



SHE WILL MARRY A FIDDLER.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

In a body almost promised to vote for the new streets. Seriously, Oliver H. P. Belmont is and always has been a great favorite at Newport with the town people. And he is one who can usually get just what he pleases. The Belmont family has endeared itself to the people of the Rhode Island city by the sea, and even if they had held aloof, the fact that they are descended from a Perry is sufficient. The Baroness Sellers has acquired since she has lived abroad quite a Parisian way of talking, and she becomes very excited on small pretensions. The Board of Aldermen are breathing more freely now that they know she has sailed away. She might otherwise have convinced them against themselves. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will come to town to-morrow and open their Newport house.

Will Rival "Fatty" Bates.

Albert Hostwick is going in to beat the band. He not only drives or guides, or whatever you call it, a smart automobile up the avenue, but he has bought a lot of horses from "Fatty" Bates and he intends to exhibit them at the Horse Show and to drive a coach, and perhaps win some of "Fatty's" neat stakes that week. And I hear that when he coaches he wears a Tattersall waistcoat which knocks the checks out of any that "Fatty" ever sported in the ring. So the latter gentleman will have to look to his laurels or he will be totally eclipsed next month.

A December Wedding.

The talk is now that the wedding of Miss Josephine Baldwin Brooks and "Jack" Livermore will be celebrated here early in December, at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. The reception will of course be given at the Fifth avenue residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks. One sees many absurd paragraphs to the effect that "Jack" Livermore is the prospective heir of his grandfather, John O'Brien. In point of fact, it is an open secret that the O'Brien heirs of this now extremely feeble octogenarian are very much on the alert as to their claims. Young Livermore is not in any way related to the old gentleman. His maternal grandmother, who was a widow at the time, married Mr. O'Brien, whom she met up at the White Mountains just ten years ago. A couple of years later "Jack" Livermore's mother became the bride of Baron Selliere. As he did not relish living in France, young Livermore clung to his grandmother.

Miss Brooks will eventually come into six or seven millions. She will also, no doubt, have a handsome dot when she marries. She is quite a pretty girl, and a decided brunette. As it happens, she is a special favorite both with her mother's

A Bishop's Troubles.

Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee has, it appears, been getting himself into rather hot water in Washington. At his special invitation colored preachers have expounded in the church where he usually holds forth. In consequence indignant matrons have denounced out of their pews and retired in high dudgeon. Pretty, spirited maidens have followed in their wake, and the chatter provoked runs fast and furious. It seems that Bishop Satterlee has long cherished a conviction as to the equality of the races. In Washington this theory has not taken root, and feminine members of the Satterlee congregation express their willingness only to meet darkies in their kitchens.

Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee was always regarded as quite the glass of fashion when in New York. In fact, it is an open secret that the fashionable crowd which was invariably seen of a Sunday morning in Calvary Church while he was its rector is no longer visible. By the way, he will officiate at the wedding of his son, Rev. Churchill Satterlee, and Miss Helen Stuyvesant Polson in this city next December. The bride-elect is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Winthrop Polson. The Polsons are just now enjoying the brief Lenox season at their place, Sunnyside. Up to a few months ago they had made a prolonged stay in Europe, with Dinard as their headquarters. Rev. Churchill Satterlee now has charge of a parish at Morgantown, N. C.

Frank Pelton and the Caribou.

The Calumet Club has given the warmest kind of a welcome to Frank Pelton, who returns home from a wonderful hunting trip to the Barren Lands. He knocked down five caribou—big fellows all of them, and their horns will decorate the club rooms before long. Pelton lies down in Long Island near Rockaway most of the season and he belongs to the crowd which make things lively down that way. He is a keen sportsman and a very popular fellow, and his luck at the caribou has brought him in lots of congratulations.

She Bradley Martins.

The old story that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin had decided to pass the remainder of their lives in Great Britain was revived during the past week. The usual caretakers are still in charge of the Bradley Martin residence here, and anticipate the return of the couple at the time set on their departure from here. This comes some time in December, and the arrival of no other one individual in town can possibly

Society.

THE GLADSTONES AT ODDS.

By the Marquise de Fontenay.

GOOD old Mrs. Gladstone is no longer mistress of Hawarden Castle, and the latter henceforth is no longer her home. That is an intimation which will come in the nature of something of a shock to all the many admirers of England's Grand Old Man on both sides of the Atlantic.

There has been a considerable amount of friction and unpleasantness in the Gladstone family since the old statesman's death, mainly in connection with the disposition of his estates and in the control of the property, had feeling being engendered in the minds of the sons and daughters of Mr. Gladstone by the altered position in which the widow of his eldest son, namely, the Hon. Mrs. William Henry Gladstone—has been placed.

As long as the famous Commoner was alive he was regarded as master of Hawarden Castle, although he had merely a life interest in the estate, the true owner having been his eldest son, the late William Henry Gladstone, who had inherited it from his uncle, old Mrs. Gladstone's brother, Sir Stephen Glyme. And on Mr. William Henry Gladstone's death it was his boy, the now thirteen-year-old William Glyme Gladstone, who became the real owner of the place.

Yet in spite of this the lady's mother was never permitted to make her home at Hawarden. When she came there it was merely as a visitor. She did not get on well with her dead husband's brothers or sisters, and it will be noted that her portrait is included in none of the innumerable family groups of the Gladstone household at Hawarden which have ever been issued to the public. Nor did she have any say in the management of what was virtually her son's estates, of which her sisters-in-law—that is to say, old Mrs. Gladstone's daughters—had far more control than herself.

The Honorable Mrs. Gladstone, who is a daughter of old Lord Blyth, submitted to all this in silence as long as her distinguished father-in-law, for whom she entertained the most profound veneration, was alive. But there was no reason for continuing to permit herself to be thus treated after his death, all the more so as old Mrs. Gladstone had fallen into a state of complete dotage, and does not seem to even realize or to appreciate that she has become a widow.

There has been, as I said above, no little unpleasantness about the whole matter, which has culminated in the public announcement that the Hon. Mrs. William Henry Gladstone has now taken up her residence at Hawarden Castle as its mistress, where she will keep house on behalf of her son, the owner of the estate, until he attains his majority.

That is to say, Hawarden Castle becomes



Its pedestal about twenty-four feet high. A bronze tablet bears the inscription that it is a token of "veneration" of the Land of Hesse "to her beloved and righteous Prince."

Now, if there was one thing about the late Grand Duke it was that he was quite the reverse of righteous. Neither was he beloved by his people. For he scandalized both the latter, and, in fact, people in Europe generally, by the flagrancy of his intrigue with the infamous Madame de Kalomine, whose husband he, through influence insidiously exercised at St. Petersburg, got transferred from the position of Minister Resident at Darmstadt to a post out in Japan, the lady, however, remaining at Darmstadt in daily social intercourse with the motherless young daughters of the Grand Duke.

The latter made matters still worse by actually marrying this woman with so unscrupulous a past on the same day as his daughter Elizabeth's wedding to the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and then as a climax to the whole affair did not have the courage to brazen out his offence against decency and good taste, but permitted the ex-Madame de Kalomine to be dragged from his bed on the very wedding night by his own Hessian police, acting under the orders of his imperious mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, who was staying at Darmstadt at the time, and to be conveyed as a criminal by the police in a carriage across the Hessian frontier.

Moreover, in deference to Queen Victoria's commands emphasized by monetary considerations, he entirely discarded Madame de Kalomine, getting his marriage annulled on the preposterous ground that as an officer of the German army he had not obtained the permission previously to marry from the Commander-in-Chief, namely, old Emperor William.

Indeed, the Grand Duke showed himself first of all so revoltingly indelicate in associating his motherly daughters with his "helle amie," and then so mean and contemptible in connection with his extraordinary marriage to the woman, that from that time until the day of his death he was ostracized by nearly every foreign court of the Old World, save that of Great Britain.

A Scandal Revived.

The amazing appointment of young Lieutenant Michael Culme Seymour to the Victoria and Albert, which will bring him promotion after two years, to the rank of commander over the heads of some 200 of his seniors in the naval service of Great Britain—service on board the Royal Yacht always carrying with it promotion to a high rank at its close—naturally serves to re-assert the old story respecting the alleged secret marriage of his eldest sister, Mary, to the Duke of York.

Without entering into the question of the authenticity of this story, which has been denied by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in such an awkward manner as to, on the contrary, strengthen popular belief therein, it may be pointed out that these continual and extraordinary tokens of royal favor showered by the royal family upon this branch of the Seymour family, certainly tend to give color in the eyes of the public to the tale.

For, without any apparent reason, Miss Seymour's father, Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, has been promoted from an ordinary companionship of the Order of the Bath, first to a Knight Commander, and then to the dignity of a Grand Cross thereof, was appointed to the Blue Ribband of the British Naval Service, namely, the lucrative command-in-chief of the great naval stronghold and seaport of Portsmouth, and has been otherwise honored by the Queen in such an extravagant way as can certainly not be accounted for by his services in recent years.

A Great Statue.

It is to-day that the solemn unveiling takes place at Darmstadt with much pomp and ceremony of the colossal statue of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, a superb equestrian bronze affair, standing on a red gran-

A CLEAR AND CONCISE STORY OF THE LATE WAR.

Besides these losses to the combatants, Edward Marshall, a New York Journal correspondent, was seriously and for a time it was believed fatally wounded. He was in the advance with the Rough Riders as they moved up, the trail and was plodding, struggling along with the rest of them when the numerous volley from the Spaniards stopped the advance. Though warned of his danger he had taken a place underneath a royal palm from which he could note the progress of the fight, when a Mautser bullet passed from the groin, the point of entrance, through the body and shattered the base of the spine. Though told by the surgeons on the field that the blow was a mortal one, Marshall kept his ground. It was an illustration of another kind of bravery than that of the fighting men. It was the bravery of duty.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

"THE FALL OF SANTIAGO"—By Thomas J. Vivian.

BY paradox, "The Fall of Santiago" was written because so much had been printed about Santiago's fall. For not only did the brief, fierce, mud-died and glorious war with Spain afford us the first opportunity of studying the neatness and dispatch with which men could kill each other with modern weapons and grand tactics to piece with the latest fashion of floating fortresses, it also gave us the first opportunity of applying the methods of the new journalism to war reporting. The Franco-Spanish war was happened only yesterday, but the methods of reporting it—through it took place in a very tangled and confused and telegraphic lines—were not much in advance of those followed in reporting the campaign of the Crime—a brief sketch to-day, followed by a long letter next week. We have had no personal conflict to report since the strife of '91-'95, so when the American people de-

clared war against the Spanish, all the energy, push, enterprise and rush of this new journalism were set to work reporting it. The extinction of Montez by Dewey was a lightning flash that was only caught by a couple of fortuitous kodaks, but the war of Eastern Cuba was a spectacular tragedy played to a crowded house. Reporters were as plentiful as colonels in the camp; were strung along the front, veritable sharpshooters for news; fell in the fight with the recklessness of the volunteer and the stoicism of the regular; led the way to the capture of fortified hills, and helped clear the trees of their murderous Mautser fire.

They were everywhere on land, while on sea they were omnipresent, omniscient, and omnigranic. They helped land the troops, watched the effect of the powder-wasting bombardments, bore bullets to them stranded and gasping on strange shores, only to sweep them into some new current of happenings. Having been buoyed in a very whirlpool of news and seeing what was happening to those who were subjected to the hourly buffeting of the great waves of "the very latest," I came to the conclusion, in which R. F. Fenno & Co. happily agreed, that paradoxical as it might seem, so much, so exceedingly much had been written and printed about the Cuban war that something more was needed—to wit, a plain, unbiased, straightforward story, told with all possible clearness and all possible compactness. This it is that "The Fall of Santiago" pretends to be.

Of material, gained through report, by observation and from interview, there was an overabundance; the great trouble was to winnow, blue pencil, digest, cut off and spit. When that, however, had been done, and the fair grain and good residue lay at hand, the shaping of the story was easy, and surely no historical romance that was ever spun is so full of stirring incident, so rich with surprises and so ringing with the deeds of men as this same story of how Santiago fell.

El Caney was captured and San Juan stormed; how Schley destroyed Cervera's fleet, and how the yellow and red standard of Leon and Castile came down, and the Stars and Stripes of the North and South were run up over the palace at Santiago de Cuba. There is no knitting in the telling of the story any more than there is any discoloration of facts. Every man gets his due; some bubbles are punctured, and the feet of some gods are shown to be of clay, but everything is of fact and not of feeling or fancy.

It is believed, indeed, that when the book is laid down, with its 246 pages and its forty odd pictures, the reader will be able to say: "Well, at last I've got a clear idea of the whole thing; who did it and who didn't; how it began and how it ended."

THE AUTHOR TELLS WHY AND HOW HE WROTE HIS BOOK.

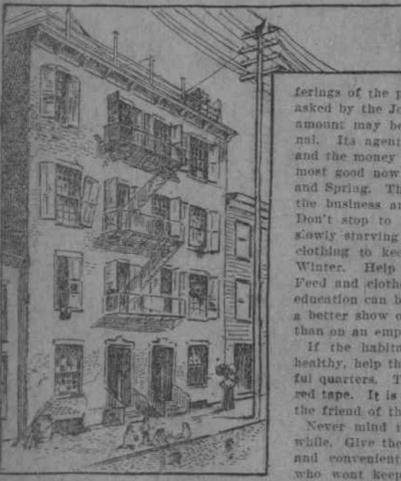
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Here is a Chance to Help the Poor.

A FEW days ago the Journal published a letter from a gentleman who wants to spend \$500,000 in whatever way will permanently benefit the greatest number of deserving people. He asked the question if it were wise to build a few good houses or supply the lack of homes now existing by erecting public bath houses and laundries, which might serve as a model for others. He also wants the opinion of the public as to the need for industrial education or circulating libraries, as compared to the demand for improvements in tenements. Hundreds of suggestions have been received, from which the following are selected:

Feed and Clothe the Poor. Editor of the New York Journal: What is the best manner of expending a large sum of money to best relieve the suf-

HOW WOULD YOU SPEND \$500,000?

Some radical method will have to be devised for a more equitable distribution of those products of labor that are absolutely necessary to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I recommend to all the study of Bellamy. Very truly, EDWARD H. GILBERT.

Establish an Eight-hour Law. New York, Oct. 5. Editor of the New York Journal: I believe that the sum of half a million dollars can best be expended in establishing a universal eight-hour work day in all trades or employments where more than eight hours are worked at the present time. If a few good houses or a public bath and laundry were built, the effect would be simply to make that particular neighborhood a more desirable place to live in, and thereby increase rent. And be it known that the greatest discomfort to those who live in unplumbed, ill-ventilated and half-lighted tenements is the agony of "how to get the rent."

Fund for Single Tax. Editor of the New York Journal: If you had \$500,000 to expend in doing good among the inhabitants of the city?

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Can You Suggest a Practical Scheme?

both these propositions dealt with the outside of the wretched houses; something must be done inside. Part of the plan should therefore be to make provision for the visiting of the tenement houses with the purpose (a) of seeing that they are kept as sweet and clean as possible, (b) of looking after the children (who are the hope of the future), taking them out to the public parks for fresh air, and taking care of them in the evening, so that the public entertainments provided for the sick poor and furnishing them with medical attendance, and medicine where necessary. If the tenement districts were divided into sections, and each taken in turn regularly, a great number of helpers would not be necessary, and soon the effects would be seen on the poor mothers and children especially.

Hoping some good scheme will come to fruition. D. N. DUNLOP. No. 216 West One Hundred and Eighth Street, New York City.