GOSSIP OF GOTHAM

NEW YORKERS TALK OF MANY THINGS THESE HOT DAYS.

THE INTEREST AT ESOPUS

It Is the Mecca for Democratic Pilgrims Just Now—Politicians of a Century Ago—Other Interesting Items.

New York.—The fierce white light of public curiosity has just been shifted from Sagamore Hill to Esopus. Judge Parker will have the center of the stage until the first excitement has passed, when he must be content to share the arena of observation with his rival candidate, the president of the United States. Judge Parker's candidacy has been so long brewing that New Yorkers have been made familiar with the different ways of getting to the little hamlet on the Hudson where the judge has his farm. And the farm has not been denied him. The present democratic candidate has been truly democratic in his habits, and it has been easy to know where and how he lives, and how his cattle live, and how his barn is arranged and what sort of feed he believes in. The local gossips like Judge Parker. Folks who sit on a barrel in the country store agree that he is a fine gentleman, a very fine gentleman. As everybody now knows, the judge's daughter is married to a High Church Episcopal clergyman whose parish is in Kingston, a few miles away from Esopus, and Judge Parker drives over to his son-in-law's church on Sunday mornings. The democratic candidate's home is an ample but unostentatious place overlooking the Hudson. One of his neighbors is famous in American literature. John Burroughs, one of the most brilliant of American critics and the greatest writer on nature since Thoreau, raises grapes, and remarkably fine grapes they are, on the slopes of the great river. A little farther off is Henry Abbey, the poet, a friend of John Burroughs and of Judge Parker. Everybody thereabouts knows Judge Parker as well as everybody in the vicinity of Oyster Bay knows Theodore Roosevelt. Also, Judge Parker and Theodore Roosevelt know each other better than most folks have suspected. Their families have exchanged visits and a feeling of cordial respect has prevailed on both sides.

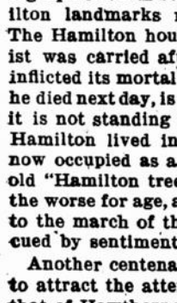
Secretary Morton.

Hamilton and Hawthorne.

IN the lull before the beginning of the active campaign, New York has had time to take up the name of an earlier statesman — Alexander Hamilton, the centenary of whose death has just occurred. The superb new statue of Hamilton on a downtown business district facade almost marked the end of a century since the famous duel that closed the life of this extraordinary man. Few American statesmen are more profusely honored in New York than Hamilton. This is not to speak of the tablet on the Jersey shore near where the famous pistol encounter took place. The site of the duel is not yet built over, though a railway track cuts through the spot. During the week thousands of people have visited the region, and the relic hunter still finds things to appease him the big duelling pistols are still in the city—I have a photograph of them before me. Many Hamilton landmarks remain unblemished. The Hamilton house, to which the duelist was carried after Burr's bullet had inflicted its mortal wound, and in which he died next day, is still standing, though it is not standing where it stood when Hamilton lived in it. The building is now occupied as a private school. The old "Hamilton trees" are looking much the worse for age, and will soon give way to the march of the builder unless rescued by sentiment.

Another centenary that has managed to attract the attention of New York is that of Hawthorne's birth. It is not for a literary man, not even a very great literary man, to command the popular attention bestowed upon a statesman, though a writer who fought duels might do better than one who lived a simple uneventful life. Fenimore Cooper came near fighting duels; but no one, I think, has ever accused Hawthorne of being of that disposition. Hawthorne's fame grows with the years. No one seems to dispute his preeminence as a writer of fiction. It is said that his romances, now 40 years after his death, are more widely read than in his life time.

Fame at a Price.



FAME is sweet, and in New York, the paradise of fakir, the sale of it goes on apace. I suppose schemes for the exploitation of little people who wish to pass as big people originate in many other cities also, but the art of fooling the would-be famous reaches its height in New York. Every possible sort of book for setting down who is who having been legitimately incubated, it remained for the ingenious to get up new plans for setting forth those who would not be set forth in any other way. Especially profitable, of course, are those plans which include pictures, for pictures so obviously cost money that the promotors have a brilliant excuse for asking money wherewith to introduce this form of embellishment. If it is worth anything to have a column biography and a portrait in a great biographical history, it surely is worth a hundred dollars. Many the thousands that are spent for this purpose. Sometimes the suddenly famous who have advanced the hundred dollars get restless when the biographical volumes do not appear as quickly as they expected, and sometimes suits are threatened. Sometimes very harsh terms are applied to people who have collected money for this purpose. But fame, it is then pointed out, is a matter of slow growth, even when stimulated by the most modern and scientific methods, and the newly famous must be patient. In most cases, the subject of the assisted biography prefers to be silent when the game is slow—even when nothing at all happens. It is difficult to appear to good advantage in a controversey over the publication of one's life, and one's distinguished-looking portrait. Hence the temptations to enterprise. There has just been a row in Wall street over a "History of the New York Stock Exchange," which is declared to be an entirely legitimate publication. The promotor of the enterprise has said to an interviewer: "The engravings are not my property, but the property of the men who advanced the money to make them, and if any of them are dissatisfied they can have them back. The fact that they have advanced the $100 does not entitle them to a copy of the book which will cost $25 more after it is published. So you see that none of these people have any claim upon me."

Getting Hurt as a Business.

TURNING from a field of ingenious activity in which there is, as we have seen, entirely legal opportunities, let us look at another in which ingenuity takes wilder flights. Every week the courts reveal the presence in the metropolis of people whose career is one prolonged accident, people who live by being hurt, or what is easier, by seeming to be hurt. The case has just been brought to light of a woman who has never been legally punished who has been living for years on fraudulent claims. She slipped on a piece of meat in a butcher's shop. Thereupon it was discovered that she had slipped on a piece of banana skin in a dry goods store and collected $50, after having tried and succeeded in a variety of petty tricks of the same kind. Another woman has been slipping on banana skins on ferry boats. Another had a specialty in ice cases, and has met with great success. Nothing is easier than to sprain an ankle or a back on a piece of broken pavement or near an excavation. It is possible to be hit or to seem to be hit by piece of wood falling from a scaffolding.

Chiefly available for the suit sharp is the street car. There are a thousand ways in which the ingenious can be hurt on a street car—even those who are not ingenious can be hurt a trifle in the hurtling public conveyances of New York. The result is an avalanche of suits running into the millions, every year, some of which result in the exhibtion of real injuries, new or old, and others of which place a big strain on the imaginations of the jury. Just what sort of a lurch the company shall be responsible for is a question that comes up over and over again. Naturally the companies become sufficiently expert in human nature to know which case had better be settled and which may be carried to the jury.

"Society" in Summer.

OF COURSE there is no "society" in summer within the city itself. There is Newport—where I am told Harry Lehr has made a sensation by wearing a green tie with a Tuxedo coat—and there is Lenox and a half dozen other places not very far from New York as society measures distances. Even at the summer haunts as far as Narragansett and Bar Harbor there is greater dullness than usual. But here is the real fact: When "Everybody" is "out of town" New York still has a population of some millions and there are human beings there who look very much like the sort of people who are called "Society" in winter. There is not only the society that is seen at the roof gardens (as if it had just "dropped into town") and at the cafes, but the front steps society, which is legion, and which is capable of presenting a very pretty appearance. We catch glimpses of it even on Madison avenue—yes, even on Fifth avenue. An "American Lady" writing in the London Telegraph, has been saying that the southern girl when she comes to New York asks "where do you do your courting?" Nobobdy answers that it is done very frequently on the front steps in summer, yet such an answer would not be so absurd as might at first appear. Certain front steps are not very brilliantly lighted. One may gather an impression of a girl in a white dress, such as the southern girl wears on her courting veranda, but the details are hard to make out. Hands and arms are indecipherable. There is no reason why a case might not be argued to a finish in such surroundings, always presuming that the occupants of the house are well trained.

OWEN LANGDON.

A RARE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Telling a Story or Relating an Adventure in an Entertaining Manner.

No accomplishment gives more pleasure than the art of story-telling, unless it may be the art of singing a song. But even the simplest song sounds better when accompanied on a musical instrument, and that is not always to be had. The story needs only the audience, says Youth's Companion. It is no respecter of persons. The effective story-teller has a welcome by the camp fire, at the dinner table, in the lawyer's office, at the sick bed, in the school room and at the kitchen door.

Women have not excelled in conversational story-telling. Perhaps their failure is partly because they find it hard to be brief. Women do not always know what to say. Of all the rules which govern the story-teller, the most imperative is that which cuts away the superfluous. "Nobody but yourself knows what good things you leave out," is the only consolation for the merciless pruning of the successful story-teller.

One woman will spend 20 minutes in recounting her misfortunes in a single morning, and her audience will suppress a yawn and be glad when the long-drawn-out tale is over. Another will crowd into two minutes a rapid sketch of a street-crossing adventure, and every sentence will carry delight because of its humorous, vital, sympathetic touch.

It is difficult to teach the beguiling art of telling a story; but one may hear almost any day examples of how not to do it—and an occasional rare illustration of how to do it. But a woman who will teach herself skill in the accomplishment will never lack a welcome, for the world is hungry for innocent pleasure.

WORD TO BUSINESS WOMEN

The Treatment They Receive from Men Depends Much Upon Themselves.

Every now and then there comes a cry from those of the old fashion, complaining that in the modern way of living women have lost the place they once held, and that by going into business and competing in the "great handicap" they have forfeited all the nice consideration which was once given them, says Woman's Home Companion. In a measure this may be true, but it is not that people look on workers with any less respect. The cause of the decline in courtesy, if there is really such, lies with the individual. How men or the world treat a woman is all in her own hands. As she thinks of herself, so will the world think of her. Her treatment will depend upon her own conduct and her own reception of any particular attitude. If she permits a lounging friendship or a too familiar manner, she will get that. But even the most thoughtless of men will scarcely risk offending a woman unless he is given an opportunity. A woman need have no fear of being taken for less than she takes herself. In business she must conduct herself as carefully and as circumspectly as she would in her own home. She must remember always that she is a woman, and she must be womanly. The girl who respects herself will find respect, aid and kindness, wherever she goes among Americans.

DAGGER WITH A HISTORY.

Was Presented to One Alphonse Kara by an Unfriendly Woman —In the Back.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, was a collector of Indian relics, and took great interest, also, in autographs, coins and stamps. Often, though, he ridiculed, good naturedly, collectors' hobbies, says the New York Tribune.

He was showing a reporter his Indian robes one day. The young man took up a curious antique dagger that lay on a buhl table.

"This dagger must be very old," he said. "Has it a history?"

"It has indeed," said Senator Quay. "It is the dagger that Macbeth thought he saw. A descendant of Macbeth gave it to me in Scotland several years ago."

Senator Quay smiled. "There is only one dagger I would trade this for, and that is a dagger that used to hang on the wall in Alphonse Karr's study," he said.

"Karr, in one of his stories, had poked a good deal of fun at a woman named Colet. Mme. Colet, enraged at being made a butt of, stabbed Karr. He, on his recovery, hung the dagger she had stabbed him with above his desk, with this inscription beneath it:

" 'Presented to Alphonse Karr—by Mme. Colet—in the back.' "

Mint Sherbet.

Mint sherbet makes a pretty addition to a "company" dinner, and it is not hard to make, either. Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over a bunch of fresh-bruised mint leaves. After it has stood for ten minutes add one cupful of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved strain, cool and add two-thirds of a cupful of grape juice and one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice. Freeze to a mush. Serve in champagne glasses, ornamenting the top of each glass with a crystallized cherry and a tip of mint.—Chicago Daily News.

Blackberryade.

Pick over a quart of berries, make a sirup of one cup of water and a cup of sugar. Heat and skim this sirup. When it comes to a boil, drop in the berries, let them cook for eight minutes, then fill the cans, which should be hot, and seal.—Good Housekeeping.

No Trouble About That.

Anxious Hostess—I am afraid the company is getting bored. Can't we do something to keep the conventional ball rolling?

Host—That's easy enough. Talk golf.—Chicago Tribune.

SUMMER HOUSE FURNISHING

Light Furniture and Airy Hangings That Lend an Air of Coolness and Comfort.

Straw and chintz reign in charming summer homes. Willow chairs and sofas, made for coolness and comfort, are stained the predominant shade of the room, says American Queen. Pale golden-yellow willow furniture is excellent in a room which has the walls covered with straw-colored grass cloth, while the hangings and cushion-covers are of green India cotton. Another effective room has the wall-paper of trellised wistaria. In this the willow furniture is stained a delicate heliotrope. Willow stained dull stone gray, gray-green or soft golden brown is effective, especially when good contrasting colors are used. A soft golden brown is especially good with a white chintz or cretonne, on which a conventional pattern, not too large, is stamped in red and green. Not only straw, but the smooth, dull finished wood tables and chairs, now seen in excellent patterns, are likewise faintly toned a dull gray or brown. No glaring shades of staining are used for wood. White enamel is always excellent and dainty for bedrooms and is unusually popular. Old pieces of mahogany, often picked up for a song, or new and inexpensive furniture, made in simple designs, in soft, dark-colored oak or ash, are all good taste.

However, should it be decided to have each bedroom of a special color, the walls, furniture and enameled bed should all be of the chosen color. For example, a pale-green room has a narrow-striped paper of two shades of green, while the wood of the chiffonier, chairs and chest of drawers and the enameled iron bed are all enameled the same shade of pale green. With this, sheer white muslin is used both for curtains, deep frilled and draped, and for the bedspread, the deep frill of which is headed with a heavy lace insertion and lined throughout with pale-green linen. This covers the entire bed, pillows and all, and gives a delightfully airy and delicate finish.

The same effect of one color, if desired, can be given without much expense. Old furniture can be transformed by first washing it well with ammonia, after which it should be painted with three coats of white zinc paint. If the zinc paint is too expensive, plain white lead can be used, tinted the desired shade. Care, however, should always be taken not to put on one coat of paint until the other is thoroughly dry. After this, any rough place in the paint should be smoothed with sandpaper; then give one or more coats of white or colored enamel paint, which can be bought prepared and ready for immediate use. The walls, if no good paper can be had, should be calcimined exactly the same delicate shade as the furniture. Should the room be small the effect is far better if the walls and ceilings are calcimined alike.

CARLISLE AND THE CELT.

How the Famous Statesman Was Helped to Win a Case When a Young Lawyer.

John G. Carlisle tells a story of his early days when he was counsel for an insurance company in Kentucky, says the New York Herald.

The company had brought an action against the proprietor of a small dry goods store which had been destroyed by fire under rather suspicious circumstances.

The proprietor was put on the stand, and Mr. Carlisle, in his capacity as counsel, undertook during the course of cross-examination to break down the story of the fire. All the artifices of the questioner were, however, of no avail, for the proprietor stuck to his tale, and there seemed little hope of discrediting the testimony offered by him.

The defendant was about to leave the box, when an Irishman, who had been following the testimony with ill-concealed impatience, shouted out in stentorian tones:

"So, me man, whin you'd sit fire to the store, ye ran away, heh?"

At this the unfortunate tradesman became visibly embarrassed, stuttered and spluttered and finally, under the renewed questioning of Mr. Carlisle, who was not slow to follow up the advantage afforded by the Celt's unexpected outburst, the proprietor virtually admitted his guilt, whereupon his conviction speedily ensued.

When the proceedings were over Mr. Carlisle sought out the Irish juror, whom he complimented on his ready wit. "But," said he, "my friend, how did you come to put that question? It certainly enabled me to win the case."

"Ye win it?" repeated the juror, scornfully. "Ye win it? Be gob, I rayther think I done it myself!"

Sweetbread and Celery Salad.

Sweetbread and celery salad is made exactly like chicken salad, substituting sweetbreads for chicken. The sweetbreads are prepared in the usual manner, shredding and parboiling them. Mix with mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves. A nice garnish is a large green pepper cut in fine strips or circles. Red peppers are equally good, as far as looks go, but the green pepper combination is better eating.—Boston Budget.

Spiced Currants.

For four pounds of currants take four pounds of brown sugar, a trifle less than two tablespoonfuls of cloves, the same quantity of cinnamon, boil two hours, then add one pint of vinegar and boil 15 minutes. Grapes may be prepared in the same manner by first removing the seeds as for preserves. Add a trifle of cayenne.—Washington Star.

THREE-HOUR LECTURE.

Chippy—What did your wife say to you when you got home late the other night?

Chappy—Have you got three hours to spare?

Chippy—Lor, no!

Chappy—Then I shouldn't have time to tell you.—Ally Sloper.

An Aid to Longevity.

"I noticed the other day, Miss Clinkey, that some papers say that married men live longer than single ones."

"And haven't you any desire to live long, Mr. Puttyblow?"

"Why, yes, of course I have, Miss Clinkey."

"Oh, Mr. Puttyblow, this is so sudden!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Irrepressible.

In summer time you're growlin'
With sunshine in your soul;
In winter—"Shut that crasy door
An' bring in tons of coal!"
So hard to satisfy you!—
In Heavenly pasture sunny
You'd say: "The harps ain't playin' right—
Less comb, please, an' more honey!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS LITTLE BREAK.

"Howd'y'to, Miss Lulu. Have to be careful how polite one is to the girls nowadays—leap year, you know."

"Oh, yes. So it is."

"Happy time for the girls, isn't it?"

"Yes. Sometimes it is such fun."

" 'Specially to a girl who loves fun as you do. Must call up old times to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Neglected Incidentals.

He had a million dollars;
He had scorned all thought of rest,
And he finished with a stomach
Quite reluctant to digest.
And his temper needs excuses
As through life he glumly goes;
For he hadn't learned the uses
Of occasional repose.
—Washington Star.

How He Won Her Regard.

Mrs. De Neat—It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose.

Moldy Mike—Yes, mum; the cheap soaps that us poor people use is very hard on the complexion, mum.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Last Vows.

Seedy Nobleman—Are you sure, dearest, that you will always honor my noble family?

American Heiress—Always. And will you always love and cherish my money?

"While life lasts."

"Then let the wedding bells ring."—N. Y. Weekly.

Taking Advantage of Him.

Kate—Why did she insist on a church wedding?

Nell—Well, she said she was going to have him go to church with her for once.—Somerville Journal.

Why He Was Sad.

"Are you well acquainted with Mr. Rigsby?"

"Quite well. He is employed in the same office as myself."

"I think he is such an interesting young man. He is always so melancholy. He surely must have suffered some great disappointment?"

"Yes, he has."

"Oh, how romantic! What was it?"

"Why, he expected a rise in his salary on the first, and he didn't get it."—Tit-Bits.

Trouble for Him.

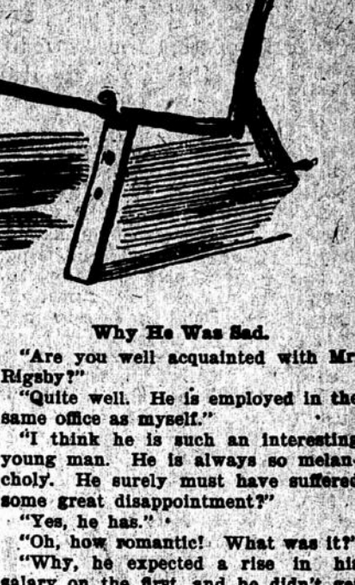
Towne—I helped Goodart the other day to select a beautiful etching—

Browne—Don't mention Goodart to me; he's a contemptible character.

Towne—What! Why, he told me he was going to send the etching to you for your birthday.

Browne—So he did, and my wife made me rearrange all the other pictures in the parlor to make room for it and I'm not done yet.—Philadelphia Press.

UNDAUNTED COURAGE.



"Is he a man who is easily discouraged?"

"Hardly; he is going to be married for the fourth time next week."—Chicago Journal.

The Very Best.

Mr. Nuwed—Gracious, dear! Where did you get these peaches?

Mrs. Nuwed—Why? What's the matter?

Mr. Nuwed—They don't taste like the best in the world.

Mrs. Nuwed—They must be. I picked them out myself. The picture on the can was prettier than any of the others.—Philadelphia Press.

Enthusiatic.

Every evening now my good wife
Fondly greets me at the door;
And the first thing that she asks,
Is: "Say, John, what's the score?"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CAUTION REQUIRED.

"Do you think it's right for a man to put so much money in his clothes?"

"It depends upon how sound he sleeps—and how noiselessly his wife can walk."—Chicago Journal.

So Convenient.

Mrs. Urban—How you must enjoy living in the country. I suppose you can get all the fresh fruit and vegetables you want?

Mrs. Annex—Oh, yes. Such a nice peddler comes out from the city three times a week.—Brooklyn Life.

Her Husband's Zeal.

Mrs. Jones—Here is a letter I want you to mail, dear. It is to my milliner, countermanding an order for a hat.

Mr. Jones—Here—take this cord and tie both my hands behind my back, or I won't forget it!—Puck.