

TO SHINE IN SOCIETY.

WARD M'ALLISTER GIVES ADVICE TO WOULD BE SOCIAL LEADERS.

How to Form a Four Hundred in a Small Town—You Will Make Enemies, but That Is One of the Penalties of Greatness.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, April 14.—Almost every mail brings a batch of letters to Ward M'Allister, the leader of New York's celebrated Four Hundred, asking for advice on "How to become a society leader." Pretty nearly all of these letters are from ambitious young gentlemen in small towns who are desirous of forming a Four Hundred of their own. Invariably they are of good family, enjoying excellent social privileges, but not knowing the ropes, they are unable to establish themselves at the head of the procession. Hence they turn to the great arbiter of American society for counsel, and in such numbers do their missives come that Mr. M'Allister, if he attempted to answer them all, would be compelled to hire a secretary to look after this class of correspondence alone.

Since he issued his famous advice, dividing the original Four Hundred into an "inner circle" of 150, an "outer circle" and a "fringe," these communications have been particularly numerous. The incident served to revive general interest in the peculiar kind which the chief of the Four Hundred has on his followers in the richly varied and variously required for instruction as to the best means of climbing the ladder of social fame have increased. For the benefit of his numerous correspondents, none of whom could otherwise be instructed at his hands, Mr. M'Allister consented recently to an interview on the subject of how society and society leaders may best be built up.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," said he, "for a man, young or old, to become a society leader and to build up a distinct society. But it requires a great many unacquired qualities, and unless he possesses these he will be wiser if he leaves the task alone. He must possess, first, the faculty of organization and administration, the power of eloquence, perfect tact, a thorough knowledge of men and the capacity to make enemies with equanimity.

"Certain people of wealth and influence will be found in every community who are in every way eligible for admission into good society. These persons are absolutely certain to visit all their acquaintances on the head of the man who is looked upon as the organizer of the set from which they have been excluded, and naturally they will go on in their power to injure him. Therefore, the ability to bear the attacks of enemies is particularly essential to a man who wants to assume society leadership. Given this ability, and being in possession of the other qualities I have enumerated, the goal can be reached by following a very simple line of procedure.

"In the first place, the aspirant wants to be particular in his dress. I don't mean that he shall be a dandy or a fop, but he wants to be always well dressed and cultivate especially a habit of wearing evening attire with ease and grace. There is nothing that tends so much to the pleasure of society as the dress coat. In America the people are far behind Europe in this matter. There it is realized that nothing helps so much in throwing off the cares of business as evening approaches as the changing of one's clothes, the laying off of one's workday uniform as it were. No Englishman who pretends to be at all fashionable will think of sitting down to dinner unless he is attired in his swallow tail, even when he dines in his own house surrounded only by his family.

"Of course this is not to be looked for here for some time to come yet, especially in small communities, but it will be found pleasant as well as polite to change one's coat for dinner at home and put on a fresh shirt. This will lead naturally to the dress coat as an habitual evening attire, and the man who wants to step out of the social ranks to the front will do well to set a good example to the persons whom he wishes to lead by wearing a dress coat on all suitable occasions. The others will follow in much less time than you can suppose, and the change in bearing and deportment that will come over the company is certain to be most marked.

"But as a matter of course the wearing of a dress coat and the habit of dressing for dinner will not in itself make a society leader. They are only incidents, though very essential. The main thing is to create the best elements of a place into a distinct and as far as permissible, an exclusive circle. This can be done without the possession or expenditure of wealth by the proper person, by the organization of subscription entertainments—that is, entertainments where everybody pays his or her share of the expenses. These entertainments may take a wide range and are to be adapted to the season. In summer they can take the shape of picnics, excursions, outdoor luncheons and dances.

"When fall and winter arrive, balls, dinners and other suitable affairs may be substituted. It is the duty of the person who desires to be looked up to as a leader to start these entertainments and see that they are made permanent. Once the beginning is made they will run along of their own accord, almost without an effort, and become recognized social institutions of the place. To inaugurate them a list of the most desirable people should be carefully prepared. In this work it may be found necessary to exclude a great many people who have money, but are otherwise vulgar and unfit for intimate social relations with careful ladies and gentlemen. Unless this is done the attempt to set anything like an harmonious society will prove a failure.

"On the other hand a large number of people who are poorer than their more fortunate neighbors will be found de-

strable acquisitions because of superior manners and attainments and family connections. It is here where the tact and diplomacy and knowledge of human nature will be called sharply into requisition. The list being made up and revised a number of times, the next step is to circulate among the people concerned and secure their active co-operation and support. This is the easiest matter in the world. The people are only too happy to help along an undertaking of this kind and will eagerly add a man who has the force and push to lead them. Subscriptions to the different events will come almost without an effort, and each successive event will be easier to manage than the one that has gone before.

"After the first affair has come off it may be desirable to weed out the list of eligibles, and this should be done relentlessly, though the ill feeling on the part of those set aside may be greater and harder to bear than if they had been left out in the first place. But that must not deter the man who has set the task of creating a Four Hundred before his eyes, and if he is only steadfast and determined and patient, he will soon feel that the wealth of the slighted will glide over him as easily as other petty troubles of life. Additions to the ranks may be made from time to time as circumstances may dictate, but they should only be made with the greatest circumspection with more circumspection in fact than the formation of the original list, for it will be found much more difficult to weed out newcomers than it was to weed out the old.

"This point reached, the man who has been the active spirit in organizing these subscription affairs can rest assured that the battle is won, and unless he spoils it all by some impudence or by letting go his hold, his position as the recognized society leader of that place is assured. But eternal vigilance is the price of success in the social world as well as elsewhere, and if he wants to retain his leadership he must make up his mind to sacrifice a great deal of time and to submit to a great many annoyances at the hands of the patrons and disappointed. He must adapt himself to changes that are constantly occurring, and be wide awake generally. And with that the great M'Allister extended himself to give audience to a number of New York society reporters who were waiting in the drawing room outside, thereby furnishing another good point for would be creators of "select circles," namely, cultivate the society reporter."

CHIEF OF THE VANDERBILTS.

He is a Gentleman of Address, Good Intentions and Great Wealth.

New York, April 14.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was named after his grandfather, the old cornucopier, has nothing in common with him, but financial ability (the cornucopier's whole life was consecrated to the accumulation of money, being a well rounded, large minded, highly estimable character. He is at forty-five the head and controlling spirit of the present generation of Vanderbilts, his brothers, William K. and Frederick H., following usually in his lead; while the youngest brother, George, is not in business at all, confining himself entirely to study.

Imagine what a magnificent scion of monetary stock the original Cornelius would consider George, and how he would proclaim, as he did every man not a money maker, a bank robber. The comely very early recognized Cornelius' rare financial ability, and admired him accordingly, showing the highest appreciation of which he was capable by having his grandson by will \$5,000,000 as a special gift. He made him, soon after attaining his majority, treasurer of the Hudson River railroad, and treated implicitly whatever official statements he made, saying in his peculiar English, "That 'ere boy, Cornelius, is allus right, sure as 'ere soul."

No millionaire in New York (our millionaires are as a rule notorious big game) so far as public benefactions goes is so inclined to be generous in every way, though he does not parade his giving, as some others do. While very orthodox in creed, he commands the respect of the most heterodox and rationalist, for they believe him sincere and conscientious in his professions. A man of his immense future feels obligated, for social considerations, to give elaborate and expensive entertainments, notwithstanding which he is simple and unpretending in ordinary life.

He is accessible in his office and at home to everybody, save ecclesiastics, hores and impertinent interviewers, and is free from the assumption and formalism that mark some of his kinsmen. No man is more industrious, even laborious, as he must be having charge of so many millions of interests so vast and far reaching. He works on an average ten hours a day; is punctual in all his engagements, and considerate of everybody worthy of consideration. He takes pains not to overwork, which is not difficult for a man of so great executive power.

Politics and Ballet Dancers.

BOSTON, April 14.—Maurice Low, the Boston correspondent, told how he had interviewed Attorney General Garland on the election of Sadi-Carnot to the presidency of the French republic. "Good morning, Mr. Garland," said Low; "what do you think of Sadi-Carnot?" "I haven't seen her for several years," replied the attorney general, "but the last time I saw her, out in St. Louis, I thought her the finest dancer that ever balanced herself on one toe."

Wesley's First Charge.

It is pleasant to turn back the leaves of history for two centuries or more and read that several preachers who tried their practice hand in America afterward became famous in England, and it should not be forgotten that John Wesley held his first independent charge at Savannah in 1736, and admitted that he did not comprehend the work of grace in regeneration until the Moravians of the New World explained it to him.

ESSAY ON SELF CONTROL.

A Young Man Tells When It Is Most Needed.

A thirteen-year-old youth who attends one of the public schools not 100 miles from the Circle, and whose capacity for uncheerfulness seems unlimited, was directed in the act one day last week, and as a penalty was told that he must write a composition on "Where and When Is Self Control Necessary?" He turned in the following:

Self control is needed everywhere, but is not practiced by everybody. I like to have fun in school and certainly don't use much self control there. I don't suppose the schoolroom is the place to have fun, but everybody says that school days are the happiest days of a person's life, and I try to make it so. But I am not sticking to my subject, so I will have to leave this part now. Self control is needed on the street, in the house, in the church, in the street cars, in a drug store, in the ball-room, in the kitchen, in the parlor, in a grocery store, in a dry goods store, in a candy store, in a boot and shoe store, in a bookstore, in a crockery store, in a notion store and in a jewelry store at 1 o'clock, at quarter past 1, at half past 1, at 2, at quarter past 2, at half past 2, at 3, at quarter past 3, at half past 3, at 4, at quarter past 4, at half past 4, at 5, at quarter past 5, at half past 5, at 6, at quarter past 6, at half past 6, at 7, at quarter past 7, at half past 7, at 8, at quarter past 8, at half past 8, at 9, at quarter past 9, at half past 9, at 10, at 11, and at 12 a. m. and p. m. Every day in the week and twice on Sunday.—Buffalo Express.

One Better.

Three pupils of the Marsden School of Art were chatting together in the Canteen. Said one of them, "Look here, my friend, the other day I painted a little dead bird in imitation of marble with such accuracy that one being thrown into the water it immediately sank to the bottom."

"Fudge!" said another, "Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the east, supporting my view of the polar regions. It fell at once 20 degrees below freezing point."

"All that is nothing," remarked the third in conclusion, "My portrait of the Marquis de Chambray is so lifelike that it requires to be shaved twice a week."—Mascotte & Fox.

Far Worse.

Alarmed Wife—James, there is a rough looking man standing around the horse with a box slung over his arm. Telephone for the police!

Capitalist (peering cautiously out of the window)—It will be too late. He is on the steps of the bank porch!

Wife (to her husband)—Is it an infernal machine, James? Is it a box of bombs?

Capitalist (with aaky face)—Worse, Hester! It's a hand organ!—Chicago Tribune.

The Road to Wealth.

A Brussels paper recently contained the following announcement: "A splendid living insured to all. Easy method of earning 4,000 francs per annum. Full details sent post free on receipt of a postal order for five francs. Address: X. Z., Poste restante."

An innocent party sent the amount required. He received by next post a reply as follows: "Dear Sir!—Patience."

Thus the Farmer Sows His Seed.

Traveler—Much given to the neighborhood?

Inhabitant—None at all.

Traveler—Well—er—then it's a dangerous locality—I see you carry a gun?

Inhabitant—Oh, that's what we use for planting—ground is so hard we have to shoot the seed in.—Amateur Sportsman.

Expensive.

At a Second-Class Restaurant—Waiter, this beef steaks is not eatable; you don't know how to fry meat. I shall have, per baccos, to give you a few lessons.

"Perhaps the signature is a cook?"

"No, I am the manager of a crematorium."—Motto per Riccio.

French or German.

Lady—The child is a little Frenchman, is he not?

Nurse—I don't know myself what to call him. His mother is a French lady, but his father is a German.

Lady—in that case we shall have to wait till he can talk; then we shall see.—Lescaille.

Careful About His Diet.

"That's something I never eat for dinner," said a man in a Spring lane restaurant.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"Breakfast," was the absentminded reply.—Boston News.

Topical.



Teacher—Class in physiology, stand up. Bodkins, how do you distinguish organic from inorganic matter?

Bodkins (glibly, having committed the answer to memory)—In the organic world every individual springs from some parent, while inorganic substances are formed by chemical laws.

Teacher—Very good. Give an example of an inorganic substance. Bodkins (usually slow at these things, but for once inspired)—An orphan.—Brooklyn Life.

It is now definitely decided that Wilson Barrett will visit America next season. He intends opening in Boston in January, 1893, and will probably produce his "Othello," which, like his "Hamlet," will be gorgeously staged and novel in its business.

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HER CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

The Old Red House Where Adeline Patti Lived.

(Special Correspondence.)

WAKEFIELD, N. Y., April 14.—Adeline Patti is planning a visit to a simple, red brick house in the village of Wakefield, just on the edge of New York city, in Westchester county. Her brother, Nicola, has already been up to look at the red brick house this spring. It is the house in which the wonderful singing bird lived when she was a growing girl, and whence she went forth, more years ago than it would be willing to remember, to begin her career of dazzling success.

The Patti went to live at Wakefield about ten years after their arrival in New York. Patti's father built the red brick house and lived there with his wife and three sets of children—those of his first wife, those of his second wife's first husband, and those born to him and the second wife, Mrs. Patti, the neighbors say, was a woman that made people stand in awe of her. She is very well remembered as a dark eyed and rather stern person whom the few villagers regarded, with mixed feelings.

The Patti were all people of the stage and little understood by their neighbors. They came and went as they chose—now living for weeks or months in the red brick house, now going off for seasons of singing or acting. Carlotta was already launched upon her career, and Nicola was known to the theater-going world. As to the great Adeline, she was a short, stout, dark eyed little girl, who romped with the neighboring children and enjoyed life just as if she were not destined to make the greatest operatic reputation of the century. Her ordinary schooling was obtained in Fourteenth street, New York, but she was devoted to music, and it was her habit to have the children of the neighborhood come to the house and play singing school. Even then her voice was marvellous, and according to the biographers she had already been heard in concert.

The little Patti's very toys contained hints of her future career. The waxy Elizabeth Brown, now a very old woman, but often gloried by the Patti's in her youth, has one of Adeline's toys. It is an odd looking theater, stage and auditorium, made of cork. Once it had seats filled with mannikins and other mannikins that appeared upon the tiny stage, but these are gone. For years the widow's late husband used it as a receptacle for his pipes. Now it hangs in the widow's hall. The whole toy is perhaps eighteen inches square, and the cornice over the stage must be rather more than a foot high.

The Widow Brown treasures in her best room three little oak chairs once the property of the Patti's. She remembers the whole family very well and speaks familiarly of the daughters as Carlotta and Adeline. The little Adeline often visited the Browns, and the widow heard many times the unadvised voice that was to entrance the world.

Half a dozen other residents of Wakefield recall the Patti's, and especially Adeline. A daughter of Thomas T. White, who bought the red brick house of Patti's father and still occupies it, will have it that Adeline Patti made her first public appearance while living at Wakefield. The tradition is that the little girl, then only twelve years old, went forth from the house to Mount Vernon, a mile away, and sang in concert at Peck's hotel. This, how-

ever does not agree with most of Patti's biographers, who put her down as having made her debut at the age of eight years. But then many residents of Wakefield believe that the diva was born in their village instead of in Madrid. At any rate, that is current tradition, though Patti's former playmates are not at all odds with history in this matter.

The Patti house was built in 1854, a year after the village was laid out, and for a long while it was the most conspicuous building in Wakefield. It is still a well distinguished, though not by reason of its beauty. It stands on a hillside, surrounded by a garden with trees and plants. The roof runs to a peak in the middle, and there are study benches front and rear at the height of the second story and approached by unobtrusively high and steep steps. The house is about square and three stories high. It has no architectural pretensions, but it must have cost Patti two or three thousand dollars, and it has a sufficiently comfortable air. Within the rooms are of good size. About the only relic of the Patti remaining in the house is an enormous kitchen table that was roomed, too heavy to be removed, and has since occupied its original position. The house has recently been sold by its present occupant.

E. N. VALLANBHAM.

Next on Grant.

New York, April 14. Mr. Nast, the caricaturist, was always an ardent admirer of General Grant. The great warrior was a warm personal friend of the artist. It was at Mr. Nast's house, in fact, that the general was first entertained as a private citizen after leaving the White House at the close of his second term.

"Knowing him as I did," said Mr. Nast, describing one of the pleasant features of his profession, "I never took any stock in General Grant. I never befriended him, with Mr. Sumner and many others, that he had any desire to overturn the republic. Consequently, I did not join in their assault on him. On the contrary, I attacked them, and among his opponents that I caricatured was Mr. Sumner, who appeared to feel it keenly. 'You are wrong, Mr. Nast,' he said to me the last time I saw him. 'You are a young man now, but you will see your mistake. If you are going to take Grant's side, you must go your way and I mine.' That was the end of our friendship, but I never had occasion to regret my faith in General Grant's loyalty to the republic." P. F.

A Hint to the Poets.

Oh, poet of Autumn! sing me a song that is all repetitive. With the rustle of the great cane grainings, and the pines that is dripping sweet! Leave the Autumn leaves to the spoiling of the wintry wind and frost, And sing me the sugar halloo, ere the juice of the cane is lost!

Sing sweet—out of woods emblazoned with banners of gold and green. But the sunny homes where the maidens sit—clumps and dough are spent. Where the great oak logs are crackling, and the hearth has a rustic glow, And the gentle pettico rustles in robes as white as snow!

And sing me the candy pullings, where the heart of the young man speaks. And clove like the rose that tangles on the maiden's answering cheeks! And sing me the old grandfathers, whose stories the children know— Who tugs there by the fire and dreams of the long ago.

Sing sweet of these things, oh, poet, and if you love still the heart. Go out in the lot and hitch me the mule to the fodder cart! And wig me a blast on the deer horn. Oh! the smoke to the music raps. And well take a whiff of the Autumn in a rattling ride with the girl!

—Frank L. Stanton.

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