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The SMART SET

THE NEW STANDARD MONTHLY.

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When you feel as if you had lost all interest in life—overworked—run-down—have no appetite—when your sleep is not sound and restful, then take Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. Its strengthening influence will be felt at once in new blood and increased vigor. It brings good appetite, perfect digestion—makes your sleep sound and restful.

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is a certain tonic and invigorator and supplies force to the weakened body to resist fatigue.

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Refuse the cheap so-called Malt Extracts—they are absolutely worthless. Get the genuine Johann Hoff's and you will not be disappointed.

NEW YORK PEOPLE

They Do Not Impress Provincials as Being Very Remarkable.

EASTER PARADE WAS NOT SO MUCH

Queer Types That One May See in a Prominent Restaurant.

MANY ILLUSIONS SMASHED

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1900.

Perhaps illusions are made to be shattered. Could any mere provincial, any wide-mouthed outlander, after listening for many years to extravagant descriptions of the "superb Easter parade of beauty, wealth, fashion and quality" in the 5th avenue of New York be blamed for taking up a stand, bright and early on Easter morning, on the curb of one of the numbered streets directly off the 5th avenue, and there waiting for it all to happen—for all the splendor of which he had heard so much to burst upon his envious gaze? No, the provincial could not be blamed, any more than he could be blamed for going to the Westminster Abbey on his first visit to London.

Well, the Westminster Abbey exists; you see it, in its massive, somber magnificence; but the "superb Easter parade of beauty, wealth, fashion and quality" does not exist; it is simply one of those houses of cards, you know—one of those sumptuous rhetorical things, such as might be framed about a bank of sunset clouds that resemble islands; and the provincial comes away from his coign of vantage on the curb of the side street leading into the 5th avenue, disappointed, it is true, and yet with something very like a smile on his face. He thinks rather better of the provincial city whence he has come to the great metropolis; particularly, if he happen to be a provincial from Washington, his respect for the capital rises to a tremendous degree, and he says unto himself, "It appears that, after all, we in Washington are not such provincials as these New Yorkers imagine us to be."

New York's Easter Parade.

For if in Connecticut avenue, Washington, on Sunday last there were not a parade of wealth, beauty, fashion and quality far beyond anything that was ever displayed of that sort on an Easter Sunday in the 5th avenue of New York, then the writer hereof simply never saw the great monolith standing cameo-clear against the blue hills of Virginia. In 5th avenue there were numerous thousands of young men painfully immaculate in fuzzy frock coats and aggressive top hats; and there were numerous thousands of young women with them, whose eyes seemed still heavy with the labor they must have performed to get their gowns and hats ready in time for the great event; some of them, in truth, were fairly pretty. But where was the wealth, and fashion, and quality? Well, it was doubtless all locked tightly behind the doors of the gloomy, forbidding-looking 5th avenue houses; it was probably taking a day in; and so here was a New York illusion of long years' standing knocked into a cocked hat.

However, other illusions remained. One of them clothed the persons who dined at the greatest hotel in the world—which is also the Fifth Avenue—with extraordinary attributes of beauty and culture, sweetness and light. Surely, in the main dining room of the greatest hostelry in the world—have we not all read of the $500-a-day suites of rooms, and the 4,000 employes, and the $10,000-a-year assistant stewards, and all that?—surely, here ought to be found the beauty and wealth and fashion and quality, anyhow, if nowhere else. So the provincial thought, and he went.

Dining and Diners.

Well, it was a good dinner, all right. The table was set real well, so it was, the attendance was excellent if somewhat wolfish in its gaze toward the wind-up of the meal, the food about the same that the provincial had got at considerable less expense in numerous Washington hotels, and the surroundings quite overwhelming in their—well, in their costliness; costliness is about the word to use here. But the diners? Did they seem to be the superior beings that a provincial quite naturally and reasonably expects to regale his vision with in the main dining room of the greatest hotel in the world?

It will be as well to point out a few of the superior beings.

At a table over by one of the big windows, with three rotund men who own and race thoroughbred horses, is a dark-haired, most splendiferously-clad boy, who makes a deal of noise over his soup, and is very, very doubtful and gingerly in the handling of the various forks at the side of his plate. He is a jockey—the lad who has just won the Carter handicap at the Aqueduct race track, and likewise the lad who, after permitting himself to be left at the post on the favorite in the Suburban last summer, beat the horse about the head with the butt of his whip like a fiend, until women in the grand stand screamed, and men on the lawn turned pale and cursed out loud over the exhibition. The boy lolls back in his chair between the courses like any young emperor in tow of a trio of toady tutors and chamberlains; and the three rotund men at the table—all of whom have manifest difficulty in the handling of their forks—fawn upon the lad, and seem to be quite flushed with pleasure when he speaks civilly to them—which he does not often do. He is short and sharp with them, and one wonders how long they would stand for his impertinence were he not a premier jockey, with velvet hands and an inborn knowledge of how fast the horse under him is going in a race. The jockey gazes around at the women superciliously, as they point him out to each other with whispers, and in no wise does he give external evidence of an apprehension of the fact that in a few short years he is liable to be a tout in a sweater, standing around mournfully in race track inclosures, like most of the premier jockeys before him.

Tammany Men at Dinner.

At a table set within a window alcove a bit further on are four well-known Tammany Hall leaders. It is a well-nourished and decidedly well-groomed quartet—well-groomed in the sense that they appear to have given their tailors and haberdashers the order to render them into exact imitations of clubmen of leisure who have old names, and that reposeful manner that proceeds from world-weariness to fall back upon. The similarity ends with the clothes. The four Tammanyites have not that reposeful manner—how could they have, when less than a score of years ago all of them were "fergitting it" and "cheese it, de cop-ping it," and making havoc in the hearts of the Mags and Lizzes and Delias over on the East Side, with never a dream of the affluence and eminence in store for them through the smiles of the Tammany Tiger? In truth, they laugh boisterously among themselves, and lean their arms on the table and tell each other "good stories" filled with double meanings and double negatives, and they have champagne throughout their dinner, irrespective of its appropriateness to the dishes, and they are in general just Tammany men, joyous in the knowledge of pulls, and fat contracts, and bailiwicks all stuffed away in the hollows of their hands.

Wore Good Clothes.

The remarkably fine-looking, broad-shouldered, perfectly tailored man, with the handsome, perfectly gowned woman (blazing with diamonds), at one of the small tables in the center of the room—surely this man is a person of distinction, for his manners are those of an ambassador, and he looks quality from the top of his head to the soles of his white-gaitered pumps—for it is just before the hour of evening dress. The provincial tries to study him out, when it all dawns upon him suddenly. The fine-looking man with the fine manners had a tailoring establishment of no particular vogue in Chicago about twelve years back. Then the tide of sartorial fashion set in his direction, and now he has tailoring establishments of immense vogue in numerous cities of the United States—one of them in London, indeed—and has become exceedingly rich. His manners are his own. If they are excellent and distinctive, all the more credit to this man who is remembered as having been a tailor in a comparatively small way on the South Side of Chicago only a bit over a decade ago.

English Table Manners.

They are infinitely better manners, at that, than those of one of the great dukes of England—a pallid, shriveled, perfectly insignificant-looking man—who occupies a large table all by himself, and who leans back in his chair, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, surveying the diners with all of the vulgar insouciance of a Knight of the Garter, who is also one of the richest men on the globe. He complains querulously to the waiter over the length of time between the service, over the glare of his stand of table candles, over the ragout, over this, that, and the other, and the waiter's eyes positively glisten with the delight of being bullied by so tremendous a figure in Burke's.

An Ex-Queen of Song.

With a well-known, sad-looking comedian there is a stout ex-songstress in comic opera, who is now stationary here with a Broadway burlesque outfit because she does just so frightfully abominate traveling in "the provinces." Well, she is not so airy-fairy as she used to be, although she does hold on amazingly, and it is observed that she takes graham wafers and weak tea, while the sad-faced comedian has lobsters and wine for his—but that demon, embonpoint, must be kept down. She is now permitting her hair to resume its natural color again, it is observed, and it is not lovely in its transition state. For the rest, she is admirably clothed, perfectly made up, and she says hahlf-pahst and cahn't and uses her lorgnette just as if she hadn't done a song and dance down at Tony Pastor's a matter of nearly a quarter of a century ago.

A Queer Pair.

Who is the serene, well-fed looking man of middle age that Edouard de Reszke, the mighty basso, is with? None other than Phil Dwyer, the horseman. That seems a singularly assorted pair, does it not? While you are reflecting upon it, however, you remember that Edouard de Reszke and his brother Jean, the tenor, are vastly interested in horse racing—that they have a magnificent stable of thoroughbreds in Poland that they race on the Russian tracks and that most of their thoroughbreds are of American breeding and purchased from the Dwyer brothers. The basso and the horseman talk animatedly and laugh a good deal. Last night, you remember, at a dinner given at the Gilsey House the occasion was very staggy indeed, and was a long time in breaking up, and the greatest basso on earth, this same de Reszke, sang for the gentlemen. What did he sing? A coon song—"She's My Honolulu Queen!" It was as if a Gerome or a Meissonier had stepped down and painted a patent medicine sign, just for the fun of the thing.

An archbishop of the Catholic Church sits at a small side table with a foreign-looking man with a pointed beard, and the archbishop, who is a finished Irishman, talks beautiful Italian with his companion.

Such Airs!

A famous St. Louis divorcee, in a black lace dress with a demi-train of such proportions sweeping after her that one inadvertently wonders why she hasn't provided pages to lift it, comes in, accompanied by an elderly woman. She looks around discontentedly, twists her finger rings, declines to take the seat the head waiter selects for her, looks more and more pettish all the time, snaps at her elderly companion, and finally flounces to a table at the extreme end of the room, where she plumps herself down as if she is very wroth indeed over the way the world is going 'round.

With three jovial companions, screened off by some palms, is the famous restaurateur who never eats at his own restaurant. The reason why he never eats at his own restaurant, which is just as famous here as the Bunker Hill monument is in Boston, is that he can never get a seat at a table in his own restaurant. The seats are always filled. At least, so he says. He says that he has tried to induce the head waiter of his restaurant to permit him to sit down there and eat on many occasions, and has even offered to bribe him—but the head waiter only shakes his head and says that all the chairs are spoken for.

A Few Other Types.

Enter the son of a Memphis brewer, who owns and trains a stable of thoroughbred race horses. The young man is fat and puffy, and overdressed, and you recall the story to the effect that he never spends less than $1,000 a day while he is in New York.

Then enter a very much embarrassed young man, plainly from the country, who seems very uncertain just what to do with his hands and feet, followed by his bride. Oh, anybody can tell that she is his bride. They both blush furiously when the head waiter approaches and addresses them, and they are too much flabbergasted to indicate to the head waiter where they want to be seated. So he takes them any old place.

An extremely thin Frenchman comes in, with his extremely fat wife and their four children, all boys. The little chaps are decked out in Russian moujik fashion, which is a fad in France since the beginning of the entente between France and Russia, and, while their stout mother regards their reaching after things and other minor table breaks with complaisant good nature, their thin father chides them hissingly and with a remarkable torrent of Gallic words.

When the Bottles Pop.

There is a slight altercation at the door. A blear-eyed young man, in an extravagantly long frock coat, is endeavoring to convince the guardian of the door that he is entirely in possession of his senses, and therefore perfectly eligible to a seat at the table he has reserved. The guardian of the door persists in thinking to the contrary, and he is soon backed up in his opinion by the house detective, who applies soothing words to the young man and disappears with him.

The bottles begin to pop, the orchestra plays sensuously, the talk and the laughter become more animated—and it is all very nice indeed. But where is the quality, and the sweetness and light, and the so forth? The provincial, calculating upon just how his waiter will regard him if he tips him only a dollar, sums it all up this way:

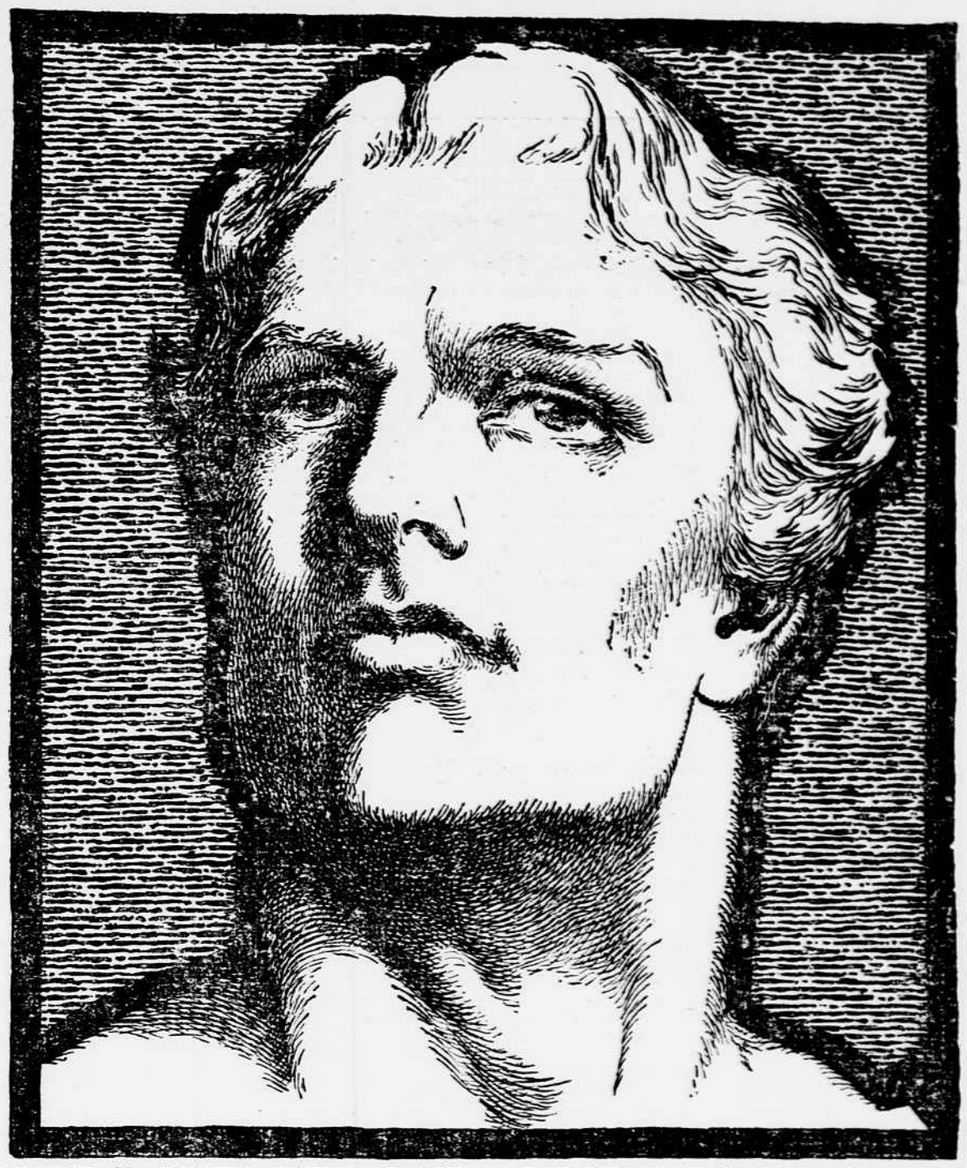
An Illusion Smashed.

"Here is another illusion smashed. I came here because it has been hammered into me that this is the real thing. Perhaps it is. I am humble-minded, and when a New Yorker tells me a thing, why, I've got to believe it. But I don't know. If you can't find the real thing in little old Washington, for all the alleged quietude and somnolence that these New Yorkers claim are its chief characteristics, then I don't know the real thing when I perceive it with the aid of a Lick telescope."

If all illusions are not made to be shattered, then the New York ones are manufactured for that purpose, anyhow.

C. L. C.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND



KEEPS NERVE AND AMBITION STRONG

REV. FRED. PFEIFFER, SEDALIA, MO., Writes:

"My nervous system was entirely broken down by overwork. I could not eat nor sleep. For four months I was in the hospital, but without any decided benefit. At last, I purchased a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and soon felt its wonderful curative effects. Four bottles of the Compound restored me to health and strength; I am now ambitious to work, have a good appetite, and sleep well."

There is no strength and ambition to work when the nerves and body are weak or diseased. Paine's Celery Compound sustains the strength of the nerves and of the stomach, liver and kidneys.

Imparts Energy

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

When vitality and nerve force have become impaired by illness its value is wonderful. Induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

As Customary.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"At this juncture," said the honorable member from Thunderhead county, opening a pamphlet that lay upon his desk, "let me quote from my distinguished friend, the Hon. John Louis Webster, who said a few months ago, in speaking upon this question, these memorable words—"

Here he read two or three pages from the pamphlet.

"And this brings me," he proceeded, "to the consideration of the main point at issue."

"Yes," shouted an unfriendly hearer. "That shows the force of habit. You couldn't travel even to the consideration of your main point except as a deadhead!"

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICK.

A Performance in Ledgerdemain Which Ended Unexpectedly.

In a restaurant where patrons who wish to dine quietly away from the rush and bustle on the lower floor go upstairs two gentlemen were lunching a few days ago.

Both were talking very animatedly and were apparently oblivious to their surroundings, especially to the colored waiter. If they knew that that individual was on earth, much loss in their immediate presence, their attention to his whereabouts gave no clue to their knowledge.

One of the diners was a young man of powerful build. He was evidently the host. When the waiter laid the check down on the white table cloth and stepped back and watched them carefully, as is the custom of waiters who scent a tip, he carelessly reached in his vest pocket, and, without appearing to look at the servitor, placed both check and a new banknote side by side, without a break in the argument.

In a few moments the waiter re-entered, carrying a silver salver, in the center of which lay a 10-cent piece. Then he stepped back again, his glance alternating between the salver and the man who paid the bill.

The argument came to an abrupt termination. The young man's eyes swept the immovable face of the waiter with a curiously searching glance not unmixed with amazement. Then he whispered a word to his friend whose eyes also scanned the face that impassively returned their glances. There was an eloquent silence. The young man beckoned the waiter to his side.

"You are a slick one," he said quietly, but there was a ring in his tones that did not augur well for one of the party. "Just hand it over, please."

"Hand over what, sir?" asked the waiter, innocently, and with a pronounced rising inflection.

"The change."

"There it is, sir," indicating with a sweep of the hand toward the 10-cent piece.

"Part of it; I want the rest."

"'Deed, that's all that is coming to you, sir. You gave me a $1 bill, and your check was 90 cents."

The young man's features broke into a smile that made the lines of his mouth mold in a manner in which determination and amusement struggled for mastery.

"That was a $20 bill I gave you," he said. "Because it was rolled tightly and we appeared to be so absorbed in our conversation that you thought I did not notice you reduce it, after securing the change, to a one. I will give you ten seconds to deliver up the balance or I will choke the life out of you and have you arrested for theft. Come, I will count one—two—three—four—"

"'Deed, boss, you is mistaken. That was a one spot—"

"Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!"

"You is certainly mistaken, boss, that—"

The young man was on his feet as he counted out the waiter. He seized the latter by the throat, and with a quick movement forced the man to the floor.

"Here it is, boss!" cried the waiter, in terrified accents. "For the Lawd-a-mussy sakes, boss, don't pinch so hard!"

He extracted from his coat pocket $10 in bills, which he eagerly pressed in the left hand of the young man who stood above him. The latter released his hold, and counting the bills, passed out of the room with his companion with not so much as a second look at the amateur prestidigitator kneeling on the floor ruefully rubbing his neck.

The young man is a member of the United States secret service, and he knows the appearance of government currency better than most bank tellers, rolled or unrolled.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the morning than at any other time during the day.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Promotes the growth of the hair and gives it the lustre and silkiness of youth. When the hair is gray or faded it BRINGS BACK THE YOUTHFUL COLOR. It prevents Dandruff and hair falling and keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

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