

# A LAUREL CROWNED DEFEAT.

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE.

**I.**

Pauline Detmar was a dismal failure. If her bewildered little brain had indulged in misgiving to the contrary, it was ruthlessly dispelled as she followed Mrs. Colonel Raget and the Miss Raget with her retinue of gallants from the ball room of the Patriarchs.

"Social successes are born, not made," remarked Mrs. Raget sentimentally as the family carriage rolled down the avenue.

Miss Raget, the "superb," to quote the society column, yawned acquiescence.

"Men are such a stupid lot," said the belle of two seasons.

When Pauline had been dismissed

the Colonel, and her offer to launch the girl at the Raget expense in the "smart set," a hint of malicious self-satisfaction, rather than a sincere desire to better their fortunes.

But unsuspecting Lucretia was grateful then, and grateful she remained, despite Pauline's failure to meet expectations and Mrs. Raget's inability to account for it.

"She was beautiful as a dream," wrote the Colonel's wife, "but times and standard have changed, my dear Lucretia. There's no counting on the vagaries of the modern wife-hunter."

"You must have looked lovely, dearest," said the mother, venturing to shake out the rosy ruffles. "How I should love to have seen you."

But Pauline heard not. For her, the

forever was her girlish dream of social conquest. She had boxed it with the ball gown, and both were quite forgotten until he said, "I shall never be quite satisfied, Miss Detmar, until I see you in ball-gown."

"And why not?" said the mother when the girl told her. "There's the hop at the fort to which a Detmar is always welcome. For once in your life, my dear, you have not the excuse of Flora McThinsy," and forthwith the box was uncovered.

They were making a little journey round the world, he told her—he and his companion, the grizzly little man with the keen eyes and the musical laugh. The latter would some day describe what they saw in lucid prose, while he, Gerald Montant, was an artist in search of types—types of American beauty. Hers was a face nearer his ideal than any he had yet met. Certainly there was nothing at the last Patriarch's that appealed so strongly to his pencil. But Montant checked himself. The absurdity of speaking of the Patriarch—that undiscovered, undreamed-of country—to this lonely mountain peak paled under his general glance. That his name, known in two continents, which he himself pronounced not without self-consciousness, made no visible impression upon her, was a positive delight. It was the fin-



"Eyes for No One Else."

with an oscillatory good night, mother and daughter sat down in their night dresses, after the manner of woman-kind, to talk it over.

"She was by all odds the loveliest girl," said Miss Raget, tossing her pink satin slipper to the farthest end of the room.

"Unquestionably," said the Colonel's wife. "And manners so refreshingly artless and winsome—the manners of her mother. Lucretia was a thoroughly well-bred woman."

"And yet?" said the "superb."

"Pauline fell flat, hopelessly flat. Off like a rocket, down like a stick."

Mrs. Raget sighed. "Not a man sought her for a second dance after midnight."

Mrs. Colonel Raget's supremacy in the "smart set" was invincible. Not only had she successfully launched the innumerable daughters of her own household on the capricious upper crust of the social world, but she had appointed establishments and presentable figure heads that served all the purposes of husbands, but she was the adored social sponsor of scores of pretty women, who owed to her manipulations their titles of Madam. While Mrs. Raget's tactics elicited admiration, they evaded analysis. This lady was credited with being able to determine, twenty minutes after a girl crossed a ball room for the first time, whether she was destined for success or failure. So unerring was her judgment in this pivotal matter, that it is said to have sent home on the occasion of her debut no less a personage than the fourth Miss Raget; and never was the latter permitted, during her maidenhood, to make a second appearance at a Patriarch. But for once in her long reign, Mrs. Raget had miscalculated.

The Louis XIV. pendulum chimed three.

"Well?" said the "superb."

"Again the Colonel's wife sighed.

"There's no alternative. We must send her home."

stuffy room, the sultry August day, the airy, fairy gown, had vanished. She was again at the Patriarch's—not in the mazes of the dance, but in the gold and white, hushed stillness of the dressing room, whether many a debutant, solicitous to escape being catalogued among the wall flowers, had preceded her under the nameless pretext, known to feminine art. It was in an interval of the lancers. Her partner—a pompous grey-beard who had sized her up as he would a filly at Tattersalls—had left her to exchange banter with a neighboring grand dame. Inconsciously Pauline turned, she knew not why, into the dressing room, there to encounter a phase of life in the "smart set" little known or suspected beyond its precincts.

In various attitudes of weariness—weariness of the heart, rather than the body—were varied types of maidenhood, daintily, richly powdered, not a few jewelled, the eyes of each "drinking their tears of mortification" as they nervously toyed with unfiled dance cards, or concealed them in their bodices. Pauline's "sweet asking eyes" passed from one to the other, to rest on the motherly Dinah talking in low tones to a pale, nervous little woman, who wrote rapidly while she questioned incessantly. The weary little woman was a reporter. It was the toilettes of the unhappy girls that the waiting maid was describing, with interpolations as to their wealth and social prospects. All were daughters of wealth, the off-spring of families of social eminence; and yet—Pauline shuddered as she turned from their ill-disguised wretchedness to meet Dinah's sympathetic smile.

The reporter had disappeared.

"I'm so sorry for that little woman," said the maid. "She's worked to death."

Pauline lifted her delicate eyebrows questioning.

"She's six balls to report tonight. Her baby's sick, and she's so nervous she goes names and costumes mixed. Miss—she wrote home now—it's midnight, miss—to nurse the baby before she takes in the fourth ball. 'Twill be three o'clock before she's abed. I always help her when I can. You see, miss, I knew her when she was the greatest belle in New York. Lor' bless you, honey, there's no leaver on that floor tonight could hold a candle to that little woman in her day—before her pa lost his millions and her husband broke her heart and left her to shift for herself and the babes."

Dazed, bewildered, Pauline went back to the ball room. How spiritless, how absent minded the grey-beard found her! And so, the ball rolled on, and Mrs. Raget was plied to account for her miscalculation.

Recalling those dejected faces in the gold and white dressing room, Pauline was grateful to Mrs. Raget for sending her back to her mountain home. Gone

was the stroke of her conquest. Learning of their poverty, it came about that Montant, with consummate tact, prevailed upon the mother to permit Pauline to pose daily for a consideration. A new world was thus opened to Pauline, and her sympathetic soul ripened fast, as her eyes, under Montant's direction, began to perceive beauty in nature's homeliest aspects. In her interest in the world beautiful, as his art revealed it to her, all sense of her own personality was lost, until one day he expressed a desire to see her in a ball gown.

With sudden consciousness that his interest was not altogether impersonal, came a yearning to nibble again, if only at the fringe of the polite world. Of course, he would be at the hop at the Fort,—the cynosure of all eyes, with his Apollo head and his air of medieval knight errantry. And he had there, it's related, moreover, that he had eyes for none of the beautiful women who graced that auspicious occasion, after the model made her debut in the Raget gown.

"You would be surprised," wrote Montant about this time to a chum of the Latin Quarter, "to see how desperate I am—I, a globe-trotter of forty odd years' seasoning—with the liveliest child in all the wide world. But when you see my salon picture, 'After the Ball,' perhaps you will understand."

That little journey round the world ended at London, where there was much curiosity in certain circles to see Montant's American wife. Always a clever draughtsman, a strong, original colorist, his rise as a fashionable portrait painter practically dates from his marriage. Settling down at Mayfair, his skill was richly supplemented by Pauline's beauty and sympathy and Lucretia Detmar's diplomacy, which soon made him known at Marlborough House. From Mayfair to Newport is rapid transit. To sit to Montant was the acme of good form when Pauline made her second debut at a Patriarch's. As the beaux monde encircled her, by a smile, a word, a dance, Pauline recalled the revelation that had come to her that night in the white and gold dressing room. But it was Mrs. Colonel Raget who was first graciously to recognize in her triumph as Madame Montant, her girlhood's Laurel Crowned Defeat.

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**Shed His Blood for Tasso.**

A certain Italian gentleman, 'tis said, fought thirteen duels to establish the superiority of Tasso over Aristotle. In the thirteenth encounter the champion of Tasso was mortally wounded. As he lay dying he moaned: "And, after all, I haven't read either of them." And his opponent sympathetically replied: "Nor have I."

# GOSSIP OF THE GREATER GOTHAM.

## Activities of Bolton Hall for Single Tax and the Longshoremen's Union.

## A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

## Amusing Story About Dr. Parkhurst and a Veteran Green Goods Man.

New York, Feb. 17.—Dr. John Hall, whose recent troubles with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have brought him more prominently before the public than has been at any time since the question of his wedding fees was aired in print, is always well worth the consideration of newspaper readers. Yet he is not one whit more interesting than his son, Bolton Hall, albeit the latter is not nearly so well known as his eloquent, godly father.

Bolton Hall is a lawyer by profession, and diligent and prosperous therein. But he is far more enthusiastic as a single tax agitator and as an active official in the Longshoremen's Union than in the trying of court cases and the drawing of legal documents; and his office in lower Broadway is recognized as one of the centers both by those who accept the tenets of the late Henry George, and those who load and unload ocean-going ships.

Bolton Hall's position with regard to the Longshoremen's Union, of which he has for some years been treasurer, is unique in the true meaning of the term. Other men of means, or those engaged in professional life, have essayed to give practical help to labor organizations in many instances. But, so far as I know, Bolton Hall is the only man not originally a wage earner, in this country at least, who has been able to win the entire confidence of organized body of workmen. This he has secured to such an extent that he has not only been put in complete control of the Longshoremen's finances, but is consulted with regard to all matters of vital importance.

**A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.**

Of course this state of affairs could not have been brought about had not Mr. Hall been able to enter thoroughly into their point of view and sympathize fully with their aspirations. Most men of Mr. Hall's social, professional and financial standing find it impossible to see things as the wage earners see them, or to understand their hopes and fears; and it is not surprising that this is so. Nor is it to be wondered at that workmen perceive the truth at once when one who lacks real knowledge and sympathy "stoops" to assist them. At the very beginning of Mr. Hall's efforts in the longshoremen's behalf, they saw clearly that he did not feel that he was getting down to a lower level than his own in seeking to befriend them, and they were overjoyed to have the help of a thoroughly practical man of affairs in conducting the money department of their organization.

His object in helping to promulgate single tax notions is based on exactly the same impulses as his work in behalf of the longshoremen. It would be impossible for the most pronounced opponent of the George theories to listen for five minutes to Mr. Hall's arguments thereon without being convinced that he honestly believes their adoption would be productive of great good to the people. His sincerity is beyond all question, and his words have undoubtedly won the adherence of thousands.

**PREACHING THE SINGLE TAX.**

Mr. Hall's chief method of spreading what he considers the true economic gospel would have met with much opposition a few years ago and is not always received with cordiality to-day. He was the originator of the scheme for the delivery of single tax addresses in the churches on Sunday mornings, and he has himself preached many sermons on the land question,—though I believe he is not an ordained minister.

A large number of Mr. Hall's sermons have been delivered in Canada, where the newspapers have almost invariably given much space to reporting them. But he has also spoken from many pulpits in the United States, including that of the King street branch of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church. Of course he preached there by the permission of

his father, and I understand that this was one of the minor points of criticism raised by those who have not been wholly satisfied with Dr. Hall of late, though the New York newspapers do not seem to have heard about it.

Bolton Hall believes in extending the circle of single tax believers by every possible means, including even what may be termed the "hurrah boys" method, and he was a strong factor in the Delaware campaign of a year or two ago, during which there were some arrests of Single Taxers because of the noise with which they carried on their work. He is confident that the doctrine will eventually prevail, though he admits that such populous centres as New York will probably be much harder to bring into line than the less compact communities of the West and South.

**A PARKHURST STORY.**

I heard a story the other day about the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, concerning whom little has been heard since his return from abroad, but who may soon again take his place in publicity's white light. This story may or may not have been printed; if it has, it is old enough to be new. Briefly told, it runs about like this:

The Lexow Committee's inquiry was on and Dr. Parkhurst, W. Travers Jerome, nephew of the late Larry Jerome and related to Lady Randolph Churchill—were listening to certain revelations, made by George Appo, a reformed bunco stealer and green goods man, with regard to various phases of police protection. They were in the office of John W. Goff, now Recorder. When Appo had told his tale Goff turned to his desk, Jerome picked up a newspaper, and Dr. Parkhurst sat still, thinking on what he had just heard. The silence was broken by Appo.



Map of New Route to Hudson's Bay.

those of Col. T. C. Scoble. None, therefore, can describe better than he the scope and purpose of an enterprise which, it is believed, is destined to have a marked effect upon the commerce of the Dominion of Canada and incidentally of the United States; and the following article, prepared by him, will be read with no little interest, being the first absolutely truthful and accurate statement regarding the project yet given:

"The proposition to connect Winnipeg with Hudson's Bay by the improvement of the existing waterways is neither novel nor chimerical. The Red River of the north, flowing for 600 miles from south of the international boundary to its northern outlet on Lake Winnipeg, presents, with the lake, a navigable stretch of nearly a thousand miles, broken only by the rapids on the Red River—a hiatus of not more than ten miles altogether. The Nelson, or Sea River, as the eastern branch is called, is navigable for 354 miles farther,—to the point of departure on the proposed chain of communication. Thence north-easterly to Hudson's Bay there exist navigable stretches of 330 miles, only broken by surmountable obstacles embraced in a total distance of less than 50 miles. The existing open channels are both wide and deep, and the banks are uniformly of sufficient height to admit of increasing the depth of water by means of dams, where this is necessary, in order to group the rapids for canals and locks to overcome the descent. It is not proposed that a greater depth than seven feet of water shall be at present provided, as that would be sufficient to float barges of 300 tons capacity, such as have recently been constructed at Cleveland for use on the upper lakes and Erie Canal. These barges are of whaleback pattern, and are said to draw five feet six inches of water, loaded.

"The canal is strictly a popular highway upon which all vessels have a right of way, the loads upon which are regulated by government in proportion to cost and capacity. No combination can control the numerous instances over its length, which depends upon individual vessel owners, and is regulated altogether by the number of vessels competing for the traffic. Unlike a railway, therefore, it cannot be operated for the sole benefit of stockholders.

"Not only is it in itself an enormous factor in transportation, bringing goods at the lowest cost of transport, but by its very existence it exercises an immediate and dominant influence upon railway charges, which must bear comparison with its rates. Canals do not obviate the necessity for railroads, but rather the contrary, as has been proved in numerous instances over the United States and in Europe. Where canals have first existed, railroads are soon built paralleling their route, competing for the traffic that the existence of the canal has created. It may be said, therefore, that canals create railroads rather than destroy their usefulness.

"For over one hundred years the traffic of the Hudson Bay Company between Norway House and York Factory was carried on in flat-bottomed boats capable of carrying a load of four or five tons, with a crew of nine men. These boats draw from three to three feet six inches of water when loaded, and are provided with a mast and square sails, like lighters, as well as with oars. When going up a rapid current, a line is attached to the boat which is pulled or tracked up by four men walking on the shore, while the remainder of the crew pole the boat. These are locally known as York boats. After leaving the Sea River about three miles below Sea River Falls, on the downward journey by the loaded boats, which are unloaded and tracked up when going against the current, a small river emptying from Hare Lake is entered and followed for about thirty miles in an easterly direction until the waterway comes to an abrupt termination at the height of land known locally as the Painted Stone Portage, twenty-nine yards in width and with a sum-

mit of about four feet midway between the eastern and western channel.

"It is a curious fact that the existence of a wide and deep channel on each side of such a narrow elevation has not hitherto attracted much remark, although it presents the singular phenomenon of two full grown rivers or waterways, one with a current setting eastward and the other with a current setting westward, each apparently without reason for existence from any drainage area, the head waters of both of which are practically at the same level.

"The western channel of the Echlmanish (signifying in Cree 'the river that runs both ways') is followed through the alternate wide and narrow channels for 20 miles until Robinson's Portage is reached, which is three-quarters of a mile in width, with a descent to Franklin's Lake of about 45 feet; thence for 50 miles the route continues through a rocky gorge with a wall from 70 to 80 feet high, past several rapids, across Pine Lake and Windy Lake, to the channel leading into Oxford Lake, where four rapids and one fall of five feet obstruct the passage; thence across Oxford and Back Lakes by Trout River to Kneese Lake, from which point the route lies through Jack River, with five rapids, Swampy Lake, Hill River, Steel River, and Hare River to York Factory. In the downward journey it is necessary to haul the boat over three portages only: viz., at the Painted Stone, 29 yards, at Robinson's Portage, 1,315 yards, and at Trout River Fall, 24 yards, respectively. In the upward journey there are twenty-one demi-charges or tracking places, where a portage of forty yards must be made at Island Portage. The distance over the routes from Lake Winnipeg to York Factory is stated to be 372 geographical miles.

"There are only 51 miles altogether in the whole of that distance, requiring any improvement to make it navigable from the city of Winnipeg to the Hudson Bay. I do not think of all that requires canalling. This includes all the portions where obstructions have to be removed, such as blasting shoals and removing boulders. Of course, that opens up an entirely new field."

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**The Corsican Vendetta.**

The Corsican has no confidence in legal justice, and generally takes the law in his own hands. An insult is offered, or a political dispute arises; what is easier than the discharge of a gun or a stab with a dagger? The result is a mock trial; the assassin is acquitted because of insufficient evidence, but he is often shot to death as he leaves the courtroom. If not, a cross is generally drawn upon the door of his house. The cross is a threat of death, and the threatened one need expect no quarter. The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Even collateral branches are not exempt, and women must take their chances with them. Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses, built, as all Corsican houses are, like a fortress. The ground floor is occupied by the stable; and the first floor is reached by an external ladder, overlooked by a loophole, from which a cannonball or a heavy stone can be dropped on the head of an unwelcome visitor. If the voluntary prisoner wishes to go out for a moment to breathe the fresh air on the threshold, a scout goes before and reconnoitres. And this death in life continues until they meet their doom or the vendetta is formally closed by a written treaty between the parties.

**Fed Their Young.**

A Pennsylvania farmer whose cutting wood saw two foxes remaining near a fallen tree. Upon approaching the tree he discovered a large limb with a cavity, in which were two half-grown foxes. Neither was able to walk and evidently had never been out of their place of imprisonment. It seems probable that the foxes crawled into the hole in the limb when very young and remained there until they had grown, so that escape was impossible. They had been fed by the old foxes through a very small aperture in the limb.



"Two Tens for a Five."

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Parkhurst," said the bunco man, "but could you let me have two tens for a five? I'm out of change."

"Why—why certainly, Mr. Appo," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation. "To be sure. Here you are—two tens for a five."

The little proceeding had attracted the attention of Messrs. Goff and Jerome, but they said not a word, though their looks were so peculiar that the good doctor smelled the rat in a minute. Meanwhile Appo had spilled out of the room, though not beyond the precincts of the outer office. There Dr. Parkhurst found the clever rogue.

"Oh! Mr. Appo," the doctor inquired anxiously, "didn't I just give you two tens for a five just now—for a five, mind?"

"Why certainly," replied Appo, grinning and returning the money, "and wasn't that what I asked you for?"

Dr. Parkhurst joined as heartily as any one in the laugh that followed.

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