

Talked of in New York

Oddities in Banquets of the Past and Present—Men and Ways on 'Change.



Eating Dinner on Horseback.

New York.—If Macaulay's "Intelligent New Zealander" comes to New York and on the ruins of Brooklyn bridge ponders its history, he will not believe all that is printed. And the things that he will doubt will be the true things.

For instance, this a t e m e n t might appear on the page: "In the fourth year of the new century luxury had so far grown that a man unknown among New York's rich took occasion to signalize his arrival among them by giving a dinner party at the most luxurious restaurant in the city. There were 33 guests. Each was seated on horseback, his food being spread before him upon the pommel of his saddle. The horses had been led up the grand staircase, whose lofty magnificence recalled a palace of the old world, and were for the occasion ensconced in the great white and gold ballroom, where—

"I don't believe a world of it!" the New Zealander will say, flinging down the offending volume. Yet it will be the truth that he rejects, while swallowing lies that make half of history.

The name of the man is Billings—C. K. G. Billings. I suppose he must be well known to horsemen, for the occasion of the banquet was his election as president of the Equestrian club. It was managed very cleverly. The dinner was announced; then doubt was cast upon its most sensational feature. When the guests arrived they were met by the host with downcast and apologetic eyes. The newspapers had made so much fuss about the horse dinner, he said, that he'd had to call it off. However, if the gentlemen would step upstairs, they could at least have something to eat. They stepped; and there, in the great ballroom, just as history says, were the 33 horses, all eating from improvised mangers, all caparisoned strangely for banquet purposes, with tiny tables at the saddle bows. They didn't walk upstairs, however, those horses; history's wrong there. They were hiked up, one by one in the passenger elevator.

Famous Feasts in New York.

The horse dinner is supposed to have cost Mr. Billings \$10,000. Perhaps half that sum would be paid for the dinner. Sherry's banquet here, has a where strange took It was Howard in Seelye, met of the B a showman, gave a bachelor dinner to a party of friends, where the evening's mad frivolity climaxed in a great pie from which, when the crust was cut, emerged a beautiful lady, clad much as Venus must have been when rising from the sea. That night and the scandal it made nearly ruined Sherry's. It wasn't long before a married man, an artist whose name is very familiar, repeated the feat in his great studio. Then the idea was forgotten. New times demand new geniuses. The horse dinner is like nothing else so much as the famous monkey dinner given in Newport last summer; and it wasn't much like that. At the monkey dinner there was only one monkey, and he was a well-behaved guest.



One of McGlory's Guests.

A number of years ago a correct-looking man appeared at the then fashionable Brunswick hotel, and engaged a table for a dinner to 30 guests. He was well dressed and had money. When the guests arrived they were unknown to the management, but at first decorous. Wine revealed the truth. They were 30 of the most abandoned characters in New York, men and women. Their host was Billy McGlory, landlord of the infamous Armory hall, worst resort of the old unreformed New York. The shameless pranks they cut in every part of the hotel before they could be caught, one by one, and expelled, were a nine days' scandal that nearly ruined the Brunswick, though its managers had been quite guiltless in the matter.

Whitney and Keene.

Two years ago it was the fashion to say, reckoning up the market prices of the Metropolitan street railway system stocks, that W. C. Whitney by combining the little railways and by the economies of combination had actually "created" \$180,000,000 of new capital. Another way of stating it would be that the business would stand that much "water."

Still another was that the franchises freely given to the little companies gobbled up by Whitney were worth that, and should have yielded that, or interest upon the sum, to the city.

All these propositions are freely debated now, with the "Met" acknowledging a deficit for its last quarter, with its stock sold down 40 points or so



W. C. Whitney.

from the maximum, and with expert accountants accusing its managers of making false statements as to earnings and surplus. The legal actions due to these changes have revealed James R. Keene, in his old specialty as a bear, as the chief agent in depressing the stock and in opposition to Whitney, as he has been so often before in speculation and on the turf.

Keene is one of the most interesting men on the street. He came to New York 25 years ago to "scalp Jay Gould." Needless to say that he failed in this; Jay Gould used to exhibit in his gallery a painting by Rosa Bonheur as "Jim Keene's scalp"—meaning that he bought it with the plunder of Keene's fortune. But he has magnificent skill in gambling in stocks, and has by now succeeded in establishing himself as the greatest trader upon the market. Other men are in their several ways greater factors than he. The big men mostly ally themselves with certain properties, which they develop, push, combine and manage with more or less conservatism.

Keene cares nothing for this sort of thing. He is strong enough to control properties, but he prefers to handle stocks as the chips in a great game.

Keene the Greatest Gambler.

Keene is an exception to the rules. He is a bull or a bear at a moment's notice, as he happens to read the signs of the market. If he read that Metropolitan was held too high, he doubtless had reasons for the belief. Besides his fluttern in this stock he is managing the most delicate problems in Southern Pacific and presumably has his hands full, and is presumably therefore happy.

Keene is Irish bred, London born, Virginia raised. He has Irish grit, English love of gaming, Virginia love of a horse. He was in youth a cow puncher, a milk peddler, a teacher, a reporter, a curbstone broker and finally a "room trader" in San Francisco. Before he left that city he had made and lost two fortunes. There and in New York he has made most of his money as a bear. For the past year or two he has usually operated as a bull. He may again, when he gets ready. The big specialists of the street dread Keene's raids more than a little.

They have reason to do so. It was in 1883 that Keene, though still a fairly rich man, disappeared from the street as a big factor. It took ten years of cautious play to make him again a commanding figure. Since 1893 he has made millions by bulling Sugar, millions by bearing Cordage, more millions by bulling Tobacco and by selling out at a day's notice when he thought one of his associates in that operation "went back on him." It was then that the bad feeling between Keene and Whitney began. The "Met" interests retorted that Keene had worked up the price of Met stock to its high figure and sold out at top notch, leaving his associates in the hole. Afterward they caught him "long" of Third Avenue railroad stock and pinched him to the tune of two millions, incidentally ruining Henry Hart, an old school business man, the founder of the line.

So the conflict is now in a way "irrepressible," and it does not look well for the street.

Kindly Old John Burroughs.

It is good to turn from these titans in the sweat of their sordid contests to genial, kindly old John Burroughs, the companion of President Roosevelt upon his western trip.

Mr. Burroughs is not of New York, though frequently seen here. His little cabin in the woods, his house at Esopus on the Hudson, are across and up the river from Poughkeepsie, many miles farther north than West Point, in a beautiful region, suited for the repose of a poet-naturalist.

In his way, Burroughs has been a government official, too. It is like his simple nature that as a public servant he was content with a very subordinate job in a Washington department—a watchman or messenger, or something like that. Returning to Esopus, he was made postmaster, an honor of little profit, as the place is hardly more than a rural crossroads. He was past 50 before his writings were a source of more than trifling income. Even now, though their admirers are found all about the world, their circulation is small. Comparatively few people buy "nature books," though the number is growing. Thoreau, Burroughs' predecessor by many years in this line, used to boast a "library of many hundred books, all his own"—the unsold copies of a small edition. Burroughs has been more fortunate in his times.

I should imagine that Burroughs and splendid old John Muir might be a rarely matched pair. They were together once before, in the great Harriman expedition in Alaska—that strange, convincing proof that even a Wall street magnate can be interested in scientific problems.

OWEN LANZDOR.

THE ENVY OF OUTSIDERS.

Many Who Cannot Force an Entrance Into Society Resort to Abuse of It.

The abuse of society is a favorite occupation with most people who cannot force an entrance into it. It is not even new. Cynics and satirists, preachers and writers have waged war on social amenities all down the ages, writes "A Countess," in the London Outlook. We know how Daniel denounced the Babylonian court and how Horace revealed the profligacy of Augustan Rome. Every leader of a regenerating movement, whether it be St. Bernard exhorting to crusades, St. Francis teaching Utopian poverty or John Knox preaching reformation, has denounced the easy morals and the easier standard of the toleration of current society. The reformers of every age denounce their own contemporaries in accents of varying degrees of violence. Rousseau and Voltaire poured out diatribes from different points of view against the frivolous society which was cut off so abruptly by the guillotine, but their denunciations fell on deaf ears. "Nobody,"

THE TITLES OF MAYORS.

Proper Form of Addressing Municipal Heads in Leading English Cities.

When, asks the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, is a mayor entitled to the prefix "right worshipful?" The question is not a purely academic one, says the London Telegraph, as I have seen the "right worshipful" mayor of St. Pancras" in print lately. The mayors of London boroughs, following the example of those in the country, are generally content to be styled "worshipful." The lord mayors who have arisen in the last ten years at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield and Bristol copy the precedents of London and York, and are "right honorable." Strictly, I believe, the mayors of some ancient cities—such as Exeter, Chester and Norwich—are by custom styled "right worshipful." Bristol was one of these cities till the creation of its lord mayoralty three years ago. These fine distinctions recall a story of the rural deans of Oxford diocese in the days of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. These rural deans represented to their

EDGAR E. CLARK.



Mr. Clark, who, it is said, may be appointed assistant secretary of commerce, leaped into sudden fame by his appointment on the coal strike commission. Mr. Clark has served since 1890 as grand chief of the Order of Railway Conductors. He was born in New York in 1856, and, coming West in 1872, began his railroad career as a brakeman. In 1884 he became conductor on the Denver & Rio Grande. Since his connection with the Railway Conductors' union, whose headquarters are located at Cedar Rapids, Ia., Mr. Clark has made a special study of labor and sociological topics connected with it.

said Talleyrand, "could have any conception of how pleasant society could be who had not lived before the French revolution." To reform those who will not be reformed is difficult. The grandmother of Ambrose holding a scented pocket handkerchief to her nose to keep off the odor of the crowd as she tripped to the guillotine and Mary, Queen of Scots, yawning in the face of Knox, exactly typify the attitude of all ages toward the Jeremiahs hammering at the portals of society.

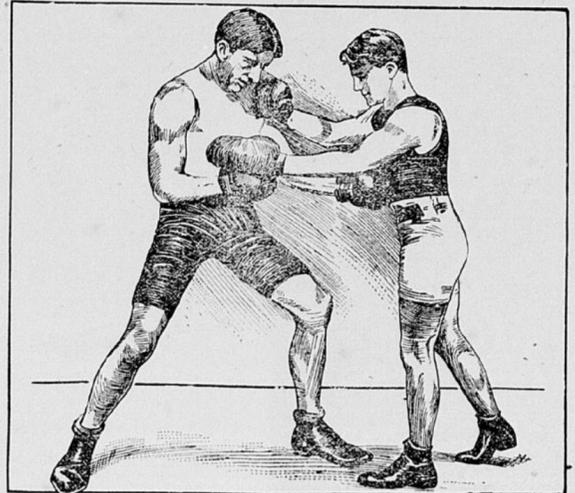
Cattle in the West.

"More cattle are being raised in the west than ever before. Ranches of thousands of acres have been divided into small farms, but each farmer raises much more in the aggregate," said Robert S. Faulkner, of Kansas City. "It is true the big ranches of 20 years ago have disappeared, but these lands are held in smaller parcels by farmers who are largely engaged in raising corn and feeding stock. Where there were formerly herds of several thousand cattle there are now many small farmers who raise from 20 to 50 head of cattle annually. The horse and mule business has been on the boom for several years, and that gave the impression that the cattle raising had become a side issue. During the Boer war the British made the raising of horses and mules quite a profitable business for us in the western states."

Millions Sent Abroad.

The money sent to relatives abroad every year by foreigners living in this country is at least \$10,000,000.

JAMES J. CORBETT AND "YOUNG CORBETT."



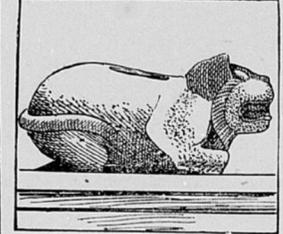
This interesting picture shows James J. Corbett, ex-champion heavy-weight, showing a few tricks of the trade to "Young Corbett," his namesake, who has just added new laurels to his fame by defeating Terry McGovern. The winning pugilist, whose real name is William Rothwell, has great faith in his fighting abilities and is especially enthusiastic about the method of training he employs. Speaking of his fight with McGovern, he said to a New York World reporter that he was no hoaster, but yet was sure that he could beat Terry every time he should meet him in the ring.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

SACRIFICIAL STONES.

Instructive Relics of the Aztecs' Ancient Art and Cruel Religion Unearthed in Mexico.

While excavating for the foundations of the new palace of public instruction and justice in the City of Mexico a year ago last December the workmen came upon a huge stone tiger, which was subsequently removed with great care. It is one of many relics of the religion and people which dominated that region before the advent of Cortez. The image just mentioned is carved out of black basalt, a kind of lava, and is seven feet six inches long and three feet through. In the hollow of the back is



MEXICAN SACRIFICIAL STONE.

a depression 17 inches long and ten inches wide. In the bottom of this cup are carved the emblems of the ancient god Tezcatlipoca, the patron of warriors. The tiger was doubtless placed in some temple erected to that deity. Archaeologists believe that it served as a vase to receive the hearts of human sacrifices. The entire stone, which weighs four tons, was probably painted in the colors of a living tiger.

Two of the most famous objects recovered on the site of the City of Mexico more than a century ago resemble colossal millstones in shape. They are round and flat. One, which has been mounted in the Mexican museum in a vertical position, is covered with carvings which are interpreted as intended to represent the zodiac. It has sometimes been called the "calendar stone," but "rock of the sun" is considered a more appropriate title. The huge disk is eleven feet and eight inches across. The other stone is eight feet across and nearly three feet through, and has been mounted horizontally. This second monolith, composed of trachyte (another volcanic rock) has been called the "sacrificial stone." In the center on top is now a cavity, whose origin has not been determined. One set of archaeologists believe that it served to hold the blood of victims,

whereas others (including a recent writer in "Records of the Past") suspect that it was the work of the Spaniards, who in their religious enthusiasm destroyed many monuments of native idolatry and cruelty. However, concerning the purpose of the Drinking Cup of Tizoc (as it is originally called) there can be no doubt. That is fully revealed by sculptures in relief around its periphery.

The carvings remind one of sculptures on Assyrian and Egyptian tombs and temples. Warriors, wearing strange headdresses, and captives whose former residence is indicated by special symbols, are there represented. Besides the chief warrior is a hieroglyph, meaning Tizoc, one of the ancient kings of Mexico; and near each of a dozen victims is a mark which has been identified as the name of a town.

Still another stone that may have been associated with the same horrible practices was brought to the City of Mexico in 1885 from an open square in Tulai Hidalgo, with other curious relics. Among them were portions of a colossal pillar, the most interesting feature of which was a capital, carved in the form of a vase. In its rear was a hole to let the blood run out.—N. Y. Tribune.

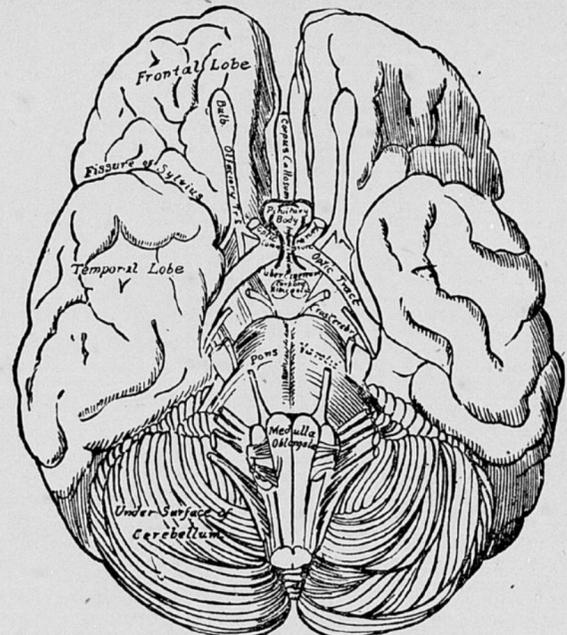
Ruminant in Human Beings.

Rumination, or cud-chewing, in human beings seems to have been known since 1618, and it is thought that considerably more than 100 cases are now on record. A German physician recently reported three cases in one family—a father and his two sons. The father, always a rapid eater, began the act at the age of six and continued it until death at 50, rumination being commenced 15 or 20 minutes after the meal and lasting half an hour to an hour. Food was returned to the mouth at intervals of three or four minutes, when it was masticated and reswallowed. The substances had their natural taste, without the acidity they would have had if digestion had begun, and meals were only enjoyed during and after this process. This case was typical, except that after death the stomach was found to have a very unusual hour-glass form.

In the World of Stars.

There are now estimated to be about 120,000,000 stars in the visible heavens, but the ratio of fainter ones is not what might be expected were the universe unlimited, so that, after all, the universe may have really definite limits. This is a question that we would like to have some evidence wherewith to found a definite belief. Then, are there other universes far larger than our own? We have the barest hint that there are. A single star in the heavens of the southern hemisphere, the "runaway star," is moving with a velocity of 200 miles a second. This is a greater speed than all the attractions of all the known stars could give it, and the question is, is there a larger universe which is drawing it away from us?

DOES GLAND THAT MAKES GIANTS ALSO CONTROL THE HUMAN OXYGEN?



CHICAGO physicians are deeply interested in the announcement which has just been made before the Philadelphia Medical society by Dr. C. E. De M. Sajous that he has discovered a hitherto unsuspected function of the pituitary body, which is an appendage of the brain of which scientists have but little understanding. Until a few years ago it was thought that it was simply a piece of embryonic tissue which had no function, but recently it has been discovered that like the thyroid and suprarenal glands, the entire system is immediately affected when it becomes diseased.

In the disease known as acromegaly or gigantism it has been learned that the abnormal enlargement of the hands and feet is due simply to a slightly diseased condition of the pituitary body. In the last report of the proceedings of the Academy of Medicine of Paris considerable attention was paid to a recent post-mortem on a giant, which established the theory that all giants owe their extraordinary stature to a diseased pituitary body.

Dr. Sajous, after having devoted 14 years to the study of the subject, has now announced that the organ controls the oxygen in the system and that it is a controlling center of the highest importance. Some Chicago brain specialists, however, are not ready to admit that Dr. Sajous has reached a definite understanding in the matter, while others have confidence in his discovery.

"The blood regulates the supply of oxygen," said Dr. S. V. Clevenger to a Chicago Tribune reporter, "and animals with no pituitary body have plenty of oxygen. It reminds me of the old assertion that no bald-headed man is consumptive, akin to the ancient superstition of strength residing in the hair, as in the case of Samson."

"Dr. Sajous stands high in the profession and is celebrated as a medical writer," said Dr. Arthur Loewy. "His announcement leads me to believe that the medical profession is to receive a valuable addition to its knowledge."

"Although little is known of the pituitary body, I think it is of more importance than has been generally supposed," said Dr. Harold M. Moyer.