THE FOOD SHOW'S PATRONS.

THEIR PATRONAGE CONFINED TO EATING FREE LUNCHES.

Women Eat All They Can Get and Carry Off in Red Paper Bags Samples of Soap and Other Portable Things—Some Criticise the Food, but Do Not Eat the Less.

There are great goings-on at the Madison Square Garden these days. The food show, otherwise known as the Great Annual Free Lunch for Women, is doing its stunt in the New York continuous performance. It isn't such a bad stunt either, if you know a good bit of comedy when you see it. When the paper bag brigade gets really warmed up to work, there is fun for the procession.

It begins at the door. Somehow the women always come in looking, or trying to look, as if they wouldn't eat a free sample if the assembled exhibitors got down on their knees and begged it as a favor. As for carrying about a big red paper bag stuffed with advertising cards—not for worlds would they be guilty of such a thing! That is the way they look when they come in. But immediately up steps a chipper individual with a handful of red cards.

"Take one of our cards, lady. It'll entitle you to a free sample of our soap at our booth. Our soap is the best in the world."

The old stagers come around at this very point. The card changes hands and the woman is off to get her bit of soap. The newer ones waver a little. They still try to be superior to the business in hand. And the chipper individual continues:

"Have one of our cards—our free samples—our soap—our booth."

The women hesitate some more, but finally take a card as if to say:

"Oh, all right, if it's any accommodation to you. But I shan't take the soap. Not I!"

Now, anybody who wants to be mean enough to follow these women around and watch them get their scrap of soap in their turn can do so. Some people are quite capable of it, and not only go scouting around on the trail of these superior female persons, but tell tales about them afterward. This is not one of those tales. Those women are not the whole show. There are others. Some of these others show unusual fortitude and persist in declining the red ticket. Then the chipper individual plays his last card.

"Oh, all right!" he says airily. "You'll be coming and asking for one and won't get it."

His tone says: "There! Now will you be good?" And they generally are. It is like a threat of excommunication. They take their tickets and plunge into the fray. Almost the first booth they strike offers them another red badge of courage. It is a good large paper bag with a big, red, slathering advertisement on the outside. Money couldn't hire one of these women to parade up and down an exhibition and ride in cars and trains and on ferries carrying one of these paper bag "ads." But by a little diplomacy thousands of them are made to do this very thing, and most of them seem grateful for the privilege. There are other ways, however, of carrying away the food show's free samples. This is one of them. The scene is at a health food exhibit.

"Humph! What's that?" demanded a short, fat woman, pointing to a saucer which another woman is diligently scraping.

"That," says the "demonstrator" behind the counter, "is our ground glass pudding for dyspeptics."

"Well, I'm a dyspeptic, and I guess I'll try some."

The demonstrator puts a dab of white stuff into a saucer, and pours on some cream. The stout woman devours it as if she hadn't seen anything to eat for a week.

"That ain't pure cream," she remarks as she scrapes up the last few drops and licks the spoon.

"No," says the demonstrator, "it's part cream and part milk."

"I thought so!" says the woman indignantly.

"We can't afford to use pure cream," explains the demonstrator. "As it is, we use four or five quarts of cream a day and twice as much milk, because we have to use milk for our pancakes, too."

"Pancakes!" exclaims the woman. "Where are your pancakes?"

"Around at the other side of the booth."

One swish of skirts and there is a short, fat woman at the pancake griddle ten feet away. She fixes a greedy eye on the cakes which are just being taken off. There are three of them and four persons are waiting. Two of the cakes go to a man and woman and the two remaining women hang breathless on the disposition of the third.

"I'm a dyspeptic!" exclaims the short, fat woman at the critical moment, and it works. She gets the cake.

"This ain't pure maple syrup," she says as she takes the last morsel.

"I beg your pardon; it is the very best maple syrup to be had."

"Is it? Well, you didn't put more'n two drops on my cake, and I couldn't tell what it did taste like. You better give me another cake and put on enough syrup so a person can tell what it is. You can't expect folks to buy your stuff if you serve it that way."

She gets another cake which she disposes of in the same careful fashion. Not a crumb escapes her.

"Wouldn't you like to try a package of our ground glass?" asks the demonstrator. "It is perfectly delicious, yet harmless to the most delicate stomach! Try a package?"

"No," coldly remarks the woman, wiping her lips. "I don't like it at all."

She swishes away and the demonstrator hunts for her fork in order that he may wash it. But the woman had licked it so clean that he is unable to find it, and he washes the whole set to make sure.

"She didn't like it!" he says, as he critically eyes the plate the woman used. It fairly shines. "Well, at any rate she didn't get all the enamel off the china."

Meanwhile along comes another woman; two of them, in fact. They generally hunt in couples. But this outfit is more than a couple, for each of the women has a child in her arms and another hanging to her skirts. They line up in front of the pudding counter and stolidly wait for the saucers to be filled and handed over. The demonstrator gives them two dabs, but the women calmly pass those on to the children and stand at attention once more.

"But I gave you two saucers," says the demonstrator. "This is for people who think of buying. The children won't be customers."

"But they're awful hungry," replies one of the women with asperity.

"You ought to be ashamed to begrudge a taste to a hungry baby!" declares the other.

"Oh, all right!" and the demonstrator hands out two more saucers.

Next come two airy creatures, who whisper and giggle as they approach.

"Will you try our food for dyspeptics?" says the demonstrator sweetly.

"Oh, no; thank you." But they still stand there.

"It's very nice," says the demonstrator, for they are of the well-dressed contingent and look as if they might possibly buy a 10-cent package.

"Oh, no; I guess not," they say. They don't mean that they guess it isn't nice; their minds are still on the invitation to have some, and they keep on saying no, because they are living up to what they make believe they believe, namely, that it is plebeian to eat free samples.

"Let me give you a little of our pudding," says the demonstrator, handing out two saucers. She knows what she is about and knows also that the women are pining for a taste.

"Oh, no—we don't—really—well, we'll just taste it. Never mind two saucers! We don't care for more than a mere taste. One saucer is plenty. Oh, all right." They proceed to the scraping of the dishes, then put them down with a sigh of satisfaction. "That's really very nice," they say politely.

"Won't you try a package?"

"Oh, no, thank you. We're not housekeeping. We're only boarding."

"Well, what under the shining sun do they want to come to a food show for if they're not keeping house?" exclaims the pudding girl to the pancake man as the women pass on with a longing look at the smoking griddle.

"Maybe they want to see what food looks like," remarks the pancake man, who lives in a boarding house himself.

"Why don't they go to a restaurant, then?"

The pancake man flaps a trio of griddles and merely says to the next comer:

"Try one of our griddle cakes for dyspeptics, lady. Perfectly delicious, yet"—and so on.

Perhaps this is the woman who eats her cake with great gusto and then, when asked to buy a little package, says that she certainly would only she couldn't carry it home. And she looks the demonstrator calmly in the eye and never blinks, just as if he couldn't see the paper bag she is toting around filled with picture cards and free samples.

"Do you think it pays?" asked the observer.

"Oh, yes," said the demonstrator. "I guess it does."

Along came three small boys, schoolbooks under their arms and just as hungry as three bears. They had evidently been there before, for a good-natured looking woman in a booth dumped a couple of hot griddle cakes onto a paper napkin, dusted some sugar on them, did the same thing to two more sets of cakes and handed them over. The three boys went off to a convenient corner, made two bites of the contribution and headed for the next booth.

"How do you make out that that pays?" asked the observer.

"Oh, they say they take our recipes home to their mothers and that advertises us."

"What are all these men around here?"

"Oh, they say they'll take the recipes home to their wives."

"Oh," said the observer.

"Yes," said the woman, and then it seemed as if she smiled.

Down in the basement there are several philosophers who sit and shout:

"Step up, ladies, and try your luck at"—whatever it happens to be.

"Do they ever step up?" asked the observer, who happened around the other afternoon.

"Oh, yes, nights they do. Just now they're upstairs where a woman's learnin' 'em how to cook hypodermicated quails and desecrated cocoanut and things of that sort. Yep. They come here with their pencils and paper and they write down a lot of things like: 'Take a half pound of the best butter and a handful of mushrooms and a handful of imported chestnuts and some of this sauce that you can get for a dollar a bottle and some of this other that costs about twice as much and chop and mix and stir 'em up, all up together, and then add a whole lot of other things and serve hot with your quail. This makes a delicious dish for four people.'

"My gracious! it's funny to see the women takin' notes as if they was goin' to cook something of that sort the minute they got home. And one of 'em pipes up and says: 'Where can I get the best imported chestnuts?' Humph! imported fiddlesticks! You bet her husband's in luck if he gets a piece of boiled mutton that's fit to eat. No, they don't get down here much in the afternoon. Some of 'em come down and chase themselves around the maze and get up an appetite so as to eat some more samples upstairs. But there ain't anything free down here, so most of 'em only give us a sad smile and skip out as quick as they can."

Upstairs the bag brigade went on and on. The boys ate a spoonful of jelly here and a dab of pudding there, and a hot biscuit some place else, and, between times, they stowed away circulars and picture cards and samples until the paper bags swelled and swelled. It being a food show, of course there are the booths of the spectacle men and the comb and brush cleaner, the photographer and the dealer in Turkish knickknacks, the silhouette man and the Original Yankee Guesser, and there are also rubber tires and jewelry and perfumery and patent pins and various other things equally appropriate for a food show. But the men and women who were after a free lunch wended their devious ways among all these distracting exhibits and pounced upon a free biscuit or pancake or a dab of jelly like an eagle on a chicken just out of the shell. And at last, when there were no more free mouthfuls to be had, they went out glowing with satisfaction and red paper bags.

PIANISTS TO BE HEARD.

Artists Who Have Never Played Before in This Country, and Others Who Will Return.

Emil Sauer is the most eminent of the pianists who comes for the first time to this country. It is indeed unusual that a man of his European reputation should have waited so long before seeking the honors and rewards that come from American popularity. More than sixteen years ago he played in London, and before that had made his début in Hamburg. He was born there in 1862. His first lessons were from his mother, who had taught him so well that the youth had the courage, in 1876, to play before Anton Rubinstein, who was at Hamburg. The Russian master saw so much talent in the 14-year-old boy that he sent him to Moscow to become a protégé of Nikolaus Rubinstein. His studies were completed there. After Sauer's London appearance he travelled in Italy and Spain and in 1884 played before Liszt at Weimar. A year later he was heard in Berlin and with that indorsement in Germany continued to travel through his own country with success. He passed the Vienna ordeal triumphantly and became popular in St. Petersburg. His recent appearances in London have renewed the success of his earlier visits there. He has the customary hair, tempered by the modesty becoming in one who has not yet won his spurs here.

Moriz Rosenthal has paid two previous visits to this country, but neither of them can be said to interfere with the interest in the tour which he is about to undertake. Shortly after his arrival here he was taken ill with typhoid fever and returned to Europe so soon as he was able to undertake the journey. Ten years ago he played throughout one season here and his rank among pianists was then placed among the highest. He is said to have improved since that time in many attributes of his art, and his appearances here this year are expected to win even greater recognition for his talents. He is a native of Lemberg in Roumania and showed his taste for music when he was only 4 years old. This had developed into the manifestation of very positive powers by the time he was 9 years old. At that age he walked from his home to see Rafael Joseffy in Vienna. It was his amusement that the child's enthusiasm first aroused. But after he had played Joseffy was willing to undertake his tuition. At the age of 10 Rosenthal made his first appearance in public, playing with Mikuli, who had been his first teacher, Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianos. Joseffy ultimately became his only teacher, and his wonderful genius for hard work showed itself during the years of his work in Vienna. Unlike most musicians, he took an interest in something else besides the instrument he was learning. He devoted from six to seven hours of every day to that.

But he was a student at the University of Vienna as well, finding philosophy and philology the most interesting subjects in the curriculum. He heard the lectures of Zimmerman, Brentano and Hanslick and took the degree of Master of Arts with honors. In 1882 he returned to the concert stage, appearing in Austria, Germany and England. In 1888 he came here and returned two years ago for the tour that was interrupted by illness. His greatest gain since his first performances here is said to lie in the greater sympathy and refinement of his playing.

Rosenthal has not lost the broader interest that was characteristic of him as a youth. He is fond of literature and his marvellous memory is said to show itself not only in his répertoire, but in the fact that he can repeat any poem of Heine, his favorite, if the first line be spoken. He has written on musical subjects with credit to his literary taste and his knowledge. He spends much of his time in Vienna and Ischl, but is most at home in his villa at Abbrazio, near Trieste. There he spends from eight to ten hours daily at the piano, and the hardship of this is somewhat mitigated by the fact that he transacts much of his business, receives his friends and follows much of the ordinary routine of life while seated at the piano with his fingers on the keys. Sometimes he eats his dinner at the piano.

But then his fingers rise from the keys. His favorite diversion is billiards, and that is one quality in common with Paderewski. All the details of his visit to this country were settled as he was seated at the piano at his practice. He is not married, in spite of the sentimental story published in the foreign newspapers to the effect that he had fallen in love with the young woman who had nursed him here during his illness. This is not true, in spite of the fact that the nurse was said to be an heiress in disguise who had become a nurse in order to show that she could earn her own livelihood if necessary. Rosenthal has brought back some novelties with which he intends to enlarge his répertoire. These include a new sonata in B major by Ludwig Schytte, a new valse in A flat by E. Poldini, a sonata, hitherto unknown here, by Mozart, and compositions by Schwenka, Leschititsky and Grünfeld. Rosenthal will be heard for the first time on Wednesday evening at Carnegie Hall. He will give seventy-five recitals here before his return and may go to Mexico after his engagements here are filled.

Edouard Zeldenrust, who is somewhat of a specialist in his art, is a Dutchman who has played with success in London and Paris. He is known particularly as an interpreter of Bach. He lives in Amsterdam. His répertoire includes most of the modern and romantic writers for the piano, and it is only through the exceptional qualities of his Bach interpretations that he has come to be known as a representative of that master's works. He has been praised as well for his playing of the other composers. He will be heard in this city in March.

Among the well-known players who will be heard this year are Rafael Joseffy, who will give a long series of recitals throughout the country; Teresa Carreno, who comes again and stands in the front rank of women performers, and Alexander Siloti, the Russian, who arrived here late last season, but won a place for himself immediately. Adele aus der Ohe, Edward Macdowell, Fannie Zeisler, Madeleine Schiller and Alberto Jonas are some of the others who will contribute to the strain of melody which will soon be uplifted from the piano keys from Maine to California.

A 16-Year-Old Boy Shoots a Big Bear.

PORT JERVIS, Oct. 21.—The first bear killed in Sullivan county this season was shot yesterday in the woods north of Grahamsville by Getz, the 16-year-old son of Farmer Benson. Benson was in the barn doing his morning chores and saw a big black bear near a hickory tree, not fifty feet away. He got his gun and fired twice at the beast without effect, and it ran off. A dozen Grahamsville hunters with several dogs started in pursuit. They tracked the bear down the western brook to the old fish pond, thence over the hill to A. B. Curry's woods, where they suddenly came upon bruin. Benson's son quickly drew his rifle and fired, and the bear dropped dead. The ball entered the side and came out on the opposite side in the flank. It was a she bear, jet black, and weighed 235 pounds.

HIS TRAIN GAMES OVER.

WHY THE TRAVELLING MAN QUIT CARD PLAYING ON CARS.

The Chicago Man's Life Which Went Out in a Sleeping Car Just as He Had an Ace-High Flush of Diamonds—An Exciting Night on a Sleeper Bound for Denver.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—"I haven't played any cards on railroad trains, even with friends, for the past seven years," said Joe Pinckney, the Boston travelling man who sells bridges and trestles in every land, at a hotel here the other night, "and it's more than certain that, for the remainder of my string, I shall never again sit into a train game, whether it's old maid, cassino, whist or draw—especially draw. I used to play cards most of the time when I was on the road just to relieve the monotony of travelling. I don't recall that it ever cost me much, for I generally broke even and often a little ahead on a year's play. I very rarely sat into a game in which all of the other players were strangers to me, especially when the game was draw or something else at so much a corner, and so I never got done out of a cent.

"I know so many travelling men that a drummer friend of mine has an even money bet with me that I won't be able to board a single train, anywhere in this country, for the space of a year, without my being greeted by some travelling chap with whom I am acquainted, and he wins up to date, though the bet was made more than eight months ago. So that, when I used to be in the habit of playing cards on the trains, I always had some fellow or fellows on the other side of the table that I knew to be on the level. But I had an experience on a Western train seven years ago that sort o' soured me on the train game; in fact that experience knocked a good deal of the poker enthusiasm out of me, and since then, whenever I've got into a game with friends or acquaintances in a hotel room, I've sized them up pretty carefully to see if they were all robust men. Maybe you don't understand what possible connection there can be between physical robustness and the game of American draw just now, but you'll understand it when I tell you of this experience.

"In the spring of 1891 I got aboard the night train of the 'Q,' Chicago to Denver. The train left Chicago at 9 o'clock at that time. When I was seven years younger than I am now I never sought a sleeper bunk until 1 or 2 in the morning, and when I found that there wasn't a man on this sleeper with whom I had even a bowing acquaintance I felt a bit lonesome. I started through the train to hunt up the candy butcher to get from him a bunch of travelling literature, and in the car ahead of me I found Tom Danforth, the Michigan stove man, an old travelling pal of mine. I sat down to have a talk with Tom when along came George Dunwoody, the Chicago perfumery man, who had also paralleled me a lot of times on trips. Inside of four minutes I had pulled both of 'em back to my car and we had a game of cutthroat draw under way in the smoking compartment. We started in at quarter ante and dollar limit, but when I pulled 'way ahead of both of them within an hour or so and they struck for dollar ante and five-dollar limit, I was agreeable.

"We were plugging along at this game, all three of us going pretty slow, and both of them gradually getting back the money I had won in the smaller game, when a tall, very thin and very gaunt-looking young fellow of about thirty entered the smoking compartment and dropped into a seat with the air of a very tired man. I sat facing the entrance to the compartment, and I thought when I saw the man's emaciated condition and the two bright spots on his cheekbones, 'Old man, you've pretty nearly arrived at your finish, and if you're making for Denver now I think you're a bit too late.' My two friends didn't see the consumptive when he entered the room, for their backs were turned to the door, but when, while I was dealing the cards, the new arrival put his hand to his mouth and gave a couple of short, hacking coughs, Dunwoody turned around suddenly and looked at him.

"'Why, hello, there, Fatty,' exclaimed Dunwoody, holding out his hand to the emaciated man, 'where you going? Denver? Why, I thought you were there long ago. Didn't I tell you last fall to go there or to Arizona for the winter? D'ye mean to say that you've been in Chicago all winter with that half a lung and that bark o' yours? How are you now, anyhow, Fat?'

"The emaciated man smiled the weary smile of the consumptive.

"'Oh, I'm all right, George,' he said, sort o' hanging on to Dunwoody's hand. 'Going out to Denver to croak this trip, I guess. Didn't want to go, but my people got after me, and they're chasing me out there. I wanted them to let me stay in Chicago and make the finish there, but they wouldn't stand for it. My mother and one of my sisters are coming along after me next week.'

"'Finish? What are you giving us, Fatty?' asked Dunwoody, good-naturedly, but not with a great amount of belief in his own words, I imagine. 'You'll be selling terra cotta tiles when the rest of us'll be wearing skull caps and cloth shoes. Cut out the finish talk. You look pretty husky all right.'

"'Oh, I'm husky all right,' said the consumptive, with another weary smile, and then he had another coughing spell. When that was over Dunwoody introduced him to us.

"'Ed, alias Fatty, Crowhurst,' was Dunwoody's way of introducing him. 'Sells tiles, waterworks pipes and conduits. Called Fatty because he's nearly six and a half feet high, has never weighed more than thirty-seven pounds (give or take a few), and has never since any one knew him had more'n half a lung. Thinks he's sick, and has laid himself on the shelf for over a year past. No sicker than I am. Used to have the record west of the Alleghenies for cigarette smoking. You've cut the cigarettes out, haven't you, Fat?'

"For reply the consumptive pulled out a gold cigarette case, extracted a cigarette therefrom and lit it. It was a queer thing to see a man in his state of health smoking a cigarette. Dunwoody's eyes stuck out over it.

"'Well, if you ain't a case of perambulating, lingering suicide, Fatty, I never saw one,' said he to his friend.

"'It's all one,' was the reply. 'It's too much punishment to give 'em up, and it wouldn't make any difference, anyhow.'

"I had meanwhile dished the hands out, and after my two friends had drawn cards and I made a small bet they threw up their hands.

"'Draw, eh?' said the emaciated man, addressing Dunwoody. 'How about making it four-handed?'

"'Oh, you'd better take it out in sleeping, Fat,' replied Dunwoody. 'You look just a bit tired, and we're going to make a night of it, most likely, with whiskey trimmings. You can't do that very well without hurting yourself, and if you came in and we got into you you'd feel like playing until you evened up, and 'ud get no rest. Better not come in, Fat. Better hit your bunk for a long snooze. We'll have breakfast together when they hitch on the dining car at Council Bluffs.'

"'I haven't sat into a game of draw for a long while,' said Dunwoody's friend, 'and I'd rather play than eat.'

"There was a bit of pathos in that remark, I thought, and I kicked Dunwoody under the table.

"'Well, jump in, then, Fatty,' said Dunwoody, and the poor chap drew a chair up to the table with a look of pleasure on his drawn, hollow face, with its two brightly burning spots on the cheekbones.

"It soon became apparent that Dunwoody's fear about our 'getting into' the consumptive didn't stand any show whatever of being realized. The emaciated man was an almighty good poker player, nervy, cool, and cautious, and yet a good bit audacious at that. I caught him four-flushing and bluffing on it several times, but he got my money right along, in the general play, all the same, and after an hour's play he had the whole three of us on the run. I was about $100 to the rear, and Dunwoody and Danforth had each contributed a bit more than that to the consumptive's stack of chips. The fact was, he simply outclassed the three of us as a poker player—and, by the way, I wonder why it is that men that have got something the matter with their lungs are invariably such rattling good poker players? I've noticed this right along. I never yet sat into a poker game with a man that had consumption in one stage or another of it that he didn't make me smoke a pipe for a spell. That would be a good one to spring on some medical sharp for an explanation.

"By the time midnight came around Dunwoody's friend with the pulmonary trouble had won about half as much again from us, and Dunwoody began to look at his watch nervously. The three of us were taking a little nip at frequent intervals, just enough to brush the cobwebs away, but the sick-looking man didn't touch a drop. He smoked one cigarette after another, however, inhaling the smoke into his shrunken lungs, and the sight made all of us feel sorry, I guess, for the foolhardiness of the man. Finally Dunwoody looked at his watch and then raised his eyes and took a survey of the countenance of the consumptive, which was overspread with a deep flush. The consumptive's eyes were extraordinarily bright, too.

"'Fatty,' said Dunwoody, 'cash in and go to bed. You've had enough of this. Poker and 112 cigarettes for a one-lunger bound for Colorado for his health! Cash in and skip!'

"'No, I don't want to quit, George,' said the consumptive. 'I haven't had anything like enough yet. What's more, I've got all of you fellows too much in the hole. I only wanted to come in for the fun of it, anyhow, and here I am with a lot of the coin of the three of you. I'll just play on until this pay streak deserts me and give you fellows a chance to win out.'

"When he finished saying this the man with the wasted lungs had another violent spell of coughing and Dunwoody looked worried. But he gave in.

"'All right, Fat,' he said, 'do as you darned please, but I don't want to be boxing you up and shipping you back to the lake front.'

"Then the game proceeded. I don't think any of us felt exactly right, playing with a man who looked as if his days were as short-numbered as a child's multiplication table, but maybe the fact that he was such a comfortable winner from us mitigated our sympathy for him just a little bit. He kept on winning steadily for the next hour, and about half past 1 in the morning there was a good-sized jackpot. It went around half a dozen times, all of us sweetening it for five every time the deal passed, and finally, on the seventh deal, which was the consumptive's, Danforth, who sat on his left, opened the pot. I stayed and so did Dunwoody. When it was up to the dealer he nodded his head to indicate that he would stay. We were all looking at him, and we noticed that he had gone pale. It was noticeable after the deep flush that had covered his face when he entered.

"Danforth took two cards. I drew honestly and to my hand, which had a pair of kings in it, and I caught another one. Dunwoody asked for three and then the dealer put the deck down beside him.

"'How many is the dealer dishing himself?' we all happened to ask in chorus.

"'None,' answered the sick man, who seemed to be getting paler all the time.

"'Pat, hey, Fatty?' said Dunwoody. 'Must be pretty well fixed, or, say, are you gally enough to try a bluff on this? You don't expect to bluff Danforth out of his own pot?'

"The consumptive only smiled a wan smile.

"'Well, I hope you are well fixed,' went on Dunwoody, 'for it's your last hand. I'm going to send you to your bunk as soon as I win this jack.'

"'The limit,' said Danforth, the pot opener, skating five white chips into the centre.

"'Five more,' said I, putting the chips in.

"'I'll call both of you,' said Dunwoody, shoving ten chips into the pile.

"It was up to Dunwoody's consumptive friend. He opened his lips to speak and little dabs of blood appeared at both corners of his mouth. His head fell back and at the same time the cards in his hand fell face up on the table. The hand was an ace high flush of diamonds. Dunwoody was standing over him in an instant and Danforth and I both jumped up. Dunwoody wiped the blood away from the man's mouth with his handkerchief and then put the back of his hand on the man's face.

"'It's cold,' said Dunwoody with a queer look.

"Then he placed his ear to his friend's heart. We waited for him to look up with a good deal of suspense. He raised his head after about thirty seconds.

"'Crowhurst's dead,' was all he said.

"Dunwoody telegraphed ahead for an undertaker to meet the train at Omaha. He gathered up the cards, too, and the chips.

"'Crowhurst won that pot,' he whispered to us. 'His pat flush beat all of our threes.'

"Dunwoody was banker and he cashed all of the dead man's chips. When he took Crowhurst's body back from Omaha to Chicago in a box, Dunwoody handed the $580 the dead man had won from us to his mother, telling her that her son had given him the money to keep for him before turning into his sleeper bunk.

"That," concluded the man who sells bridges and trestles, "is the reason I've cut card playing on trains for the past seven years."

NEW ORLEANS'S CEMETERIES.

The General Pilgrimage to Them Each Year on All Saints' Day.

"When an unsuspecting stranger strikes New Orleans the first thing the natives do for his entertainment is to take him to the cemeteries, when everybody knows that a cemetery is the last place on earth any one wants to go," grumbled the would-be facetious man.

"Perhaps you struck there on the 1st of November," suggested one who had had a similar experience.

"Well, I did," acquiesced the facetious one. And the laugh was turned against him.

New Orleans people are very proud of their cemeteries at all times, and, considering the amount of money and sentiment which they expend upon them, one would hardly grudge them the satisfaction of showing these works of art to admiring beholders. But the old custom still holds of keeping November first dedicated to the memory of the departed. The faithful observe it with pious fervor, and even the unfaithful have with one accord adopted the pretty custom and joined the moving crowd in the All Saints' Day pilgrimage to the silent cities.

In the good old days, when men found time enough to steal a little from the present and give to memories, the custom was general, but it is now fast slipping into a tradition, and New Orleans is probably the only city where it is still observed seriously. To visitors the street scenes alone would doubtless be worth more than passing interest, for, with the exception of the Mardi Gras Carnival, the festival of All Saints is the time when the peculiarities and traditions of old New Orleans are most in evidence. From an early hour the motley crowd begins to move. Quaint, foreign-looking figures glide here and there, singly or in small groups, each one wearing a peculiarly rapt expression and carrying a handful of something covered with white tissue paper, sometimes fresh flowers from the florist or from a little old-fashioned garden behind board walls, but more often bits of colored paper and tinsel and cloth purchased for a few pennies from some little shop down on Royal or Chartres street. These are the faithful poor, who go early, before the great world is awake, to carry their tribute and to say a prayer for the repose of some soul.

It is not until afternoon, however, that the procession is started fairly, and then, if the weather be fine, the scene suggests a striking resemblance to a festival of flowers in some foreign city. Small parties still move on foot in different directions, but the fashionable world with its constant attendants, the curious, is rolling with one accord over the shell road which stretches from the city to Metairie Ridge, where sleep the departed great and rich in imposing structures of marble or granite. But the most interesting thing about this cemetery is the history or legend—whichever it may be—told of its foundation.

In the early part of the century, before the old order had begun to make heavy concessions to the new, Metairie Ridge, which is one of the finest sites near New Orleans, was a racetrack owned by the swell jockey club of the city. The membership of this club was limited to the aristocratic sports of the old school, whose manners and morals have been depicted by George W. Cable and other gifted writers. It was before the reign of the *nouveau riche*. There also lived at this time in New Orleans a man of the name of Smith, identified with the Louisiana lottery and possessed of large wealth. Nevertheless, despite all that, he had social aspirations and believed that he would be admitted to that club. Mr. Smith was blackballed, and in his wrath he swore that he would live to buy that racetrack and make a cemetery of it. The property of the club was then undermined and the threat was fulfilled finally, and many of the worthy old men returned once more to the scene of their old glory, and that was to sleep their long sleep.

The old St. Louis Cemetery is interesting as the oldest in the city, and as being the resting place of many whose names were famous in the early days. It is situated in the old creole quarter and contains many quaint inscriptions. The greatest peculiarity about these homes for the dead is their nearness to the living. And as yet medical science has been able to make little headway against popular prejudice in this matter. Everywhere in the most thickly populated parts of the city one finds these little settlements surrounded by a thick whitewashed brick wall, and inside rows of tiny houses of stone or whitewashed brick, for in New Orleans all burials must of necessity be above ground. Washington Cemetery, which is a sort of neutral or meeting ground for rich and poor, is in the heart of the best residence quarter.

It is a strange coincidence, if not a significant fact, that during the yellow fever epidemic of last year the greatest number of cases, as well as the highest percentage of deaths, occurred in this district and not in the poorer quarters. Apropos of the fever scourge, more than common interest will doubtless centre this November in the little old chapel and cemetery of St. Roch's. It has always been a favorite shrine for pilgrims, as the patron saint is known far and wide as a famous giver and especially a healer. The motley collection of clay hands and feet, crutches and other evidences of infirmities healed would bear testimony to the fact, even if there were no one to tell the story of his greatness. Here one comes through wide avenues lined with tall trees and bordered with low, old-fashioned houses, to the outskirts of the city and away from the noise and turmoil of it all, kneels on the stone floor of the chapel, and while one's candle is burning before the altar, asks some favor of the saint. But St. Roch's chief power is to protect from contagious disease, and it was for this reason that the chapel was dedicated to him during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878. A story is afloat in the region of St. Roch's—but the source of it cannot be traced—of a certain good old priest who lived in that neighborhood and effected wonderful cures during the season of illness last fall. The system which he practiced was somewhat similar to that of the celebrated Kneipp cures. When a patient would come to him with the first symptoms of yellow jack the father would cause him to walk barefooted through high grass, wet with the early morning dew. Whether or not the priest was a special protégé of the saint, who took this means of working miraculous cures through his agency, is not known; however, that would be the most plausible explanation of the mystery, for it is said that not one case of fever treated in this way failed of recovery.

HIS WIFE AN INSPIRATION.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT DERIVED FROM HER INGENUOUS WAYS.

The Newspaper Man's Cuff and What the Marks on It Meant—Suggestions That He Obtained from His Wife's Conversation—Their Real Value Withheld from Her.

"My wife"—— began the newspaper man.

"Is an angel, of course," remarked the cynic.

"No, not yet, thank heaven," calmly. "I was going to say that my wife earns her board and clothes every week of the year; and yet, so far as I know, she has practically nothing to do."

"I suppose she smoothes the troubled brow of care and all that sort of thing."

"Sometimes. But that wasn't what I meant. See there?" and the newspaper man pulled down his cuff and pointed to some pencilled notes.

"'Fork, L seats, mat. hour, blind beggars, Agt. de Voitures'—what in thunder is all that?" demanded the cynic.

"That's her yesterday's contribution to the family purse."

"But I don't"——

"I know you don't. I'm going to explain. I think I'm safe in believing that nobody can tap this wire."

"What do you"——

"Mean? Well, when I say wire, in this case I mean that my wife is a perfect bureau of information when it comes to out-of-the-way happenings. She isn't a gadabout, but not a day passes that she doesn't entertain me at dinner with all sorts of odds and ends, with interesting things she has seen, with bits of conversation she has overheard, with troubles which are original, and with gleams of satisfaction over something you never had noticed. She's a perfect mine of clues for newspaper stories."

"Sort of a partner in the business, eh?"

"Yes, but she doesn't realize it. She sees a long article about something she has mentioned, and she is so pleased to think I took an interest in it! I don't want her to get into the professional hunt for news. I know from my own experience that it will spoil her irresponsible pleasure in things. And I'm afraid, too, that it will take away the freshness of her view of things. So I simply put down a word on my cuff while she chatters on, and afterward I do what I can with these hints."

"But those you have there, for instance. What do they mean?"

"Different things. Take 'fork,' for instance. Last night at dinner, I dropped my fork and when I picked it up my wife began to laugh and said: 'John, you won't do for the City Hall Park.'

"'What's the matter with me?' I asked.

"'You drop your fork too often,' she said. 'Down there I saw a man going around gathering up the bits of paper which had blown over the grass, and instead of stooping over and picking up each scrap he speared it with a long-handled fork. He'd stick two or three before he pulled them off and put them in a bag he had over his shoulder. Then he'd stick two or three more. He didn't have to stoop over once. I suppose that fork saves his back from breaking in two.'

"Did you ever notice that fork?" asked the newspaper man of the cynic.

"No."

"Neither did I: and yet I've been going through the park for years. The man and his fork are there, however."

"Well," said the cynic, "how about the L seats!"

"The L seats?" repeated the newspaper man. "It was this way. My wife said to me last night: 'John, haven't I heard something about the press moulding public opinion?'

"I opined that in all probability she had.

"'Well, then,' she said, 'I want you to do a little moulding to please me.'

"Of course I said that I would settle public opinion in a minute to please her.

"'All right,' she said. 'It's about the cross-seats in the "L" cars. Of course I like to sit there and of course I do sit there when I get a good chance. To-day Mrs. —— and I got on the downtown train at Fifty-eighth street and took one of the cross-seats facing forward. One man was in the seat back of us and one man each in the two seats across the aisle. At the next station several passengers got on and most of them dropped into the seats at the end of the car. One man, however, came to the middle and with a calm look at us sat down facing us in our section. Do you see? Instead of doing the natural and most comfortable thing, that is, going into a section where there was only one passenger, he planted himself opposite us because we were women. Of course, there was the usual assorting of feet so as to get three pairs settled, and, of course, we were annoyed because he had intruded. I wouldn't care at all if the other seats had been as full as ours, though even then the gentlemanly thing to do would be to sit down opposite two men rather than opposite two women. It wasn't the slight crowding that I minded, but the barefaced intrusion into women's presence when the other seats were even more inviting in themselves, but held only men.'

"Well," said the newspaper man, "of course I said that she mustn't pay any attention to it, because the man who would do that sort of thing is beneath her notice. But she said that it has happened hundreds of times, and she is getting sick and tired of it. She says that the men who do it are not of the rougher class, but well-dressed, decent-looking men, from whom a woman ought to expect courtesy. She said that the other day she went downtown in a car where there was one passenger in each of the four cross sections. She was the only woman among the four. At Fiftieth street a man got on, came along the aisle and calmly sat down at her side! He not only avoided the other sections, containing only one man each, but he even made her share her seat with him. She got up and took a seat near the door. What else could she do? A thing like that is an insult, and all the meaner because a woman can't resent it. I got madder about it than she was, but I'm afraid I can't carry out my promise about public opinion."

The cynic was thoughtful for a minute or two, then he asked about the "mat. hour."

"Oh, that wasn't anything very much. My wife was going to the matinée and was wondering when it began. We hunted up the paper and it contained this announcement for that theatre: 'To-night at 8:15. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.' Then I said:

"'Where are the tickets? Perhaps they will tell. They ought to.'

"'Yes,' said my wife, 'but they don't. I have looked at theatre tickets a hundred times to see if they wouldn't give the hour of the performance, but I have never found one that did. I don't see why in the world they don't. One can't always have a paper at hand, even if the paper always gave the hour for the performance, which it doesn't, anyway.'"

"If your wife wants to send a petition to managers asking them to put on the tickets the hour for the show I'll sign it," remarked the cynic with unaccustomed fervor. "We're getting on," he resumed. "How about the blind beggars?"

The newspaper man laughed.

"Why, we had a long discussion last night whether a blind beggar was more successful than one that could see. I maintained that he wouldn't get so much, because people could kind of sneak by him without being seen. But my wife had several good arguments on the other side. She said that people were always suspecting a blind beggar of being an impostor and looked at him pretty closely in order to find out whether he was one or not. If they find out that he really is blind they are so sorry for him that they are willing to give him a copper or two, especially as they can drop a cent in the box and not be seen by the beggar. My wife says that she believes ever so many more people would give to beggars if they could stop and dig out a cent from some corner without the beggar having a greedy and expectant eye upon them all the time. Her arguments were that the blind beggar gets their attention in the first place because they suspect him; then he gets their sympathy because he is genuine; then he gets their cent because he doesn't embarrass them by watching them and can't reproach them with a look because they don't give him more. And her final argument, which was a clincher, was that she gave 2 cents to a blind beggar yesterday herself."

The cynic laughed.

"There's no answering that, at any rate," he said. "Now for that French on your cuff."

"Well, my wife is a good straight American, though she speaks French and has lived in Paris. Yesterday she announced that good, plain English seemed to be going out of fashion in New York. She told me that one of the Fifth avenue establishments has a uniformed man at the door, and on his cap is the legend:

AGENT DE VOITURES.

"She said that in New York she preferred to have her carriage—bless her! she doesn't hire a cab once a month—called by a plain 'carriage agent,' and not by any 'azhong du vwahtür,' or something like that. Then she said she saw a photograph in a window and she stopped to look at that. It was labelled 'Ensemble Singers,' so she told me. But she said that it just meant chorus singers, and she wondered why it didn't say so."

"Seems to be a sensible woman, your wife does," remarked the cynic.

"Sensible!" exclaimed the newspaper man. "Well, I should—here, here, Jonathan, my boy!—come down!" he said as he checked himself. "You say truly," he continued with professional indifference. "And, as I remarked—or you remarked—before, a good business partner. I don't know what I'd do without her eyes and ears."

BLACK COUNTIES IN THE SOUTH.

Suggestion of a Solution of the Race Problem in Race Separation.

At a time when the Dawes commission has reached the conclusion that the white men, who have become known as "squaw men," because they have married Indian women in order to live among the Indians and own real estate, some 50,000 in number, have got to get out of the Indian Territory so as to protect the Indians from the sharp practices of white men, an Alabama correspondent of a New York newspaper, devoted largely to the advancement and discussion of impracticable schemes of all sorts, advances the idea that the only possible solution of the race question in the Southern States is the creation of negro counties. This is a slight improvement on the scheme of a negro State gravely advocated by a North Carolina writer in a book recently published. It is even an improvement upon the scheme of Bishop H. M. Turner, who wants the Afro-American race to go to the west coast of Africa.

The scheme of the Alabama man to create negro counties in the South is outlined in the following paragraph:

"Nearly all of the blacks will continue to live, as they have lived, side by side with the whites. The few will, however, draw away and then we shall begin to see the cure for all unsupportable friction in the occupation, by negroes, of counties here and there in the six Southeastern States. Negro counties are to be the safety valve of the future. Not very many will be needed; perhaps one will be in a Congressional district; at first not more than one or two in a State. The advanced colored man will seek one of these counties, led perhaps by a colored Bishop or preacher. The ambitious will find there a wider and fuller field. The sensitive will go there because the distinctions that are to them humiliation will be lacking. The educational leaders of the race will seek the opportunities that such counties will offer."

There is nothing the matter with this scheme, except that it cannot be made to work. A great many people imagine that there is open war between the black and white population of the Southern States, and that both races spend a large part of their time dodging each other. This is the popular view of the matter, but there is hardly any truth in it. There was a newspaper account a short time ago about the white people of a Texas county having combined to drive the black people out, but when the matter was probed to the bottom it was found that the attempted driving out was undertaken by a few white daredevils, against whom the white planters arose promptly and decisively. Any man who will go into any county in the South and undertake to persuade the black laborers to leave will be mobbed so quickly by white men as to convince him that he had better abandon his job and the county.

Instead of there being a perpetual state of war between the races in the South, there is universal peace and friendly interchange of good offices, a mutual dependence, which outsiders do not understand, in view of the fact that the whites constantly prate about "the dangers of the negro problem" and "the necessity of keeping the negro in his place," and the occasional outbreaks of mob violence directed by a few hotheads and aimed at some black man who has offended an individual or committed some crime. And the two races do not spend any great deal of their time dodging each other; on the contrary, they live very closely together, in too many instances too closely for the good of either.

No one who understands the relations and the temper of the two peoples would believe for a moment that it is possible to build up black counties in the South, and for the very simple reason that it would be impossible to keep white men out of them. They would flock into such counties, if it should be possible to create them, just as they have flocked into the Indian country. There could be no State law enacted that would stand the constitutional test to keep them out.

When I was in Alabama last winter I directed attention in THE SUN to the fact that the white farmers were giving up their small farms, in Tuscaloosa and Elmore counties at least, and were seeking employment in the cotton factories, cotton oil mills, and the like, and this feature is true of certain counties in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, where there is a steady increase in manufacturing industries of all sorts, and the inference was reached that these farms would ultimately fall into the hands of the black farmers, the tendency being that the blacks would stick to agriculture while the whites would turn to factory work as being cleaner, more profitable and dignified than farm work; but even if this tendency should become pronounced, black counties would still be impossible while the factory town and city remained, and these are bound to remain and multiply enormously in most Southern counties, as the tendency is to build the factory where the minerals are mined and the cereals are raised. And there is no guarantee that black people are going to stick to farm work and leave factory work to white people. Monopoly of occupation is the most difficult thing, as the labor organizations have been finding out for years.

Mr. Booker T. Washington of Alabama, who knows a great deal about the subject, declares that the bulk of Afro-Americans are agriculturists, and will remain such, but this in no wise precludes the idea that large numbers of them will ultimately own factories and become factory operatives, and that they will become tradesmen to a larger and larger extent. Indeed, they have entered all these occupations already, and will keep on doing so. This fact alone will make a purely negro county or counties an impossibility. The desirability of such counties is a feature of the subject that need not be discussed. When people can't be kept apart because they like each other so well and need each other so much, it is a waste of time to speculate on the prospect of their being kept apart.

The Alabama correspondent takes the statistics of population of the six Southeastern States—Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina—and finds that they contain 3,602,188 white and 3,698,850 black and colored people. He proceeds upon the assumption, which is not warranted by the changes which have taken place in the Southern States in the past thirty years, that existing conditions, produced by adverse legislation and previous condition of servitude, will continue, and I have regarded the matter from this point of view, in a modified sense; but it is reasonable to suppose that there will be as many changes in the line of progress in the next thirty years as there have been in the past thirty, changes in the social and material condition of Afro-Americans which will gradually dull the keen edge of race prejudice and the oppressive legislation growing out of it.

This will come about more assuredly and speedily by the closest possible contact of the races in all the relations of life rather than in forcible or voluntary segregation into black counties. Indeed, this latter alternative would be the surest way to perpetuate the race friction and prejudice now a factor in the situation which causes the whites more worry than the blacks; indeed, the latter are not worrying a great deal. They have more and better homes, more and better churches, more and better schools and colleges than ever before, and own more property and have more money in the banks. As I have said, they are the happiest people in the Southern States, leaving to the white population the agony of worrying about them and what they are doing.

Most of the race friction in the Southern States is caused by hot-headed newspaper editors, who think they are reflecting the sentiments and serving their patrons best by constantly stirring up strife and by denouncing and disparaging black people, and by legislators who act upon the same theory and have built up a system of laws so offensive, brutal and degrading that slaves would find fault with and protest against them. The race question in the South would be vastly simplified if the editors and legislators were of a different stripe, and these are bound to change for the better as the Afro-American people grow in intelligence and in the ownership of property and engage more generally in business pursuits. Indeed, I know of three influential daily newspapers in the South that give employment to Afro-American reporters and make a point of giving a big installment of news in which Afro-Americans are particularly interested. These three newspapers are printed at Jacksonville, Fla., Atlanta, Ga., and Charlotte, N. C.

The competition for patrons among Afro-Americans by white newspapers in the South is bound to have a marked influence on the policy of the newspapers, with a reflex influence on the white patrons of the paper. This reading constituency is growing larger and more influential every year. White merchants in all the cities of the South make a more determined effort to secure Afro-American patronage than the retail merchants of Boston, New York or Philadelphia do. I have always thought that race prejudice in this country was due more to the previous condition of servitude and the present condition of poverty of the Afro-American people than to color, and I think that time will prove this to be true. When the condition of the Afro-American people becomes such as to make it of material importance for editors and legislators and merchants to cater for their favor we shall have a better condition of things, and this condition is being created more rapidly than is generally supposed.

There is no need for black counties, as such, in the South. The people have lived together in common communities for 250 years and they will continue to do so to the end of the chapter, constantly improving in all directions and growing more mutually dependent and tolerant. Time and patience will make all the crooked lines straight.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

WHERE SPANISH WAS USEFUL.

Col. Taylor Knew Only Three Words, but They Acquitted His Client.

When Colorado was organized as a Territory there was little English used outside of Denver and the mining camps. The rest of the thinly scattered country was as Spanish as any part of our latest America. Not Castilians, of course; more likely a general mixture of Aztec and Apache and a lot of other strains of blood, but certainly Spanish in name and in speech. The Government recognized that it had a difficult task before it in bringing these "greasers" to understand the very beginning of the obligations and the duties of their American citizenship. One of the most trusted agents in this campaign of education was Judge Hallett, who was put in charge of the judicial system of the new Territory. From that time to this he has been at the head of the Federal judiciary in the great and prosperous State of Colorado. Despite his fierceness of rebuke and countless oddities of temper no Judge has ever been so respected as he along the Great Divide.

When he first went on circuit the bar left Denver with him and travelled in a body both for sociability and for safety. Then there was no railroad, the only means of reaching any place from any other being along a slightly marked trail barely passable for horses. By slow stages the bench and the bar reached Trinidad under the cold shadows of the Sangre de Cristo range. These Spanish names were an incessant annoyance to Judge Hallett, who declaimed against each one in turn and announced his purpose of memorializing the Secretary of the Interior to have them all made American. Of a piece with this was his attitude toward the prevailing Spanish speech of the country; he objected to it. Among the first rules of his court was that which provided that all its transactions should be in English and that if litigants objected to the work of the sworn interpreter that was their own lookout; it might encourage them to learn to talk "American," as they ought.

In Trinidad Col. Taylor of the bar was retained for the defence in a case where no defence was possible. The place was full of witnesses who had seen the deed done, whatever it may have been, for that is unimportant. The prosecuting attorney put on witness after witness to prove the facts. He made a perfect case and he demanded that full punishment be inflicted. It was a difficult situation for Col. Taylor. His client was guilty beyond a doubt; cross-examination of the witnesses could only make that fact more distinct, and for that reason he did nothing so foolish. The case was altogether Spanish. Criminal, witnesses, audience, there were not six words of English in the whole outfit. The interpreter had been called on for every word which had gone back and forth throughout the trial. Col. Taylor arose to make his plea. He surveyed the cluster of dark faces which filled the shed in which the court was sitting.

"Caballeros," he began, "caballeros del jurado"——

There was a loud whacking of the gavel by Judge Hallett as soon as he caught the sound of the language which he despised so heartily.

"Mr. Taylor, Mr. Taylor," he shouted, "as a member of the bar of this court you must be aware that all its transactions must be conducted in the English language, the language of this country. If I thought that you were using Spanish maliciously I should punish you soundly for such contempt of this court. You will address this court of the United States in United States and in no other speech, language or dialect."

"I bow to your Honor's ruling," continued Col. Taylor, and resumed his plea, but in English and with the assistance of the interpreter. He told the greaser jury how the sight of their proud Castilian lineaments had caused him to forget a rule of the court and to address them in the sonorous speech of Spain, from which their proud forefathers came. He obeyed the Judge, but he felt the restraint of having to make his pleading through the assistance of the interpreter. It was a simple matter which he could set right in a few sentences of their own language, but he feared that in English he could not do so well, yet he hoped that they would not see a fellow citizen punished solely for the reason that his advocate was not allowed to address a Spanish jury in their own tongue. Harping on this theme he avoided any discussion of the evidence which bore so heavily on his client, and in his peroration he paid a glowing tribute to the language of Don Quixote and Queen Isabella. This done, he fled from the spot and was not seen until court had arisen for the day.

When they next met the prosecuting attorney wanted to know why he had not been on hand to receive congratulations on the acquittal of his client.

"They set him free without a stain on his character and without leaving their seats, and it was all due to your Spanish. Why didn't you wait? You're the hero of the whole population."

"That's just the trouble," rejoined Col. Taylor. "I knew they'd acquit that chicken thief and then they'd fall all over me with their Spanish. I just naturally had to hide. Those three words that Judge Hallett choked me off on, that's all the Spanish I ever knew in my life. I couldn't afford to be congratulated."