People of Note

Snapshots at Celebrities Talked About

T. D. SULLIVAN.

MANY people familiar with the campaigns of Timothy D. Sullivan, state senator from one of the east side districts of New York city, imagine that he has a sinecure through his Tammany Hall affiliations and his loyal constituency, which has kept him at Albany for the last twelve years. But he has his troubles.

"Big Tim," as he is known to New York, makes but one campaign speech, and that is always a great event. This year it was held at Harry Miner's theater on the Bowery the Sunday before election day. On Saturday Sullivan toured the Italian section of his district extending verbal invitations.

In a Mott street tenement—which, incidentally, he owned—Sullivan found a woman who declined to listen to his invitation and brusquely informed him that neither she nor her husband were interested in politics.

"But I am Mr. Sullivan," pleaded the senator.

"Maka no differ," retorted the tenant.

"I own this house," continued Sullivan.

"We always pay renta prompta," was the discouraging comment.

"Perhaps you don't know," went on Tim as a last resort, "that I am the man who passed the law making Columbus day a legal holiday."

"Oh, you granda man! Comma right in and eata dinner with us. Welcoma, welcoma!"

Aviation has a new and important convert in Cornelius Vanderbilt, himself a mechanic of no small ability. Mr. Vanderbilt was a constant attendant at Belmont park during the recent international meet and held long conferences with his friend, J. Armstrong Drexel, at the Philadelphian's hangar between flights.

Finally the day arrived when Mr. Vanderbilt thought he would like a flight, and Mr. Drexel obliged him. That one bit of soaring settled the scion of the famous house of Vanderbilt, so far as future sporting desires were concerned.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

"Think you'll take up flying?" queried a friend as Vanderbilt stepped from Drexel's car.

"I certainly shall," responded Vanderbilt, and he immediately conferred with various aeroplane builders at the meet with the idea of getting quotations before ordering a machine.

It is understood that Vanderbilt is inclined to the monoplane style, but the knowledge of mechanics that he gleaned in the shops of the railroad controlled by his family have given him a number of ideas with which he desires to experiment in aviation; consequently his aeroplane may possibly be somewhat revolutionary in construction.

Conventionality and Mary Garden are strangers, to say the least, so it was no great surprise when on the operatic singer's arrival at New York from Europe she should announce her engagement, supposedly to a Turkish official of high rank.

Miss Garden proceeded to Chicago, where she is singing with the new grand opera company, and there showed the reporters a plain gold band, resembling a wedding ring, on the accustomed finger. This started reports of a wedding in France which the diva denied, but admitted the man in the case was awaiting a cablegram summoning him to America to spend a few weeks in her company. The singer summed it up by saying: "I have lived a life, I have had my loves, I have known great joy and have been in the depths of sorrow. Now what appeals to me most of all in man is intellect."

MARY GARDEN.

A diligent search has been made of several European capitals to ascertain the identity of Mary Garden's bridegroom elect. This narowed the chase somewhat and made the intended not a Moslem, but an Englishman with an oriental title, and indicated that he married the singer before her departure for America, which she denies.

The evidence is that an Englishman of baronial family, who has been in the service of the Egyptian government and who is known in Paris as James Bey, is the lover Miss Garden has coyly spoken of to the reporters. Such a man left Paris the same day as did Miss Garden, and he had been in constant attendance upon her there.

So perhaps it was not press work after all.

In the Limelight

Gossip of Persons In the Dispatches

LEROY T. STEWARD.

VISITING cards of the Chicago society women lack the power of passports or bail bonds in the eyes of Leroy T. Steward, chief of police of the metropolis of the west. Social prestige when accompanied by physical defiance is not sufficient to discourage the judicious use of the hands and clubs of policemen, as many Chicago women learned to their sorrow during the garment workers' strike.

The Chicago clothing strike differed from that of New York in many ways, but chiefly in the open support given the striking women by their more fortunate sisters of society and club life. The latter marched, declaimed and worked with the strikers and when arrested produced their visiting cards, neatly engraved, and insisted they should be released and given freedom to continue their agitation.

That is where Chief Steward issued his democratic ultimatum. "If the society woman and social workers are disorderly they will be arrested the same as any one else," declared the chief, "and an engraved visiting card rarely contains all the information needed in booking a prisoner at a police station."

Since then many of the clubwomen have paused noticeably, but not in their denunciation of Steward. This chief, like New York's new detective head, is an experiment from the federal service, but Steward gained his knowledge of how to run a police department from bossing the mail carriers of Chicago and doing it well. He has also made a success of the Chicago police reformation and has produced a quaking among grafters and a calm among the vice promotors.

The delight of being one of the greatest baseball players on the diamond has its disadvantages. Take the case of John J. Evers, the clever little second baseman of the Chicago Cubs, who were twice world's champions and four time winners of the National league pennant in the last five years.

In the first place, Evers broke his leg a fortnight before his club was trounced by the Philadelphia Athletics for the world's championship. This meant no financial loss to Johnny, but as he plays for love of the game among other things it meant a great deal more.

Then, again, John is in some doubt as to what will become of him in 1911. His contract made him a free agent at the conclusion of the 1910 season, but he intended staying with the Cubs. Now he hears rumors in his own town of Chicago that he is to be traded to Philadelphia, where he will become manager. This is not as impossible as might appear, as President C. W. Murphy of the Cubs, representing C. P. Taft, is known to have money invested with the president's brother in the Philadelphia Nationals. That being the case, Taft and Murphy would lose no money by transferring Johnny to the Quaker City and might gain much should Evers prove a winning manager. This should be no great risk, as figures indicate that Evers could not be anything but an improvement.

JOHNNY EVERS.

But the second sacker is also bombarded with offers to coach in the spring while his leg is gaining strength. The Naval academy at Annapolis is hot after him, but it appears the man who made Merkle famous had already given his pledge to Yale. But if he is made manager in Philadelphia how is he going to get some comfortable side money from Yale or Annapolis?

It is certainly a quick change of front when a boxing promoter drops the giving of world's championship pugilistic events for the exploitation of aviation. Yet that is exactly what Jack Gleason, partner of Tex Rickard in the famous battle at Reno, has done, so let the public look out for aerial combats in twenty-four mile rings for the cyclonic championship of the void surrounding the earth. Gleason was an interested spectator of the Belmont park doings, having made the trip from San Francisco for the purpose, and he was vastly impressed with the promoting possibilities. He has a meet in mind for San Francisco and later Los Angeles and thinks the west holds the strings to the big purses for the sky men. Air pugilism is an undeveloped art as yet, but Gleason figures that when aeroplanes become cheaper such spectacles will be decidedly more apropos than searching for the "white man's hope," and more profitable too.

JACK GLEASON.

MRS. DOLBY'S WOE

Confronts the Deacon With His Doings.

CIDER DANCE AT THE BARN.

Scandal Defers Putting a Patch on Dolby's Trousers—While He Reads About Bees She Prepares to Die—No Tears, She Relents.

By M. QUAD.

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DEACON DOLBY had been told at the supper table that if he wanted a patch put on his trousers—the patch he had spoken of a week before—he would have to go to the store and get a spool of coarse linen thread. He nodded his acquiescence and departed, while Mrs. Dolby started in to clear away the table and was singing the hymn "There Is Joy Over There" when he left.

The deacon figured on half an hour for the thread and an hour for the patch, but the village mail was late, and it was an hour before he reached his own gate again. The house was in darkness. There was no singing. The cat sat on the steps of the kitchen door and meowed dismally.

PREPARATIONS FOR SUICIDE.

Deacon Dolby was not alarmed. There was the well pump, and there was the dipper on its nail, and he pumped himself a drink of water, petted the cat for a moment and then entered the dark house and lighted a lamp. He did not call upstairs or down cellar. He did not look under the table or the bed. He had brought from the postoffice a circular on bee raising, and he sat down at the table and pulled off his shoes and began reading.

When three minutes had passed there was a long drawn groan. In two minutes more there was another. Then came a moan like a November gale sweeping over a farm under a $1,500 mortgage.

The deacon heard, but he was not disturbed. He was reading that honeybees were divided into two classes, the workers and the drones, and that the workers were soft marks for the drones, the same as in human life.

Enter Mrs. Dolby with a noosed rope around her neck, a butcher knife in one hand and a cup of paris green in the other. She had been hiding in the family bedroom. The deacon knew of her presence, but it was his cue to keep on reading. He read that the drone bees could get a hump on themselves as well as the workers, but they saw no use of it as long as they had a good thing of it.

"Samuel Dolby!"

It was a voice almost from the grave. It curled up his toes, but he did not betray the fact.

Mrs. Dolby's Grievance.

"Mrs. Flint was here to borrow my six pound flatiron while you were gone, and she told me all—all—all!"

The deacon sighed, but did not speak. He realized that he was in for it again, but he would die with his teeth hard shut. He read that there was a queen bee to every hive, but no king bee, and he no longer wondered that bees sometimes acted in a brainless way.

"More than a month ago," the ghostly voice continued, "you went over to Farmer Johnson's to buy a pig. You were gone four hours. You came back without the pig. I noticed that your knees wabbled and your speech was thick, but I laid it to the hot weather. You went to bed, and I tied a wet towel on your head."

All that was true, and the deacon hadn't a word to say. He could almost feel his knees wabbling again. And he read that bees sometimes flew as far as three miles to gather honey.

"But was it the hot weather, Samuel Dolby? Did you come nigh having a sunstroke? No! Mrs. Flint told me all about it. Mrs. Johnson told her, and she told me. She thought it her duty to. It was hard cider that ailed you, Samuel—a good two quarts of hard cider which you drank at the barn. And when you had guzzled it down you and Mr. Johnson put your arms around each other and danced around and sang at the top of your voices:

"For he's a jolly good feller,
And the same I can't deny."

Not a word from the deacon. It was all true. That smooth and oily old cider had put springs under his heels for sure. As near as he could recall he had danced with seven or eight jolly good fellows, and they had sung with great enthusiasm.

"Mrs. Flint said that it was my duty to live on for the sake of the cat, but I cannot and will not. The disgrace is too deep. No pirate would have acted worse. I cannot live and face it. You not only drank the cider and sung the song, but you deceived me when you got home. You let me worry about your being sunstruck. It is the end, Samuel—the very end. Tonight I depart for that place where there is neither hard cider nor jolly good fellers. You needn't put it on my tombstone that you drove me to it, but everybody will know it just the same."

Silence of the Deacon.

Still no word from the deacon. That cider was good. He could almost taste it over again. He had drunk more than he intended to, but human nature is weak. And he read that when two bees get to scrapping all the other bees stood back and gave them a fair show to knock down and drag out.

"I can take pizen, Samuel—I can take pizen, cut my throat or hang myself. I'm willing to leave it all to you, though I must do one or t'other. Where had you rather I should do the deed—upstairs, down cellar or right here? I want to make it the handiest and most convenient for you, not because I love you, but I'm a wife who has never made trouble and don't want to at the last end."

The deacon raised his eyes from the circular and gazed at a picture of Napoleon meditating at St. Helena, but he wasn't trying to make up his mind what to advise. He was wondering why a bee didn't have sixteen legs so that he could do more walking when his wings got tired.

"Samuel, you do not say," went on Mrs. Dolby. "Well, I didn't expect you to. You don't care how I get shet of myself so that I only go. Then you can drink hard cider every day and have no one to complain about it. You will probably drink a barrel a week, but as I shall be playing on a golden harp I shan't care. Samuel, do you want to kiss me a last farewell?"

Waiting For the Thud.

If he did he didn't say so. He dropped his eyes to the circular and left Napoleon to go to. He read that a honeybee could lick a caterpillar in seventeen seconds by the watch and that when a hornet and a bee met it was a grapple to the death.

"Well, I will go upstairs and hang myself. You will find my dead body when you come up. There may be tears on my pale, cold cheeks. Don't hurry yourself any. Be as long in coming as you want to. I shall try not to let my tongue hang out when I find myself going. After any one has just eaten a piece of huckleberry pie they should keep their tongue hidden. Well, farewell, Samuel."

She turned away, but Samuel was a block of stone. Not even a toe cracked. He heard her go upstairs, but he read on. He heard the scuffle of feet on the floor, but it was naught to him. He heard choking, gasping sounds, but he still read of bees.

Fifteen minutes went by. The house was like a grave.

Then some one descending the stairs.

Then some one entering the room.

Then some one sighing.

Then some one saying:

"Samuel, I have been looking for a piece of black cloth to make a patch for your trousers, and I've found something perfectly elegant. Just look at it! I'll have it on before you are up in the morning."

And the deacon stretched, yawned and rose up to wind the clock and get ready for bed. Another crisis had passed.

This Came by Wireless.

The young and brilliant editorial guide was showing the party of antiquarians through the older portions of the city of Peoria.

"The streets running parallel with the river," he said, "are named Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and so on, you see. We named them in honor of the presidents of the United States."

"I see," responded one of the antiquarians. "And what's the name of the street we are passing now?"

"Perry."

"You seem to have run out of presidents, George, when you got to this one."

"Ye-es," said George; "we had not only used up all the presidents, but we seem to have made a bad guess on the next one."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard to Say Nothing.

Foote Lighte—Is tragedy hard for a woman to play?

Miss Sue Brette—Not as hard as pantomime.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Ailment.

Mother—Oh, Effie! What has happened to your doll?

Effie—The doctor says it's nervous breakdown. He prescribed muscilage. —St. Louis Republic.

How Ma Resembled Him.

"Tommy, you don't take after your father much, do you?"

"No, ma'am; but, gee, you ought to see the way ma does sometimes!"—Judge.

Thanksgiving.

1810.	1910.
Church	Coaching
Candles	Candelabra
Devoutness	Diamonds
Faith	Fun
Fireside	Football
Benches	Bleachers
Homes	Hospitals
Prayer	Primping
Pews	Pigskins
Preaching	Poaching
Worship	Week ends.

—Life.

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