SHORN LAMBS.

Ways of the Men Who Lose Their All In Wall Street.

What becomes of the men who lose in Wall street. They are seldom heard of. The visitor to New York gets the notion that the gay crowd of men at the Waldorf—the "uptown 'street'"—comprises them all. But this crowd is altogether misrepresentative and has no true sign value, says a writer on Wall street in the New Broadway Magazine.

You can retain your equilibrium easily in watching them by remembering that Runner of New Britain is hiding somewhere, a fugitive from justice; that Jumper of Milwaukee is in prison; that there are many other men who went down hard with big crashes, and that for every one of the big men there are 10,000 little men whose losses are smaller, but not a whit less fatal.

You would find some of them tonight in New York, if you knew in what window to look, figuring anxiously and endlessly, looking over insurance papers to see if further loans are admissible.

Their wives are sewing; their daughters are studying stenography. You will find others hanging about hotel lobbies, and the moment you catch their eye or grip their hands you know that they are nervous, distraught, broke, restless—typical Wall street victims.

The others, professionals, parasites, satellites, winners, you will find in the cafes and hotel restaurants, making up a large part of the crowds at Sherry's and Delmonico's, Martin's and Rector's, the Waldorf, Manhattan, Astor, St. Regis and Holland House. Wall street by day demands the Great White Way at night. From the moment the market opens till its close the game is a fast and furious one of sharp trickery, clever dodging, raillery, bluffing, hypocrisy, lying.

Nerves are constantly tense; the brain must be clear and quick at every move. Successful lying uses up gray matter, and the flash and festivity of the Tenderloin at night are just unnatural enough to fit in and offer the kind of recreation desired.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start In Life.

All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and writing financial news. The traction situation then, as now, was almost impossible. Charles T. Yerkes was traction dictator, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.

The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual undecipherable corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes sailed into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this:

"The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay your dividends."

The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion.—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That In America.

"This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a jarvey driving one of those side seated cars was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American, but had all the outward signs of being an Englishman.

"'You say, sorr,' said the jarvey, 'that you live in the United States. Were yez iver in Dubuque, Ia.?'

"'I was,' said the traveler. 'I was there for a fortnight.'

"'Off wid ye!' said the carman. 'Ye were niver there. Divil a fortnight do they have in America.'"—Indianapolis News.

Getting It Right.

It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation.

"Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks."

"Oh, I sees," said the other woman complaisantly. "I sees that you puts de access on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

CAME TO STAY.

Return of the Prodigal With Money and a Large Check.

Old home week had come, and the returned sons and grandsons were gathered together. One after another they rose and told with pardonable pride their achievements in the great world, impressing their importance on the stay at homes. At length Mr. Jameson spoke:

"I went away from here twenty years ago a poor young man, with only one solitary dollar in my pocket. I walked the four miles from my father's farm to the station, and there I begged a ride to Boston on a freight car. Last night I drove into town behind a spirited pair of horses, and my purse—guess how much my purse holds in money today, besides a large check," and Mr. Jameson looked about him with a smile.

"Fifty dollars!"

"Seventy-five!"

"A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large, flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you has guessed right. When I had paid the 25 cents to Ozzy Boggs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had, besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly 4 cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay. Any little jobs of sawing and splitting will be gratefully received."—Woman's Home Companion.

Our Names Lack "Color."

At an early period, and indeed well toward the beginning of modern history, proper names told something as to paternity, occupation and habitation. Today they are quite colorless. A new Ulysses would no longer be Laertides. No Peter indicates that he is the son of Paul. A Carpenter or a Weaver is likely to be a lily fingered stockbroker. Even the place names, complains the Nation, have pretty much disappeared, except in the case of nobility, and since the average gentle family has not for years lived on its titular estates or perhaps has had none at all our new Gastons de Foix give us a name as sapless as John Jones.—London Chronicle.

A Knockdown Argument.

A suburban school just opening for the season was composed of both city and country children. The teacher selected eight boys to debate the subject "Which Is Preferable, Country or City Life?"

After they had read many arguments with much enthusiasm Country Hugh laid down his paper and said: "Mr. President, they don't know what they're talkin' about. The city boy knows nothin' about 'going to town,' and that beats anything I know."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Old Romans.

Do you know that the Roman mortar was harder than the stones which it held together? It is a remarkable thing that we do not know how to make mortar like that now. And what an eye those old Romans had for position! It is a pity that some historical writer doesn't write a romance with Julius Caesar as the central figure. Shakespeare seems to be the only author who has done anything of that sort really well.—London Captain.

The Music Critic.

At the risk of making this an apology as well as a confession I venture to express the hope that I may some day have the means to enjoy the best music without need of telling three hundred thousand or more readers why; whether Caruboncl had tears in his voice; how Mme. Sembrich-Eames looked and acted; whether the second soprano was off key; the basso dependent upon the prompter; the conductor too fast or too slow, according to actual stop watch and metronome; how the lights were managed; whether the audience was large and appreciative or otherwise and whether the music was good, bad, indifferent and why.—Atlantic.

Left Handed Praise.

"I don't seem to hear so many compliments on my last poem," said the poetess, "as on its illustration. 'You just ought to see it!' they exclaim. 'It is so beautiful!'"

"It's the same way with me," put in the artist. "They come and stand before my pictures and sigh and say, 'Oh, what lovely frames you have!'"—New York Press.

Domestic Bliss.

Nagger—I've put one poor fellow on his feet anyway. Mrs. Nagger—Whom have you been fooling your money away on now? Nagger—Your next husband, madam. I've had my life insured.—London Answers.

His Luck.

Cynicus—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls. Sillcus—Always been unlucky in love, eh? Cynicus—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them.—Philadelphia Record.

An African fat used for domestic purposes is the oil of a species of beetle. It is like hardened cocoanut oil.

NOT GOOD PATIENTS.

Doctors Are Hard to Manage, Says a Trained Nurse.

"I suppose it is treason to my superior officer to say so, but doctors are certainly not easy patients to manage," remarked the trained nurse. "At least, this has always been my experience, and most nurses, you will find, agree with me in the matter. I have recently been nursing a physician through typhoid, and my experience with him was typical of the cases of the profession in general.

"Doctors know altogether too much for their own peace of mind, you see. Each new symptom is recognized, and if it is an unfavorable one, why, the patient's weakened condition usually leads him to lay great stress upon it. Then, since he has always been in a position to issue orders to the nurse, he cannot easily bring himself to take orders from her, and he is disposed to criticise and take exception to treatment which the ordinary patient receives as a matter of course.

"But perhaps the most troublesome thing of all is the mania which the doctor has for taking his temperature. If he has a moderately high fever and is allowed to use the thermometer as often as he wishes he can fret and worry over the result enough to send his temperature up materially. More than once rather than exasperate a physician patient by a refusal to let him have the thermometer and rather at the same time than let him know just how high his fever was I have dropped the instrument just as I was in the act of handing it to him. Of course I apologize for my carelessness at such times, and the regret really does not have to be all assumed, for I am at the expense of buying myself a new thermometer.

"At one time I had an inaccurate instrument, which never registered high enough, and I used to call it my doctor's thermometer. By a little dexterity I could substitute this for the one I actually used myself, and the encouragingly low temperature it would show would greatly please the patient."—New York Times.

SHOWING OFF A GUEST.

The Innkeeper Was Determined Fessenden Should Appear.

One night while ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fessenden was on a political mission to the northern part of Maine he stopped at a small hotel.

In the center of the house was a big stove that warmed two rooms. In one of the apartments Judge Fessenden established himself and prepared to take proper comfort during the evening. Just as he had got well located with a book the landlord, a six foot French Canadian, came in.

"Excuse me, 'seir,'" said he, "but Mr. Ed Wiggone of Maysville, she be in de odder room, an' she wan' to see Mr. Fessendeen."

"Tell Mr. Wiggin I'll be in a little later," said Judge Fessenden, turning another leaf in his book.

The landlord went out. He returned in a moment. "Mr. Wiggone she send his compliments, an' she say dat she wan' Mr. Fessendeen right away."

The interruption just at that moment rather nettled the judge, who was in no way accustomed to dictatorship. He sent back such a sharp reply that it was easily seen that the landlord was cut by his asperity. In just thirty seconds the landlord was back. Judge Fessenden raised his eyes to find the man staring at him with a look of desperate resolve. With suppressed excitement in his tones the tall landlord spoke.

"Mr. Wiggone say she wan' see Mr. Fessendeen quick, an' she gues' o' de house, an' I say she gon' to see him."

Forthwith the big landlord swooped down on the astonished gentleman, seized him, tucked him under his arm and strode across into the room of the peremptory gentleman from Maysville.

"Mr. Wiggones," calmly said the landlord, as matter of fact as though he had just delivered a pitcher of ice water, "here be Mr. Fessendeen." He set the indignant "caller" down on a chair and retired smilingly.

A Boomerang.

A very rich, very economical and very parsimonious young squire was making preparations for a tenants' ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those people who will come to my tenants' ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before the event, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph, "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming tenants' ball."—Illustrated Bits.

Her Fourth.

Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will of course get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

DOING EUROPE.

This Tourist Seemed to Have a Mania For Souvenirs.

I had met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apoplectic, squirming mass, on the facade of Blarney castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad!" he sputtered when I told him that his feat was immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll prove to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."

I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in and beheld—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wabbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach.

"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why in the deuce couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have had it in half an hour more."

"Had what?"

"Why, his club. Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"

Our ways parted again for awhile. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black forest near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle bar, another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much unction, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.

"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting through his hand, "take my picture—quick. You're just in time. Can't hold on much longer. Camera's at foot of tree. Lost it halfway up."

His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked when he shinned down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.

"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. There's something worth while!"

I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mounded hills and deep cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.

"Lovely!" I murmured.

"What? Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."—Wilfred H. Alburn in Outing Magazine.

Free Lunch For a Lion.

He was selling suspenders on the street, but he declared that in his palmy days he had been Professor Piccolomini, the lion tamer.

"What made you give it up?" he was asked.

"Well, you see it was this way. Once I was engaged to tame a lion called Frederick Barbarossa, who was certainly a wild proposition.

"But I was equal to the task. By slow and gradual steps I taught Frederick good manners. I used to walk into his cage, snap a whip, make him do stunts and, all that sort of thing. Everything went along beautifully. But I got into trouble when I tried to teach Frederick to eat out of my hand."

"How?"

"Why, he ate three fingers out of my hand, confound him! Have a pair of suspenders? They work without hitching. Twenty-five cents."—New York Times.

Business Hours In Honolulu.

Business manners in Honolulu lack the strain and flurry of the mainland city. The hard, white, anxious Chicago face no man wears here. The dodging and hurrying to go around the man in front are never seen. The accent of life is on men, not money or machines. There is not much doing before 10 o'clock, and at 4 the safes are locked, the desks are shut, and the men who do things are off for a ride or a swim or a game of tennis. Here a man does his business.—Chicago News.

Another View.

Mrs Tourist—I'm afraid that monkey wouldn't please my husband. Vender—But madam will find it easier to find another husband than to get a monkey like that for 3 piasters!—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Le Rire.

It Regrinds.

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past," remarked the mournful citizen.

"That's where a joke mill has the bulge on a water mill," cackled the cheerful press humorist.—Pittsburg Post.

The big responsibilities of married life are little ones.—Bohemian.

A Bit of Sarcasm.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"—Argonaut.

TRIPLE EXTRACT.

Process by Which the Odor of Flowers Is Obtained.

Flowers that are to be used in the manufacture of perfumes are always gathered at nightfall or quite early in the morning, when the dew is upon them. Before they are gathered, however, receptacles are prepared for them in the shape of large frames, over which are stretched cotton cloths well saturated with olive oil or almond oil. The cut flowers are brought in and are thickly spread on a frame. Then another frame is fitted over it, and that in turn is well spread with flowers. Then a third frame is fitted over this second spread of flowers, and thus the work goes on until a huge pile of flowers is prepared.

This flower heap is left for two days, at the end of which time the flowers are removed from the frames and replaced by fresh ones. The frames are filled and emptied every two days until two weeks have passed. Then the cloths are detached from the frames and placed under great pressure, and all the oil is pressed out of them. The oil thus obtained is heavily charged with the fragrance of the flowers, and it is mixed with double its weight of very pure rectified spirit and put in a vessel called a "digester," which is simply a porcelain or block tin kettle that fits in another kettle. When in use the outer vessel is filled with boiling water.

In this vessel the mixture of oil and spirits "digests" for three or four days. Then, after having cooled, the spirit is decanted into another vessel, holding the same quantity of fragrant oil, and the digesting process is repeated. After being thus digested three times the spirit is found to have taken up enough of the perfume, and it is then decanted from the oil for the third and last time through a tube, one end of which is filled with cotton wool to serve as a filter. The fluid thus prepared is called "triple extract."

THE PERFECT LIKENESS.

A Snuffbox, a Portrait and a Surprised Monarch.

It is related of Frederick II., king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden snuffbox to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the underside of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the snuffbox to the city and gave him instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out and a portrait of the king put in its place.

A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuffbox and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have received such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amusement at the count's expense, mentioned to the Duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid and, looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming! It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen!"

She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuffbox, felt exceedingly embarrassed and scarcely knew what to make of the incident, but at last the snuffbox, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.