commodations for the

Great Giant.

any really comfortable sleeping accom-

modations when the show was moving

from one point to another by night," said

the old circus man, "was when we happened

"He was all right when we were haited

anywhere, say for a week, or even for over

night, for there he slept in his own sleeping

tent-a tent specially designed and built

for him, that was something like a canvas

tunnel. Of course we always carried along his

own private travelling bed, which was of

ample width and made in sections that could

be easily put together in the tent, and so in

his regular sleeping tent he could be quite comfortable. But when we were actually

moving the giant was likely to have a hard

"Railroads were not so many in those

days, and even if there had been one every-

where we wanted to go he'd have had to

ride in a box oar, and that wouldn't have

been either pleasant or comfortable for him;

and so night on the road was likely to be a

"We did use to rig up a sort of a make

shift bed for him, of planks, with his mat-

tresses on them, on the centre pole wagon,

the ends of the planks resting on the axles on

which the centre pole was carried, but these planks were all the time working

apart, or the jolting he got on them on rough country roads was always something fear-ful if they didn't, and so night on the road always meant a hard time for the giant—

when we struck a canal alo

for the glant's special use, and on the deck of that boat we would set up his regular sleeping tent, with inside, put together complete, his regular sectional bed. Some

of the boats we struck were a triffe narrow, that is, they were not so wide on deck as the full width of the bottom of the sleeping

tent would be when it was set up with plenty of room for it to stand in, with its sides duly vertical; but in such cases we would

simply draw the tent in a little at the side

along the bottom, and there was always ample room for the bed inside, and when the giant got into his tent and on to his

own comfortable bed on the deck of a canal

as near to being an ideal sleeping place as

anybody could imagine. The glant was always more than satisfied when we could move him at night by canal boat. "And we used to strike such chances

oftener than you might think for there were more canals then, or canals were more used in those days, before the common intro-

duction everywhere of railroads. And so in summer, what with the nights spent where we could pitch his tent regularly

for him, and all, the giant used to get along

sleep indoors, that we used to have the

sleep indoors that we used to have the real trouble finding sleeping accommoda-tions; that is, of course, on the road; and we never took bim out but one or two winter seasons on that account. Sometimes, in the smaller homes of those days, as I guess I've told you, we used to have to take two rooms for him, two connecting rooms with

a door between, and stretch a line of cots along in the two rooms through the doorway

between, making a most uncomfortable bed for him. And sometimes when we couldn't even find rooms like that he had to sleep

on mattresses laid down in a bowling alley

making a bed not much more comfortable

on the road in winter, as an attraction by himself, showing in halls, on account of the difficulty of finding suitable sleeping

quarters for him then; and thereafter he

regularly spent the winters most com-fortably in the show's winter quarters. But I've heard the great man say there,

life on the road, that he never alept more comfortably anywhere than he did when we had the luck to strike a canal boat."

DO AMERICANS WORK HARD?

No," Says a Fereigner, Who Has Been

"This talk about American business

men working themselves to death is all

bosh," says Senor Jacques Bullier, who

has come from Buenos Ayres to interest

North American capital in a great ranch

corporation. "About the most strenuous

life imaginable is that of trying to find

the captains of American industries in their

"I landed in New York early in Feb-

ruary and thought I could see the citizens

I had on my list in one week. I've been working steadily for six weeks, all day

lugust Belmont had gone to Palm Be

Fla., on a three weeks vacation. At the National City Bank I learned that its presi-

Looking for Captains of Industry.

ore than once, when we were talking of

to two rooms.
"And so we had to give up taking the giant

string of cots with ends extending

"We just used to charter a canal

mighty unpleasant time for the giant.

to strike a canal.

time of it at night.

to a second constitution of the constitution of the second

"That fellow Bill Dorgan," said the man in the seedy shooting coat, "had one of the greatest heads in the dog breeding business. I guess you never heard of

Bill started his scientific experiments with a snub nosed little bull terrier whose kennel name was Dan. Bill had picked Dan from a Dovecoat Derringer litter to be a prize winner. He slapped a fancy kennel name on him and got ready to sweep the puppy class.

"But the older that pup Dan got th worse he got. His nose snubbed down till it turned up, and then pointed off at the end in a way no respectable judge would look at for a minute. It was a Dudley nose anyhow-just blotched with white.

He growed a stummick like an alderman and little spindly legs and a sickle tail, and he didn't have no style or stand. If they ever was a dog that disgraced a good family it was that dog Dan.

I happened over to Bill Dorgan's one aght and stayed to supper. There in the house was that pup, living with the family. What are you doing with that?' said I

It's my housedog,' says Bill. "Well, if I was raising a housedog,' says I. seems to me I'd tie to something that wasn't calculated to give a pervous baby

the fits. 'So?' says Bill, kind of Joshing like. "And he didn't refer to the subjeck again till after supper. That dog Dan laid on the floor all through supper, never paying no attention to anybody, which struck me then as kind of funny in a nine-month pup.

"He'd lay with his head on his paws. watching the door. And by and by, the hair on his back would begin to bristle, and then he'd begin to watch something. "He'd foller it all around the room with his eyes till it got into the far corner, and then he'd crawl up close to the fireplace and stick his tail between his legs and

growl under his breath and then foller it back. After he'd done that about four times, he took to sneaking out and trailin' "He'd crawl after it like a cat, with his nose on the ground, kind of whimpering

to himself. 'Wait a minute,' says Bill. 'Watch him

"That pup Dan was trailing again. This time, when he'd got to the far corner, he stiffened out the way a bull terrier always does when he's ready for trouble, and gave a little growl in his throat and jumped. He smashed into the corner so hard it gave him a bloody nose, and swung around like a flash and bit the air.

"He chased all the way to the door, anapping and growling. There he stopped, with his legs spread out, looking disappointed and foolish.

Bill turned up the lights, and that pup Dan went back and laid down by the fireplace and seemed to be a-thinking. 'What the bell!' says I.

" 'That's what I wanted to see you about, says Bill. 'Have you got any dogs in your kennels that acts in that fashion?" 'One or two,' says I. 'Why?'

'Sam.' says Bill, 'I want them dogs "And then Bill loosened up and talked. He'd been worrying a good deal, it seems, tures in the geography. about some property that had been left by his uncle's wife, and he'd went to see a medium about it, taking Dan along. And with Bill's uncle's wife, seen her standing looking over his shoulder, that pup Dan Blavatsky begun to act queer. had been took with one of his fits of fight-

ing the air. "Right there Bill got his idea. 'Sam,' he says to me, 'they's a fortune in it. All these years we've been breeding dogs for their shape and size, ignoring their intellecks. You ought to see it as plain as your nose. If you breed the shortest tailed dogs you can find to the shortest tailed dog, you get a race of bobtailed dogs, don't you? Well, if I breed dogs that sees things at night to other dogs that sees things at night what do I get? Ask yourself. The spook hound! And I

making of the Mayfield Kennels "Well, the upshot of it was that I let Bill have all my scrub dogs that had a way of seeing things, though I hadn't no faith in the scheme then. He got a lot more from tail. the Wanderer Kennels and the Sparrownook Kennels and begun to experiment.

thought it all up. It's going to be the

"The first generation of them dogs could all see things at night, but they couldn't foller 'em beyond the door any more'n Dan could. The second generation was able to trail 'em clear out into the yard, and the third could trail 'em all over. Made all kinds of trouble up Fort George way, scratching up gardens at night and barking up trees, so that people thought they

Many a good dog Bill lost that way. but he kept right on. I was convinced by that time that there was something in it, and I wanted Bill to go ahead and announce his discovery.

"You jest wait!' says Bill, 'till I raise two litters I've got now.' And he took me out and showed 'em to me.

"For looks they was the darndest you ever saw. Bill hadn't stuck to no special breed; he had used bull terriers and fices | that gray cur Madame Blavatsky for Chamand Newfoundlands and dachshunds and setters and plain curs. Any dog went as

long as it could see things at night Mme. Blavatsky II., the mother of one litter, looked like she might be Newfoundand crossed on dachshund with a dash of

terrier, and the pups didn't have no shape at all. They had only one point where they all looked alike, and maybe that was accident. They had great, blg, sad, brown eves and sunk cheeks. And they never laughed and wagged their tails like other dogs, but jest looked solemn and kind of

'Looks good to me,' says I, 'but what are you going to do with 'em now you've got 'em?'

'Easy money,' says Bill. 'In the first place, every medium in the business will want one of 'em; and in the second place. think how I can clear out h'anted houses! They can't really hurt the ghosts, of course, but no ghost's going to stay where a bunch of spook hounds is pestering him day and night. Between you and me, Bill, I've took the contrack to clear out the old Connelly mansion as soon as I get this bunch of

pups raised. Well, when those pups was about a year old, Bill sent word that he was all ready to try experiments with the old mansion. The people had moved out of the house to give Bill a free hand. He the house to give Bill a free hand. He of em would git a little spasm of seeing had a week to it, no cure no pay. And he asked me to go along and help.

of em would git a little spasm of seeing things, and then Bil always knowed that 'ey had nailed a scab spook."

We took six dogs, each of us leading three. I had William Henry Bishop, cross between fice and grayhound, and Mr. Sludge, who was mostly bull, and Madame Blavatsky III. There was so many breeds in Madame Biavatsky III. that you couldn't pick 'em, but her effeck was gray Newfoundland. She was the pride of the

kennels. "Bill led Mr. Sludge and Katherine Tingley and Lucy Fox. Naming 'em after great mediums was Bill's idea. He'd been reading up on spooks.

"It was a black, dark night with clouds ver the moon, a great night for ghosts. I never did have such a time handling dogs. We came down the banks of the Hudson with them six dogs lamping at every tree and trying to nose at every fence, and growling at things.

"You know about the Connolly place, I guess-big lawn all gone to seed and lots of trees and a whopping big old house. There's a big reception room or dance hall or something on the ground floor, with galleries running around the top, and all kinds of shadowy corners.

"We speaked into the big hall, with the floor creaking; and we set down and took the leashes off the dogs, and waited. Bill had a bullseye lantern with him. He lit it and turned it away down, so it gave just enough light for us to see a little and not enough to scare the ghosts away. And there we waited. The dogs was laying around us all quiet.

"All of a sudden, Madame Blavatsky begun to growl under her breath. And a minute later every pup in the bunch was growling and shaking and watching the far corner with them awful, big eyes.

"Looking at the direction of their eves. you could see 'em foller it from the corner to the middle of the floor and then up the big staircase and down the staircase again and off into the corner. Mme. Blavatsky got up; you could see her stiffen all over and begin to foller, but Bill held her down. "'Let's wait till it gits plainer,' says

"He hadn't no more'n said it than the dogs began watchin' again. The thing seemed to be coming down the staircase and crossing to one of the big pillars that holds up the roof.

"It seemed to stop by that pillar-and just then the whole bunch of spook hounds broke away from us altogether and went crawling and crouching toward that pillar. The next you know they broke out barking under their breaths, all to once, and jumping and yelping and trying to climb the

"And the first thing you know, Bill and begun to see something. Right on the top of the pillar, where they was a lot of dinkumbob ornaments, they was a kind of mist coming. It growed and growed, till

we saw it was a ghost. *Boss, I'd been expecting to see ghosts when I went to the Connolly house, and was protected by the best and only pack of spook hounds in the world, but my hair rose up and my collar got tight just the same. There, sitting on the ornament, looking down at the hounds like a treed coon, was a little old chap in knee breeches and a pig tail, looking like one of the pic-

the minute the medium got connections little while, and Bill and me shivering all down our backbone. And then, Mme.

"She begun to stiffen out and jerk all over, and the next you knew she was lay-

more than a spook hound. "She was a medium dog.

to the ghost. 'Do you want these dogs to go away? 'Thump!' goes Madame Blavatsky's

" 'All right. Will you quit haunting this house if I call 'em off?' says Bill. " 'Thump, thump,' says Madame Blavat-

"To make it short, bose, we talked with that ghost for an hour. Madame Blavatsky's tail lining out his answers until the ghost promised to go and do his haunting some-

"The next night we cleaned out the Headless Hessian Horseman of Harlem, and done it proper. The dogs treed him by nipping his horse's legs Of course, the nips went right through, but still it pestered him, and up a tree they went.

"Seems kind of funny that a horse, even a ghost horse, climbed a tree, but that's what he done. And Madame Blavatsky thumped her tail against the trunk of the tree while the Horseman promised to cut

out the Island of Manhattan. By that time Bill wouldn't have traded pion Dovecote Emperor. But the jolt was

"All of a sudden, them pups seemed to lose the power of seeing things altogether. They'd lay by the fire at night and chaw bones and sleep just like any other dogs. They got the habit of wagging their tails and barking, and even their eyes didn't

look as big and sad as they used to. "Three times Bill and I took 'em out to houses that was haunted just fierce, and never got a smell of a ghost. The dogs just curled up in the corner and slept or ran out to the gate to bark at pedlers.

Bill knowed something was wrong, but he couldn't figure what it was. So finally be went to Mme. Parkin, the slate writing medium, who used to give him wonderful communications from his dead relatives.

"The medium raised a spirit right off and Bill got a communication on the slate. He copied it off, and read it to me so often that I learned it by heart. This is how it

This is to certify that, by order of the Executive Council, no spirit allied by our organization will appear to William Dorgan or to any of his pack of so-called spook hounds. They are officially boycotted. "And it was signed by the original Madame Blavatsky, secretary of the Spirits'

Protective Union.
"Bill kept them spook hounds till they died of old age. Once in a great while one

DEEKS INTO THE PREHISTORIC PAST.

He Wasn't Worried.

The Great Ice Age came sweeping over the prehistoric world, wafting its ley warning from the line of glaciers that were crunching their way over the paleozoic rocks and driving herds of hairy main-

rocks and driving herds of hairy mammoths, glyptodons and other affrighted
creatures before them.

Just then the prehistoric Paul Revere
came bounding along, mounted on the
back of his faithful dinosaur and shouting
guttural warnings to the Cave men.

"Fly!" he cried. "The glaciers are coming! Run for your lives or you will surely
perish!" 'Tut, tut!" said Abou, the Cave man

emerging from his cavern and calmly munching the thighbone of a mylodon.

"Man, are you mad?" cried the hero, rather nettled. "Don't you know that now approaches the Age of Ice?" "Well, so long as it's not the Age of Plumb-ing, the Age of Coal, or the Age of Graft, I care not!"

Whereat the prehistoric philosopher retred calmly to his cave and dressed him-self in his glad raiment, so that his fossil remains would make a good appearance upon their debut in an American museum a million years later. lion years later.

The Mounds Explained. Iaboring crudely but unceasingly, where now stands the Middle West, the pre-historic Mound Builders were carrying dirt and stones to build up those huge piles of earth that even now can fittingly be called the American Pyramids. The task being an expensive one, the tax collector, as a

an expensive one, the tax collector, as a matter of course, was a frequent and obnoxious visitor to the tribes of Mound Builders camped about.

"Hey," cried one of the Mound Builders, "you say that the tax this month is four quarts of corn and three wampum belts? Well, will you kindly tell me what is the use of these mounds and the senseless ex-pense in their construction?"
"The sense of it?" laughed the tax col-

lector. "Don't you keep in touch with polities? Why, there sin't no reason for the work. except the good one that it's a fat city job, and the chief of this tribe is

fat city job, and the chief of this tribe is the main guy in the company that's got the contract. Say, you'd better see your district leader and he'll get you a job on it."
But the indignant mound builder got out his chisel and a soft bit of sandstone and immediately indited a letter signed "Pro Bono Publico" to the Cuncilorm Courier. Whenever modern scientists dig up a copy of that newspaper they will know all about the mounds that still rear their heads in Ohio and other States. Ohio and other States.

Modern Methods.

Far in the murky recesses of the prehistoric forest echoed and reechoed the roars of the machairodus, or sabre toothed tiger, hunting for his prey. Warned that the scent of meat had betrayed his banquet, the prehistoric man snatched up the haunch of raw ichthyosaurus meat that he was munching listered a monger and they took ching, listened a moment and then took it on the run.
Slantbrowed and bowlegged though he

was, this man of the tertiary period ran surprisingly well and with intelligence, never ceasing, however, his fierce attack on the raw meat he carried.

"And yet," mused the prehistoric man bitterly, as he hopped over the high places, "a million years hence archeologists will have the nerve to call us projected! When

have the nerve to call us uncivilized we are up to date and a little ahead of Talk of modern methods, how is this He hit hastily into the raw meat. -for the quick lunch and raw meat fade

Just then the bitter thought came that he would never know the supreme and satisfying delights of a 50 cent table d'hôte, with imported California wine and ragtime whereupon this prehistoric bon vivant grasped his stone hatchet and faced the pursuing machairodus, if only to real-ize the Tenderloin sport of bucking the

BOLD THINGS SOME MEN ARE Complaint From the Lady at the Corset Counter of Intrusions in Her Realm.

"Men are certainly getting bolder," said the prim looking spinster behind the corset counter in the drygoods store. "It's really shocking the way some men go on now when it comes to buying corsets for their

"You wouldn't think that a solid business man of this town would assist his wife in would you? But it's a fact, and if I men-tioned the man's name you would know him instantly, for his name is often printed

wife he seemed a trifle bashful, but I m over, and the next you knew she was laying out stiff as a poker, with nothing moving but her tail. Once in a while that tail would hit the floor in a regular thump, thump.

"What's doing?" says Bill to me.

"Bill being a Spirichulist, he wasn't much afraid of ghosts. And then, all of a sudden, we both got the idea together.

"Them was spirit raps!

"Mme. Blavatsky, owing to careful breeding for class in spook seeing, was loved the seemed a trifle bashful, but I must say he got over that when he appeared the second time. Why, the way he pawed the corsets. you would have thought he was going to wear them instead of his wife. "He seems to like the job now, and I don't believe his wife has bought a pair of corsets in two years without he comes along to help. He's getting to be quite expert.

"And he's not the only one—husband. I mean. There are plenty of the unattached husbands coming here on the same sort of errands. They are so brazen that I would like to insult them, but if I did

wouldn't be here.

wouldn't be here.
"A great many women are educating their usbands in corset lore by bringing them long when they buy corsets. The men 'One rap for yes, two for no,' says Bill along when they buy corsets. The men help the trade along, because if they get their eyes on a pretty corset, no matter how expensive, they willingly pay the price for it. I believe that half the high priced corsets are made expressly to catch the eyes of men. I mean the silk ones, and not the common, serviceable variety

"Why, a young woman came here yester-day—a very pretty blonde—wearing widow's weeds, accompanied by a young man. He wasn't her brother, I'm sure. He was too solicitous. She wanted a black corect. The young man's eyes spotted a pale blue silk creation. Would you believe it? That woman bought the blue silk pair. They were double the price of the black, but it didn't make any difference to her, for the young man insisted on paying for them.

"I saw them first, said he, and that was his excuse for buying them.

his excuse for buying them. "It makes me mad to see such goings on, but I can't help it. If I could I would banish the man from the corset counter. Above all, I would punish in some way—I don't know how—the man who comes here alone to buy a corset. There are plenty of that kind, too, and the most discreasing part of it to variet that there prenty of that kind, too, and the most distressing part of it to me is that they all know what they want. I can pass most any kind of a corset off on a woman, if it is within her price, by telling her it will improve her shape and that it is the latest. But if you try to blarney one of those men corset buyers, he looks at you with a steely glare that makes you with a steely glare. hat makes you uncomfortable. Men are osing all sense of propriety." that makes you un

Preef of Popularity.



menagerie. Didn't the animals like the Elephant - I guess they did: they ate him up. | taking life easily.

THE SAME OLD TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN

Difficulties of Finding Sleeping Ac- But a Difference in the Telling of It Now and a Quarter Century Ago.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT USED TO BE. From Frank Ell-lie's Month'y Feb. 30, 1880. "The only time the great giant ever got She was indeed beautiful with delicate cameolike features, a wealth of shimmering hair, and great violet eyes, whose long curling lashes swept her velvet cheek. In a robe of pale blue gauze, with necklade and bracelets of pearls. She was

a vision to enrapture any man, most of all. Sir Guy, casting aside all thought of the consequences, reckless of the impending danger, now nearer than ever, folded her in his arms and covered her face with mad kisses. Then, gently, she released hersolf and pointed to the secret staircase.

"And now go," she implored. "Go! or we are lost!" He paused an instant with one foot on the stair. She never forgot that back-ward look. In a moment be was gone, and Elaine was left weeping and alone, in the great red velvet chair.

To be continued.

THE LOVE STORY AS IT IS NOW. From Zanesley's Magazine, March 32, 1905 She toyed with the menu card. "And what if I do not remember?"

He laughed easily.
"Memory is a trickster, but not yours."
"And yours?"
"Mine is intact."
"Oh!" Her hand, toying with a glass,

trembled slightly.
"Well?" his voice half beseeching, half commanding. Hers was low.

commanding. Hers was low.

"I do not remember."

The man paled slightly.

"It is nearly three o'clock," he observed. She arose and drew on her gloves. They walked out together. She was proudly erect. His step was unsteady.

The old waiter sighed as he gathered up the dishes. "Such is life!"

THE LAST \$1,000. Quick Changes in the Fortunes of Little

Harry, Gambler, HELENA, Mont., March 25 .- "So Little Harry is in Butte, eh?" said an old timer addressing a group of friends in a hotel lobby last evening. "That reminds me of perhaps the most remarkable quick change of fortune that any Mantananite has ever met, where the issue was a pure gambling proposition.

own comfortable bed on the deck of a canal boat he could as a matter of fact sleep just about as comfortably as he could in his own great stationary bed in his own two story high room in his house in winter quarters.

"There was no twisting or jolting on the canal boat which roomed along rescentilly "Little Harry, as you know, is none other than Harry Woolrich, as inveterate a gambler as has ever appeared in the entire Northwest. He lived in Helena many canal boat, which moved along peacefully and quietly and smoothly in its own yield-ing bed of water, making what came about years, leaving permanently, I think, along about 1893.

"In the early days Harry probably made as many sensational plays at fare as any man I ever knew. Just where he managed to secure his stake was often a mystery as not infrequently he would lose from \$5,000 to \$10,000 at a sitting, but he always came back with a fresh roll to renew the attack on the tiger, as faro is called.

"In those days, stud poker was a game in great favor, also, and particularly with the cattle kings. One night Harry engaged in a game of stud poker in the old Combination gambling house at the head of Main street in this city, and although he was unfortunate at first, the cards finally favored him, and when the game broke up, he was nearly \$25,000 winner. "It had always been an ambition of

Harry's to own a gambling house of his own, and with this amount he approached Poker Brown, the proprietor of the place, and offered to buy his establishment. Brown was willing to sell, but wanted about

Brown was willing to sell, but wanted about \$26,000 for his place, or a little more than \$1,000 above the amount Harry had.

"Harry sought to effect a reduction in price to correspond with his capital, but Brown was obdurate, and insisted upon the full amount. Harry became disgusted, and declared that he would go over to the faro game and win the deficit.

Brown assented, of course, and Harry started out. He was soon \$500 winner, and it appeared that he would within a few moments have the requisite amount.

But alas for his ambition! The car began to drop in a direction oppositi bis wagers, and, to make a long story show when Harry arose from the table, after a sitting of more than twelve hours, he had lost the entire \$25,000.

Brown shortly afterward sold the place and removed to northern Montana, where he is to-day one of its largest cattle kings Harry went from Montana to Dawso City and Nome, but is now making Sa Francisco his headquarters, where he has small racing stable. Last month he paid butte a brief visit, but did not come to

HEAP MUCH STAGE INDIAN. Le and His Sousw Are Becoming Popular

Types in the frama. "The Indian and his squaw are coming into their own," said the chronic playgoer. "Have you noticed all the Indians and squaws on the stage this season?

and part of the night, and so far have cor-railed only a dozen out of a possible hun-"Take Robert Edeson's play 'Strongheart.' The principal character is an ired. The American business man is Indian. True, he is a good Indian and a most leisurely individual I've ever mighty interesting, clean, civilized one at Here is my note book in which I have jotted down my experiences while en-deavoring to locate the men I brought letters to. At 23 Nassau street I was told that "Then at Weber's Music Hall you will

find a lot of squaws. They are interesting because they are pretty and not Indians. They represent the red man's burden bearer, and if you don't like 'em, why there is the red man himself as played by Charles dent, James Stillman, was also in Florida.

"At 15 Wall street Charles Gates told me that his father was resting at Los An-"At Lew Fields's Theatre you find another geles. Cal., but when I reached that resort two weeks later, John W. Gates had just left for the City of Mexico. At Talbot J. Taylor's office, sixth floor, 15

troupe of squaws with a red man at their head. Go to the nearest vaudeville house and you are as likely as not to find more Indian maidens. There are lots of them this season. There is a whole troupe of Navajo girls. There are others, for I've "Maybe every other type has been worn

Their Specialty.

Tourist-You can't have any society

blehest toned divorce colony in the country.

such a place as this, can you?

Wall street, which is known as James R. Keene's haadquarters. I was told that Mr. Keene had not been down town in two the and that he was ill at the Waldorf out and players are just waking up to the fact that the Indian and his squaw make "At James J. Hill's office, at 32 Nassau good subjects. I'm no prophet, but from the number of Indian songs and Indian dances I'm inclined to think that we are just in the beginning of the craze. I hope not, for when I have Indian in mine I like street, his secretary said he was at St. Paul, Minn., and would not be in New York for weeks. At John D. Rocksfeller's office. room 1410, 26 Broadway, the attendant in charge said Mr. Rockefeller was in Lakethe real article and not the civilized kind.

"At 18 Broadway I learned that George Gould was on a tour over his railroads in the South and West. At H. B. Claffin Co.'s I found John Claffin's office closed He was absent in the West.

Thomas B. Mahoney, secretary to President McCall of the New York Life Insurance

Company, said that Mr. McCall was in the Far West. At \$9 Wall street I was told that Thomas Lowry was in Europe and would not be in his office before April 15. Hugh J. Chisholm of 30 Broad street was away. So was Mr. James Speyer of 24 Pine street who will Lyman J. Gage was abroad, Day after day I failed to

find the gentlemen I wished to interview. Those I did catch at their desks were Frank Vanderslip, vice-president of the National City Bank; Cornelius N. Bliss, Col. Daniel S. Lamont, Russell Sage, Judge Gary and Lamont, Russell Fage. Judge Gary and H. C. Frick. "My luck in other cities was about as

"My luck in other cities was about as bad. In Philadelphia. John B. Steteon was in Florida. In Pittsburg. President William L. Abbott of the Iron City Trust Company was in Europe. In St. Louis President Francis of the Louislana Pur-President Francis of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was abroad enjoying a much needed rest.

"In Chicago, D. H. Burnham, architect, was in the Philippines and President John J. Mitchell of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank was in California.

"The next time any one tells use of the

"The next time any one tells me of the hard life of the business man of the United States I'll flash my little record of calls made on a hundred of them and direct attention to the fact that an even dozen were found, while eighty-eight were away taking life essili. LOVE STORY

The Goat That Came Back

A Tale of the Circus, the Pawnbroker and a Fateful Omission of Kerosene.

The circus had come. Up the long, dusty street of the village came the long procession. In the lead was the band wagon, filled with perspiring musicians wearing red coats. Upon their gaudy caps stood nodding plumes like those of a hearse. The wagon was drawn by eight milk white steeds that pranoed gayly to the brazen music of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town l'o-night.

taining the lions and tigers, born in captivity, who had never roamed the veldt and had never known the rapture of devouring a captive. And in the rear of the procession came three mammoth elephants. like moving mountains, with crimson sashed East Indians from Indiana upon their backs.

As this marvellous cavalcade passed before the wondering eyes of barefooted Jack Doolan and his brother Larry, they gasped with astonishment and delight These were the terrible beasts that could kill an ox with one blow of their huge paws. as Jack's mother had frequently told him; great cats and dogs that slunk over the hot sands of the desert in the night to commit nurder. With eager feet and distended eyes the boys followed the procession Jack was even brave enough once to touch the dirt encrusted skin of the big mountain of flesh that closed up the procession.

After three bours of marching and countermarching there rose upon the enchanted vision of the boys the huge tent. rising like Cheops in the middle of a meadow. To Jack's impassioned gaze the canvas nance. What wonders from the Blessed Isles did it hide from his longing eyes? And how impossible it would be for him to enter this arcanum of delight, for it cost he stupendous sum of 25 cents to go through the canvas entrance, and Jack ad never owned more than 10 cents at one ime during his brief pilgrimage of seven years on this planet. Even this sum had een secured only at the expense of hereuean sacrifice.

Jack had heard older and more expeienced boys say that there had actually been cases where small boys had secured an entrance by carrying water for the elephant, but when he had applied timidly the red shirted giant at the door for the plessed boon of water carrier to the mastodons, he met with a surly denial on the ground that he was too small. Too small! And Jack felt that he could have carried a bar of pig iron in such a cause. He was conscious of a deep contempt for himself because he was too small to carry water. while at the moment his mother's bucket

stood empty in the kitchen. Jack's mother was a widow, and her little boys were always hungry. She was one of the Little Sisters of Penury, the largest society in the world. Her hands were calloused by contact with the washtub. She bought her coal by the pail, and the rent was a source of worry. So, when her boys came running into the house, flushed and panting, unmindful of the stone bruise in Jack's heel, she knew that the circus had come. She was also aware that there was no money in the bouse, and that a quart of onions and half a peck of potatoes were a feeble barrier against starvation.

began relating the wonderful tale to his that Larry fell asleep when he had glutted mother, interrupted at intervals by Larry. "I seen de elefunt blowin' water

his mouth like de sprinklin' cart." "Aw, dat's nuttin'," said Jack with contempt, "I seen him eatin' grass wid his get home that she forgot to lock the kitchen And thus the Arabian Nights tales were

discounted and Mrs. Doolan encouraged her boys to continue, so that the critical question should be delayed. But the bomb exploded when Larry exclaimed: "Is we goin' to-morrer or de nex'day?" "How long is the circus going to stay

nere?" asked Mrs. Doolan, to gain time. "It ain't goin' till Saturday," replied Jack, fixing his hungry eyes on his mother's face. "Well, maybe you can go Saturday night. replied Mrs. Doolan hesitatingly, and she

muttered under her breath, "God forgive me for tellin' that lie." Then she added: But don't you boys be too sure. I said maybe, mind. But the boys were dancing the dance of 1'll fill you full of lead." oure delight, and in other ways acting

like savages, and she realized what a dis-

appointment was in store for them. The widow tossed uneasily on her matress that night trying to think out the fateful financial problem of how to raise 50 cents by Saturday. There was her Sunday dress. But she had worn it for twelve years and it had become sadly frayed and threadbare. She could not raise any money on the dress

"Besides, if I took it down to the pawnbroker's." she thought, "I couldn't go to mass of a Sunday."

She could not part with her dress. She thought of the stove, but the plates were cracked and the grate broken. And what would she cook the potatoes on if the stove were gone? She could not pawn the stove. Then an inspiration came. She would pawn the goat! Why hadn't she thought of the goat before? Her fears were rekindled when she thought that her boys would go without milk for a week or perhaps longer if she parted with the animal. for the goat yielded a quart of milk every day. But then came the revulsion of feeling as she realized that there could be no real comparison in the minds of the children stween a few quarts of milk and the circus. And sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the goat, she lay down to pleasant dreams.

When Mrs. Doolan walked into Tim Callahan's pawnbroking shop the next morning leading the goat by a rope Calla-

han exclaimed: "I'll be jiggered if that ain't a dignacious

This was an expression of admiration evoked by the majestic pose of the goat. for there was no animal of her species in the village that could compare with her for beauty, with her soft brown eyes and

her long, silky hair. "I'd like to have that baste for me little boy's red wagon," said Callahan, coming out from behind the counter. He picked up a paper box from a shelf, filled it with grass from the back yard and placed it as a propitiatory offering in front of the goat. She sniffed at the grass, turned the box over with her nose and ate the box.

Tim was grieved at this apparent perversity. He did not stop to reason out the fact that the goat was fond of brown paper because it contained molasses, a fact goats are usually ignorant. But he did become aware that nanny walked with a slight limp, due to a deliberate attempt to butt a trolley car off the track. It had been the custom time out of mind to step in front of the horse cars and cause them to stop, for no decently educated horse will step on a goat. But when trolley cars superseded horses, the goat walked in front of a

trolley car and -hence the limp. But, the transfer of the goat was effected and Mrs. Doolan received one dollar. There was an affectionate parting between the widow and the goat as Callahan tethered the animal in the yard. He congratulated himself, meanwhile, on his bargain and felt assured that it would be a miracle if the widow succeeded in hoarding a dollar. But he, like all villains, forgot a necessary precaution. He failed to soak the rope, which bound the nanny to a stake, with kerosene.

Why go into extended description of the unalloyed joy which filled the hearts of the two Doolan boys as they sat on the hard benches of the circus? Language is a good medium with which to order a beefsteak, but it is a feeble vehicle with which to express youthful happiness. Why recall how Jack and Larry divided their pint of peanuts between the bear and the ostrich, and the elephant stole Jack's sandwich from his As soon as Jack could get his breath he unresisting hand? It is sufficient to say his eyes on the thrilling spectacle and his miles against her overladen heart. Mrs Doolan was so utterly tired when she did

In half an hour the little family was buried in the sleep of exhaustion. But presently Mrs. Doolan was awakened from her heavy slumber by a sound as of wood striking on bone. This was repeated in several sharp, quick blows. The noise ceased for a few seconds and was succeeded by a sound as of hard breathing. Then she heard a suppressed whisper from Jack in the adjoin-

Shall I get the gun out of the closet, mother? There's a robber at the door." The widow got the old single barrel. knee, levelled the gun over a chair at the door, and said in a shaking voice:

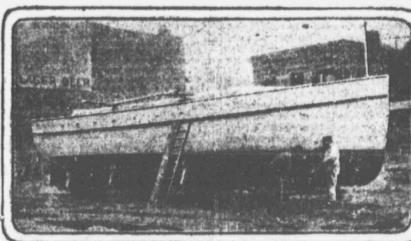
There was no reply, save a renewed knocking on the door, which strained on its hinges bulged inwardly and flew open, revealing something standing on the threshold. The

gost had come back. Thus were the schemes of the villainous pawnbroker overcome and virtue was rewarded because of a slight kerosene defect in the plot, permitting the goat to come back so that two little boys could have milk with their suppawn in the morning.

BUILT BOAT IN A STONE YARD.

& Co.'s stone yard, at 197th street and First avenue, has just launched a 51 foot motor launch, modelled and built entirely by himself in a shed in the yard. The construction of the boat has taken every minute.

John McGloin, engineer in John Cullen | of launch he wanted, and drew the plans



THE BOAT BUILT IN A SIONE YARD.

of his spare time for seventeen months. The total cost, after the launch has been fitted out with a cubin and equipped with a 50 horse-power gasolene engine, will probably exceed \$5,000.

Mr. McGloin had never done anything else but run a stationary engine up to the time he determined to possess a motor launch to take himself and his friends out to the lishing banks. Then he looked over a lot of launches, but couldn't find any to suit him. Finally, in desperation, he de-termined to build one himself. Oklahoma Bill-Why, pard, we have the

The Mary J. has a white oak frame with white cedar planking, and is fastened throughout with bronze bolts. Her width is 13 feet 8 inches. Boat builders who have examined the launch say that the severes weather will not feaze her, and some went so far as to declare that she could safely cross the ocean. McGloin says he won't take her out much further than Sandy Ho He sat down, figured out just the kind however

her faithfulness the child was allowed to

ner fattafuness the child was allowed to break a bottle of water over the launch's prow and name her "Mary J." just before a hoisting engine picked up the launch and dropped her into the water at the foot of