

# GOSSIP OF NEW YORK

IT IS NOW SOCIETY'S OUT-OF-TOWN SEASON.

WHEN MAN IS LEFT ALONE

The Situation Has a Funny Side to It—Brutal Scenes at the Brooklyn Bridge Entrance—Other Gotham Chatter.

NEW YORK.—"Society" is out of town, but society's husbands are in town most of the time, with the husbands of that part of the population which is not society. The proportion in the balance of the sexes is not great enough to be immediately noticeable on the streets, but it is a novel disproportion nevertheless, and one that is plain enough in certain quarters. The results are more striking than the figures. They appear in the proportion of men in the audiences at places of amusement, at the restaurants, and in the churches that remain open. The whole arrangement is a familiar subject of satire. The fun-maker sees a huge joke in the situation of the pampered wife who drives, bathes, flirts and eats too much at "summer places," and a smaller jest in the pitted husband who "does the town" while his wife is away. It is quite true that the New York husband resolves to console himself for the hot and lonesome situation in which he is usually left by the summer arrangement. It is true that he takes a certain kind of pleasure in a free and easy dinner with gay music, and in a subsequent roof garden. But it is equally true that this freedom to come and go is one that the average husband very soon tires of and nothing is more familiar in the summer metropolis than the sight of the lonesome husband who has finished doing the things he found to do and has grown disgusted with his freedom. The evening shows many thousands of thoroughly bored men who are looking forward eagerly to September, the return of their families and the reestablishment of the winter schedule of living.

HE foreigner who, returning home, has expressed the opinion that the most extraordinary thing in New York is the disgrace at the Brooklyn bridge, for once has expressed an opinion that tallies precisely with the opinion held by every decent New Yorker. The brutal scenes at the bridge entrance in the rush hours are the one feature of life in the metropolis which no one has ever succeeded in exaggerating. A painter who succeeded in putting the thing on canvas would be accused of having a diseased imagination. People who once devoted a fragment of sight-seeing time to visiting the slums, now go instead to the bridge entrance at half past five in the afternoon and look down into the human maelstrom. Nothing on the stage is half so dramatically exciting. There is much better chance of seeing human beings maimed and murdered than at any bull fight. Here is a battle that is governed by no laws. The government that is sensitive about the prize ring and has debated solemnly the child's play of football, looks on blandly at this trampling, murderous scene night after night. It is sinful for a man with gloved hands to punch another man in one round too many, but here children are torn from their mothers' arms and trampled to death, and the legalized panic and carnage is called the growth of population.

Scarcely less repulsive scenes are repeated on the elevated railway stations at the same hour. Committees protest, and commissioners map plans, but the outrage is perpetuated. "When the subway is finished," is an oft-repeated hope. "When the river tunnels are opened," is another promise. What New York really wants is an engineering Napoleon. Men who ought to know, say that these things need not happen. The police have thrown up their hands. They have slightly diminished the number of deaths, but in general New York's twilight scramble is as bad as ever it was, a continuous conflict as deadly as war.

Eating in Many Languages.

NE philosopher has said that the New Yorker's eagerness to get his meals is a more frantic spectacle than anything in modern life. Every foreigner marvels at the attention now given to eating. I presume that New Yorkers do not eat more than other folks, but the number of new restaurants, gorgeous and humble, is always one of the marvels of the town. Every trick of effete Europe has been copied, and the orient has been sampled for freak devices. One may eat here in any language. Just now Japanese restaurants are especially popular, though not more so than

the Chinese. There are now hundreds of Chinese restaurants, some of them very Chinese, some of them but slightly so. In the Chinese quarter there are now 20 or 30 well fitted places where there were but three or four five years ago. It is a growing fashion now with visitors to the city—and there are many thousands of sight-seers here at this season—to eat in foreign "joints," and the fashion lifts into prosperity very humble restaurants that were not looking for the invasion. There is a Greek restaurant on Forty-second street, and one or two other distinctly Greek places further downtown. Italian, French, Swiss, Russian, Spanish restaurants are legion. The Hungarian cafe on Houston street once had a great fame. There are so many other Hungarian restaurants now that this place—built in a cellar, with a background of casks and bottles—is no longer distinctive. The Assyrian restaurant on Rector street has not yet been spoiled by popularity. When it is "discovered," that is to say "written up" in the Sunday papers, there will be cabs and automobiles in front of the door, the proprietor will cut through the wall and hire more waiters, and the place will be so much like any other that the searchers for novelty must turn elsewhere. This hunt for queer places that are not yet spoiled, is a game of itself. "For heaven's sake don't mention it!" the artists used to say when they found a new French restaurant with the potted plants and the parrot in the window, and madame behind the little counter. Vain hope! Somebody always does mention it. Then the cabs come, madame is famous—and spoiled.

A Millionaire's Amusement.

MILLIONAIRES can't eat their money. They must spend it. If they save it to leave behind there is the dreadful spectacle, for example, of the people grabbing a share. Mr. Whitney's money has just given the state an inheritance tax of \$222,000. Mr. Carnegie is not the only rich man who is trying to die poor. Mr. Carnegie's toys are libraries. Here is M. Gould Brokaw with other notions. I described some weeks ago the Long Island palace of Mr. Brokaw. This is constantly being embellished. The grounds have recently been made still more like a Greek garden. But Brokaw is not content with houses, stables, terraces, yachts, buzz-wagons, hunting hounds and farming novelties. He has mastered the surface of the earth and something underneath. He has played everything that can be played on terra firma. Now he wants to play in the air. He is building balloons. Santos Dumont appealed to his fancy and he is, constructing, some air boats much on the Santos Dumont lines in which he not merely hopes but expects to make other surface-living millionaires feel cheap. In furtherance of this plan Brokaw has already built a "balloon house," a sort of gigantic stable for his air horses, and although there is the usual mystery about his plans, the precise type of balloon, and so forth, the balloon fad is well entrenched on the Brokaw estate and before the out-door season is over this rich eccentric will make his trial trips in an up-to-date airship. Nothing that Brokaw does really excites surprise, and this latest enterprise is all but taken for granted, yet there is sufficient curiosity among his neighbors, millionaires and otherwise. If there is to be a grand trunk line in air traffic Brokaw may be the pioneer, though to do him justice he claims only to be playing.

The Right of Privacy.

THE streets are dotted with tourists cameras; the excursion steamers, the watering places, Coney Island, Long Branch—all the near resorts—reveal the popularity of the camera. Supplementing the legion of amateurs are the professional view-makers, and the newspaper news gathering photographers. The individual's right to forbid a photographer—and sometimes his right to trash the photographer and break his camera—has been gone over a good many times, but a new vitality is given to the theme by Judge Parker's protest at Esopus against being photographed while in bathing. The letter of Miss Abigail Roberson, of Rochester, to Judge Parker has raised much discussion. Miss Roberson read of Judge Parker's protest and immediately sat down to write what was doubtless intended to be a stinging letter. Miss Roberson had sued a milling company for using her picture in promiscuous advertising without having her consent to do so. The decision of the court of appeals was against Miss Roberson, and the decision was written by Judge Parker. The democratic candidate, who has been much pestered and annoyed, used the expression "I reserve the right," and Miss Roberson pounced upon this at once. "I take this opportunity to remind you," she says, "that you have not such right as that which you assert," and she quotes the court of appeals' decision in which the "so-called" right of privacy was discussed. The letter, which is superciliously respectful, offers a blunt and gleeful deduction. Doubtless most people are siding with Judge Parker in his later wish rather than in his earlier decision. It must be rather annoying to feel the camera looking at you all the time. The knowledge that a person may be made to look very ridiculous in a chance or shrewdly-taken photograph has made many mourn.

OWEN LANGDON.



## HOME-MADE LAMP SHADES.

They Are Dainty Ornaments and Quite Easily Manufactured by the Veriest Novice.

Home-made lamp and candle shades are quite the thing once more. The pretty candle shade here illustrated may be easily manufactured by the novice and is a dainty ornament. Cut a piece of stiff paper, in circular shape, and of the depth desired, and glue the two ends together, thus making a foundation. Cover this neatly, inside and out, with crinkled tissue paper to



AN ARTISTIC LAMP SHADE.

match the color of the material. (It is pink in this instance.) The shade proper is made by looping and fastening upon the foundation gauze ribbon, about a half inch wide. The loops are graduated in length, with the exception of the small ones at the top, which are formed to resemble a ruffling. A row of narrow crystal fringe, sewed around the bottom of the foundation, makes a desirable finish and a few sprays of artificial maidenhair fern disposed among the loops add the finishing touch. The shade must, of course, be placed on a mica foundation before the candle is lighted.—Detroit Free Press.

Novelty in Invalid Cookery.

Peach foam is suggested as a novelty in invalid cookery. It is made by taking half a cupful of powdered sugar, the white of an egg and one cupful of peach pulp. Beat with a silver spoon in a large bowl for 30 minutes, and the result is—or should be a very velvety cream. The same authority gives grape foam, which consists simply of the white of an egg beaten stiff and added to two tablespoonfuls of grape juice. Add a little scraped ice and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

## For Table and Boudoir

WHILE the fancy for copperware, useful and decorative, is not so pronounced as it was some months ago, there is sufficient demand for the glowing metal to warrant the production of various articles for table and boudoir service that are certain to appeal to lovers of things artistic. The distinctive note in these new designs is the combination of copper and crystal as shown in the claret set here portrayed. The tall pitcher is of copper, silver lined and ornamented with a design in relief of grapes, the decoration extending also to the



handle. The glasses, taller than the general style of claret glass, are set in frames of copper ornamented to correspond with the pitcher. The set is a particularly attractive one and would make an admirable wedding gift. The wine cooler of hammered copper shows another use to which this metal is put these days. The ornamentation is simple but effective and within the copper bowl is set a metal cylinder to hold the bottle, the ice being packed in the copper bowl. For the watering of the window boxes or the plants in an improvised conservatory, say in the bay window, the sprinkling pot of copper included in the above group is desirable. As

## MEATLESS DIET HEALTHFUL

Carnivorous Habits Said to Be Unnatural and Harmful to Human Beings.

It would be quite foolish to become discouraged on account of strikes which cause a rise in the price of meat. If the cost of flesh food went wholly beyond the means of man, there would be no good cause for despair. Meat is not a necessity of life. Many think it is both a luxury and an evil. At best it is a "matter of habit," like coffee, alcohol, tobacco, chewing gum or pie.

Scientific observation in this country and Europe has shown that perfect health and mental vigor may be obtained on a meatless diet. A series of experiments has just been carried out at the University of California, which demonstrated that nuts and fruits are all that are necessary to maintain health under all circumstances, and it may not be amiss to state that the Japanese are making a phenomenal campaign against the Russians on a meatless diet. No meat is used in Japan by the masses. And in Central America the natives will cut mahogany logs—about as hard as iron—in the intense heat of the tropic sun, sustained by a diet of bananas and rice. No meat eating laborer could perform this work.

Meat is stimulating, just as coffee, tea or intoxicants are; and it is ordinarily thought that the weakness which follows when one is deprived of meat shows that meat is essential to strength. The "goneness" follows when coffee is omitted. It is now agreed that meat eating is particularly the cause of many complaints; there is more or less poisonous matter remaining in the carcasses of animals, caused by various chemical changes, and these toxic elements gradually affect those who make meat a staple article of diet. Uric acid is largely caused by a flesh diet.

In nuts, fruits, grains, etc., we find a food better adapted to man's needs than animal food. The percentage of nourishment in meat is small compared to several vegetable products that can be had at every grocery, so that the body may be amply sustained on vegetable products at a much less cost than when meats are used.

Percentage of Nutrients.	Percentage of Nutrients.
Meat.....33	Dried beans.....37
Dried prunes.....38	Oatmeal.....37
Walnuts.....37	Cornmeal.....37
Peanuts.....36	Whole wheat flour.....36
Cheese.....36	Rice.....36

Those who crave meat may find a partial substitute in milk, cheese, and eggs, and no one need fear that his health will suffer if he is forced to subsist on a vegetable diet for a time. On the contrary, many common forms of disease will be greatly diminished by a natural diet—for nature never intended man to eat flesh.

A Cement That Will Stick.

A capital cement for broken china and bric-a-brac that can be made at home is obtained by mixing half an ounce of gum arabic with half a teaspoonful of boiling milk and adding enough plaster of paris to produce a creamy paste. To use successfully have the pieces that are to be mended warm and apply the cement warm with a small brush. Objects repaired with this cement have to be set aside for a week before they can be used, but after that they can be washed in either warm or cold water with safety. Soaking, however, they will not stand.

Poor Prospect.

The X-ray operator makes an excuse to call his assistant into a room away from the patient upon whom the assistant is operating. "Say," observes the chief, "you'll never do for this business." "Why?" "Can't you see that that patient only has two dollars in small change in his clothes, when our regular fee is \$20."—Life.

THE REASON.



"I think Jesse is contemplating matrimony." "Why?" "She cuts out all the hints to housekeepers' she finds in the papers."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Precedent.

Miggles—I say, old man, I'd like to have you put me up at your club. Wiggles—I'd be only too glad, my boy, but—she are very particular who they admit. Miggles—You don't say! How in the world did you manage to break in?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Heard at the Press Club.

Hewitt—So we have hugged the same girl. Jewett—Yes, I suppose she looks upon us as members of the associated grooms.—Tues. Times.



## SMILES

FROM FORCE OF HABIT.

He—Newspop's done for? She—How so? He—He was so used to rocking the cradle that he rocked the boat.—Chicago Journal.

An Easy Winner.

Beautiful Ernestine was sobbing as though her heart would break. "What is it, dear?" asked her girl friend. "W-why," she sobbed, "I t-told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see papa."

"What of that?" "Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."—Tit-Bits.

JUST AMONG FRIENDS.



Young Dramatist (proudly)—So sorry I can't give you a seat for the first performance of my new play, old man. The fact is that every seat is booked. His Friend—Oh, well, I'll just wait until the end of the first act; there will be plenty of room then.—Tit-Bits.

Eve's Husband.

The female suffragist's a bore; She'd make us all believe That Adam wasn't any more Than merely "Mr. Eve."—Philadelphia Press.

A Friendly Critic.

Dr. Thirdly—How did you enjoy my sermon this morning, deacon? Deacon Knox—Well, there was one portion of it especially gratifying. Dr. Thirdly—To what portion do you refer? Deacon Knox—To the part where you said, "And now, brethren, one word more and I have finished."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JUDGMENT SUSPENDED.



Wife—Which hat is the most becoming, John? This one is \$25 and the other is \$30. Hubby—Wait till I see how much money I have on me.—Chicago News.

In Keeping.

Priscilla has a golfing suit. With which she now cajoles. And in her daddy's bank account. It made just 15 holes.—Puck.

A Real Genius.

Jigsmith—That fellow Fiker is certainly a clever, ingenious chap, isn't he? Browning—Why, I never heard of his doing anything remarkable. Jigsmith—That's just it. He manages in some way to get along without doing anything.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Possible Candidate.

Miss Antique—My dear, the alarming spread of microbic diseases has resulted in the starting of an anti-kissing club. Will you permit me to propose you as a member? Miss Youngthing—Really, I—I have no time for clubs; but perhaps grandma will join.—N. Y. Weekly.

Identified.

Teacher—Now, boys, who was Columbus? No answer. Teacher (promptly)—The man that— Class (readily)—Broke the bank at Monte Carlo.—Tit-Bits.

An Ethical Clash.

"What broke up your Browning club?" "Oh, strained relations between the women who chew gum and the women who don't."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.