

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

NEW YORK AS SEEN BY OUR REPRESENTATIVE.

How Young Schoolgirls Are Forced to Study Beyond Their Strength—Or: Reward of Honesty—A Democrat Without Flummery—A Close Shave for Alabama.

THE REPUBLICAN BUREAU,
Room 148 Times Building,
New York, Oct. 12, 1901.

I met a little schoolgirl on the street car to-day who carried a bundle of books almost as large as herself. She was not more than 12 years old, and, forgetting for a moment that I was not in the West, I addressed her familiarly: "Are all those books yours?" I inquired. "Yes," she snapped with an indignant stare, which plainly asked me why I had presumed to speak to a lady without the formality of an introduction. I saw I had made a mistake, but to square myself with the other passengers I continued, somewhat patronizingly I'm afraid, "May I look at them?" She shoved the cumbersome load toward me without deigning to speak. I glanced over the titles hastily and turned the leaves of one or two of the volumes. Then it was no longer a matter of wonder that the child's face was thin and that there were rings under her eyes. One of the text-books was Cæsar's Commentaries, a classic that I wrestled with, with doubtful success, after I was 20; another was a higher algebra, and I inferred from the position of a book-mark in it that the girl's lesson for that day required a knowledge of quadratic equations; then there was the inevitable "Ecce, and his 'Fourteen Weeks' in something or other, a physical geography and a big, flat concern that I took to be a music book. "Public school?" I remarked, inquisitively. "No," she snapped, with a disdain which not only expressed contempt for the public school, but also for the man who would get on a street car and pester a lady whom he didn't know at all. I shoved the books back with a "thank you" and got off at the next crossing. I wanted room in which to think and be indignant with myself. Latin, higher algebra, philosophy, music and incidentals. If that girl doesn't die or land in the lunatic asylum, what won't she know when she is twelve years older? I am told, that such mental forcing is carried on to an almost criminal extent in the private schools of this city to please fool parents who want to hurry their daughters into society.

Too High Rates for Texas Cattle.

"Unless something is done," said Peter J. Johnson, one of the largest cattle-owners of Texas, at the Gilsey House, "in the matter of lowering the railroad rates, the cattlemen down my way cannot carry on their business. As it is now, it costs over \$74 a car-load from Texas to Chicago, and at that price the whole profit is swallowed up. Many of the cattlemen who have shipped this year have lost \$5 a head. It does not pay any longer to raise range cattle in Texas or to ship grassers to market. By feeding cottonseed meal with the hulls we can fatten our cattle until they are in the best of condition for any market. This feeding of cottonseed hulls was extensively tried last year and proved very profitable. Most of my cattle are up in the Kine Creek region, where they are about surrounded by Indians. These Indians are now large holders of cattle, and it is surprising the progress they have made. They have good crops, excellent stock and make the best of neighbors. I much prefer them to any ordinary white men, because in case of dispute arising they are willing to submit it to arbitration and then abide by the decision, which is more than I can say of many white men."

A Close Shave for 'Alabama.'

The dramatic world came mighty near losing a good thing in Gus Thomas' "Alabama." Like many another play, it looked better when tried far keeps on an audience than it did in rehearsal. It read better from behind the footlights in the evening than it did under a stage manager's direction. At 10 o'clock in the morning, as a matter of fact, Manager Palmer withdrew it after the second rehearsal and tried something else, so sure was he that it would not fill the bill, and yet "Alabama" proved the only really pronounced success of anything absolutely new the year developed. In short, it saved the playwrights a "whitewash" at the very fag-end of the season. After Manager Palmer had been driven to the wall for something new, and had concluded after all to give "Alabama" a trial, it was found that Thomas had given it to a friend to read, and that, having lost interest in it, he had forgotten to get the manuscript back. When called for it was found after a prolonged search. Since then it has made its author rich and famous, has redeemed the honor of American writers, and, incidentally, has whetted the public appetite for more of the talented author's work. "Alabama" opens before November 1 for a long run at Palmer's.

Augustin Daly's Big I.

Augustin Daly is probably the greatest egotist of his day. In his letter of condolence over the death of the late George Jones Mr. Daly uses this curious expression: "In him and General Sherman I numbered the foremost admirers of my public work." "My" public work is good, but there are people who will continue to think that George Jones did a few other useful things while he was among us besides admire the public work of Mr. Augustin Daly, manager.

The Reward of Honesty.

Sergeant Rathgen of the Hoboken police headquarters has had an experience which knocked him nearly off his feet, though he was not struck a single blow, and the fellow who came so near flooring him was only a harmless tramp. The tramp walked into police headquarters and laid four crisp fifty-dollar bills on the sergeant's desk, as he remarked: "I found those on the railroad track, and though I am poor I hand them up, for they may belong to someone that needs them even worse than I do." The Sergeant found no difficulty in locating the owner, who proved to be Freeholder John Coyle, a man well to do in the world. The gossip would like to be able to add to this little story a statement to the effect that Mr. Coyle gave the tramp one of the bills as a reward, but Mr. Coyle did not happen to be that kind of a man. He believes that honesty should be its own reward; therefore the man who restored his money to him is still looking for a job and sleeping in haystacks.

Robin Hood.

"Robin Hood" is the name of a new opera that caught on at the Standard Theatre Monday night. All the critics praise it. It is not looked upon by them as a great thing in its line, but it is pleasing, and it is bound to have its echo in the street. After all, the gossip sometimes thinks this is the supreme test. If the public whistles or hums an air caught at the opera the public must be interested in that same air or opera. There is no question about one of the "Robin Hood" songs reaching the pavement—in fact, it is already there. Even in the mouth of the whistling dand, such a song as "Fine October Ale," sung by W. H. McDonald, will be bearable.

Coming to St. Louis.

John J. O'Leary, press representative of Nellie McHenry, informs me by letter from Louisville that his company will be in St. Louis for the week commencing October 25, at the Grand Opera House.

A Democrat Without Flummery.

While Senator Carlisle was here on business connected with one of the Senate committees last week he occupied room 87 of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I called on him there, and found him buried among his papers and figures. I was struck at the simplicity of his surroundings and with the marked and forceful manner in which they indicated his character. There was no sumptuous, no finery, no gewgaws. Senator Carlisle was acting as his own secretary, and had, when I met him in the afternoon, disposed already of his voluminous daily mail and settled down to the public business in hand. Senator Carlisle, when in New York, is always accessible and manages to give a few minutes of his valuable time to each caller. He is much sought after by political friends anxious to show their good-will by entertaining him, but he can rarely spare the time to gratify them. He is a typical Kentucky gentleman as well as a great statesman.

Strictly Safe House.

The membership of the Fellowship Club is made up almost entirely of newspaper men, artists and magazine writers, and yet the Fellowship is one of the safest clubs in New York where a speech may be made with absolute safety by one not desiring to see himself repeated in print. The other is the Press Club. Words spoken by guests

or members inside the club-room are held inviolate, and there is no record of the confidence felt concerning them having been betrayed. The Fellowship has just given its first fall dinner, and among those present who spoke were Thomas C. Platt, Bill Nye, W. Bourke Cochrane and Bronson Howard. What they said was very interesting, but it was strictly "under the rose."

Train and the Wilson Case.

Sylvester F. Wilson, formerly manager of a female base-ball club, who has just been tried for abducting a girl under age, was once private secretary, or something of the sort, to George Francis Train, and that eccentric character is a firm believer in the man's innocence. In fact, he has made Wilson's case the theme of a lecture or two. Recently Mr. Train, who is on the most cordial terms with this bureau and who admires THE REPUBLIC very much, sent me a bundle of tickets of admission to his Sunday night entertainments. They read as follows:

GRAND OPERA HOUSE!

Twenty-third Street Entrance.

RAISING 'HELL' EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT, 8 P. M.

REV. 'GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN OLD-TIME

'CHICKERING-DOCKSTADER

RECEPTIONS.'

IMPRACHING

"Gerry-Comstock-Whitney-Britton-Pinkerton-Y. M. C. Ass.-Lums!" Exposing Terror-Stricken-Press! (Re Wilson Case?) Forecasting Wall Street Panic Robespierre Revolution? Terror Belts Black Death?

New Tweed Ring.

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

Good Every Sunday.

(Wilson's "Bastille Reign-of-Terror" sold everywhere.)

Lawyer Clark Bell, instructed by Geo. Francis Train, prosecutes Elbridge T. Gerry and newspapers accusing Sylvester Franklin Wilson, now in Tomb, of abducting 15-year-old Libbie Sunderland, \$20,000 each!—[Press Despatch.]

On the back of each is written in blue pencil the words "Pass two. George Francis Train." Those tickets should be "pie" for autograph collectors.

Through the Confessional.

More than one victim of burglary is on record as having to thank the confessional for the return of his property. I remember a case in St. Louis three years ago, where a coal dealer who had lost about \$1,000 recovered it after detectives had given up all hope. The thief had acknowledged the theft to his confessor and the confessor had ordered him to disgorge. The money was returned through the Vicar-General. A New York lady had a similar experience. Mrs. Clara A. Pratchett of No. 345 West Forty-fifth street was robbed a month ago of a diamond ring valued at between \$200 and \$300. On the day of the robbery an expressman had called at the house to get a trunk and shortly afterward the ring was missed. It was remembered that a boy who had helped the expressman was the only person near the room from which the ring was taken.

Detective McNaught was detailed on the case, and his investigation resulted in the arrest of the boy, who declared his innocence. The ring was not found, and all efforts to trace it failed. Mrs. Pratchett declined to prosecute the lad, and he was let go. Mrs. Pratchett made up her mind that the ring was gone forever, but two or three days ago she received a letter from the priest of a Roman Catholic church on the East Side which informed her that if she would call her ring would be returned. The lady called upon the priest, who gave her back her diamond ring. He told her that it had been given to him in the confessional. His priestly obligations made it impossible to divulge anything further in connection with the return of the ring. Mrs. Pratchett thanked him and went home. She declined to tell the name of the priest.