

# GOSSIP OF NEW YORK

MEDLEY OF POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND PERSONAL CHATTER.

## THE LEADERSHIP OF HILL

An Interesting Character in an Interesting Fight—Extravagance as Shown in the New Astor Hotel.

**N**EW YORK—One of the strangest features of a strange campaign is the battle royal raging about the form of David B. Hill. Ever since his declaration that he would not again accept public office half of New York state has been yelling at him: "Why don't you get out now?" and the other half has been shrieking as loudly that this is not the issue.

What sort of man is this Hill? In the first place, Hill is 61 years old; his scant hair and full mustache—black in the newspaper portraits—are white. He is of medium stature, neither fat nor lean. His voice is low and even. He is a lawyer of ability, in a state where able lawyers count their honest gains by the thousands. He is a bachelor, has no bad habits, never drinks or swears, lives modestly and spends little money, yet is not rich. He was an able United States senator for New York than any man who has succeeded him; he is the only man living who has been governor of New York for seven years, during which time he twice carried the state. He was a good governor. No financial scandal ever darkened his fame. His overmastering passion is politics; his dream, until lately, has been the presidency. He has spent upon politics \$10 for every one that he ever drew from public office. In politics he has turned sharp corners, and for these his adversaries trounce him; but the Maynard case, which has made most trouble for him, became troublesome because Maynard overstepped Hill's orders. That he stood by Maynard afterward when the latter was down seems as much to the credit of his man's heart as to the discredit of his politician's instinct. Despite recent defeats he is the most successful living democratic leader of the state; he led his party to victory unbroken by one single defeat until defeat came in the nation as well; he has been for years the strong barrier against the Tammanyizing of his party in this state; and as compared with the Tammany leaders whom he has antagonized—well, that is a question of taste. Seymour antagonized Tammany men; Robinson won their enmity; Tilden crushed them, when the city was less dominant in state affairs than now.

However you figure the puzzle, an interesting figure in an interesting fight.

### The Old New York.

**H**ILL at 61 derives authority in unbroken line from Tilden, Seymour, Dix and Van Buren. There died the other day a man of 70 who in the literary world formed a link between the present and the long past—Morris Phillips.

Phillips was the editor of Town and Country, successor of the Home Journal. That editorship he took direct from N. P. Willis, without intervening hand at the helm. George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree" and other early lyrics, and N. P. Willis, whose poetical reputation loomed large in the early eighteenth century, founded the Home Journal. Phillips was Willis' assistant in the sanctorium and succeeded him. Name almost any American author of note who died less than 50 years ago and you name an acquaintance of Phillips. Of late years the paper that the two young poets founded suffered from a plethora of competitors. I fancy that it was hard work to keep up.

People have forgotten Willis, though he was hailed as the American Byron; forgotten that he made the Cornwall, N. Y., region known by his descriptions of its scenery; now the only famous authors in that neighborhood are John Burroughs, Judge Parker's neighbor at Esopus, 15 miles above, and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. The prosaic people of the section have forgotten who renamed "Murderers' creek" to "Moodna creek," and who gave "Storm King" and "Cro, Nest" mountains their poetical names. The literary center as well as the center of population has moved to Indiana. And why not?

### The Theater Season.

**F**OR poets—even for politicians just at present—New York cares not a button. Are not the theaters open? The character of those theaters gives an entertaining side light upon the city's taste and intellectual capacity. One must apply long in advance if he would get a seat at a frivolous show. Roof gardens have been charging a dollar and a dollar and a half all summer for poor seats at common variety performances. There is yet no hint of any

play which appeals to the intellect; the eye is the test.

The cost of mounting a play is enormous when that test must be met. Bernard Shaw's "Candida" could make a successful run in the smallest theater in New York, holding but 300 persons, because it had no chorus and no scenery. Such a production as Edna May's "The School Girl," a faint echo of Gilbert and Sullivan coupled with a modern farce, costs an enormous sum, employs a stageful of people and must fill a big house to pay.

The success of this production is not Miss May, whose thin talent was no more than equal to the Salvation Army Girl impersonation that made her fame. Three comedians have made it a "go" by the familiar slum-bang methods of the circus clown. That—and pretty dresses and catchy songs.

John Drew, a sterling actor and the son and grandson of such, presents a farce of the mix-up-all-round, two doors and four lovers variety. The pronounced feature of the season, aside from the feast of the eye that the song-and-dance drama presents, is the continued success of the "country play," with the real oxen and haystacks. Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" with the original "Happy Jack" is one of the attractions of the autumn. I remember the sketch out of which this great show has grown. It was a trifle, but it caught the eye and heart of country boys in town; and there are always thousands of them. George Ade's "County Chairman" is in many ways dissimilar to "The Old Homestead," but as I have watched audiences laughing at it, and especially as I have seen them futively sniffing, I can see the same interest, the eternal memory of "the old home on the farm," thrilling three-fourths of them.

There is a third sure road to success, the child drama, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fawceter" and "The Little Princess." The child play is the most lasting of all successes. The never-failing source of pleasure to those who joy in the joy of the young.

### Ostentation of "High Rolling."

**T**HESE things, the love of children and the memories of simpler days, are worth remembering when you read about the new Astor hotels. I have written of one of these. Both are open now. They are alike only in brutal luxury, and this both carry to the limit. The "Hotel Astor," on the West side, in the "Tenderloin," will cater to theater traffic, to the young man about town and his friends. The St. Regis, gracing one of Fifth avenue's finest corners, is even more expensive but less loud in the character of its occupancy. It will probably attract family patronage of the sort that can stand the price, and will prove a favorite resort for society functions of a sort not likely in the Longacre Square neighborhood.

These three hotels, all built by Astor money, and two of them representing the acme of luxury, have together cost more than \$20,000,000. Where is the profit? In the case of the St. Regis, in the highest prices for food ever charged by any hotel upon the American continent, or perhaps any other. Three dollars for a plain roast chicken, five dollars for a young roast turkey, one dollar for a melon, 60 cents to \$1.50 for a salad—there ought to be a reasonable profit in such prices. A dinner for two can hardly be completed with economy at such rates short of \$10. The prices at the more Bohemian Hotel Astor are hardly inferior. The Holland house, charging one dollar for the smallest steak on its bill, and Sherry's follow in order of expensiveness. Next come Delmonico's, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Savoy and 20 others shading by slight degrees to prices merely high. The wonder is—and grows—how New York, even with its visitors, can support them all.

### The All-Night Club.

**H**ERE are a good many queer things about New York. There is the Brook club, which has just moved into a new house. I wrote about that a year ago, before its name was chosen. It is named from Tennyson's poem, because it "goes on forever." It is never closed. It has no membership committee, though it has a membership limit. It has no checks, no machinery of government, no limitations of time. Any one of its 200 members can dine there at four o'clock in the morning, if he cares to do so. He pays his bills as often as he likes. There is no dunning, though I imagine there might be if necessary.

The members are not riotous characters. Some are professional men, nearly all have some serious work in the world; but they have the owl ways of a great city. It is the same in London. Fellow hates to go to bed, y'know. The fact that in the morning he also hates to get up has inspired one of the new popular songs: "It's Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make." It is funny. Many things about New York are funny. For which reason it is well to remember its wholesome love of the country air and the haystack drama, and about the children and about the grave armies of people who work over the problems of poverty that the lengthening bread line and the growing death rate darkly hint.

For despite the flaunting of luxury in guises never before equaled, it is "hard times" for many in New York.

OWEN LANGDON.

# Fashions Winter Will Bring Us



AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON GOWN.  
Of Sole De Chine, with Broderie Anglaise, Silk and Velvet.

**T**HE glories of this golden month almost tempt one into thinking that the dark days are far in the dim future, but autumn with its stealthy tread gives place before we are aware to the first chill days of winter. From the point of view of fashion we shall see undoubtedly a winter season remarkable for the choice in picturesque dressing, for early Victorian and Directoire modes have inspired almost every notable style. Given a sense of becomingness and good taste, every woman ought to be suitably and prettily dressed.

The tight bodice, with a point front and back, is very popular again; but this has in no wise displaced the blouse, the varieties of which are as numerous as the moods of its wearers. The plain morning shift of soft suede-like flannel is a sine qua non with the short walking skirt, and smart little coat which has a short basque, loose fronts with a seam running up the center of each into the shoulder, and fastening in Chesterfield fashion; or else the coat is built with an inexpressible smart effect with its plain vest of contrasting material.

Vests both plain and ornate are a prominent feature in tailor costumes, particularly those of the Directoire order. Undeniably the short skirt has come to stay. It is endless in its variations of pleats, tucks, flounces, and applied folds. The most popular forms usually spring into pleats at the hem, which treatment gives the requisite flare round the feet. Another type has a double and rather wide box-pleat in the front width, and a pleat in the back to correspond. When the short skirt is quite unadorned, it sets rather full round the waist, and falls in soft lines to the hem, where it is of full and uniform length.

Deep kilted flounces, and also gathered ones having a rather wide heading which looks like a little frill along the top, are used for gowns of faced cloth, checks and all silk goods. Strappings, folds of all widths, cordings, ruchings, and elaborate designs in braiding are all in evidence.

Very charming day toilets are in taffetas, glaces, and heavy old-fashioned corded silk. Some of these frocks are most picturesque trimmed with narrow flounces edged with velvet, galon, lace, or finger-width fur. A touch of age-yellow lace is seen on them, and the silk used must be thick and soft without any rustle.

Velvet in the most deliciously soft and pliable texture will rival silk for supremacy. In deep plum shades, wine color, and all the range of browns, greens, and blues, are some of the loveliest velvet fabrics imaginable. These will be seen in evening gowns, as well as those for day wear.

All the rough hairy cloths of last year are very close shaven this season, for smooth-surfaced materials of every description are once more the fashion.

For evening dresses crepe-de-chine, soft silks, and volles are worn in combination with lace insertion spangled and embroidered. These gowns show tight-fitting bodices pointed front and back, very well boned, and high in the best. Sleeves are frequently of elbow length with deep frills of lace. Black velvet bows, prim and neat, adorn these bodices in the front, and are really very effective. In fact these tricky little finishes appear much on blouses, especially when the sleeves have deep lace cuffs.

The bows are then sewn on down the back seam, and begin very small and get gradually larger towards the elbow.

A series of narrow flounces reaching to the hips trims many an evening skirt of net, silk, or any thin material; or it may be three flounces graduating to a point in front and deeper at the back; or one flounce very high at the back, and ending quite narrow in the front, or breaking off at each side of the front width.

Smocking has been resorted to as a variation from the tuckings and shirings, and it looks charming executed in rather coarse silk of a contrasting shade or to match material.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

## The Autumn Modes of Paris

**P**ARIS.—There is but little new to relate where modes are concerned, and once we have realized the craze for the colored boleros and sleeveless jackets, millinery strikes the real note of variety and novelty. Of course, the Viennese tailors are selling furs and are making beautiful cloth frocks for the early autumn and for wear at sundry watering places. Green and bronze seem the colors of the moment, and I understand that gray will be popular; therefore, gray astrachan and gray fox will be amongst the favorite furs. I hear, too, that ermine will be as much in vogue as it was last year.

Some of the very flat hats are still trimmed with thick ruches of taffeta instead of flowers. The mushroom shape, with a very large befeater crown, in two colors, is also worn.

As I have before told you, large checks will be used by two or three leading tailors. Red and white mixtures promise to be received with favor. I have already seen an example; the skirt is of some rough fabric in red and white check, and the sleeveless coat is of dark red cloth, finished with a rolled velvet collar. There is something smart about a plain cloth coat with a check skirt and cloth strappings which evidently appeals to la belle Americaine.

ANNETTE GIVRY.



### THE OLD RED BARN.

There's an old red barn at grandma's and I tell you it's the one For the jolliest sort of doings and the greatest place for fun! We can shout and yell and tumble—just make a glorious noise, And nobody will bother; grandpa says 'twas built for boys.

There's lots and mows of meadow grass and clover-scented hay, Where we can play we're Indians or pirates all the day, And take a fort or sink a ship or make a robber's cave Behind the stanchions where the cows are blinking wise and grave.

Then when the sun is low behind the fir trees' crests, And all the swallows overhead are sleeping in their nests, We sit together on the hay and talk of what we'll be When we're grown up and all the deeds we'll do on land and sea.

Tom says he'll be a captain bold and sail the ocean o'er; Dick means to go to Africa and all its wilds explore, But I will be a soldier brave, and Christopher declares That he will hunt for tigers and go shooting grizzly bears.

Then, when it gets too dark and still, we leave it for the light— Though pirates are all right by day, they're not the thing by night! The woods and ponds and shores and fields are jolly as can be, But the old red barn at grandma's is just the place for me.

—L. M. Montgomery, in Orange Judd Farmer.

### NEWS SELLERS OF JAPAN.

They Are Quite as Enterprising as Our Own Newsboys and Make Even More Noise.

The newsboys of Japan have been reaping a harvest during the last six months.

The people of Japan are great readers, and, besides, they are exceedingly patriotic and intensely interested in the war with Russia. You can see, then, how anxious they must be to get the latest news of the war.

A Japanese newspaper generally has one big issue in the morning, containing news, cartoons and advertisements, about like our papers. Then after that extras are printed all day long and sometimes up to midnight.

The extras are printed on little slips of paper just large enough to contain the item which is the cause of the extra. These little handbills are printed only on one side of the paper, and sometimes an extra consists of no more than 20 or 30 words. Then next day each paper prints its regular edition all the dispatches printed in the little extras of the day before, with the hour



JAPANESE NEWS SELLER.

and minute of publication, and thus they keep tally on "scoops."

All day long crowds of men and boys wait in front of the newspaper offices to get the extras. They wear very little clothing—just a short kimono and trousers, that look like loose swimming trunks. Each one has a sash of cotton cloth tied around his waist, and to this are knotted three, four and sometimes six and seven ordinary dinner bells. The bells hang on the wearer's hip, and as soon as he gets a bunch of extras he starts off on a dead run down the middle of the street. The bells make a terrible clatter and the people rush out to buy the war news, for they know that the bells mean a fresh war extra.

The extras go like hot cakes, and the boys get all the way from five rin (which is about a quarter of a cent in our money) to five sen (or two and a half cents) for them. The bells save the boys the trouble of crying their papers, and, besides, notify everybody at once that there is some big war news on sale.

Funny Collection of Babies. A comical collection of babies was lately seen at a fair in San Francisco. They were all Chinese infants, and the males had their heads shaven, and the females had their hair ornamented with fringes of beads and paper flowers. The droil expressions on the faces of the almond-eyed cherubs would make even a sick man laugh.

Words. Editor—We will pay you either at the rate of one dollar per word or \$5,000 per idea, as you elect.

Distinguished Author—The former is er—the better way, I think.—Puck.

Uninteresting Life. Madge—The people up here are most unpleasantly frank. They don't seem to have any secrets at all.

Dolly—Good gracious! What do they find to talk about?—Town Topics.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAT

How a Homeless Kitten Found a Good Friend, a Happy Home and a New Name.

It was a dark, dismal afternoon and my wounded feelings were in keeping with the day. I had just been turned, and without ceremony, from the only home I had ever known. True, it was not a luxurious abode, but cats are not particular as to surroundings when they are simply willing to exist, but are not desirous of struggling for the amount. Everybody that passed I made an attempt to follow, but no one noticed me, and if by accident such a thing did happen, I was certain to hear the disheartening words: "Go home, kitty; go home." Now, how could I go home when I had none to go to? The bad boy had teased me almost beyond endurance and a horrid big dog had chased me up a tree, where I was forced to remain a long time, as my trembling paws were in no condition to make so dangerous a descent.

Night was coming on and I had no place to lay my head. Just at this moment a lady passed. Her dress was dark,



SPOT AND HER FRIEND.

but she had a bright smile, and although I had made up my mind to follow her, the pleasant invitation: "Come, kitty," gave me the happy assurance that at last I was really wanted and welcomed by somebody. If you have never been in a similar position you don't know how much a friend a "friend in need" is. Well, I followed her to a large stone front house, and as she went up the stairs I thought: "Is this the mansion I have fallen heir to?" In answer to the lady's ring a pleasant-faced maid opened the door, and on seeing me exclaimed: "You'll be in luck all week, ma'am, if a cat follows you." The lady only smiled, but I thought: "I'm the one who's in luck."

Just then a rosy-faced boy came bounding out to greet his mamma, and with such a rush my first impulse was to run away. Fear is such a terrible sensation, and my poor nerves were so unstrung that even a mouse, low be it spoken, would have frightened me out of my remaining wits. Now a cat is not in a normal condition when a mouse has that unpleasant effect. However, the little boy patted me so gently, and seemed so pleased to make my acquaintance, that I was glad to make his. Besides, speaking of mice, I heard him say: "We won't have any more now that kitty's come." This was a reassuring assertion that my evenings would be pleasantly occupied, and that time would not hang heavy on my hands—or rather paws.

Luncheon was announced, and the little boy begged that I be permitted to remain in the dining-room "just once," so there I stayed. I think the lady was very fond of the little fellow, and I knew I should be, for she watched him all the time, while I watched her. It made me wish I had known a mother's love, for then the remembrance of my young days would have been happier. Well, I knew I was in good society and was equal to the emergency. I took in everything quietly, particularly the old family silver on the sideboard. However, I made no remarks about it, being a comparative stranger. I know a good thing when I see it—perhaps because I don't see it often.

After a time the subject of a name for me was discussed, and the little boy suggested calling me "Spot," perhaps because he thought me only bright in spots. While the discussion about names was going on I must have fallen asleep, for I remembered nothing more until I was awakened by being lifted off the chair, and heard the lady say: "I would call her Sleepy Hollow, because she's the sleepiest cat I ever saw, and she's so thin, she's hollow!" The little fellow laughed at this, but I didn't. My feelings were hurt, and some joke was implied which my cat intellect couldn't comprehend. Besides, it wasn't my fault if I was thin. I'd be overfed if I had my way!

When night came the little boy wanted to take me to bed, but I ran behind the stove, as I dislike strange bed-fellows, and then his mamma had some objections, too. At last, when all was still I lay in the box provided for me by the dear little boy, who had proved so kind, and thought how many deserving cats, less fortunate than I, were walking aimlessly under the blue canopy of heaven without a home.

I made up my mind I should never leave this family, but clinging to them so long as they clung to me, perhaps—longer. Ingratitude was a crying sin—whatever that meant—but they should never be able to hold it against me. A plate of milk. A bed soft and warm—life seemed so full of promise. And now, looking backward on that happy time, I could not honestly say whether it was a dream or a reality—those days so full of joy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Town Where It Never Rains. Rain has never been known to fall in Iquique, Peru.