

GOTHAM CITY GOSSIP

Private Hospitals in Homes of the Wealthy--Child Slavery in New York--Serious and Funny Law Makers

Special Correspondence of The Morning Post

By EMEL JAY

A bran new adjunct to the elaborate New York residence is the private hospital. Andrew Carnegie's Fifth Avenue Place is provided with this modern convenience, and now the new Burden house just opposite in 51st street is similarly equipped. These home-hospitals have all the appliances for emergencies. There are rooms for patients and nurses, and one marble apartment of sanitary construction is ready for operations if necessary. On any day, no matter how inclement, visitors may be seen walking all around the Carnegie place, and looking at the massive structure over from top to bottom with healthy American curiosity. A veritable palace it is, set in ample grounds enclosed by a great fence of massive iron spikes and stone buttresses 16 feet high. A close wire netting just on the other side of the fence protects from the intrusions of small animals, and a ledge of rhododendron and cedar shield from the visual intrusion of human hips. The democratic mind resents those high fences of the multimillionaire. Why not let the place be open in all its beauty?—like the park just across the avenue, not like a cage for some rare and ferocious beast. Perhaps the Carnegies, Madams and Mademoiselles, may feel that without that fence they would have no peace of mind; but glances do no injury, and those high fences do; they seem to say to the people: "Between you and these there is a great gulf fixed."

The Carnegie house has its imposing front on 51st street, its side elevation and grounds filling a whole block on Fifth Avenue. Diagonally across 51st street from Carnegie's is the Burden home now constantly talked about because of its several innovations. It appears small after looking at its big neighbor, but it is really spacious, and is to be extremely well and English—don't you know?—for there is to be a Master of the Gate on guard in a box in the courtyard, and that Functionary will admit all who enter whether on foot or in vehicle. There are two gates, one of massive oak, the other of wrought iron; and grill screens in the oak gate make a sort of lookout for the keeper within the box. All this grand style will be used in common by the James Abercrombie Burdens, Jr., and the John Jay Hamonds, who will occupy establishments of twin elegance on each side of position. The mistresses of the two homes being sisters and sure to fuss amicably. They were formerly the Misses Sloane.

But it really takes more than stone masonry and inside elegance to make a home. Just a little way down the street, within sight of those grand mansions, is a little old shanty at least 200 years old. It was the long-time home of a Harlem Squatter, and is now the home of somebody who hangs white curtains at the tiny windows, emphasizing pathetically the general shabbiness. It stands out in singular contrast to the great structures a few feet up the street. It feeds the imagination more. It holds the historic. It has known events. And now it is just as much a home as those stone mansions—perhaps more so. For the twin angels, Happiness and Contentment, may love better to dwell there.

A \$35,000 Rug
That was the highest priced article at the famous Marquand collection sale recently held in New York.

It was something to have seen that rug. The amateur looked at it wonderingly. Eleven feet long and six feet or so wide, it averaged about \$3,500 a foot. It had a red medallion center—Spanish red, the catalogue called it—and temple lamps at each end. Within the medallion were four birds symmetrically arranged, and amid the surrounding green were animals of Moslem allegory in various poses of pursuit and combat. Over all was a rich arabesque design in silver. That's all—and a beautiful all, of course; but \$35,000! There was enthusiastic bidding, and finally it fell to one Vital Bengquist, a well-satisfied purchaser who, rumor says, bought it for Senator Clarke. The rug is said to be 300 years old. The catalogue declared so in the first place, and art collectors said with one voice it was undoubtedly true. Moreover, the rug was among the effects of the Sultan Abdul Aziz of Turkey at the time of his death, and was once a gift from a Persian Emperor to an Emperor of the Turks. It is indisputably of great value. That is proven. But \$35,000! The amateur judgment rebels. For that amount of money, one could build a fine house and furnish it with rugs of rare beauty. True, they would not be hundreds of years old, nor gifts from Persian to Turk. Indeed, one would stipulate that they be brand new, the mere thought of the second-hand being spurned. All honor to Art and the Art Collector, but to the simple-minded spectator, it is often a singular mania. The mania for the Marquand treasures, however, had the substantial common-sense support of cold cash. Besides the \$35,000 rug, an Alma Tadema, "Homer," brought \$20,000. A rare cloth-of-gold tapestry, "The Holy Family," brought \$21,000. And the collection brought, in all, the astonishing sum of more than \$700,000.

Child Slavery in New York
New York's child slavery is as bad as South Carolina's. So declared Dr. W. H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the public schools of New York. It was at the annual dinner of the Doctors of Pedagogy that the assertion was made, and it aroused his hearers. "The children of the country by the thousands are being ruined by the manufacturer," said Dr. Maxwell; "child labor is killing the whole white race of the south, and things just as bad are going on right here in New York. There are parts of this city where children are driven to work early in the morning for two hours and then sent to our American schools, and after school are forced into sweatshops where they are obliged to work from 3 in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night."

The New York legislature has just taken up the question of child labor. The bill pending prohibits the employment of children under 14 years of age, and its friends are hopeful of its passage. It has strong support from various philanthropic organizations, and personally from Governor Odell, Superintendent Maxwell, and Commissioner Lederer of the Health Department.

A strong movement against child labor is being agitated everywhere. The Reichstag of Germany has just passed the 2nd reading of the bill prohibiting the employment of children under 12 years of age in some branches of industry, and in a similar manner, the growing conviction obtains that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow, and that it is the sentiment but commonsense that that protects childhood and the future of civilization.

Law Makers Got Funny
The New York legislature evidently gets funny as well as serious. The perennially annual joke in the shape of a bill to tax old maids and bachelors is about to come up again, and the members of New York City is vastly interested. A solemn-faced young man with impressive glasses has announced that he will present the bill. Fifty dollars a year in what he thinks old maids and bachelors should pay for the privilege, and the money thus obtained by the State he proposes to devote to an asylum for foundlings. All of which will create a genuine ripple of amusement among New York's lawmakers, and the State will pay for the fun at the rate of about \$2,000 a day.

An Edward Markham Story
An interesting story which has never before gotten into print is told by a friend of Edwin Markham's. The poet-laureate fairly captured Atlanta on a visit there a few years ago, and among those who enjoyed Mr. Markham, and delightfully entertained him, was Mrs. John King Otley, one of the recognized brilliant women of that city. Mrs. Otley had the lion of the hour to spend the day at her hospitable home, and invited clever appreciative women to meet him. Then, when she fancied that he had talked himself tired, she invited him to retire for a while to a room upstairs and lie down and rest. Mr. Markham, uncharacteristically himself, gratefully accepted the thoughtful suggestion. He rested for an hour or more; and then, as a result of his siesta, he wrote in the guest-book of his hostess some thoughts that are anything but somnolent. "Seven Grains of Sand," he called them. Golden grains they are, as follows:

"Love will outwatch the stars."
"The stars bend to the strong."
"Whatever I do to another, I do to myself."
"The chief business of progress is to translate symbol into fact."
"Fraternity! It will be the answer of man to the prayer of God."
"We have committed the golden rule to memory; let us now commit it to life."
"Every attainment is only a camp for the night."
Mr. Markham now makes his home on Staten Island, where he escapes the throng of visitors to whom his kindness he could never refuse admittance when in New York where he was an easy prey.

New York, Fe. 6.

HIGHEST PEAK IN NORTH AMERICA

Alfred H. Brooks and D. L. Reaburn, of the United States Geological Survey, made a reconnaissance survey in Alaska last summer, from the Pacific Coast through the Alaskan range and along its western base to waters flowing into the Yukon. Their route lay close to the foot of Mount McKinley, but they had time only to climb its slopes to the snow line.

It will be remembered that Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America, was discovered to the east of Cook Inlet several years ago by a mining prospector, who sent his map to the New York Sun.

The mountain, which is in latitude 63 degrees 4 seconds north and longitude 151 degrees west, is nearly in the center of the Alaskan range, the rugged mountain mass that extends to the northeast from the region west of Cook Inlet.

The range forms the water parting between rivers flowing to Cook Inlet on the southeast and those flowing to the Yukon on the northwest. The south end of the range has not been

explored, but the peaks are probably from 7000 to 9000 feet high. Further north the mountains increase in height and the range culminates in Mount McKinley, over 20,000 feet high, and Mount Foraker, fourteen miles to the southwest, about 17,000 feet. There are a number of other peaks from 10,000 to 14,000 feet high.

Several expeditions exploring parties in the past five years have traversed this rugged mountain mass and have thrown much light upon its geography, climate, the distribution of timber, and the conditions of travel. The time now seems to be ripe for a descent of Mount McKinley, the greatest elevation of the range. Accordingly to Brooks and Reaburn, though the actual ascent of the mountain may involve no extraordinary difficulty, it will be no small undertaking to get to its base with an adequate equipment for the climb.

The summit is about ten miles distant from the western and between forty and fifty miles from the eastern margin of the mountain mass. The approach should, therefore, be made from the northwest, which gives ready access to the base, where good grass is plentiful.

The summit is dome shaped, and has two summits, two miles apart, the southernmost being about 1600 feet higher than the other. The northern slope is drained by the large glacier timber is about 2500 feet, but willow sufficient for fuel is found up to 4000 feet.

Pack horses would find grass up to 3000 feet and could probably be taken up to the snow line. It would probably take three days to reach the summit after arriving at the base of the mountain.

The two surveys say, in the last number of the National Geographic Magazine, that the great labor of the undertaking would be the long and difficult journey to the base of the mountain. It would not be surprising if a party should reach the mountain so exhausted by chopping trails, traversing swamps and the other difficulties of the route that they could not emerge the further stages of climb. Experience thus far shows that the terrible work of advancing through this region and the incessant annoyance of mosquitoes have a telling effect on the strength of men in the course of even a few mountain climbing expeditions is surprisingly large. The surveys suggest one of three routes.

If the mountains were approached by way of Cook Inlet it is thought the cost would approximate \$15,000 for a party of ten men. If the party should go to Dawson by rail and steamer, and thence down the Yukon to the Tanana, whence the journey would be south to the mountain, the cost would probably be about \$12,000.

The surveys, however, regard those two plans, which are given in detail, and which would involve only one summer season, as not wholly satisfactory. They think the base of the mountain could not be reached earlier than the first or middle of July, when the summit is usually shrouded in clouds and other conditions are unfavorable, and that by either of these routes the average time of climb would probably be reduced to so low an ebb that the men would not be equal to the task of making the ascent.

The writers believe that success could be assured only by wintering a party in the region and transporting provisions and outfit to the base of the mountain during the winter and early spring, when dogs could be used.

The object of the plan is, of course, the time that would be required, the heavy additional expense. The cost would probably be not less than \$25,000.

The advantage of the plan would be that the strength of the men would be conserved for the actual ascent, which might be undertaken in June, when conditions are most favorable.

Romance of a Pongling
(Paris Letter to the London Mail.)
A curious and most romantic incident is reported to have happened near Evreux (Eure) a few days ago. Between 6 and 7 p. m. a motor car, minus the regulation number and letter, in which were four passengers, one of them a woman, was observed on the great high road which leads from Paris to Cherbourg, coming from the direction of Lisieux (Calvados).

While the motor car was in the Commune of Fontaine-le Souvet it was seen to stop, and one of the occupants got down with a bulky parcel in his arms, which he placed on the roadside not far from a farm. When he had taken his seat again the car moved off, but it did not leave the vicinity until two peasants on their way home stopped to examine the curious bundle. At that moment the motor car darted off at full speed in the direction of Paris.

When the laborers picked up the parcel they discovered that it was a cradle, containing a newly born child, and they decided to take it to the Mayor. One of them, however, suggested that it would be advisable first to take the cradle into the nearest house, so as to have a closer look at it with a view to finding some clue to its identification. His suggestion may be guessed when he found pinned beneath the baby a pillow fourteen bank notes of \$200 each, representing a sum of \$2800, to which was attached a sheet of paper bearing the words: "Whoever will take care of this child until its majority will have good fortune assured to him during his lifetime, on the express condition that he never seeks to penetrate the secret of the birth of the child, the issue of one of the noblest families of England."

The happy laborer, evidently considering that the stipulation was as light one, took the child under his arm, put the notes in his pocket, and resumed his homeward journey.

Souvenirs Principal Bermudan Industry

Tourists Ready Purchasers of Carved Work in Wood and Shells

News Letter from Hamilton

Visitors to these islands this year are finding new interesting varieties of souvenirs in the shape of curios made by the Boer prisoners of war. The prisoners numbered several thousand at one time, and judging by the number of souvenirs which they turned out nearly all of them must have been ingeniously with their jackknives and hand saws as so many Connecticut Yankees. The ending of the war and the freedom of the prisoners to go about the islands on their good behavior have put these trinkets on the market. They command a ready sale, for many visitors sympathized with the South Africans, and are eager for their handiwork, not alone as reminders of their visit, but from sentimental interest in the men who were imprisoned there.

The Bermudas are said to be exactly suited to those who were born tired and have been getting worse ever since. There is no excitement. The weather itself is lazy. The active world is 700 miles away, and cable tolls are about 60 cents a word. The raising of omelets, peaches and jelly bulbs are the chief industries, and their inspection does wear heavily on tired nerves. There is no such thing as shopping, except to buy now and then an extra collar or shirtwaist, and so the collecting of souvenirs is a diversion that even the most tired take to in a few days. Heretofore the angel fish has had the call as the most characteristic of the Bermuda souvenirs.

But the angel fish, in point of real interest, has to stop or swim aside for the souvenirs marked "P. O. W."—prisoner of war. Every souvenir store, every jewelry establishment, the drug stores, the department stores and even the laundries and photograph galleries—in short, every place which a tourist from the United States or Canada is likely to visit has "Boer souvenirs."

The Boers, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, carved all manner of canes, little picture frames, toys, paper folders and such like things from the cedar, and then with such oil or grease as they could find in their rations polished the wood until it has in many instances all the beauty of a fine one under more favorable circumstances.

There are canes with dogs' heads, ornamented with tin bands, from the cans in which their rations came, and others with bone tips, the bones coming from the steers or sheep which were their food. These were cut, bleached and polished until they are white as the coral rock. One of the Boers came in from Hawkins Island one day with some cedar penholders which his companions had carved. On each end of the holder was a hand perfectly carved. One held a closed book. The other grasped the end of a small cannon, over which the pen was to be held.

"This," said the prisoner of war, "is particularly a Boer souvenir. It typifies the common remark we used to hear when the war broke out, that we fight with the Bible in one hand and a gun in the other."

A few of the prisoners were artisans of great skill. With no other tools than a knife, and perhaps a file, they have made of two English shillings, which are almost the exact size of silver quarters, complete knives. The coins have been cut into strips, which, when trimmed and the edges smoothed, have made the sides of the handle, the spring, and the blade, while the odd pieces have been used for rivets. Some dozens of these have found their way to the market, each engraved on the handle with the name of the maker also carved on them, and with all this there is enough of the surface of the coin left so there is no mistaking that the material is from the original shilling. They are works of art, and are eagerly snapped up by tourists at three or four shillings apiece.

Among the captive Boers who were brought here were about 100 boys, ranging from 8 to 14 years old. They were put on Hinson Island and sent to school. Since their departure, the two "three small houses on the island" have been eagerly snapped up by tourists. In one of these structures were found a number of small bags of rough cotton cloth, filled with reddish dirt. It pleased the fancy of those who found them to imagine that they were samples of genuine South African earth, brought here by the youngsters that they might have with them a bit of their native soil.

This made a very pretty story, and as there is no means of proving that it is not true, it is just about as satisfactory to the particular party of tourists that found the little sandbags as if backed by conclusive evidence.

"Tom Moore Souvenirs" take high rank among the collectors, particularly among those who have a literary taste. The house where Moore lived, or at any rate, where he spent much of his time during the period when he was connected with the Colonial Secretary's office, is still in reasonably good state or repair. The newel posts have been whittled away by the souvenir hunters, and scraps of the fine old cedar beams of roof, raft, and barge cut out by the same class of vandals. This has all now been stopped now, for there is some one always on hand to prevent that sort of work when visitors go through the house. Moore's calabash tree, "under which he wrote all his poems," as the negro boy who acts as guide explains, is still standing and is in thriving condition.

It is on the Walsingham estate, not far from the Walsingham lane, and bears each year a crop of calabashes as large as coconuts, and with a brown shell that can be carved and polished effectively. These calabashes are sold everywhere by the souvenir vendors. Rarely is it possible to find one which may be traced to the tree under which the poet used to sit. But the calabash is not a native tree on the islands, and for that reason the baskets, tobacco holders and other articles made from its dried shell are not held in high regard as essentially Bermuda souvenirs.

The pig is one of the early inhabitants of the islands, and because of the fact he figures in the souvenir business. When Juan Bermuda landed on the islands he found the land overrun with swine. The original inhabitants had been captured and carried away to be sold as slaves, and for years the hogs had had sole possession. A hundred years ago the coins in use here bore recognition of this fact, for on one side they had the image of a well-fed porker.

This was known as "hog money," and there are in the collections of coins numerous samples of it to be seen now, although it has wholly gone out of use. Reproductions of these copper coins are now made for souvenirs, and miniatures on scarfpins, breastpins and bracelets are counted of especial interest. Small gold pigs, with ruby eyes, and sometimes set with diamonds, are found in many souvenir stores, and watch charms with the pig as the sole adornment are as common as calabashes.

There is one other distinctively Bermuda product which rivals all the other souvenirs in its beauty, and that is the "lucky shell," or "lucky stones," as the natives call them. They are minute shells, which are found in small quantities on the few sandy beaches. The natives who search for them have a tradition that they bring good luck to any one who either finds them or secures them as a gift. To buy one spoils the charm. Of course, the keepers of souvenir stores do not share this belief. The coral reefs and the minor growths of the same nature which are found all about the waters of the bays and sounds are prolific for the souvenir hunter. There is a flavor of the literary among those who sell these articles. Even among the colored folks who have little stores in out of the way corners. They have learned from visitors doubtless, that when "The Tempest" was written Shakespeare had in mind the wreck of the ship Sea Venture out on the reefs, and they appropriate, as strictly Bermudan, the lines:

Full fathoms five thy father lives;
Of his bones are coral made.

Some will even tell the visitor that this refers to "Five Fathom Hole," the place where the ships anchor over night when they do not reach a pilot boat before dark, and they produce coral from the very reef on which the ship Sea Venture was wrecked. They quote the poetry to every purchaser.

The Rev. T. H. Honblon, who is the vicar of St. Andrew's, the English home of Richard Croker, has been appointed canon of Christ Church and archdeacon of Oxford. It is said that Mr. Croker worked hard for his appointment.

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"I know," replied the admiral, "but I shall place aboard each vessel one fool to rock the boat."

Feeling such a fate, however, the Spaniards preferred to drive their ships ashore in the gale.—New York Tribune.

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