealing with plays and players who visit the twin cities, is the latest addition to Minneapolis publications. Volume I, No. 1, is bound in an attractive cover printed in red and yellow, and is of convenient size. It contains brief articles on the stage folk who have played here during the past month, together with a list of the attractions scheduled for the month to come. Typographically the work is excellent, and the magazine presents a neat appearance. The half tones are well executed and are printed on fine paper. These shown in the current issue are of Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Rose Melville, H. Reeves-Smith, Margaret Robinson, Blanche Walsh, Edith Yerrington, Mazie Trumbull, Frances Gaunt, Adelaide Thurston, Otis B. Thayer, Miss Hopkins and Miss Hull.

Footlight Flashes.

An attraction to be seen at the Bijou in the near future is "At the Old Cross Roads," a story of life in the sunny south.

The fact that Whitney & Knowles own and control the dramatic rights to Sienkiewicz's immortal "Quo Vadis," dramatized by Stanislaus Stange and staged by the past master of stagecraft, Max Freeman, is sufficient guarantee for the production heralded for the Bijou opera-house shortly.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" will be the attraction at the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee, beginning Thursday, Dec. 19.

"The Heart of Maryland," David Belasco's successful play of southern life during the civil war, will be seen here at the Bijou later.

One of this season's New York successes, booked for early appearance here at the Metropolitan, is J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

James E. Herne's "Shore Acres," one of the most popular plays of its kind ever presented in this country, is announced for the Bijou during January.

Owen Davis' latest success, "Lost in the Desert," which was presented here at the Bijou last season, is included in the list of early attractions at that playhouse.

Among the many magicians who have appeared here in the past, none have pleased local amusement lovers in a more decided manner than Kellar, who is to be at the Bijou soon.

One of the principal events of the dramatic season in this city will be the appearance at the Metropolitan for four nights and Christmas matinee, opening Sunday, Dec. 22, of Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, in a new play written especially for her by Charles Henry Meltzer. Mrs. LeMoyne has the distinction to-day of being of the few great comediennes on the English-speaking stage.

"Lost River," a melodrama in four acts by Joseph Arthur, presented by a company embracing several artists well and favorably known to local playgoers, is announced to be seen at the Bijou this season.

"Man's Enemy," that delightful play, through which runs a pretty love story and which does not pall on those who go to be entertained and not preached to, will be seen at the Bijou Christmas week.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are at present in Chicago, at the new Illinois theater, where they are giving a series of their elaborate productions. Shortly after the close of their Chicago engagement, which is for three weeks, they will visit the Metropolitan.

Among the many good things to be seen at the Metropolitan after the first of the year are the Marguerite Sylva opera company, in "The Princess Chic"; Walker Whiteside, in his new production, "Robert of Sicily," and America's leading exponents of high-class minstrelsy, Primrose and Dockstader.

In "Peg Woffington," a dramatization by Wendell Allison Hobart of Charles Reade's celebrated classic of the same title, Eugenie Blair has created a role which may be truthfully said to be the most noteworthy in her brilliant stage career. It will be presented at the Metropolitan during the holidays.

The double sextet in "Florodora" is an attraction to the society girl with ambitions to join the ranks of the footlight favorites just now, and thousands of the from all parts of the country are besieging Messrs. Fisher and Ryley for engagements as "pretty maidens." A company will be seen at the Metropolitan for four nights and a matinee, starting Sunday, Dec. 15.

Of all the really first-class musical organizations which have visited this country, Ellery's Royal Italian Band is claimed to be the best. It is a well-known and always-conceded fact that the Italians excel all other nationalities in music, and what America is to the world in a commercial sense Italy is in the arts, particularly music. This great band will play an engagement of three nights, with daily matinees, at the Lyceum theater, Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1.

FRANK BERNARD, With "The Casino Girl" at the Metropolitan the first half of next week.

KATIE ROONEY, In "McFadden's Row of Flats," at the Bijou next week.

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, Who appears in "Vanity Fair" and "Colinette," at the Metropolitan the last half of next week.

MADAME SARAH GRAND

Distinguished Novelist and Lecturer Who Is to Speak in Minneapolis Next Friday.

Madame Sarah Grand, now making her first tour of America, is one of the most popular and brilliant writers and lecturers in Great Britain. The press reports of her tours through England and Scotland read like the announcements of a triumphal progress, and during the brief time she has been in America she has made thousands wonder why they had heard so little of her as a lecturer. The reason is, of course, that her books came across the Atlantic as soon as they were published, but her lectures did not come till she brought them herself. Madame Grand's diction is eloquent, her satire brilliant, and her lectures bristle with keen sallies of wit. They are described as being mentally invigorating, delicately humorous, intellectual treats. All these qualities, together with a charming English intonation explain the popularity of Madame Grande as a lecturer. She is to lecture in Minneapolis on "Mere Man." Any reader of "The Heavenly Twins," "Babs the Impossible," or others of her writings will understand that she has chosen a topic peculiarly suited to her taste and talent. It is a lecture full of thought clothed in epigram. There are no wasted words. He who lose attention for a moment also loses something good.

It is perhaps not generally known that "Sarah Grand" is a pure pseudonym, her real name being Frances Elizabeth McCall, nee Clarke. Her husband, whom she married when she was 16, was a lieutenant-colonel in the British army and died three years ago. She has enjoyed fame ever since the publication of her first novel in 1889.

Madame Grand's appearance at Plymouth church next Friday evening will mark the opening of the New Century lectures